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No. CLXIII.—DECEMBER, 1863.—Vol. XXVIII.



IN that narrow Venetian street,
On the wall above the garden-gate
(Within, the breath of the rose is sweet,
And the nightingale sings there, soon and late),

Stands Saint Christopher, carven in stone,
With the little child in his huge caress.
And the arms of the baby Jesus thrown
About his gigantic tenderness;

And over the wall a wandering growth
Of darkest and greenest ivy clings,
And climbs around them, and holds them both
In its netted clasp of knots and rings.

Clothing the saint, from foot to beard,
In glittering leaves that whisper and dance
To the child, on his mighty arm upreared,
With a lusty, summer exuberance.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

To the child on his arm the faithful saint
  Looks up with a broad and tranquil joy,
His brows and his heavy beard aslant
  Under the dimpled chin of the boy,

Who plays with the world upon his palm,
  And bends his smiling looks divine
On the face of the giant rapt and calm,
  And the glittering frolic of the vine.

He smiles on either with equal grace—
  On the simple ivy's unconscious life;
And the soul in the giant's lifted face,
  Strong from the peril and the strife:

For both are His own—the innocence
  That climbs from the heart of earth to heaven,
And the virtue that greatly rises thence
  Through trial sent and victory given.

Grow, ivy, up to His countenance!
  But it can not smile on my life as on thine.
Look, Saint, with thy trustful, fearless glance,
  Where I dare not lift these eyes of mine!

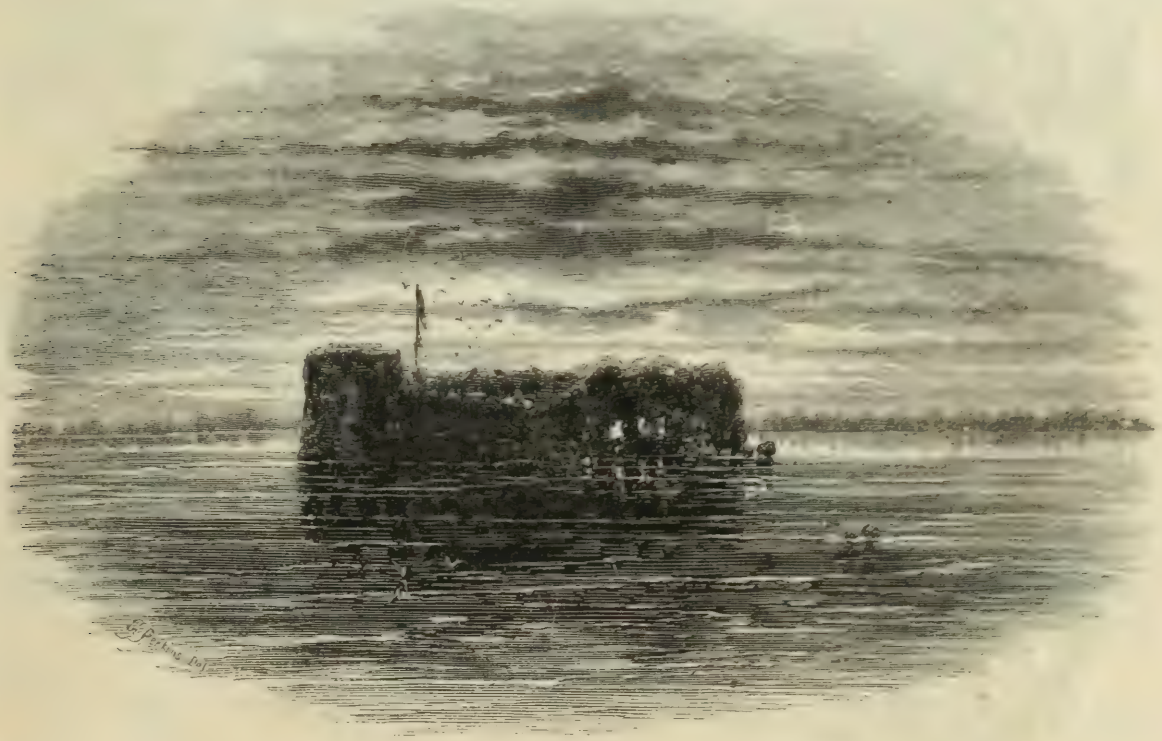
W. D. H., *Venice, August*, 1863.

TWILIGHT ON SUMTER:—AUGUST 24, 1863.

STILL and dark along the sea
  Sumter lay:
A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red,
  Far away!
Not a solitary gun
Left to tell the fort had won,
  Or lost the day!
Nothing but the tattered rag
Of the drooping rebel flag,
And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play!

How it woke one April morn
  Fame shall tell;
As from Moultrie, close at hand,
And the batteries on the land,
Round its faint but fearless band
  Shot and shell
Raining hid the doubtful light:
But they fought the hopeless fight
  Long and well,
(Theirs the glory, ours the shame!)
Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then our flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell!

Now—O look at Sumter now,
  In the gloom!
Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
(Hark! the ruined rampart falls!)
There's a justice that appalls
  In its doom:
For this blasted spot of earth
Where Rebellion had its birth
  Is its tomb!
And when Sumter sinks at last
From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
Hell will rise in grim derision, and make room!





NEW LONDON IN 1813.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

VI.—THE WAR ON THE COAST.

THE evident determination of the Americans to seize Canada, and possibly New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the remarkable success of their little and despised navy on the ocean, awakened the fears and jealousy of the people of Great Britain, who could not brook the idea of a maritime rival. Was not England the "Mistress of the Seas?" Had not Englishmen for scores of years sung, complacently, "Britannia rules the waves?" Was not the boast of American independence an insult to British pride, and a menace to British power? Even so. The attitude of defiance assumed by the young Republic of the West was monstrous in the eyes of the ruling classes of Great Britain; and *chastise the Americans into submission* was the fiat of the British Cabinet at the close of 1812. It was determined in Council to send out a land and naval force sufficient to do it, and Great Britain put forth her amazing strength for the purpose. Preparations were made to blockade and desolate the coasts of the United States, lay waste their sea-port towns, destroy their dock-yards, and thus not only endeavor to divert their military strength from the Canada frontier, but destroy the centres of their commercial and naval power, dispirit the people, intensify the domestic resistance to the further prosecution of the war, and secure the absolute submission of the nation to British insolence and greed. Admiral Warren's fleet in American waters was reinforced, and Sir George Cockburn, a rear-admiral in the British navy, and willing instrument in the accomplishment of work which honorable English commanders would not soil their hands with, was made his second in command. Cockburn was specially commissioned to wage a sort of amphibious warfare on the coasts from the Delaware River southward.

Toward the close of 1812 a British Order in Council declared the ports and harbors in the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays to be in a state of rigorous blockade. Soon afterward additional ships of war and transports arrived at Bermuda, bearing a considerable land-force, and well provided with bomb-shells and Congreve rockets, to be used in the conflagration of sea-port towns. The latter was a destructive species of fire-works, lately invented by Sir William Congreve, an English artillery officer, and first used against Boulogne in 1806. A part of the land-force consisted of French prisoners of war, who preferred to engage in the British marine service to risking indefinite confinement in Dartmoor prison, in England.

The first appearance of blockading vessels was early in February, 1813, when four 74-gun ships and several smaller armed vessels entered the Virginia Capes and bore up toward Hampton Roads. The squadron was under the command of Admiral Cockburn, whose flag-ship was the *Poictiers*. They bore a land-force of about eighteen hundred men, and were well supplied with small surf-boats for landing. Their appearance alarmed all lower Virginia; and the militia of the peninsula and the region about Norfolk were soon in motion, while the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the extinguishment of all the beacon-lights on the Chesapeake coast.



FORT NORFOLK IN 1853.

Hampton and Norfolk, it was supposed, would be first attacked. The latter place was pretty well defended by fortifications which General Wade Hampton had caused to be thrown up on Craney Island, five miles below the city, under the superintendence of Colonel Armistead. The masters and mates of merchant vessels in Norfolk harbor formed themselves into volunteer militia companies, and garrisoned Fort Norfolk, a relic of the old War for Independence. The frigate *Constellation*, 38 (now a corvette in the United States service), commanded by Captain Tarbell, was lying near, supported by a flotilla of gun-boats. Old Point Comfort, on which Fortress Monroe was afterward built, soon bristled with bayonets; and the British commanders thought it more prudent, at that time, to destroy the small merchant-craft found in Chesapeake Bay than to enter Hampton Roads. They did little more than this for several weeks, when Commodore Beresford was sent with the *Poictiers*, *Belvidera*, and some smaller vessels, to blockade Delaware Bay and River, and teach the inhabitants along their shores the duty of submission to British rule.

Beresford found his unwilling pupils very refractory. When, on the 16th of March, he pointed the guns of the *Poictiers* toward the village of Lewis, near Cape Henlopen, and said, in a note to the "first magistrate" of that little town, "You must send me twenty live bullocks, with a proportionate quantity of vegetables and hay, for the use of his Britannic Majesty's squadron," offering pay for them, but threatening, in the event of a refusal, to destroy the place, the "first magistrate" of Lewis, and all the people from Philadelphia to the sea, said in substance, as they every where prepared for resistance, "We solemnly refuse to commit legal or moral treason at your command. Do your worst!" They had heard of his coming, and had already, on both sides of the bay and river, assembled in armed bodies, at expected points of attack, to repel the invaders. The spirit of the fathers was aroused, some of whom, full of the fire of the flint, were yet abiding among them. At Dover, on the Sabbath-day, the drum beat to arms; and men of every creed in politics and religion, to the number of almost five hundred, responded to the call. Among them was Jonathan M'Nutt, an age-bent soldier of the Revolution, who exchanged his staff for a musket, and engaged in the drill. Pious Methodist as he was, he did not regard the day as too holy for patriotic deeds, and he spent the whole afternoon in making ball-cartridges. This was the spirit every where manifested. The people turned out with spades or muskets, prepared to cast up the earth for batteries and trenches, or to be soldiers to meet the foe. Among others, at Wilmington, was the venerable Allan M'Lane, a gallant soldier of the Revolution, who assumed the direction of military affairs. The specie of the Delaware banks was sent to Philadelphia for safety; and in that city Captain William Mitchell and his *Independent Blues*, and Captain Jacob H. Fisher and his *Junior Artillerists*, formed in three days for the occasion, volunteered to garrison Fort Mifflin.

The spirit of the people thus manifested astonished Beresford, and he held the thunders of his threat at bay for almost three weeks. The Governor of Delaware, in the mean time, summoned the militia to the defense of menaced Lewistown. He reiterated the positive refusal of the inhabitants to furnish the invaders with supplies. Beresford continued to threaten and hesitate; but at length, on the 6th of April, he sent Captain Byron, with the *Belvidera* and some smaller vessels, to attack the village. They drew near, and the *Belvidera* sent several heavy round shot into the town, with the expectation of terrifying the inhabitants into submission. These were followed by a flag of truce, bearing from Byron a renewal of the requisition. Colonel Davis, in command of the gathering militia, repeated the refusal, when Byron expressed a regret because of the misery he would be compelled to inflict on the women and children by a bombardment. "Colonel Davis is a gallant man, and will take care of the ladies," was the verbal reply.

A cannonade and bombardment followed this correspondence, and were continued for about twenty-two hours. So spirited was the response of a battery on an eminence worked by the militia that the most dangerous of the enemy's gun-boats was disabled, and its cannon silenced. Notwithstanding the British hurled full eight hundred of their 18 and 32 pound shot into the town, and many shells and Congreve rockets were sent, the damage inflicted was not severe. The shells did not reach the village; the rockets passed over it: but the heavy round shot injured several houses. No lives were lost. An

ample supply of powder was sent down from Dupont's, at Wilmington, while the industrious enemy supplied the balls from his guns. A large number of these were sent back with effect.

Unable to capture the town, the British attempted to land the next day, for the purpose of seizing live-stock in the neighborhood. They were met with great spirit at the verge of the water, and driven back to their vessels. For a month longer they lingered, closely watched by the vigilant Davis, and then, dropping down the coast seven miles below Lewistown, they attempted to supply themselves with fresh water from Newbold's ponds. Again they were driven to their ships. Failing to obtain supplies on the shores of the Delaware, the little blockading squadron sailed for Bermuda, where Admiral Warren was fitting out reinforcements for his fleet in American waters.

The blockaders within the capes of Virginia were very busy in the mean time. The squadron was under the command of Cockburn, and took chief position in Lynn Haven Bay. He continually sent out marauding expeditions along the shores of the Chesapeake, who plundered and burned farm-houses, carried off negroes, and armed them against their masters, and seized live-stock wherever it could be found. The country exposed to these depredations was extensive and sparsely settled; and it was difficult to concentrate a military force at one point in sufficient time to be effective against the marauders. In some instances they were severely punished, but these were rare.

More pretentious and more honorable exploits were sometimes undertaken by the blockaders under Cockburn. On the 3d of April a flotilla of a dozen armed boats from the squadron, under Lieutenant Polkingthorne of the *St. Domingo*, 74, entered the mouth of the Rappahannock River and attacked the Baltimore privateer *Dolphin*, 10, Captain Stafford, and three armed schooners prepared to sail for France. The assault was unexpected and fierce. The three smaller vessels were soon taken, but the struggle for the *Dolphin* was severe. She was finally boarded, and for fifteen minutes the conflict raged fearfully on her deck. Overpowered by numbers, Captain Stafford was compelled to submit. In this affair the loss was much heavier on the British than on the American side, owing partly to the disadvantageous position of the attacking party. No official report of losses was ever made by either party, but contemporary writers agree that the capture of the *Dolphin* cost the victors many lives.

Emboldened by this success, Cockburn resolved to engage in still more ambitious adventures. He thought of attacking Annapolis and Baltimore, and even dreamed of the glory and renown of penetrating the country forty or fifty miles and destroying the national capital. Prudence restrained obedience to his desires. His friends among the "Peace men" of Baltimore doubtless informed him that the vigilance of the inhabitants of that city, under the eye of the veteran General Samuel Smith, was sleepless; that look-out boats were far down the Patapsco; that riflemen and horsemen were stationed along the shores of the river and bay; that Fort M'Henry was being strengthened by the mounting of 32-pounders; that the City Brigade numbered almost two thousand men, and that an equal number of volunteers for the defense of the place were within trumpet-call. Cockburn wisely concluded to pass by the political and commercial capitals of Maryland and fall upon weaker objects. With a large force he menaced Baltimore, as a feint, at the middle of April, and at the close, with the brigs *Fantome* and *Mohawk*, and tenders *Dolphin*, *Racer*, and *Highflyer*, he entered Elk River toward the head of Chesapeake Bay, and proceeded to destroy Frenchtown on the Delaware shore. It was a village of about a dozen buildings, composed of dwellings, store-houses, and stables. The blockading vessels had driven the trade between Philadelphia and Baltimore from the ordinary line of water-travel, and this place had become an important *entrepôt* of traffic between the two cities.

Admiral Cockburn made the *Fantome* his flagship, and sent First Lieutenant Westphall, of the *Marlborough*, with about four hundred armed men, in boats, to destroy the public and private property at Frenchtown. The only defenders were quite a large number of drivers of stages and transportation wagons, who were assembled there, and a few militia who came down from the neighboring village of Elkton. The former garrisoned the redoubt which had just been erected, upon which lay three iron 4-pounders, first used in the old War for Independence. They fought manfully, but were compelled to retire before overwhelming numbers. The store-houses were plundered and burned, but, on this occasion, no dwelling was injured. The women and children were treated with respect—thanks to the gallant Westphall! Property, on land, to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars was consumed, and in the water five small trading vessels were destroyed. This incendiary work accomplished, the invaders withdrew; and in the *Fantome*, on the following day, Sir George wrote an account of the affair to Admiral Warren, taking care to assure that humane commander that he was following out his orders in giving a receipt for property taken from non-combatants.

Havre de Grace, near the mouth of the Susquehanna River, was the marauding knight's next object for visitation. It was a small village two miles up from the head of Chesapeake Bay, and contained about sixty houses, built mostly of wood. It was on the post-road between Baltimore and Philadelphia, as it now is upon the railway between the two cities. For some time the enemy had been expected there, not because there were stores or any other seductions for him, but because the love of plunder and wanton destruction appeared to be Cockburn's animating spirit. Several companies of militia

had been sent to the vicinity; and upon the high bank of the river just below the village, near the site of the present (1863) iron-works of Whittaker and Co., a battery was erected, on which one 18-pounder and two 9-pounders were mounted. On the lower or Concord Point, where the light-house now stands, was a smaller battery, and both were manned by militia exempts. Patrols watched the shores all the way to the Bay, looking for the enemy; and for about three weeks this vigilance was unslumbering. The foe did not appear. All alarm subsided; and the spirit that brought out armed men began to flag. Some returned home, and apathy became the rule.

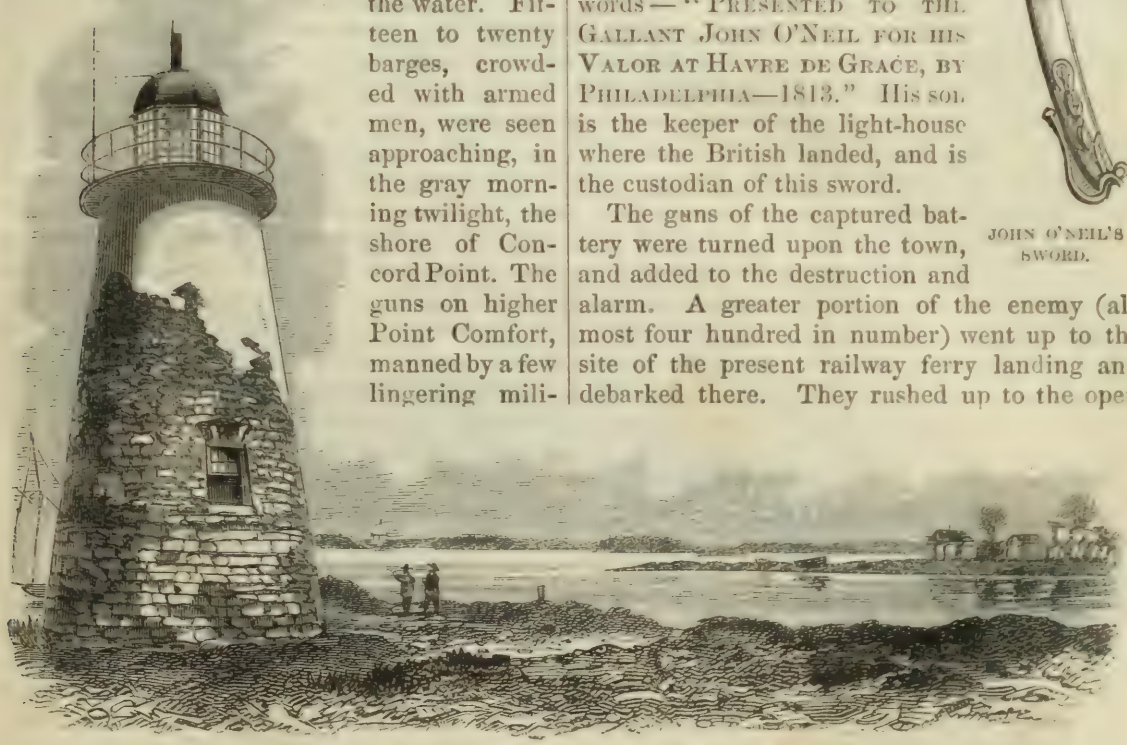
Cockburn was informed of this state of things at Havre de Grace, and prepared to fall upon the unsuspecting villagers on the night of the 1st of May. A deserter carried intelligence of his intentions to the town, and the entire neighborhood was speedily aroused. The women and children were carried to places of safety, and about two hundred and fifty militia were soon again at their posts. But Cockburn did not come. He purposely lulled them into repose by a postponement of the attack. The deserter's story was disbelieved. It was thought to be a false alarm. What is there to call the British here? common sagacity queried. The militia again became disorganized, and many of them returned home.

On the night of the 2d of May there was perfect quiet in Havre de Grace. The inhabitants went to sleep more peacefully than they had done for a month. They were suddenly awakened at dawn by the din of arms. It was a beautiful, serene morning—not a cloud in the sky nor a ripple on the water. Fifteen to twenty barges, crowded with armed men, were seen approaching, in the gray morning twilight, the shore of Concord Point. The guns on higher Point Comfort, manned by a few lingering militia, opened upon them. These were returned by grape-shot from the enemy's vessels. The drums in the village beat to arms. The affrighted inhabitants, half dressed, rushed to the streets, the non-combatants flying in terror to places of safety. The confusion was cruel. It was increased by a flight of hissing rockets, which set houses in flames. These were followed by more destructive bomb-shells; and while the panic and the fire were raging in the town the enemy landed. A strong party debarked in the cove by the present light-house on Concord Point, captured the small battery there, and pressed forward to seize the larger one on the high bank. All but eight or ten of the militia had fled from the village; and John O'Neil, a brave Irish nail-maker, and Philip Albert alone remained at the battery. Albert was hurt, and O'Neil attempted to manage the heaviest gun alone. He loaded and discharged it, when, by its recoil, his thigh was injured, and he was disabled. They both hurried toward the town and used their muskets until compelled to fly toward the open common, near the Episcopal church, pursued by a British horseman. There O'Neil was captured, but Albert escaped. The brave Irishman was carried on board the frigate *Maidstone*, and in the course of a few days was set at liberty. For his gallant behavior the nail-maker of Havre de Grace received a sword, with a handsomely ornamented gilt scabbard, inscribed with the words—"PRESENTED TO THE GALLANT JOHN O'NEIL FOR HIS VALOR AT HAVRE DE GRACE, BY PHILADELPHIA—1813." His son is the keeper of the light-house where the British landed, and is the custodian of this sword.



JOHN O'NEIL'S SWORD.

The guns of the captured battery were turned upon the town, and added to the destruction and alarm. A greater portion of the enemy (almost four hundred in number) went up to the site of the present railway ferry landing and debarked there. They rushed up to the open



LANDING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH AT HAVRE DE GRACE.



THE PRINGLE MANSION-HOUSE, HAVRE DE GRACE.

common, separated into squads, and commenced plundering and destroying systematically, officers and men entering into the business with equal alacrity. The sailors, not content with plundering, wantonly destroyed many things. Elegant looking-glasses were dashed in pieces, and feather-beds were ripped open for the sport of scattering the feathers on the wind. Some of the officers indulged in plunder. They selected tables and bureaus for their private use, and after writing their names on them sent them on board the barges. Admiral Cockburn was pleased with an elegant coach which fell in his way, and ordered it to be put on board a boat and taken to his ship. "It belonged to a poor coach-maker," wrote Dr. Sparks, the historian (who was an eye-witness), "whose family must suffer by its loss."

Finally, when at least one half of the village had been destroyed, Cockburn, the instigator of the crime, went on shore, and was met on the Common by several ladies who had taken refuge in the elegant brick mansion, some distance from the village, belonging to Mark Pringle, and now the residence of the Honorable Elisha Lewis, who calls the beautiful estate "Bloomsbury." Among those who took shelter there was the wife of Commodore Rodgers, Mrs. William Pinkney, Mrs. Goldsborough, and the aged mother of the latter. They entreated Cockburn to spare the remainder of the village, and especially the roof that sheltered them, for the owner had taken no part in the war. He yielded with reluctance, and at length gave an order for a stay of the plundering and burning.

In the mean time a large detachment of the enemy went up the Susquehanna about six miles, to the head of tide-water, and there destroyed extensive iron-works and cannon foundry. A number of vessels that had escaped to that point from the Bay were saved from the flames by being sunk. A little further down they burned a large warehouse. Finally, when all possible mischief had been achieved along the river bank; when farm-houses had been plundered and burned a long distance on the Baltimore road; when, after the lapse of four hours, forty of the sixty houses in the village had been destroyed, and nearly all the remainder of the edifices, excepting the Episcopal Church, were more or less injured, the marauders assembled in their vessels in the stream, and at sunset sailed out into the Bay to pay a similar visit to villages on the Sassafras River, some miles further southward. Havre de Grace was at least sixty thousand dollars poorer when Cockburn left than when he came twelve hours before.

It was on Thursday the 6th of May, a warm and beautiful morning, when Cockburn and his marauders, six hundred strong, in eighteen barges, went up the Sassafras River that separates Cecil and Kent counties in Maryland, and attacked the villages of Fredericktown and Georgetown, lying on opposite banks of that stream, about eleven miles from its mouth. The former is in Cecil County; the latter in Kent County. Both of them at that time (and especially Georgetown) had a flourishing trade with Baltimore. They contained from forty to fifty houses each; and at Fredericktown several small vessels, that had run up from the Bay for shelter, were moored.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HAVRE DE GRACE.

Fredericktown was first visited by the invaders. Less than one hundred militia-men, under Colonel Veazy, were there, with a little breast-work and a small cannon, to defend it. Of these all but thirty-five fled when the enemy opened the fire of his great guns. After making stout resistance with his courageous men, Veazy was compelled to retire. The British landed; and the entreaties of the women to spare the town, especially the more humble dwellings of the poor, were answered by oaths and obscene jests and the application of the torch. The store-house, the vessels, and the beautiful village were set in flames after the invaders were glutted with plunder. Georgetown then suffered the same fate at the same hands. So delighted was Cockburn with his success in plundering and destroying unprotected towns that, with characteristic swagger, he declared that he should not be satisfied until he had burned every building in Baltimore.

After having despoiled these quiet, unoffending villages of wealth to the amount of at least seventy thousand dollars, Cockburn and his followers returned to their ships. This kind of warfare, so disgraceful to a civilized government, created the most intense hatred of the enemy, and aroused a war-spirit throughout the land that for a time appalled the cowardly "Peace party," and nearly silenced the newspapers in their interest.

On the 26th of May (1813) a British Order in Council extended the blockade to New York and all the Southern ports; and on the first of June Admiral Warren entered the Chesapeake with a considerable naval reinforcement for Cockburn and Beresford, bearing a large number of land troops and marines under the command of Sir Sidney Beckwith. The British force now collected within the Capes of Virginia consisted of eight ships of the line, twelve frigates, and a considerable number of smaller vessels; and it was evident that some more important point than defenseless villages would be the next object for an attack. The citizens of Baltimore, Annapolis, and Norfolk, were equally menaced; but when, at the middle of June, three British frigates entered Hampton Roads and sent their boats up the James River to destroy some small American vessels there and to plunder the inhabitants, it was evident that Norfolk would be the first point of attack. The *Constellation*, 38, and a flotilla of twenty gun-boats, as well as Forts Norfolk and Nelson (one on each side of the Elizabeth River), Forts Tar and Barbour, and the fortifications on Craney Island, were all put in the best possible state of defense. At the same time Captain Tarbell of the *Constellation*, by order of Commodore Cassin, commander of the station, organized an expedition for the capture of the British frigate that lay at anchor at the nearest distance from Norfolk.

Toward midnight on Saturday the 19th of June, Captain Tarbell, with fifteen gun-boats, descended the Elizabeth River in two divisions, one under Lieutenant J. M. Gardner, and the other under Lieutenant Robert G. Henly. Fifteen sharp-shooters from Craney Island volunteered for the service, and were added to the crews of the boats. Because of head-winds the flotilla did not approach the nearest vessel until half past three o'clock in the morning. She lay about three miles from the others; and under cover of the darkness just before daylight, and a heavy fog, the Americans approached within easy range of the vessel without being discovered. At four o'clock Tarbell opened fire upon her. She was taken by surprise; and her response was so feeble and irregular that a panic on board was indicated. The wind was too light to fill her sails, while the gun-boats, managed by sweeps, had every advantage. They were formed in crescent shape; and during a conflict of half an hour Tarbell was continually cheered by sure promises of victory. It was snatched from his hand by a breeze that suddenly sprung up from the north-northeast, which enabled the two frigates anchored below to come up to the assistance of the assailed vessel, supposed to be the *Junon*, 38. These opened a severe cannonade on the flotilla, and the Americans were compelled to haul off. As they retired in good order they kept up a fire on the British vessels for almost an hour. They damaged their enemy seriously, while some of their own boats were badly bruised. One subaltern was killed, and two seamen were slightly injured. These composed the entire loss of the Americans. How much the British seamen suffered is not known. In this affair Lieutenant (now Admiral) W. B. Shubrick performed a gallant part. He was then only twenty-three years of age. When Tarbell ordered the flotilla to withdraw, Shubrick was so well satisfied that a few more shots would damage the enemy that he obeyed the order reluctantly and tardily, and continued to blaze away at the frigate, causing the concentration of the enemy's fire upon his single boat. Finally, in obedience to peremptory orders, he moved off without having lost a man.

The attack on the *Junon* brought matters in Hampton Roads and vicinity to a crisis. Efforts for the capture of Norfolk, with its fortifications, the armed vessels there, and the Navy-yard, were immediately made by the British admiral. The cannonade had been distinctly heard, and with the very next tide after the conflict on that foggy Sunday morning, fourteen of the enemy's vessels entered the Roads, ascended to the mouth of the James River, and took position between the point called Newport-Newce and Pig Point, at the mouth of the Nansemond. These vessels had on board a large body of land troops; among them two companies composed of French volunteer prisoners, already referred to, who, in compliment to their language, were called *Chasseurs Britanniques*. Sir Sidney Beckwith was in chief command of these land troops, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles James Napier, afterward a distinguished General in the British army, and who was knighted for his services in



CRANEY ISLAND.

the East Indies, where he became Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. The whole number of the enemy, including the seamen, was about five thousand.

This hostile demonstration aroused the Virginians. James Barbour was then Governor of that State. He was patriotic and active, and by untiring energy he had already assembled several thousand militia. A large portion of them, with some United States regulars, under Captain Pollard, were at old Fort Norfolk and vicinity. They had been drawn chiefly from the coast districts most immediately menaced by the enemy. The Richmond press and leading provincial journals had zealously seconded the Governor's efforts, and, as usual, appealed successfully to State pride. Gallant men flocked to the standard of their common country.

Craney Island, five miles below Norfolk, which has played a conspicuous part in the Great Rebellion, was soon made the theatre of stirring events. It was in shape like that of a painter's pallet, contained then about thirty acres of land, which rose only a few feet above high-water mark, and was separated from the main land by a shallow strait fordable at low-water, but over which a foot-bridge had been erected. On the southeastern portion of the island intrenchments had been thrown up, on which were two 24, one 18, and one 6 pound cannon, that commanded the ship channel. These formed the most remote military outpost of Norfolk, and were the key to the harbor.

The defense of Craney Island was demanded by stern necessity, and to that end the efforts of the leaders in that vicinity were directed. The chief of these was Brigadier-General Robert B. Taylor, the commanding officer of the district. The whole available force on the island when the British entered Hampton Roads consisted of two companies of artillery from Portsmouth, under the command of Major James Faulkner, father of the late United States Minister at the French court; a company of riflemen, under Captain Roberts; and four hundred and sixteen militia infantry of the line, under Lieutenant-Colonel Beatty. These were so situated that if attacked and overpowered they had no means for escape; and yet, as one of the newspapers of the day said, they were "all cool and collected, rather wishing the attack."

General Taylor, perceiving the necessity of reinforcing the troops on Craney Island, on whom the first blow of the invaders must necessarily fall, sent down Captain Pollard with thirty regulars, accompanied by thirty volunteers, most of them riflemen. These were followed by about one hundred and fifty seamen, under Lieutenants Neale, Shubrick, and Sanders; and fifty marines, under Lieut. Breckinridge, who were sent by Captain Tarbell, at the request of General Taylor, to work the heavy guns.

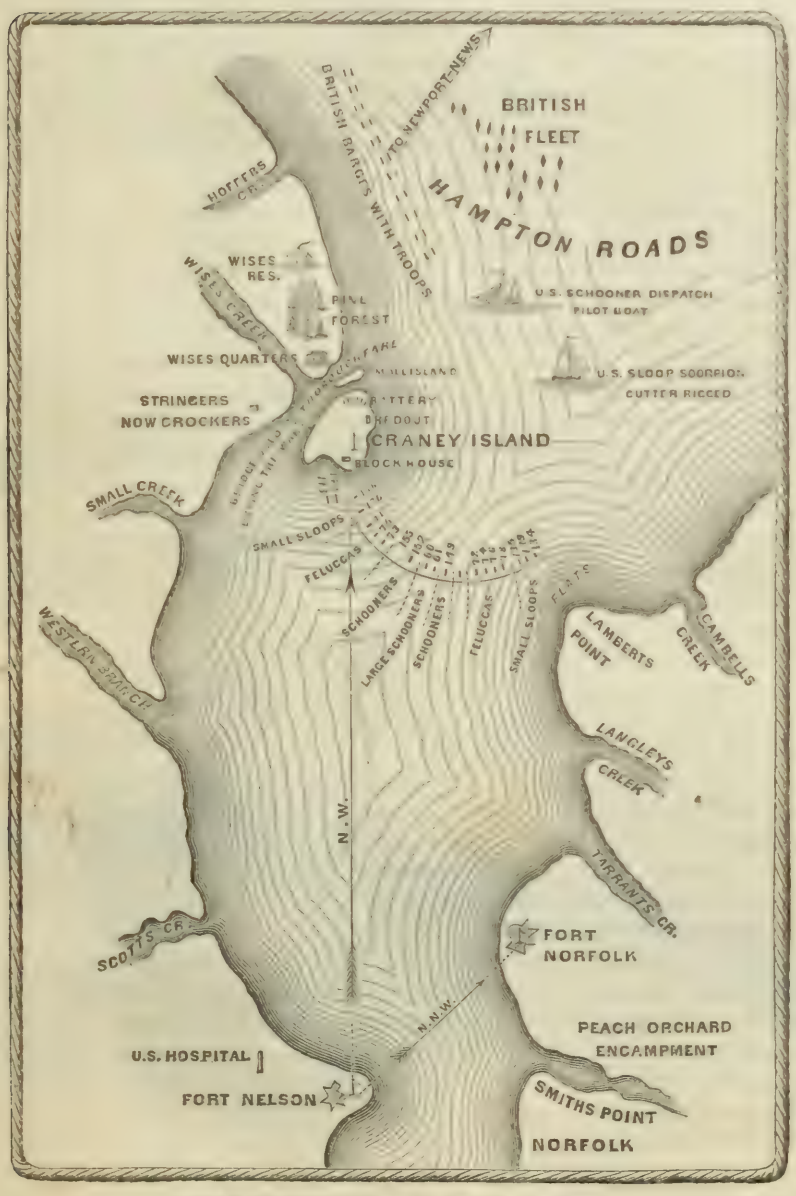
At midnight the camp was alarmed by the crack of the sentinel's musket, who supposed that a bush in the strait was a lurking spy in a boat. The troops, called to arms, stood watching until dawn, when the real character of the object was discovered. The soldiers were at once dismissed; but they had scarcely broken ranks when a horseman came dashing across the shallow strait and reported that the enemy were landing in force near Major Hoffleur's, a little more than two miles distant, in the direction of Pig Point. The long roll was immediately beaten, and as the daylight increased the British were seen passing in a continual stream from the ships to the shore, and making the wood all aglow with scarlet. Faulkner at once ordered the heavy



JAMES FAULKNER.

guns on the southeastern portion of the island to be transferred to the northwestern shore, and placed in battery with four 6-pounders already in position there. These seven pieces presented a formidable defense. A short distance in the rear of them the infantry, riflemen, and some artillery acting as infantry were formed in line, so as to face the strait at the mouth of Wise's Creek. Lieutenant Neale took command of the 18-pounder, assisted by Lieutenants Shubrick and Sanders, and about one hundred sailors and marines, chiefly from the *Constellation*. The two 24's and four 6's were under the charge of Captain Emerson and his company of artillery, aided by active subordinate officers. One of them was Captain Thomas Rooke, of the merchantman *Manhattan*, then in the harbor of Norfolk, who volunteered, and was of great service in the transfer of the heavy guns from one end of Craney Island to the other. These guns were worked chiefly by men of the navy. The entire battery was under the supreme command of Major Faulkner, who was a cool and skillful artillerist; the entire force on the island was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Beatty. A long pole was procured, the national flag was nailed to it, and then it was planted firmly in the redoubt. The gun-boats were anchored in the form of a segment of a circle, extending from Craney Island to Lambert's Point; while the *Constellation* lay nearer the city. Thus prepared, the Americans calmly awaited the approach of the foe.

The British landed about twenty-five hundred men, infantry and marines, at Hoffleur's Creek. The morning sky was cloudless; and for more than two hours the flashing of their burnished arms might be seen by the Americans as they manœuvred on the beach and in the edge of an intervening wood. Stealthily they crept through the thick undergrowth of the forest, and appeared suddenly on the point at the confluence of Wise's Creek and the strait. They immediately opened a cannonade from a field-piece and a howitzer, and sent a bevy of Congreve rockets upon the island, to cover the movement of a detachment sent to cross Wise's Creek and gain the rear of the American flank in position on the main land. They were partially sheltered by Wise's house and a thick wood.—Some of the heavy guns of the battery on the island were opened upon them with great precision and rapidity, and a shower of grape and canister shot soon drove the enemy out of reach of the artillery.



PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT CRANEY ISLAND.

Almost simultaneously with this advance of the British land-force, fifty large barges, filled with full fifteen hundred sailors and marines, were seen approaching from the enemy's ships. They hugged the main shore to keep out of range of the gun-boat artillery, and moved in column order in two distinct lines, in the direction of the strait, led by Admiral Warren's beautiful barge, called—in consequence of its length and the great number of oars on each side, like legs—*The Centipede*. In her bow was a brass 3-pounder, called a "grasshopper," and she was commanded by Captain Hanchett, of the flag-ship *Diadem*, a natural son of George the Third, and half-brother of the Prince Regent, then holding the reins of government in the British realm.

As the first division of the fleet of barges approached, the eager Emerson could hardly be restrained by the more prudent Faulkner. At



VIEW AT HAMPTON CREEK.*

length they reached within fair range of the guns. Faulkner gave a signal, when Emerson shouted, "Now, my brave boys, are you ready?" "All ready!" was the quick response. "Fire!" exclaimed Faulkner. The whole battery, except two guns that had been dismounted, belched forth fire and smoke, and round and grape and canister shot. The volley was fearful; yet, in the face of it, the barges moved steadily forward, until the storm of metal was too terrible to be endured. The boats were thrown into the greatest confusion. *The Centipede* was hulled by a heavy round shot that passed through her diagonally, wounding several of the men in her, cutting off the legs of one of them, and severely hurting the thigh of Captain Hanchett. Orders for retreat were given. *The Centipede* and four other barges were sunk in shoal water, and the remainder of the flotilla escaped to the ships. Lieutenant Neale was directed to send some of his bold seamen to seize the Admiral's barge and all in it, and haul it on shore. This was gallantly performed, under the direction of Lieutenants Tatnall (late Commodore in the United States Navy, but later Commander-in-Chief of the shadowy navy of the rebels) and Geisenger, and two or three others. They secured the barge and several prisoners. *The Centipede* was afterward repaired, and performed good service as a guard-boat during many a cold, dark, and dreary night in the ensuing autumn.

Thus ended the battle known in history as "The Repulse at Craney Island." Not long before the time when the Prince Regent of Great Britain congratulated his kingdom on the pitch of grandeur it reached by dictating peace to France, in the French capital, a half-brother of that Regent was repulsed by a handful of Virginian militia in an attempt to capture a small island in Chesapeake Bay, three thousand miles from the King's palace. It was a most mortifying result to the British. The Americans lost not a single man; the British, according to their own statement, lost six killed, twenty-four wounded, and one hundred and fourteen missing. Of the latter, forty were prisoners and deserters.

So certain was General Beckwith of success, that he promised the troops the opportunity of breakfasting on Craney Island that morning. Some of the officers took their toilet-apparatus with them, and others their dogs! At ten o'clock the scene was changed; and before sunset the British commanders abandoned all hope of seizing Norfolk, the *Constellation*, and the Navy-yard. It was the last attempt of the kind which the enemy thought it expedient to make there during the war.

Exasperated by their ignominious repulse at Craney Island, the British proceeded to attack the village of Hampton, a flourishing borough on the west side of Hampton Creek, two miles and a half from Old Point Comfort. It was the capital of Elizabeth County, Virginia, and was a mile from the confluence of the creek with the waters of Hampton Roads. It was defended at the time by about four hundred and fifty Virginia soldiers, under Major Stapleton Crutchfield. They were chiefly composed of militia infantry, and a few artillerymen and cavalry. They were encamped on the "Little England" estate of five hundred acres, lying a short distance southward from the village, where they had a heavy battery, composed of four 6, two 12, and one 18 pound cannon, in charge of Sergeant William Burke, to defend the water-front of the camp and the village.

On Friday night, the 24th of June, twenty-five hundred British land troops, including the rough French prisoners (*Chasseurs Britannique*),

* In this picture the house on the extreme left, beyond the creek, shows the place of Crutchfield's camp on the "Little England" estate. The wharf was the Hampton landing in 1853. The point seen between it and the vessel on the left is Blackbeard's Point.

were placed in boats and small sailing vessels, and between dawn and sunrise of the 25th were landed behind a wood, near the house of Daniel Murphy, a little more than two miles from Hampton, under cover of the guns of the *Mohawk* sloop of war. These were designed to fall upon Hampton and the little American camp in the rear, while Admiral Cockburn, with a flotilla of boats and barges, should make a feint in front.

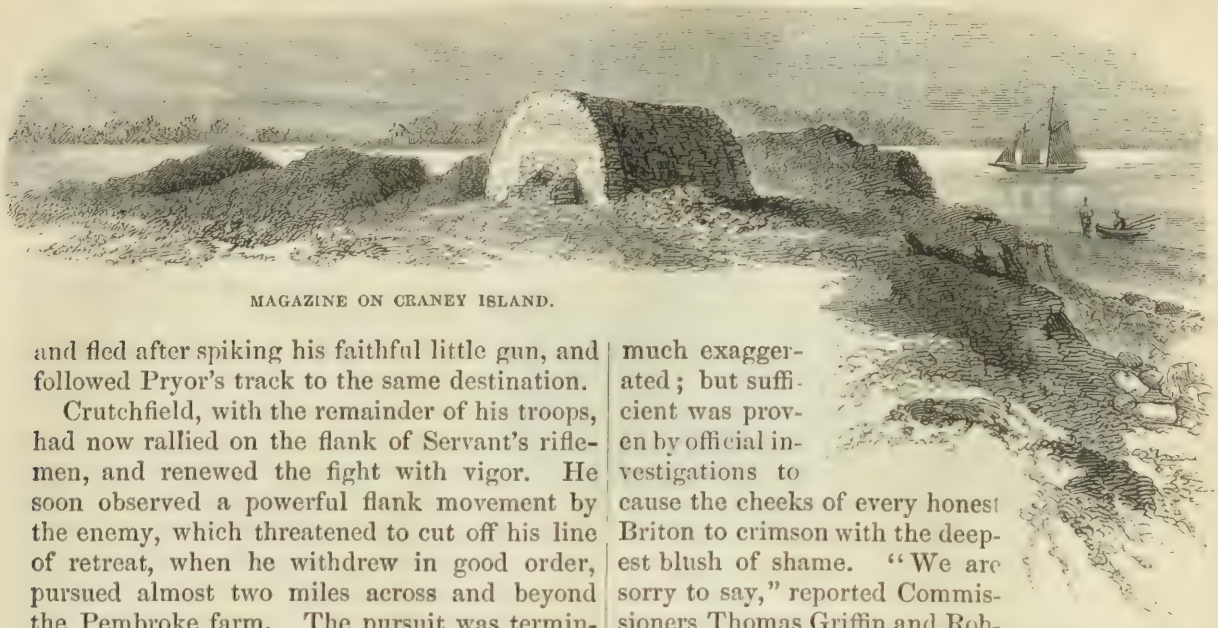
The land troops, under the general command of Beckwith, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonels Napier and Williams, moved stealthily and rapidly forward toward the doomed town, while the armed boats appeared suddenly off Blackbeard's Point at the mouth of Hampton Creek. The latter were first discovered by American patrols, near the mouth of the creek, who gave the alarm. The camp was aroused and a line of battle was formed. At that moment a messenger came in haste with intelligence that the British were moving in force in the rear of Hampton. The woods toward Murphy's were glowing with scarlet, and a field of ripe grain was made verdant with the green uniforms of the French prisoners. The inhabitants of the village, who yet remained, fled toward Yorktown, excepting a few who could not leave, or who were willing to trust to British honor and clemency.

The brave Crutchfield resolved to stand firmly and defend the town against the invaders on land and water. He sent Captain Servant and his rifle company to ambush on a road known as Celey's, leading from the York road to the James River beyond Murphy's, who were to attack and check the enemy; and when Cockburn ventured within Blackbeard's Point and opened fire on the American camp, Crutchfield's heavy battery responded with so much spirit and effect that the arch-marauder was glad to escape for shelter behind that Point, and content himself with throwing a shot or rocket occasionally into the American camp.

Crutchfield gave special attention to the movements in his rear, being convinced that Cockburn's was only a feint. From his camp was a plantation road that crossed cultivated fields, and by the edge of the woods behind which the British had landed unobserved to the highway known as Celey's road. Connected with this road was a plantation lane leading to Murphy's on the banks of the James River. Along this lane or road the British moved from their landing-place, and had reached rising ground and halted for breakfast when they were discovered by the Americans. Captain Pryor, left in charge of the artillery in camp, immediately detailed Sergeant Parker, and a few picked men with a field-piece, to go up the Yorktown road to Celey's Junction to assist the ambushed riflemen. Parker had just reached his position and planted his cannon when the British moved forward with celerity. They had just crossed the head of the West Branch of Hampton Creek at the Celey road when the advanced-guard of Servant's riflemen (Lieutenant Thomas Hope and two others), who were concealed by a large cedar-tree (yet standing when the writer visited the spot in 1853), opened a deadly fire, with sure aim, upon the French column in front, led by a huge British sergeant-major. That officer and several others were killed; the invaders were checked, and great confusion in their ranks ensued. The main body of the riflemen now delivered their fire, and the commander of the marines, the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the British army, fell dead.

The enemy soon recovered from his temporary panic and pressed forward, compelling the riflemen to fall back. In the mean time Crutchfield, hearing the firing, had moved forward from his camp with nearly all of his force, leaving the position on the Little England estate to be defended by Pryor and his artillerymen from the attack of the barges. While he was marching in columns, by platoons, along the lane for the Little England farm toward Celey's road and the great highway, he was suddenly assailed by an enfilading fire on his left. He immediately ordered his men to wheel and charge the enemy, who were in the edge of the woods. This was done with the coolness and precision of long-disciplined soldiers, and the foe fell back. The victors were pressing forward when the British opened a storm of grape and canister shot upon them from two 6-pounders, and some Congreve rockets, and appeared in force directly in front of Crutchfield. The Americans withstood the fire a few minutes when they fell back, and a part of them broke and fled in confusion across the Yorktown road and the Pembroke farm.

Parker meanwhile had worked his piece with good effect. Now his ammunition failed. Lieutenant Jones of the Hampton Artillery hastened to his relief; but when they saw an overwhelming force of the enemy moving along the Celey road, they fell back to the Yorktown pike. Jones now found that his match was extinguished; so he ran to a house near by, snatched a brand from the hearth, and concealed himself in a hollow near a spring. When the British drew near, and almost filled the lane, supposing the little cannon to be abandoned, Jones arose and discharged his piece with terrible effect. Many of the foe were prostrated by its missiles; and during the confusion that ensued in the British ranks, Jones attached a horse to his cannon and bore it off toward the American camp. When he drew near that camp he saw that it was occupied by the enemy, who had come in force from the barges and compelled Pryor to spike his guns and flee. This he did in safety. He and his command, after fighting their way through the surrounding enemy with their firelocks, swam the West Branch of Hampton Creek, and, making a circuit in rear of the enemy, fled to what is now known as Big Bethel, where one of the earliest battles of the great civil war was fought. He did not lose a man nor a musket. Seeing this, Jones turned



MAGAZINE ON CRANEY ISLAND.

and fled after spiking his faithful little gun, and followed Pryor's track to the same destination.

Crutchfield, with the remainder of his troops, had now rallied on the flank of Servant's riflemen, and renewed the fight with vigor. He soon observed a powerful flank movement by the enemy, which threatened to cut off his line of retreat, when he withdrew in good order, pursued almost two miles across and beyond the Pembroke farm. The pursuit was terminated at what is now known as New Bridge Creek. Thus ended the battle. The British had lost about fifty in killed, wounded, and missing, and the Americans about thirty. Of eleven missing Americans ten at least had fled to their homes.

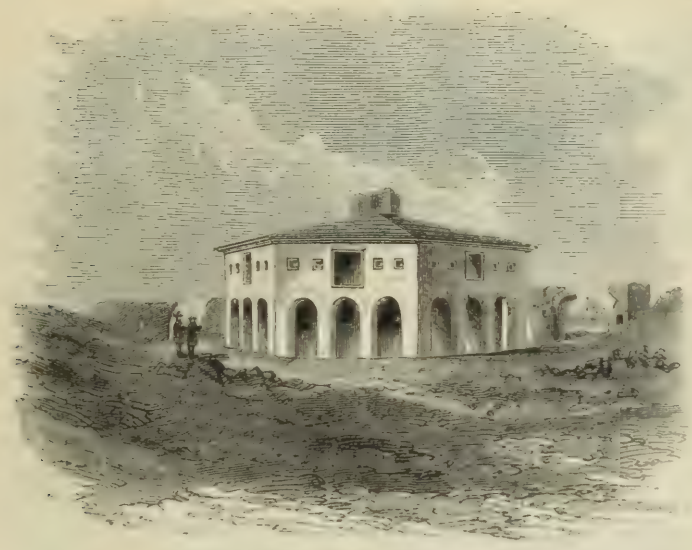
The victorious British now entered Hampton by the Yorktown road, bearing the body of the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Williams. Beckwith and Cockburn made their head-quarters at the fine brick mansion of Mrs. Westwood on the street leading to the landing. In her garden the remains of Williams were buried with solemn funeral rites on the same day. Then the village was given up to pillage and rapine. The atrocities committed at that time upon the defenseless inhabitants who remained in Hampton, particularly on the females, have consigned the name of Sir George Cockburn to merited infamy as the chief author of them. There can be little doubt that he had promised the soldiers, and particularly the French prisoners, "Beauty and Booty" to their hearts' content. It was like him; but no one could suspect the right-minded Admiral Warren, or even the more latitudinarian soldier, Sir Sidney Beckwith, of complicity in these crimes against civilization and Christianity. The reports of these atrocities, made at the time, were doubtless much exaggerated; but sufficient was proven by official investigations to cause the cheeks of every honest Briton to crimson with the deepest blush of shame. "We are sorry to say," reported Commissioners Thomas Griffin and Robert Lively, appointed to investigate the matter, "that from all information we could procure, from sources too respectable to permit us to doubt, we are compelled to believe that acts of violence have been perpetrated which have disgraced the age in which we live. The sex hitherto guarded by the soldier's honor escaped not the rude assaults of superior force."



COCKBURN'S QUARTERS.

A correspondence on the subject of these atrocities occurred between General Taylor and Sir Sidney Beckwith, in which the latter, while he did not deny the charges, attempted to justify them by pleading the law of retaliation; falsely alleging, as was clearly proven, that the Americans had waded out from Craney Island after the battle there, and deliberately shot the crew of a barge which had sunk on the shoal. While it was not denied that British officers and soldiers had engaged zealously in the business of plundering the private houses at Hampton of every thing valuable that they might easily carry away, the more horrid crime of ravishing the persons of married women and young maidens was charged, by the British commanders, upon the French soldiery. "This apology," said the Commissioners just quoted, "appeared to us no justification of those who employed them; believing, as we do, that an officer is, or should be, ever responsible for the troops under his command." So shameful were these atrocities—too gross to be repeated here—that the most violent of the British partisan writers were compelled to denounce them; and Admiral Warren and General Beckwith, in obedience to the demands of public opinion, dismissed the *Chasseurs Britanniques* from the service.

The enemy remained in Hampton until the 27th of June, when they re-embarked, and on the morning of the 29th Major Crutchfield entered the plundered village and took possession. On the 1st of July the blockading squadron, consisting, at that time, of seven ships of the line, seven frigates, and eleven smaller vessels, left Hampton Roads.



BLOCK-HOUSE, CRANEY ISLAND.

It was at the "ides of March" in 1853 that the writer visited the theatre of scenes described in this paper, and had the good fortune to meet several persons who were participants in them. On Craney Island were the remains of military works, constructed after the famous repulse of the British on the 22d of June, 1813. On the northern end of the island were the remains of a magazine, built of brick and earth. On the southern end, nearest to Norfolk, was a block-house in perfect order, within a large redoubt; and between it and the magazine, on the channel side of the island, were the mounds of the old connecting intrenchments. All this has been since changed by the fires of a terrible civil war. Hampton was then a beautiful and, for Virginia, flourishing town; it is now a desolation, made so by the torch of rebels at the command of one of their leaders. There I was favored with the company of Colonel Wilson W. Jones, brother of the brave artilleryman above-mentioned, and who was a soldier at the time, under Crutchfield. He visited every place of historic interest with me. He lived in the house in which Commodore Barron long resided, and there he and his equally aged wife were enjoying the evening of life when the rebellion broke out. Colonel Wilson remained a stanch Unionist, faithful among the faithless, and was the last man to leave the doomed village when, at a few minutes past midnight, on the 7th of August, 1861, the brand was applied to the town by order of the rebel General Magruder, during the maudlin delirium of habitual intoxication. He was not allowed to take any thing from his house; and he and his wife had scarcely left its threshold when they saw it in flames.

When the British blockading squadron left Hampton Roads it entered the Potomac River. A portion of it went up that stream, exciting the most intense alarm at Alexandria, Georgetown, and the national capital. The only fortification on which those cities could rely at that time for the arrest of the invading squadron was old Fort Warburton, then called Fort Washington, situated on the Maryland side of the Potomac, twelve miles below Washington City. This was strengthened, and its garrison increased by calling in the militia from the surrounding country. Breast-works were thrown up at Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington; and vigorous measures were taken to meet the foe. But the alarm soon subsided. The British did not approach nearer to Washington than seventy miles, and then withdrew, went around to the Chesapeake and created equal alarm at Annapolis and Baltimore. Assured that these cities were amply defended, they withdrew from those waters, and a portion of the fleet, under Cockburn, went southward to plunder, destroy, and spread alarm along the coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia. His vessels were the *Sceptre*, 74 (flag-ship), *Romulus*, *Fox*, and *Neptune*.

Toward the middle of July Cockburn anchored off Ocracoke Inlet, and dispatched Lieutenant Westphall, with about eight hundred men in barges, to the waters of Pamlico Sound. They found within the bar the *Anaconda* of New York and *Atlas* of Philadelphia, both private armed vessels. They fell upon the *Anaconda*, whose thirteen men, after stout resistance, blew holes in her bottom with her own guns and escaped. The British plugged the holes and saved her. They then captured the *Atlas* and some smaller craft, but a revenue cutter escaped, and gave timely alarm at Newbern. Westphall proceeded to attack that place, but it was too well defended by the newly-rallied militia, to warrant an assault, so he proceeded to Portsmouth, not far off, took possession of the town, and for two or three days engaged in the pastime of plundering and desolating the surrounding country. The rapid gathering of the militia caused them to decamp in haste on the 16th, carrying with them cattle and other property, and many slaves to whom freedom was falsely promised. These Cockburn, it is said, sold for his own benefit in the West Indies.

Leaving Pamlico Sound, the arch-marauder went down the coast, stopping at and plundering Dewee's and Caper's islands, and filling the whole region of the Lower Santee with terror. Several plantations on Dewee's were desolated; and from Caper's a large quantity of live-stock was taken away, with a few slaves. Other exposed places along the coast expected a similar visitation. Breast-works were thrown up around Charleston; Fort Moultrie and other fortifications were strengthened; and a considerable body of militia were assembled on Haddrell's Point, or Point Pleasant, where might be seen, a few years ago, a monument erected to the memory of some of those soldiers who perished there by disease. No battle was fought on South Carolina soil during the war. Her politicians were among the most clamorous for a

conflict with Great Britain, and some of her citizens made fortunes by privateering; but few of her sons were found in the ranks of their country's defenders. She suffered most from fear of losing property, especially slaves, which her State laws declared to be property; and during the time when Cockburn was hovering along the coast the large slaveholders were agitated by the deepest anxiety lest a force of the British should land and declare freedom to all serfs who should join their standard. Had they done so, no doubt an army of many thousands of colored people would have flocked to that flag, for the negroes there had heard of the liberation of their brethren in Virginia by the British, but not of the infamous treachery of their seducers, who sold them into worse captivity. All along the coast, and far into the interior, a secret organization existed (and has ever since, it is believed) among the negroes for a united effort to procure their freedom; and in anticipation of the coming of a British Army of Liberation they were prepared to rise in large numbers at a given signal and strike for freedom. But Cockburn was content to fill his pockets by plundering and a petty slave-trade on his own account; so, after keeping the Carolinas in a state like fever and ague for many weeks, he went down to the Georgia coast, and at "Dungennes House," the seat of the fine estate of General Nathaniel Greene, of the Continental Army, on Cumberland Island, he made his head-quarters for the winter.

While Cockburn the marauder was on the Southern coast, Sir Thomas Hardy the gentleman was blockading a portion of the New England coast. The harbors from the Delaware to Nantucket were rigorously watched, and ingress and egress were very difficult.

In the autumn of 1812 Commodore Decatur returned to New York from a successful cruise, bringing with him the frigate *Macedonian* as a prize. She had been captured by the frigate *United States*, under Decatur. These vessels had been repaired, and were fully fitted for sea, when Hardy appeared off the Connecticut coast. Decatur still commanded the *United States*, and the gallant Captain Jones, late of the victorious *Wasp*, was in command of the *Macedonian*. At this time the *Poictiers*, Captain Beresford, and a number of other vessels of Warren's blockading fleet, were carefully guarding the entrance to New York harbor through the Narrows.

Decatur, anxious to get out upon the ocean, resolved to run the blockade. He found it unsafe to attempt it at the Narrows; so, with his two frigates, accompanied by the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, Captain Biddle, which was to join the *Chesapeake* at Boston, he passed up the East River and Long Island Sound for the purpose of escaping between Montauk Point and Block Island. Here they were met. For a month Hardy, with his flag-ship *Ramillies*, the *Orpheus*, Captain Sir Hugh Pigot, the *Valiant*, *Acasta*, and smaller vessels had been keeping vigilant watch in that region. During that time Sir Thomas had won the good opinion of the inhabitants along the coast because of his honorable treatment of them.

When Decatur approached the mouth of the Thames he was met by the *Valiant* and *Acasta*, and knowing that the *Ramillies* and *Orpheus* were near he deemed it prudent to run into New London harbor. He was pursued by the enemy as far as Gull Island, at which point the British anchored in position to command the mouth of the Thames. Then commenced a regular blockade of New London, which continued full twenty months, and was raised only by the proclamation of peace. The squadron in sight of New London was soon strengthened; and when, at the latter part of June, Hardy assumed command there, it consisted of two 74's, two frigates, and a number of smaller vessels.

The presence of this squadron created much anxiety. The more aged inhabitants, who remembered Arnold's invasion in 1781, were filled with apprehensions of a repetition of the tragedies of that terrible day. It was generally expected that the enemy would enter the river and attack Decatur's vessels, and the neighboring militia were summoned to the town; the specie of the banks was removed to Norwich, at the head of tide-water; and women and children and portable property were sent into the interior. The character of Sir Thomas was a sufficient guarantee that neither life nor public property would be wantonly destroyed; but in the event of a bombardment of the ships the town could not well escape destruction by fire. Decatur, in anticipation of such bombardment of his vessels, after lightening them, took them five or six miles up the river beyond the reach of the enemy, and upon an eminence near Allyn's Point, from which he had a fine view of the Sound and New London harbor, he cast up some intrenchments and placed his cannon upon them. The spot is known as Dragon Hill.

At about this time an event occurred off New London which caused great exasperation in the blockading squadron, and came near bringing most disastrous effects upon the New England coast. It was the use of a torpedo, or submarine mine, similar, in some respects, to one invented by Robert Fulton. That eminent man had offered his invention to the United States Government, but it refused to accept it, and it was left for private enterprise to attempt the promotion of the public good by the use of a similar destructive agency in weakening the power of the enemy. One of these enterprises was undertaken in New York city. In the hold of the schooner *Eagle*, John Scudder, the originator of the plot, placed ten kegs of gunpowder, with a quantity of sulphur mixed with it, in a strong cask, and surrounded it with huge stones and other missiles which, in the event of an explosion, might inflict great injury. At the head of the cask, on the inside, were fixed two gun-locks, with cords fastened to their triggers at one end, and two barrels of flour at the other end, so that when the flour should be removed

the locks would be sprung, the powder ignited, and the terrible mine exploded. Thus prepared, with a cargo of flour and naval stores over the concealed mine, the *Eagle*, Captain Riker, late in June, 1813, sailed for New London, when, as was expected and desired, she was captured by armed men sent out in boats from the *Ramillies*. The crew of the *Eagle* escaped to the shore, and anxiously awaited the result. The wind had fallen, and for two hours unavailing efforts were made to get her alongside the *Ramillies* for the purpose of transferring her cargo to that vessel. Finally boats were sent out as lighters; the hatches of the *Eagle* were opened; and when the first barrel of flour was removed the explosion took place. A column of fire shot up into the air full nine hundred feet, and a shower of pitch and tar fell upon the deck of the *Ramillies*. The schooner, and the first-lieutenant and ten men from the flag-ship, on board of her, were blown into atoms, and most of those in the boats outside were seriously and some fatally injured.

The success which this experiment promised caused others to be tried. A citizen of Norwich, familiar with the machine used by Bushnell in attempts to blow up the British ship-of-war *Eagle* in New York harbor during the Revolution, invented a submarine boat in which he voyaged to the *Ramillies* three times under water at the rate of three miles an hour. On his third voyage he had nearly completed the task of fastening a torpedo, or portable mine, to the bottom of the British flag-ship when a screw broke and his effort failed. He was discovered, but escaped. A daring fisherman of Long Island named Penny also made attempts on the *Ramillies* with a torpedo carried in a whale-boat; and Hardy was kept continually on the alert. So justly fearful was he of these mines that he not only kept his ship in motion, but, according to Penny, who was a prisoner on board the *Ramillies* for a while, he caused her bottom to be swept with a cable every two hours, night and day. He finally issued a warning to the inhabitants of the coasts that if they did not cease that cruel and unheard-of warfare he should proceed to destroy their towns and desolate their country. Hardy had been in the habit of allowing trading vessels to pass, the blockade of the Thames being chiefly against Decatur's little squadron; but on the morning after the explosion of the *Eagle* he informed General Isham, commanding the militia at New London, that no vessel should thereafter pass without a flag of truce. And at the close of August, after Penny's attempt upon the *Ramillies*, Hardy wrote to Judge Terry, at Southold, from which neighborhood the daring fisherman came, that if the inhabitants of the south side of the Island allowed a torpedo-boat to remain another day among them he would "order every house near the shore to be destroyed." The leniency and courtesy extended to the inhabitants by Captain Hardy gave him a claim to their respectful consideration. No more attempts at destruction by torpedoes were made on the New England coast; but the fear of them kept the British vessels at a respectful distance from the harbors, and no doubt saved several sea-port towns from destruction.

Torpedoes were tried further southward. Encouraged by the success off New London, Mr. Mix, of the United States navy, attempted to blow up the British ship *Plantagenet*, 74, lying off Cape Henry, Virginia, in July. The infernal machine was carried out, under cover of intense darkness, in a heavy open boat called the *Chesapeake Avenger*, and dropped so as to float down under the ship's bow. It was furnished with clock-work, set so as to work a spring attached to a gun-lock after a given number of minutes. It exploded a few seconds too soon. The scene was awful. A column of water twenty-five feet in diameter, and half luminous with lurid light, was thrown up at least forty feet, with an explosion as terrific as thunder, and producing a concussion like the shock of an earthquake. It burst at the crown. The water fell in profusion on the deck of the *Plantagenet*, and in the same moment she rolled into the chasm made by the sudden expulsion of water, and nearly upset. Torpedoes were also placed across the Narrows, below New York, and at the entrance of the harbor of Portland. The British, and their American sympathizers, the disloyal Peace party of that day, expressed great horror at this mode of warfare, when it was properly retorted that the wanton outrages committed by Cockburn and his companions on the defenseless inhabitants of the coasts between Havre de Grace and Charleston fully justified *any* mode of warfare against such marauders, and that stratagem in the horrid business of war was always commendable.

Although Hardy did not execute his threats he made the blockade more rigorous than ever, and many trading vessels, attempting to evade it, were made prizes to the British cruisers. A tiny warfare was kept up along the Connecticut coast, for whenever a chased vessel was driven ashore the inhabitants would turn out to defend her. One of these encounters occurred a little west of the light-house, late in the autumn of 1813. The sloop *Roxana* was chased ashore by three British barges and grounded. Within half an hour a throng of people had assembled to rescue her, when the enemy set her on fire and retreated. The Americans attempted to extinguish the flames, but a heavy cannonade from the ships drove them off. Although many were exposed to the cannon-balls on that occasion not one was hurt. "During the whole war," says Miss Caulkins, the historian of New London, "not a man was killed by the enemy in Connecticut, and only one in its waters on the coast."

At near the close of June, 1813, the veteran colonel of artillery in the regular service, Henry Burbeck, who had been stationed at Newport, arrived at New London to take charge of that military department. He found the militia, who were strongly imbued with the mischievous doc-

trine of supreme State sovereignty, unwilling to be transferred, in accordance with a late order from the Secretary of War, from the service of the State to that of the United States. Under instructions from Washington they were all promptly dismissed from the service. The people, misconstruing the movement, were alarmed and exasperated. They regarded themselves as unwarrantably deprived of their defenders and betrayed to the enemy, who might come and plunder and destroy to his heart's content. At the same time it was known that Hardy's fleet had been reinforced by the arrival of the *Endymion* and *Statira*, vessels equal in strength to the *United States* and *Macedonian*. A panic of mingled fear and indignation prevailed, and the "Peace" demagogues were jubilant; but it was quickly allayed by the quick response of the Governor of Connecticut to the invitation of Colonel Burbeck to call out the militia for the temporary defense of the menaced town. Brigadier-General Williams was appointed to the command of them, and the alarm subsided.

Decatur watched continually during the summer and autumn for an opportunity to escape to sea with his three vessels; and hoping, as the severely cold weather came on, to find the enemy at times somewhat lax in vigilance, he slowly dropped down the river, and at the beginning of December was anchored in New London harbor opposite Market Wharf. With great secrecy he prepared every thing for sailing. He fixed on Sunday evening, the 12th, for making the attempt to run the blockade. Fortunately for his plan the night was very dark, the wind was favorable, and the tide served at a convenient hour. When all things were in readiness and he was about to weigh anchor word came from the row-guard of the *Macedonian* and *Hornet* that signal-lights were burning on both sides of the Thames, near its mouth. They were *blue* lights, and Decatur had no doubt of their being signals to warn the enemy of his movement, which was known in the village that evening. Thus exposed by "Peace men," of whom there were a few in almost every community—men whose devotion to *party* was greater than their love of *country*—he at once abandoned the project, and tried every means to discover the betrayers, but without effect. The Opposition, as a party, denied the fact, while others as strongly asserted it. In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy on the 20th the Commodore said, "Notwithstanding these signals have been repeated, and have been seen by twenty persons, at least, in this squadron, there are men in New London who have the hardihood to affect to disbelieve it, and the effrontery to avow their disbelief." The whole Federal party, who were traditionally opposed to a war with Great Britain, were often unfairly compelled to bear the odium of actions which justly pertained only to the disloyal "Peace" faction. They were compelled to do so in this case; and for more than a quarter of a century members of that party were stigmatized with the epithet of "Blue-light Federalist."

The *United States* and *Macedonian* were imprisoned in the Thames during the remainder of the war. Not long after his attempt to run the blockade Decatur challenged the British squadron to a trial of strength, but satisfactory arrangements could not be made. His vessels remained quietly in New London harbor until the spring of 1814, when they were dismantled and laid up, about three and a half miles below Norwich, and their officers and men made their way by land to other ports and engaged actively in the service. The *Hornet* lay at New London almost a year longer, when she slipped out of the harbor and escaped to New York.

Intelligence of peace reached New London at the middle of February, 1815. Admiral Hotham, whose flag-ship was the *Superb*, then commanded the squadron blockading the Thames. On the 21st the village was splendidly illuminated. Hotham announced the parole on the *Superb* to be "America," and the countersign "Amity." The British officers went on shore and mingled freely and cordially with the inhabitants. The Admiral was received with distinguished courtesy, for, like Hardy, he had won and merited the esteem of the citizens by his gentlemanly conduct. He was publicly welcomed by the civil authorities. At about the same time the *Pactolus* and *Narcissus*, British vessels, came into the harbor, bringing Commodore Decatur and Lieutenant (now Admiral) W. B. Shubrick, who had been captured in the frigate *President*. A public reception, partaking of the character of a ball, was held at the now venerable Court-house, to which all the British officers on the coast were invited. Several were present. The guests were received by Commodores Decatur and Shaw. Soon afterward the blockading squadron exchanged friendly salutes with Fort Trumbull and went to sea, and the *United States* and *Macedonian* departed for New York, after an imprisonment of about twenty months.



OLD COURT-HOUSE, NEW LONDON.

PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—II. RURAL LIFE.

THE materials for producing a picture of the rural life of the Japanese are few and scanty. Japan was first practically discovered by Europeans, just about a century before the first settlement was undertaken on Manhattan Island. The existence of a powerful nation among the stormy seas had been long known. Marco Paolo used to while away the long hours of imprisonment by narrating what he had heard at the Court of Ghengis Khan of the wonders of Xipangu, and his story, taken down by a friend, fell two hundred years later into the hands of Columbus, and sent him westward in search of new worlds, where was, as he believed, "strange wealth of gold, pearls, and precious stones." But the garrulous Venetian never saw the Japanese isles. It was not until two and a half centuries after that Mendez Pinto, the Prince of Liars, trader or pirate as occasion served, was driven by stress of weather on the shores of Japan. He found the natives quite hospitable and disposed to trade, and an arrangement was entered into by which the Portuguese were to be allowed to send a ship every year laden with "commodities needed by the Japanese." Among these commodities silks are enumerated, which shows that since then considerable changes have taken place in the country, for now silk is the leading article of export. This trade lasted without interruption for half a century, but contributed little to our real knowledge of the Japanese.



FARM-HOUSES NEAR YEDDO.

Not long thereafter Hansiro, a Japanese noble, killed a man, and fleeing the country took refuge in Goa, where he became a Christian, and persuaded the Portuguese merchants and priests to send a trading and missionary expedition to Japan. This expedition is chiefly notable for the fact that one of its members was Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies." They were received with open arms, and allowed to traverse every portion of the empire; the merchants traded and the Jesuits preached without hindrance. If the princes were ready to quarrel with the traders it was because they would not come to their ports. The success of the preachers was something marvelous. Indeed we doubt whether, since the days of the Apostles, so successful a missionary as was Xavier ever set forth to preach Christianity on heathen soil. If we may trust the accounts given, the seal of miracles was put upon his apostleship. The gift of tongues also was bestowed upon him—not the barren gift of uttering the words of a language which neither he nor his hearers understood, but the practical gift of speaking intelligibly in a language which he had never learned. Before many



FUSIYAMA, FROM THE SUBURBS OF YEDDO.

years an embassy was even sent from the Government to the Pope, recognizing the spiritual authority of the Roman See. Great was the exultation throughout Christendom. It was announced, with a little pardonable exaggeration, that a nation of thirty millions of civilized and intelligent people had been won from the heathen. We reserve for another chapter the account of how this fair fabric was overthrown almost in a day, Christianity trampled out, and all intercourse with foreigners, except under the narrowest restrictions, annihilated. Here we merely note that from the reports of these early traders and missionaries almost all our knowledge of Japan, until within the last five years, has been derived. At intervals indeed of half a century the physicians attached to the Dutch factory have put forth books not without value. But their knowledge of the Japanese was of the most limited nature. They were practically prisoners in Decima, allowed to have no intercourse except with the Japanese officials, and with women of abandoned character. Every four years a mission of tribute-bearers was allowed to go from Decima to the capital, a distance of 850 miles, under a most vigilant and inexorable escort. They were shut up in norimons, very much as though they were caged monkeys, and could get hardly a glimpse of even the great high-road upon which they were conveyed. They were then brought into a room, at one end of which was a screen behind which was seated—or supposed to be seated, for they never saw him—the Tycoon; here, crouched down upon knees and face, they offered their presents, after which they returned as they came, having seen less of the Japanese people and scenery than one would see in traveling on a railway train for the same distance.

During the 225 years since all intercourse with foreign nations, with the exception of the Dutch and Chinese, was forbidden, it is believed that not a single Japanese left his country, except now and then when a junk was driven out to sea by storm and cast upon foreign shores, and these were subject to execution if they returned, and strangers shipwrecked on their inhospitable coasts were put to death. Of a people thus shut up no reliable accounts could be given.

The opening of Japan is only partial, even by the terms of the treaties concluded during the last five years. By these, three ports were opened at once to foreign commerce, and two more were to be added in two and three years. Foreign residents were to be allowed to go any where within 10 *ri*—about 25 miles—from these ports, only the residents of Kanagawa, could go but 10 miles in the direction of Yeddo, some 20 miles distant. The members of the legations were the only foreigners allowed to reside in the capital, though they assumed the right, which was tacitly conceded, of inviting their countrymen to visit them. The foreign ministers were to have the right of unrestricted travel in every part of the empire. Mr. Alcock made two trips into the interior. One of these was to Fusiyama, "the Matchless Mountain," whose steep cone rises to the height of 14,000 feet, in full view from Yeddo, at a distance of 80 miles. The other was a still longer one from the port of Nagasaki, across the islands of Kiusu and Niphon, the



A NIGHT-SCENE IN JAPAN.

largest of the Japanese group, and along the narrow sea which separates them. The whole distance was about 850 miles, of which about 600 were by land. The observations which he hoped to make during this journey, which lasted a month, were almost nullified by the interpretation put upon the privilege of travel accorded by the treaty. The Daimios through whose territories he passed affirmed that the authority of the Tycoon extended only over the environs of Yeddo and the great highway of the empire; and that he had no right to allow foreigners to travel at will through their dominions. Hence he was obliged to keep the highway, and in passing through a town curtains and barricades were not unfrequently put up, shutting out any view of the streets.



VILLAGE AQUEDUCT.

Hence practically all our modern knowledge of the country life of the Japanese is restricted to a space of twenty-five miles on each side of Yeddo, and the three ports of Kanagawa, Nagasaki, and Hakodadi, with such incidental glimpses as could be gained in coasting along the shores and in traversing the great highway, supplemented by the pictures which native artists give of the occupations and habits of the people.



PEASANTS RETURNING FROM LABOR.

The population of Japan is wholly a matter of conjecture. If there is any official census foreigners have no means of access to it. It is vaguely estimated at from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000. But at all events the population is dense, compared not merely with that of America, but of Europe. Shut out for ages from all foreign commerce, and their mode of life requiring but few manufactured articles, the culture of the soil is of necessity the main employment of the Japanese. The numerous retainers of the Daimios must, in the ultimate analysis, be found to draw their subsistence from the labors of the agriculturists. As large cities exist, and as there are no means of transport except animals of burden, biped or quadruped, the supplies for these cities must be drawn wholly from their own immediate neighborhood. London or

New York can draw its daily food from a thousand or ten thousand miles. Yeddo, half-way in population between these, must be fed from a circuit of fifty miles. This is sufficient to show, even in the absence of direct proof, that agriculture must have reached a high development in Japan. What we might thus assume *à priori* is abundantly proved by all writers who have been able to give us any positive information on the subject.

Thunberg, writing a century ago, says: "One sees here the surface of the earth cultivated all over the country, and most of the mountains and hills up to their very tops. Every spot of ground is made use of either for corn-fields or else for plantations of esculent-rooted vegetables, which is the reason that the whole country is very thickly inhabited and populous, and can without difficulty give maintenance to all its innumerable inhabitants."



FISHERMAN RETURNING HOME.

Sir Rutherford Alcock gives us many pictures of agricultural life, drawn from his own observations. This, taken from his account of his journey to Fusiyama, may serve as a sample: "We crossed a broad valley beautifully diversified with clumps of trees, hedgerows, and winding rivulets. Nothing could be richer than the soil or the teeming variety of its produce. The whole plain was surrounded by an amphitheatre of cultivated hills, and beyond were mountains stretching higher and farther, with a shaggy mantle of scrub and pine. Little snug-looking hamlets and homesteads were nestled among the trees or under the hills, and here and there the park-walls and glimpses of the avenues leading to the Daimios' country residences appeared. Much has been heard of the despotic sway of the feudal lords, and the oppression under which all the laboring classes toil and groan; but it is impossible to traverse these well-cultivated valleys, and mark the happy, contented, and well-to-do-looking populations which have their home amidst so much plenty, and believe we see a land entirely tyrant-ridden, and impoverished by exactions. On the contrary, the impression is irresistibly borne in upon the mind that Europe can not show a happier or better-fed peasantry, or a climate and soil so genial or bountiful in its gifts."



DIPPING UP MANURE.

All writers upon Japan speak glowingly upon the charms of the region which they have been allowed to visit. The culture is of the highest order, and there is almost an excess of ornamentation. Now in a purely agricultural community every thing ornamental represents the excess of production over the actual wants of the producing population. Food, shelter, and clothing must first be supplied; then come ornament and grace.

Sir Rutherford gives the following picture of the region around Yokahama: "The



MANURING A FIELD.



ROLLING IN SEED.

tall, well-kept hedges and fences are thickly covered, cut, and trimmed in the Dutch manner of gardening (a fashion which there is little doubt, I think, was introduced into Europe from Japan). And how admirably they are planted and trimmed! Nowhere out of England can such hedges be seen, and not in the British Isles such variety. Here is a low hedge, or border rather, made of the tea-plant, two or three bushes deep, and growing about three feet high, not unlike the ordinary flowering camelia, of which it is a species. Now we have come to an inclosure fenced in with nectarines, and there is a hedge of pomegranate. Inside a tall orange-tree is laden with its golden fruit; and stranger still, a cherry-tree in full blossom, this 25th day of November. Oh, happy land and pleasant country—that is, when no Daimios or officials intrude their presence, which mars all."

Sir Rutherford, as a true Briton, can not concede that any other country can quite equal the hedge-rows, the special rural glory of his native island. But Mr. Robert Fortune, who went to Japan especially to procure new ornamental plants, gives the palm to Japan. He says: "Never in my wanderings in any other country did I meet with such charming lanes. Sometimes they reminded me of what I had met with in some of the country districts of England; but I was compelled, notwithstanding early prejudices, to admit that nothing in England even could be compared with them. Large avenues and groves of pines were frequently met with, fringing the roads and affording most delicious shade from the sun. Now and then magnificent hedges were observed, composed of evergreen oaks and other evergreens. These were kept carefully clipped, and in some instances they were trained to a great height, reminding one of those high hedges of holly and yew which may frequently be met with



KEEPING OFF BIRDS.



BRINGING HOME GRAIN.



SEPARATING THE GRAIN.

in the parks of our English nobility. Everywhere the cottages and farm-houses had a neat and clean appearance, such as I had never observed in any other part of the East. The scene was always changing, and always beautiful—hill and valley, broad roads and shaded lanes, houses and gardens, with a people industrious, but unoppressed with toil, and apparently happy and contented." And again: "A remarkable feature in the Japanese character is that, even to the lowest classes, all have an inherent love for flowers, and find in the cultivation of a few pet plants an endless source of recreation and unalloyed pleasure. If it be one of the tests of a high state of civilization among a people, the lower orders among the Japanese come out in a most favorable light when contrasted with the same classes among ourselves."

Baron Liebig affirms that the agricultural system of the Japanese is superior to that of any other people. As pursued in England, it would long ago have exhausted the productive powers of the soil were it not for imported manures; whereas in Japan, without any such recourse, the fertility of the land has remained undiminished for centuries. The Japanese peasant has learned that every plant abstracts some elements from the soil; a small part of these are restored by the atmosphere and the rain; the rest he must himself replace. Not to put too fine a point on it, he has mastered the science and art of manuring. His religion forbidding the use of flesh as food, and the nature of the country restricting the use of animals of burden and draught within the narrowest limits, man is practically the only eating creature, and therefore the only manure producer in Japan; and we need not wonder that the greatest care should be taken in gathering and applying his excrements. Sir Rutherford Alcock gives many curious bits of information upon this subject; but for directness and simplicity of statement commend us to Doctor Maron, who was sent by the Prussian Government to investigate and report upon Japanese husbandry. In order to present a correct idea of Rural Life in Japan we must devote a paragraph to this unsavory but most important subject.



THRESHING.

The "cabinet" of a Japanese farmer is one of the most essential parts of his house. No room is more nicely papered, or painted and varnished. The deposits are received into a large vessel sunk below the floor, provided with handles for removing it. When this is full it is taken out and emptied into a huge earthen pot let down nearly to the brim into the ground. Water is added, and

the whole is stirred and worked up till it becomes a mass of pap; fermentation sets in, the solid contents subside, and the water evaporates. This process is repeated every time fresh materials are added, until the cask is full. The whole is then thoroughly mixed once more, and left till it is required for use. Not satisfied with the domestic supply of this precious material, the Japanese farmer places along the roadside pots sunk in the ground, with inscriptions the precise reverse of our "Commit no Nuisance;" and the contributions of benevolent travelers form no inconsiderable addition to the home stock. The night-soil of the cities is almost wholly saved. The conveyances which bring in supplies take back an equivalent in the shape of the remains of what has served its purpose as food, and the unavoidable waste is more than compensated by that derived from fish, which enters largely into consumption. Thus Yeddo, instead of exhausting the narrow region from which it is fed actually increases its fertility. Our own great cities apparently do the same; but it is at the expense of the distant regions from which their supplies are mainly drawn. Every bushel of grain, every pound of meat which is sent from Illinois or Ohio to New York and Boston, is so much abstracted from the total capacity of the soil, which, rich as it is, must under our system of agriculture be in time exhausted. London and Paris and New York are eating up the Valley of the Mississippi, the shores of the Baltic, and the Steppes of Russia. The subject is a vast one, which is now attracting the attention of European savans. To it Liebig has devoted his last work, the summation of his life-long labors. We shall in course of time, in spite of our vast untilled territory, be called upon to consider it.



PREPARING COTTON FOR SPINNING.

We have reproduced from Sir Rutherford Alcock's work a series of Japanese pictures, which present some of the most striking aspects of Japanese rural life. In one a peasant and his wife are returning at evening from their work. The husband carries suspended from a neck-yoke a couple of huge tubs which he had evidently borne out in the morning full of unsavory fertilizing matter, while the wife trudges contentedly along by his side, burdened only with a small tea-kettle. This would indicate that the common people have so far advanced in civilization that the stronger sex take upon themselves the hard labor of life. This pleasing idea is somewhat marred by a companion picture, representing a fisherman and his family returning home. Paterfamilias is burdened only with his light rod and bait-bag, while his spouse balances upon her head the basket containing the spoils of the day, steadying it with one hand, the other supporting the youngest hope of the family; a half-grown lad, who might have been better employed in helping his



VILLAGE HOUSEWIFE REELING COTTON.



THE PEASANT'S LUXURY.

mother, drags along a tortoise which he has caught upon the shore. These two pictures tell us that in Japan, as elsewhere, the cultivators of the soil are farther advanced in culture than any other portion of the peasantry. Another picture represents a farmer dipping up manure from the common receptacle; by two or three firm strokes of his pencil, the artist shows that the fumes of the compost are too strong even for the practiced olfactories of the farmer. Then we have an economical method of spreading the liquid manure over a field. The farmer has attached one end of a strong cord to a tree, holding the other in his hand; a bucket is ingeniously slung to this cord, and as he walks around he flings the contents upon the crop; the tree practically does the work of a man. Another picture shows him pressing down the seed with an ordinary garden-roller. Another shows an ingenious manner of keeping off the birds, by means of a series of cords stretching from a central pole to the extremities of the small field; the cords bear sundry shining objects, which the winged depredators will consider to be formidable. The face of the well-to-do proprietor is precisely that of John Bull as depicted by *Punch;* put the figure into a bob-tail coat, tights and top-boots, and the resemblance would be perfect. Another picture represents a peasant toting home a load of grain. Another shows a carding-machine, for separating the heads of grain from the stalk; and still another presents a threshing scene, where flails precisely like our own are used. Though the Japanese are clothed mainly in cotton there appear to be no manufactories, in our sense of the word. The native artist gives us sketches of the household manner of preparing this material. And, finally, we have the peasant's luxury of a thorough shampooing of his half-shaven skull, after the day's work is done.

Japan, from its climate and soil, is wonderfully adapted to be the home of a frugal and industrious people. Yeddo, being almost in the centre of the empire, presents a fair mean between the extremes of the north and south. Here, in July and August, the hottest months of the year, the highest temperature in 1860 was 92°; the lowest, 63°. In January and February, the coldest months, it ranged from 18° to 59°. The heat of the summer months is tempered by sea-breezes, and the cold of winter is bracing. The spring is delightful until the middle of May, when the rains commence, and last a month. When the heats of summer are over another pleasant season sets in, not unlike our Indian Summer: for weeks together the sun will rise, run his course, and set in a sky on which not a cloud has appeared. Frequently, however, this promise of a fair day is broken by a furious hurricane, unroofing houses, tearing up trees, and wrecking many a goodly vessel. Japan is the land of sudden tempests and earthquakes.

The land is of volcanic origin, and the entire surface belongs to the tufa and diluvian formation. The whole country is intersected with a fine net-work of hills, rising high enough to furnish a temperate climate, while the valleys below present that of the northern tropics, covering the ground with a rich profusion of rice, cotton, yams, sweet potatoes, and tobacco. In-



A SUDDEN STORM.

numerable footpaths wind up the hill-sides, so that almost every where in a few hours one can pass from the region of cotton to that of pines. The soil on the hills consists of a fine clay, that of the valleys is a deep, loose, black mould. The hill-sides abound in springs, fed by the copious rain-falls, of which the thrifty Japanese take the utmost advantage. The wheat crop is ready for harvest just before the rainy season begins. To-day you will see a field yellow with ripened grain. In a week this will have been harvested, and the whole aspect of the plot is changed. Half of the field is dug down a foot, the soil being thrown up on the other half. Water is skillfully let into this lower half, converting it into a swamp; and here the farmer and his family, up to their knees in the soft ooze, are setting out rice plants. The seed soaked in liquid manure, sown only a week before, has germinated, and the plants are now ready for setting out. The rains, which would have been fatal to the wheat, barley, and rape, give life and vigor to the rice and sweet potatoes. The tea-plant also, which has just had its first picking, revives in the moist air, and is enabled to furnish a second supply of leaves. When the excessive moisture is no longer needed the rains cease, the hot summer sun hastens forward the process of ripening, and the clear warm autumn enables the farmer to gather the abundant harvest. The Japanese farmer takes such wise advantage of the genial climate and fertile soil, that we have no record that the country has for centuries been visited by a famine such as those which periodically desolate India and China. Give him a supply of manure, and he will produce a constant succession of crops. If his supply of this is scanty he lets part of his field lie fallow or grow up with brushwood. The cardinal principle of his husbandry is never to put a crop into the ground unless he has manure enough to supply the elements needed for that crop, without impairing the future capacities of the field. This explains a fact frequently noticed by Alcock, that everywhere, except in the immediate vicinity of Yeddo, untilled fields and patches of brush were to be seen. He could not reconcile this with the density of the population and the apparent plenty in which they lived. But Maron, better versed in the laws of husbandry, shows that herein lies the secret by which that dense population has been maintained from century to century, while in a hundred years a large part of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, producing almost the same crops, has been reduced to the condition of a worn-out country.

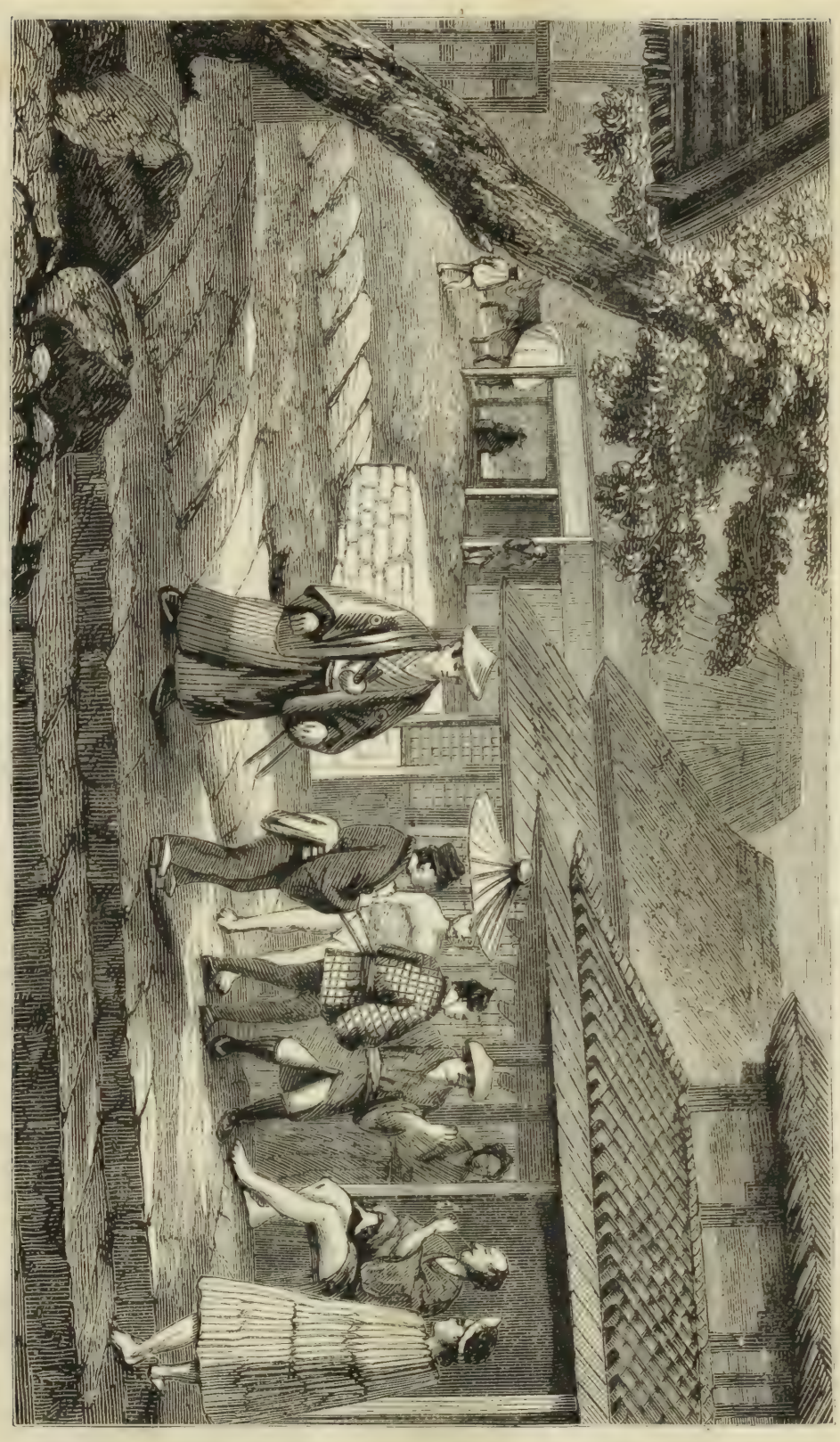


STARTING FOR FUSIYAMA.

A considerable portion of the details here given is drawn from Sir Rutherford Alcock's account of his trip to Fusiyama, which lasted a month. Such a journey in Japan is no slight undertaking. The mountain can only be ascended in July and August, and during these months it is a great resort for pilgrims of the common classes. The officials endeavored to dissuade the Minister from the expedition. It would be dangerous, they said; a great celebration was to come off, and there would be many drunken *Lonins* about; then



JAPANESE TRAVELERS.



VILLAGE INN.

the mountain sometimes burst out into eruption, destroying every thing; and, moreover, it was quite inconsistent with the dignity of the Embassador to mingle, as he would be obliged to do, with the masses; and so on through a series of ingenious though contradictory objections. But Sir Rutherford was firm, and the authorities yielded. Then they almost overwhelmed him with the escort, which they declared to be absolutely necessary. There was a vice-governor, with umbrella carrier and spear-bearers; four two-sworded officials, each with an *ometsky*—that is, a nominal assistant, but real spy, each of whom must have his norimon, with bearers and attendants; then the foreigners, eight in number, must have their own attendants. All told, the party numbered over a hundred, requiring a large train of baggage horses. These, as they at last filed away, commenced a regular stampede, which boded no good to any thing breakable which was comprised in their burdens.

For the first fifty miles their route was by the *tocado*, or great high-road, which skirts the coast, crossing here and there a peninsula. By



FEMALE HOSTLER.

this road all the great Daimios from the south make their yearly approach to the capital, often with thousands of attendants. Their daily journey is about fifteen miles, and at each stopping-place are a number of *hongens* or caravansaries reserved for their especial use. These are kept by some retainer of the lord of the district. They are spacious and clean, but wholly devoid of furniture. The host makes his appearance in full dress, and, prostrating himself on the ground, felicitates himself on the arrival of his distinguished guests, begging them to accept a little fruit, a few grapes, or a parcel of eggs, and to favor him with their orders. A plenty of bathing conveniences, a pleasant little garden, and cleanly-matted floors are common to all of these establishments. The road passes through the mountain pass of Hakoni, which is strictly guarded to prevent any fire-arms from being carried to the capital, or the wife or children of any Daimio from escaping with him when he returns to his dominions after his six months' compulsory residence. The entrance of such a party of foreigners was a great event in all the towns through which they passed. Every living thing seemed to turn out to gaze upon them. The streets were blocked up by such a waving sea of heads that a passage through seemed to be out of the question. But no sooner had the Yaconin reached within a few steps of the foremost rank than he waved his fan and uttered the single word *Shitaniro*, "Down!" when, as if by magic, every person in the crowd seemed to collapse into half his former bulk; heads dropping, and bodies somehow vanishing behind the legs of the owners, and a wide path was opened at once. "During the two days," says Sir Rutherford, "which brought us to the foot of the Hakoni range of mountains, rising some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, nothing could exceed the beauty of the road. Generally a fine avenue of smooth gravel led through a succession of fertile plains and valleys, where the buckwheat, millet, and rice were all giving promise of a rich harvest. A fruitful soil, a fine climate, and an industrious people make a list which seems to contain nearly all that can be desired for any country, in the way of material prosperity, unless it be a good Government." The experiences of foreigners with the Japanese Government has been any thing but favorable; but if the general condition of the people is fairly represented by that portion which has come under the observation of travelers, we must admit that the Government, bad as it may be in theory, works well in practice.

The road for seven leagues runs through the mountain passes of Hakoni, and a rough road it is. The scenery is beautiful, though hardly grand—high wooded hills covered with pines, fresh green valleys, with a brawling stream winding through cultivated fields. Then it descends to the plain, passing through a fertile country with populous towns at a league apart. As the cavalcade approached the dominion of each seigneur it was met at the distance of a mile or two by an escort to conduct the travelers to their quarters. The real design of this apparent guard of honor was, however, to prevent the foreigners from leaving the Imperial high-road. The route to Fusiyama at last turns off from the *tocado*, and in due time brings the pilgrim to Mouriyama, the last inhabited place, where great preparations had been made to receive the strangers. They were lodged in a temple, the inner shrine of which had been screened off into two parts, so as to give the minister a separate room, and the chief priest was so profoundly impressed with the dignity of his guests that they began to doubt whether he would ever rise from his prostrations. Extra bath accommodations had been provided. A Japanese bathing-tub presents many economical advantages over our own. It is oval in shape, about four feet deep, and just long enough to



JAPANESE LOVERS.



AT THE FOOT OF FUSIYAMA.

allow a man to sit down with his knees close to his chest. The body of the bather fills nearly the whole space, so that little water is required. In some there is a copper tube fixed at one end, with a grating at the bottom, forming a sort of miniature furnace. Into this a little charcoal is placed, and in an hour a hot bath is ready at no trouble or expense beyond the mere cost of the handful of charcoal. Such a bathing apparatus would be of inestimable use in the sick room of many a country household, where to provide a hot bath is no small labor.

The ascent of Fusiyama, although it is twice the height of any peak in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, involves no very serious difficulty or danger—none at least which an Alpine tourist would consider worth mentioning. The ascent and descent occupy two days. At first the traveler passes through waving fields of corn; then comes a belt of rank grass; then



ASCENT OF FUSIYAMA.

a girdle of forest—first oaks and pines, large at first, but gradually diminishing in size; then beeches and birches; then mosses; and at last only bald naked rocks. At intervals of a couple of miles are little huts, partly dug out of the rocks and roofed over, for the accommodation of pilgrims. Within two hundred feet of the summit yawns a huge crater some 1100 yards long, 600 broad, and 350 deep. The volcano has long been extinct, the latest eruption having occurred in 1707. The Japanese say that Fusiyama was thrown up to its full height, of 14,177 feet, in a single night, and that a lake as large and deep was at the same time formed at Miaco, nearly 200 miles distant. The ascent of the mountain occupied eight hours; and after spending two nights on the summit the travelers returned. They were fortunate in the time, the two days thus spent being the only fine ones of the season. Snow was found only in patches here and there; but on their return to Yeddo, three weeks later, the whole summit had put on

its winter garb. During those two days a furious typhoon was raging at Yeddo, which the natives were reported to have looked upon as a sign of the wrath of the deities at this profanation of their stormy home. Sir Rutherford Alcock, however, believes that this was a foreign invention; he could find no trace of such a feeling among the Japanese; and it is certain that the bonzes of the temples, among whom it would most likely manifest itself, never showed the least token that they considered the visit to the sacred mountain as an intrusion or desecration; on the contrary, they vied with each other in hospitality to the tourists.

The richest proprietor of the district through which they passed was named Agawa Farozayamang, and he is not a Daimio. "We were told," says Alcock, "that he had refused to be ennobled, that he might escape the penance of a yearly visit to Yeddo, with other burdens. One could not but approve his taste; and as I passed the gates that led up to his house, between a double row of noble pine-trees, I thought he might easily find much in his country life to compensate him for the barren honors and burdensome dignities which the Tycoon has in his gift, and figured to myself an existence not unlike that of a wealthy landholder in England, whose pleasure it is to spend his days on his own estates and among his tenants." This instance, which we can hardly suppose to be an isolated one, indicates the existence of a class whose presence has not heretofore been suspected in Japan—gentlemen of large estates, wholly distinct from the lordly Daimios and their truculent retainers.



FISHERMEN AT ATAMI.

Returning from Fusiyama Sir Rutherford spent three weeks at Atami, a little fishing and bathing place on the coast, somewhat noted for its manufactures of paper and of wooden cups, platters, and toys. These are turned from various fragrant or ornamental woods, the growth of the surrounding hills. The workmanship is excellent, though executed by the simplest instruments. The lathe is an upright spindle, turned by a boy with two straps, which he pulls alternately. The article is fixed to this spindle, the workman giving the last polish to the varnish by his fingers and a little whiting. Women sit at the cottage doors weaving cotton in a primitive loom. The fishermen go down to the bay and return laden with the finny spoils, the visitor sometimes participating in the sport.

The strangers were accommodated in the principal bathing house, usually reserved for Daimios and their families. There were half a dozen large baths filled from the hot sulphur springs. The apartments were of good size, opening upon a pretty garden. A broad flight of steps led up to the rooms on the first floor, with a balcony commanding a beautiful view of the sea. The inhabitants were kind and courteous to the strangers. A favorite Scotch terrier of Sir Rutherford having died was buried in the garden, the proprietor helping to dig his grave; a group of assistants of all ranks gathered around with sorrowful faces; the priest of the temple brought water and incense-sticks, and placed a rough tombstone at the head of the grave. Atami, where no foreigner had ever before set foot, seems to be almost a counterpart of a thousand quiet sea-side resorts in Europe and America.

At Atami Sir Rutherford saw the whole process of paper manufacture as practiced by the Japanese. The peculiarity is that it is made wholly from the bark of trees. In toughness it exceeds any thing produced in Europe. Even the finer sorts can hardly be torn; the stronger ones defy every effort. The Japanese use paper for many purposes for which we employ cloth and other materials. They use it for the sliding partitions of their houses, for handkerchiefs, and for over-garments; twisted together, it forms the only cords in common use, and so on almost indefinitely. The varieties are numerous; Sir Rutherford sent samples of sixty-seven different kinds to the London Exhibition. Three several kinds of bark are used at Atami. The first, which forms the foundation, is produced by a shrub; this is stripped off, dried, steeped in water, the outer rind scraped off; then boiled in ley until soft, when it is beaten to a pulp with

clubs. The bark of a large tree, treated in the same way, is added to give toughness, and a third kind for sizing. The pulp is spread over frames of matting, very like the wire frames used for our hand-made paper, and answering precisely the same purpose.—It is made about the size of our large letter-paper, and is sold at six *cash*, about one-eighth of a cent a sheet.—For bank-notes, especially, Japanese paper would appear to be preferable to any produced in America or Europe.



JAPANESE JUNKS.

In the spring of 1860 Mr. Alcock, who had made a voyage to China, returned to Japan, landing at Nagasaki, the most northern of the open ports. From thence he proposed to make an overland journey across the Island of Kiusu, thence by water through the inland sea to Osaca, the chief sea-port on Niphon, and across that island to Yeddo. He was accompanied by Mr. De Witt, the head of the Dutch Mission. The nine days' journey across Kiusu presented the same general features as were observed in the trip to Fusiyama. The soil, however, is poorer, and the face of the country rather rocky; the inhabitants were consequently less prosperous. Still, says Sir Rutherford, we continually met with "well-cultivated valleys, winding among the hills, which were graced with terraces stretching far up toward their summits, wherever a scanty soil could be found or carried, with a favorable aspect for the crops. We traversed some wild-looking passes, where hill and rock seemed tumbled in chaotic confusion from their volcanic beds. Frequent glimpses were caught of the sea-coast and bays, from which the road seldom strays very far inland. Pretty hamlets and clumps of fine trees were rarely wanting; and if the villages looked poor, and the peasant's home (bare of furniture at all times) more than usually void of comfort, yet all the people looked as if they had not only a roof to cover them, but rice to eat, which is more than can be said of our populations in Europe."



HELM OF JUNK.

Under the guise of a guard of honor, they were always accompanied by some armed retain-

ers of each Daimio through whose dominions they passed; the real object being to keep them upon the high-road. One day, in passing through the domains of the Prince of Fizen, they came close to a coal-mine, within a hundred yards of the road. A temporary barricade had been put up across the side-road which led to the mine. They went round this, and were going toward the mine, when the guards shouted to them to come back; their vociferations were disregarded, and they hesitated to proceed to actual violence. So the travelers reached the mouth of the mine, which is the one from which the foreign steamers are mainly supplied with coal. It is of poor quality, and badly worked. A similar scene was enacted whenever they attempted to turn aside to see any object of interest.

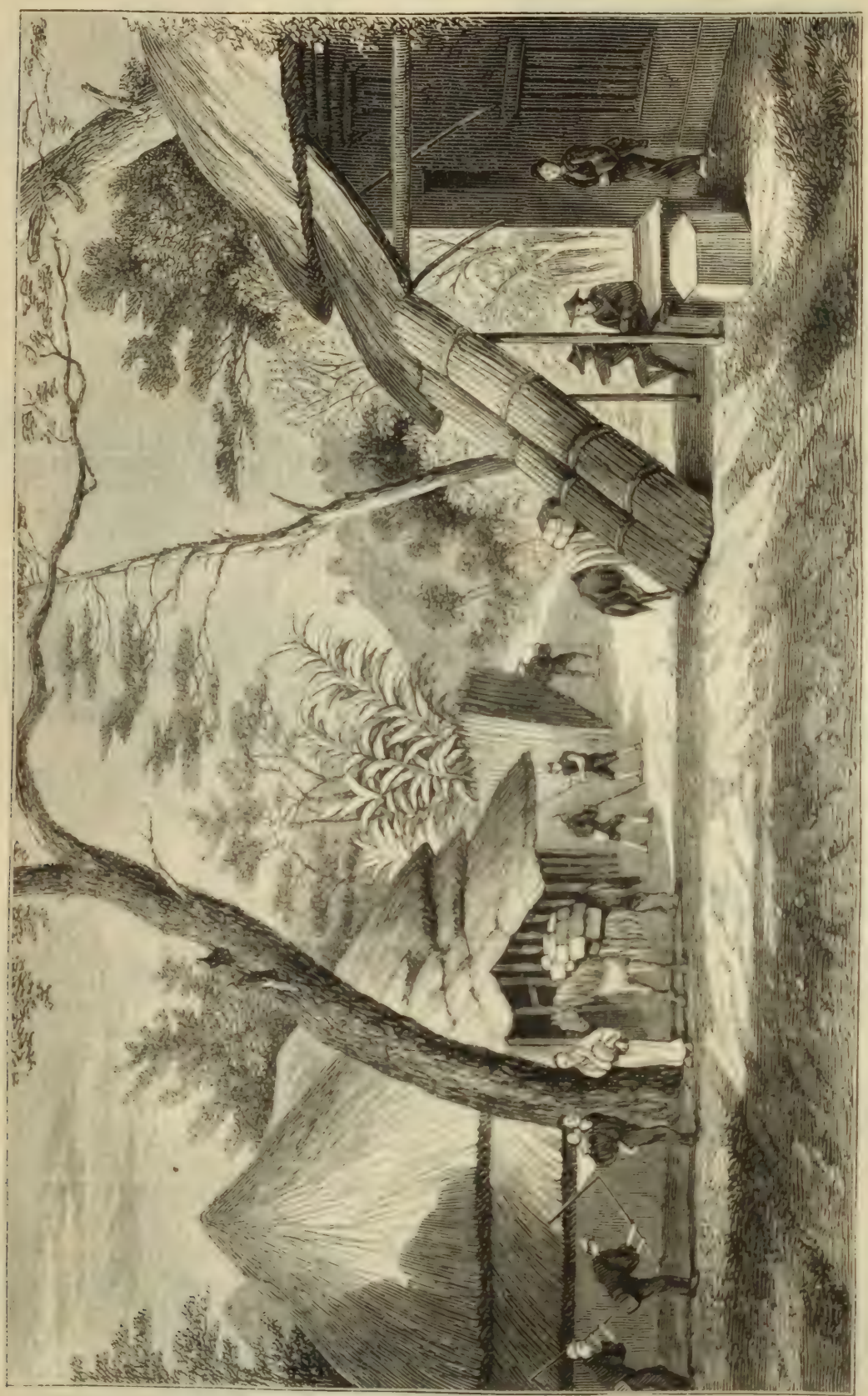


STEERSMAN AND MATE.

Having crossed Kiusu, they embarked on board a junk, upon which they voyaged 250 miles along the Suonada Sea, which separates Kiusu from Niphon. A Japanese junk is very like a Chinese one. The poop rises at an abrupt angle of 50 degrees from the main-deck to the stern. How the sailors manage to keep their feet on such a steep and slippery inclined plane is a mystery. One of the servants slipped, and rolled down to the lower regions, breaking his ribs. The Japanese along the coast are a sea-going race, but the landsmen, like almost all Orientals, have a horror of the sea, and never travel by water where they can go by land.—When the Embassadors were appointed for England, their first inquiry was for a remedy against sea-sickness; and when, not long after their embarkation, the natural consequences ensued, they were vociferous in their expressions of wonder that the Europeans, who spent so much of their time on ship-board, had never, with all their wisdom, found



SAILORS AT DINNER.



VILLAGE LIFE IN JAPAN.

out any specific against the illness which made them so miserable.

The above illustration gives a better idea of the general aspects of "Village Life in Japan" than could be conveyed by a score of pages of mere description. It shows the style of architecture on the road-side, with the women beating out their corn by vigorously wielding the most primitive of flails.

The travelers left their junk at Hiogo, the shipping port of Osaca, which is the great centre of trade in Japan. This is a most important place. It is to Yeddo what Liverpool is to London or Havre to Paris; but the pictures of life there are essentially the same as those of Yeddo. They wished to visit Miaco, the residence of the Mikado; but this for some special reason was highly objectionable to the authorities, who

trumped up all sorts of obstacles. First was the disturbed condition of the country. *Lonins*, or outlaws, were about, ready for mischief: a couple had actually been seized. Then as a finality, when every thing else had been exhausted, the foreigners were told, as a great state secret, that there were negotiations going on for a marriage between the Tycoon and a daughter of the Mikado, which would heal some grave differences in the councils of the Empire; and that the presence of foreigners would tend to prevent this desirable consummation. The reason of this does not appear to have been quite clear to the British and Dutch ministers; but they consented to be ruled by the wishes of the officials, and so avoided Miaco. The mysteries of the court of the "Spiritual Emperor" remain untold for the present.



THE CASTLE OF OSACA.

Not far from Osaca is a castle of the Tycoon, reputed to be the finest of the five belonging to him, though it appears that none of the present dynasty have inhabited it. This, at least, the ministers thought they might visit; not so their Japanese escort, who contrived a series of ingenious pretexts to balk their wishes. However, when the stay at Osaca was over, and the strangers were fairly on the way to Yeddo, the escort took a circuitous route which gave a view of the outer walls of the castle, which we here reproduce. It is a favorable specimen of the castle of a Japanese Daimio. In general these may be described as consisting of a moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud intersected by layers of tiles, and plastered over, sometimes with parapets and loopholed for musketry. If the lord is one of great pretensions, the walls will be flanked by turrets, and something like a pagoda of two or three stories will rise above the dead level of the other roofs.



CARRYING THE MAILS.

Some odd and characteristic incidents marked the journey across Niphon. Now and then the travelers would go over the ground which had just been traversed by the cortége of a great Daimio; and then for miles there would be piles of little sand-heaps by the way-side, signifying that the road had been freshly swept and sanded in his honor. At the entrance of every *hongen*, or inn, a mound of sand is piled up on each side, when a visitor of rank is expected, signifying that the place has been freshly swept and garnished for his reception. At intervals they met a man stripped to his loin-cloth.

with a packet fastened to a pole over his shoulder, for whom every one made way, and who never paid the least attention to any one. He was "an Imperial Express," carrying dispatches to the Government at Miaco. These expressmen are relieved at short intervals; and by their means a dispatch is carried from Nagasaki to Yeddo, 850 miles, in nine days. The whole journey by land and water, from Nagasaki to Yeddo, occupied just thirty-two days, being the longest trip which any foreigner has yet made in the Empire of Japan.

CAP-AND-BELLS.

A NOVEL IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

"OH dear! how can you remain in this horrid close place?" were the precise words Miss Gossimer addressed to her friend, when a few complimentary inquiries had been made, and a glass of water tasted and made mouths over by the new-comers; when, in short, time had been allowed to glance around, and feel assured that the contracted area of the well-house was not suited to exhibit either the thirteen flounces or the wearer's graces.

"Why, we found it pleasant, I think," Miss Florence returned, smiling; for Miss Charlotte Georgina's tactics were, unhappily, transparent to those who had long enjoyed her intimacy. "But it is cool enough now for our afternoon ramble, if mamma pleases."

The Dowager, who had sat, as was customary with her, listening with delight to her idol's chatting, was pleased, of course, and little Van briefly expressed his satisfaction in any arrangement whatever. So the party sallied out in marching order—the Captain, his short arms barely allowing his hands to unite behind him, promenading on one side of Miss Charlotte, and the Lieutenant, who had been greatly struck with the lady's curls and distinguished air, mincing along on the other; after whom came Florence, escorted by Gossimer, toying as usual while he walked and talked with the Gossimer ancestral seal pendent from his watch-pocket, and the rear was brought up by the senior Vans.

Miss Gossimer—despite the possible conjecture of the reader to the contrary—was a young lady not at all difficult of access: it was really quite a marvel that she was so affable and chatty, when it came to be remembered how much there was to nurse her pride, and how haughty her carriage had been at the first. Indeed Miss Charlotte in the outset of her career had assumed so many supercilious airs in society that the number of her beaux became more limited at every ball. She it was who refused to dance *vis-à-vis* to young Tallar and his partner, because the father of the former dealt in oils and the like, although the poor fellow was a man of more intellect than all the Gossimers put together, and was appointed not long after on a mission of trust to the court of Greece. The *brusquerie* of the affair had been the town-talk, and people whispered that it was less the present smell of tallow than fear of its being remembered that old M'Gregor Gossimer, the Tory, had followed a like calling in colonial times, which brought it about. Experience, however, remedies many social errors, and Miss Charlotte corrected hers accordingly when that wholesome dread of remaining an old maid which time and again has mollified haughty looks, and the increasing likelihood of such a catastrophe, robbed life of one of its delusions. No wonder, then, the Lieutenant was charmed and Rudder enlivened by the conversation.

"Oh, what a sweet, delicious breeze!—is it always so pleasant here?" Miss Charlotte asked of the Captain, with an eye to a group of young dandies who gave way for the party. Indeed it was quite a love of a breeze, it fluttered her curls so delightfully—than which nothing can be more fascinating, as the Lieutenant felt in his inmost soul.

"We generally get cooled by a sou'wester of afternoons. How d'ye do, Slipper?" the Captain said to one of the passers.

"Pray—excuse me—who was the fine-looking gentleman you bowed to, Captain Rudder? I think I have seen him somewhere," Miss Gossimer murmured, directly.

"Slipper—Manhattan Slipper, we call him. It's rather superfluous as a style of address; for he generally lets you know where he's from the moment he opens his mouth."

"Ah! from Manhattan! What a sweet place to pass a few weeks!"

"Charming—when it is not on duty at the docks," Rudder responded: a sentiment the Lieutenant echoed, snuffing at a rose-bud held daintily between his forefinger and thumb, and begged to know whether Miss G. had been through a three-decker, and wouldn't she like to visit one? and then was she fond of roses? He did not think he had ever smelled one more fragrant: would she accept it?

And, of course, Miss Charlotte wished above all things to be shown through a three-decker (with all the quarter-deck officers on board), and doted on flowers, and really had never met with any thing more deliciously fragrant than this bud. From all which it may be gathered that if the conversation was fluent, it was of no great depth and not particularly instructive. Instruction, however, was the forte of the "rising member of the bar" chatting with Miss van Waddlevurst.

"So we issued a *nolle prosequi*, as we say in law, and stopped his farther progress. He outpolled me in his own parish as a matter of course," Gossimer was saying, in reference to a late trial of political strength in a small way, in which he had been worsted. "But so little will come up this session, it would be rather a waste of time to attend. Next year I think I will run in the city, where WE are better known."

"I wish you success," said Florence.

"Thank you. The worst of the city is that there the *canaille* most do congregate; *homines ignoti*, as my Lord Lyttleton has it; and it is unpleasant shaking hands with the Smiths and Joneses, though they'd be confoundedly put out if one were to offer them a gloved finger," Gossimer returned. But his chief objection to a city canvass Gos did not care to mention: the round sum to be expended in treats at taverns and elsewhere for the better security of loose votes, which could not otherwise be made forthcoming at the required time. So it was from economical motives our young politician had canvassed St. Jude's, the good-will of the planters being purchased with words instead of money; and so lavish was he of the former that Pawley, his antagonist, who was related to three-fourths the voters, but who had showed little concern how the day went, beat him by fewer votes than might have been supposed.

"I have not seen him, I believe," Miss Florence said, returning to the subject of their talk, "since — yes, since the day of the Tournament."

"When he chose you Queen of Beauty," Gossimer put in, with a smirk and side bow.

"Yes, and forgot his allegiance almost at the moment. I think a little Mademoiselle (perhaps you remember the name), to whom he paid a great deal of attention, was the real Queen, and I only an accidental usurper."

"What an idea!" Clarendon exclaimed. "But there's something in it, though," he thought immediately: "he *was* remarkably attentive to somebody with black eyes; I remember noticing that at the fête afterward. I don't know who it can be!" he added, aloud; "but I'll get it out of Pawley himself the first opportunity."

"If he chooses," Florence rejoined; but Gossimer twirled his chain, and said, "Pooh! whether he chooses or not. We gentleman solicitors [Gos always made much of this nomenclature] have a mode of cross-questioning not easily evaded."

Perhaps, however, if Edward Pawley had cared, or thought it the best policy to evade the solicitor's question, he might have done so with ease when they met in the walk shortly after. That young gentleman, relieved of the dust of travel and well dressed, was sauntering along pretty much at random, and looking about him at the various novelties remained unadvised of the proximity of acquaintances until nearly opposite the advanced-guard, consisting of Miss Gossimer and her escort, when he raised his hat —a light beaver, with a strip of crape around it—and passed on. He may have supposed a young lady with two beaux sufficiently occupied; or perhaps had enjoyed enough of Miss Charlotte's society to content him during their journey. But as neither of these motives held good in the case of her successor, Clarendon's late rival stopped there, and expressed his pleasure in doing so.

"Mr. Gossimer mentioned you were traveling companions thus far; and I was recalling where we had last met," Miss van W. said.

"In St. Jude's, I believe," Pawley answered, with a doleful recollection of the chief event of a day memorable in the history of his heart; and his fair questioner added, let us hope with no malice: "I wish I could remember the name of a very pretty stranger whom I saw there, Mr. Pawley."

"A little French creature with black eyes? Pooh! don't pretend to have forgotten her," Clarendon put in, by way of hinting a confession was inevitable; on which our hero replied calmly, to Miss van W., "It was Madame Mère de Truebleu's adopted daughter," and in no way noticed Gossimer's speech. That young gentleman, however, smiled conceitedly and twirled his seal. "He has spoiled my cross-questioning by his candor, you see, Miss Florence," he said. "Pawley, my dear fellow, take my advice and be a little less honest, or you will never succeed in politics. A politician should invert the rule of the courts, and believe every man guilty of a sinister motive who asks a question in public."

"What an unhappy creed!" the belle exclaimed; and Pawley laughed, though he glanced at the speaker with no great show of admiration.

"How many years are you my senior?" he asked. "But I forget; you have a distinguished instructor in the science of politics at home."

Gossimer bowed and smiled: it might have been intended as a compliment, or the reverse; it was not easy to decide by his tone which—so he chose to accept it in the former sense.

"Will you try another Tournament in St. Jude's next spring? the last was so pleasant!" Florence said, presently.

"Did you see the description in the *Transcript?*" our hero replied, smiling at the thought of one Twitty's grandiloquence. "I felt after reading it that we had rather committed ourselves. I don't think I could be tempted into playing the distinguished part I did again."

"I don't think you are very complimentary to your former Queen," the belle rejoined; and Mr. Edward colored and laughed, and stammered an apology. He had quite forgotten that Miss van W. had been raised to regal honors by his election; it was not for *her* he wore crape on his hat.

Chatting and recognizing an acquaintance here and there among the numerous groups encountered, our party walked on, following the path which most of us have trodden in our time, leading to the grove under the cliff, so famous a resort for lovers. Once they caught a glimpse of the Countess Kreeper, that bewitching pariah of the best society, consorting with a cluster of unknown people, who were doubtless equally flattered and edified by her piquant conversation. Pawley raised his hat, and commented *sotto voce* for the benefit of his companions:

"There goes," he said, "a little woman who would rather not live than live without flirta-

tion. I wonder who that great ruddy garçon she has under her thumb now is. People are only beginning to be aware of the reconciliation between her father and herself, and what a fortune she is. I remember very well the outcast sort of life she led two years ago, but last winter I am told she was taken more notice of."

"Was she? I never met her," Clarendon cried, with unusual interest. "I knew her before the imprudent step she took, and I considered her then perhaps the most amiable and fascinating young lady to be met in society. She must have grown prettier of late years, for I failed to recognize her just now in the well-house." Which was an inexcusable fib, for it was not the widow's face but her change of fortune Clarendon had momently forgotten, and reproached himself for in the privacy of his own breast. "Confound it!" he reflected, "I should have gone up and spoken to her when she denied me the satisfaction of redeeming my first formal bow. I rather questioned the report before, but of course Pawley here is good authority; why the old curmudgeon must be worth half a million, and this sweet little widow his only heiress. I'll write to the Hon. R. G. so soon as I get matters in train, and ask his consent and blessing; for, as Pawley says, people are not yet aware of the little creature's expectations, and she's too confounded a flirt to be allowed time for consideration. Egad, I must be on the alert, and turn the first opportunity that offers to advantage; and, deuce take it, I don't think, with the weight of my name to bear me out, it will be hard to undo the first impression."

It seemed the fate or good fortune, as Gossimer expressed it, of the Van Waddlevursts and Gossimers to meet the Countess and her company at every turn on this especial afternoon. That independent little lady had allowed herself to be led away from her late gossips, and had probably been rambling somewhere through the woods culling flowers, and otherwise ruralizing and romancing with the enamored Trout at her beck and call, when, coming to the brow of the cliff before spoken of, she proposed a race hand in hand, by the stairway of course, to the foot; and in that guise, with her bonnet on her arm and Trout fanning his flushed visage with his moist pocket handkerchief, appeared suddenly before the party above-named quietly conversing around the High Rock Spring, and partially concealed by the leaves. Mrs. Van, who had taken occasion to learn briefly from Florence the cause of her avoidance of the little lady, and approved of her course, bridled up more than ever; the old gentleman stared; Florence and Charlotte were, or appeared to be, quite engrossed by their conversation with the gentlemen; and nobody seemed inclined to notice the intrusion in any way save Gossimer, who, with the lowest of bows, advanced and offered his hand, which the siren, who was surveying the company rather slightingly, accepted, looking up into his eyes with her usual mocking air the while.

"I am sure," he said, "you will forgive my dullness in failing to recognize your ladyship at a glance an hour ago. Won't you shake hands in token of bearing no malice?"

And the Countess gave the fingers proffered a slight squeeze, and asked, "Is it dullness, then, which prevents people from recognizing others?" with a glance around the circle which might have been accidental. "Good-by," she said, smilingly, in the same breath, "you must come and see me. I have a little parlor, you know, so nobody's propriety will be shocked;" and tripped away as if there had not been a soul present besides Gossimer.

Gos would have liked nothing better than to accompany her—a contingency which had caused Trout some misgivings during the brief term of their conversation—but he could not abandon his party, of course, without marked rudeness, and returned to brave the censure of her sister, who said, in an aside with a toss of the head: "I am really astonished at you, brother, for claiming acquaintance with a woman like that; only to think of her racing down a hill with a gentleman who has been introduced to her not an hour!" A reprimand which Clarendon, whose cue it was to be always amiably fraternal before witnesses, took in good part at the time; but afterward, in private, rated Miss Charlotte soundly for, advising her to attend to what concerned herself, and hold her tongue where it was not needed, in future.

CHAPTER IV.

Frequenters of watering-places so unreservedly give themselves up to idleness and oblivion of business that it is not venturing much in saying that Pawley was the most industrious man of some hundred who rid themselves of the summer hours as best they could, oblivious of this too, that the flight of every hour diminished the space between them and the Horror of all ages, as surely as it would in a condemned cell. Perhaps our hero thought little if at all of this while correcting certain MSS., or meditating, with the aid of a cigar, on his career and the influence of his maiden speech; but he was hopeful and earnest in his undertaking, and these alone are virtues if well applied. He found no cause to regret a change of plans which would have consigned him to the heat and disturbance of a large city while writing his essay on governments; and what with occupation when alone, and gay company at other times, he was in a fair way to lose identity with the desponding young gentleman who, some months back, had paced his hall with his chin resting on his breast, neglected his dress, pinned a crape band around his hat, nobody could divine why, and caused his family unwonted uneasiness.

Miss van Waddlevurst, riding one morning with the bold Captain on her right, met him returning from a ramble with some of the loose

pages of his great work in his hand and a cigar between his lips. Mr. Edward threw away the latter when he saw the cortége approaching, and was repaid by a sweet smile and murmured "Good-morning, Mr. Pawley;" and walked on recalling to himself the agreeable sound of those simple words. Miss Charlotte Gossimer, escorted with a view to propriety by her brother, and to something else by the Lieutenant, brought up the rear on that occasion; and possibly it was the contrast offered in her faded graces and made-up charms that rendered our heroine's appearance more than usually pleasing.

"I like her," the pedestrian ruminated; "she has a deal of nature and good sense, which is saying not a little for one who has been a couple of years something of a belle, and has passed through the fiery trial of fashion. She has not the sprightliness and brilliancy, indeed, of the only girl I ever loved or ever can (a sigh), but she reminds me more than any one I have since met of that angel (a second sigh and pause). What the deuce constitutes the resemblance? She has gray eyes and she is not a brunette, and she is certainly not *petite*. It must be her accent, there *is* something French in it, especially that winning way she has of saying Good-morning. Yes, certainly the resemblance lies in their voices—it is strange it did not occur to me before."

From which it will appear, that it was no diminution of constancy to the one passion of his life which caused the society of the reigning belle to be affected by our hero after the above chance encounter, but rather a laudable sort of devotion—the more laudable, of course, as it was objectless—to a peerless myth of his imagination, Mademoiselle Bonair by name. It was this which enticed him more than once at a certain hour into the road by which Mademoiselle's representative usually returned from her early rambles, and the Captain enjoying no right of monopoly, if not always superseded, was obliged repeatedly to share the pleasure of the belle's conversation with his rival, as he began to consider Mr. Edward. Captain Rudder, however, was not a man to succumb to a rival, whatever his recommendations; but it secretly annoyed him to be a listener on compulsion, as he now and then became, when Florence and young Pawley exchanged opinions on subjects he rather slighted, and on books known to him only by name, or not always that.

The Captain was a reading man in spare hours, and got through an immense amount of literature in the course of a year, but of a sort not remarkable for depth or moral worth, and for the most part not to be named in the presence of a lady. "Confound the fellow!" he would comment while riding or walking with Miss Van between them, and eying our hero askance. "He has all the talk to himself. If I edge in an adventure by sea or land, the particulars of which I can vouch for, he has something of the kind to tell out of some lying traveler or other; and it is no better whatever I may introduce by way of making up my quota of amusement. The truth is, he don't tell a bad story; but I wish he'd keep them for our little réunions over the billiard-table, or for the entertainment of our bachelor suppers," the honest sailor would add, and be quite softened by Florence saying, smilingly, and with not the least appearance of coquetry: "Why, Captain, how silent you are! I am afraid you are consumed by jealousy, and will order poor Mr. Felty away soon, on pretense of a call of duty. How can you show so malevolent a disposition, Captain?" And Rudder would hasten to vow and protest, with much good-humor, that his Lieutenant—who, perhaps, at the moment would be discussing with Miss Gossimer in the van unsuspicious of scrutiny, and evincing by his demeanor unqualified interest in that young lady's small talk—had nothing to fear from *his* hindrance.

The Captain's jealousy, if it may be called so, was rather superfluous at the time. Had any one hinted to Pawley how fine a girl Miss Florence was, and how excellent a wife she would make, despite her present fashionable pre-eminence, he would very likely have answered, gravely: "What is that to me! *I* never expect to marry;" and smoked his cigar in silence, with a tender remembrance of the crape on his hat. Matrimony in connection with Florence never entered his thoughts. He felt unusual regard for her as a girl of character, and found enough pleasure in conversing with his ex-queen to induce him to spend more time in that recreation, perhaps, than any other; but these were no more than results to be anticipated of a friendship erected on the ruins of a recent *affaire de cœur*. It was not only Miss van W.'s way of uttering certain words which constituted the fanciful resemblance between Mademoiselle and herself; she sang and played with tolerable execution, and some of the airs Mr. Edward remembered having listened to during his beatific visits to a certain person a twelvemonth ago; and these he never wearied of hearing in a private parlor, in joint possession of the Vans and Gossimers, where a rather rickety piano stood. Rudder not unfrequently shared in the entertainment, and begged for "A life on the ocean wave," or "A wet sheet and a flowing sea;" but sometimes the Captain, whose pleasures were of a more active kind than Pawley's, took himself off to the intricacies of the mountains deer-stalking, or meditated of the Van Waddlevurst charms while waiting for his float to bob.

One morning, when his stay had been longer than usual, and the senior Vans had in consequence retired to take their customary forenoon nap; while Miss Gossimer was dawdling in dishabille in a friend's apartment near at hand, and Clarendon playing billiards in his shirt sleeves with the Lieutenant, Slipper, and a friend of the latter, the Captain being absent on one of his expeditions, our hero had the field entirely to himself, and took his fill of that melancholy delight which the songs associated with

Mademoiselle's bewitching airs and graces were like to induce. It was after one of these, obligingly sung for the second or third time, that Florence, running her fingers over the keys, turned and said, smilingly, "You have a singular fancy for three or four of my songs, to the prejudice of the rest, Mr. Pawley."

"They were favorites of—of a dear friend," Mr. Edward replied; upon which Florence, regarding him earnestly a moment, turned again to the piano and began playing more thoughtfully than before.

"I must appear rather unreasonable sometimes," Pawley said, standing by. "I bore you with my requests, don't I?"

"No, certainly not, or I would have found some excuse for not playing," the belle returned, still intent on the keys; and Pawley made a bow, something in Gossimer's ornate style, with his hand in his vest; and Miss Van recognized the imitation by a genial smile.

"You remember the fairy," he said, "who came to somebody and offered three wishes. If I could offer you one, what would it be?"

"I believe I should wish for a better piano at present," Florence said.

"Which means that you have no curiosity, or that you do not choose to question me."

"Why should I question you?" Florence asked, not very candidly; but our hero overlooked the remark. "I wish you to know," he said, presently, "almost as much of me as I do myself, because—because I have formed a friendship for you, Miss van Waddlevurst, which I hope you will allow nothing to interrupt." This Pawley uttered with an attempt at ease, about as successful as usually happens where a subject has been considered from all points beforehand, and the precise manner of its introduction laid down—the least likely of all to be employed. He quite frightened his companion by his abrupt change of manner; and that young lady sat, rather pale, with her hands folded in her lap, regarding him, and wondering, perhaps, what would follow. In truth, our hero had made up his mind to tell his little history concerning the "dear friend" whose songs Florence played and sang; and, if he made an awkward beginning, once that was past, his eloquence and the pathos of the tale, in the estimation of a young lady who had unwittingly shared in some part of the performance, amply redeemed the initial address. Perhaps some of the readers of this history may remember what tale that was, and how it had chanced that a little French brunette, without name or fortune, had declined the honor of his hand, who was heir to both. But he had been then and since chary of confidence in regard to that first great sorrow of his life, and we must look elsewhere than to a mere search after questionable sympathy for an explanation of the deliberate confession here made.

Pawley was not vainer than other young men; indeed he was sensible enough of a great part of his shortcomings, in proof of which the empty insolence of pride was quite wanting in his character. He certainly was not entirely blind and deaf to his own merits—who is?—and thought it at least probable the pleasure he experienced in Miss van W.'s company might come in time to be reciprocal, without the intervention, in her case, of a third party, or, to speak more properly, of a principal whose pleasing traits should be reproduced in his. An ordinary fop would have regarded a sequitur of the sort with smiling complacency, and might have affected to consider it no business of his if the women fell in love with his elegant figure or graces of speech; or one with only a tender conscience might have wanted resolution to venture a hint, and so risk the ridicule attendant on overhastiness in so delicate an affair. But our hero, not being of a wavering mind, and with nothing of a coxcomb about him, told the story of his unhappy attachment and abandonment of hope with much honesty and earnestness, and a slight tremor of voice, when the last-named reference was made—as the simplest means at hand of defining his position and averting unpleasant misconstructions.

Florence listened to all with breathless attention, and what heart-sickness who can say? Her color came and went ever so little, and the hands lay idly clasped in her lap as at the beginning. Had she been misled already, and willing, in the absence of other testimony, to attribute Pawley's pleasure in her singing to the sweetness of *her* voice, or his preference to the subtle influence of liking for liking drawing two hearts together? Perhaps so, and it was only part of her birthright as one of Eve's daughters to be ejected from the garden, and the sword of that old love at the gate to forbid re-entrance. What surprise, or agitation, or even grief she may have felt she kept to her own breast and chamber; and if she looked more languid than usual in consequence (which heedful mamma attributed to the debilitating effect of the climate), the world was none the wiser, and lost the opportunity for a sneer.

But our heroine was not perfect, as perfection goes, or she might have been chosen earlier to play the part of heroine, and the moral as well as consistency of this history no doubt impaired. It was therefore quite natural, even while forced to admit Pawley's good sense and candor, to feel piqued, not to say mortified, by the second-rate character she had been called upon to perform, and in truth *had* performed with much goodwill, under the impression that it was a prima donna's. To think of his being in love, and musing, all the while she strummed on that miserable instrument and had supposed he was attentive to *her*, of the little French Mademoiselle, whose proxy she was sure now she had been at the tournament, and who, from what he half said, must have jilted him—for which she was very glad, and hoped he would be treated in the same manner again! But she would show she had some spirit, and was not to be made a convenience of in this way of all others.

In pursuance of which purpose, gay, hand-

some Florence van Waddlevurst, laying aside a certain air of indifference to general admiration which somehow had of late begun to invest her with a something of exclusiveness quite at variance with the policy of a reigning belle, became suddenly what all young ladies have it in them to be when they choose (or can)—a most egregious flirt. But let it be understood, if she appeared a flirt, she was no coquette—that word being somewhat less generic in signification, and saddled with more odium. She made nobody particularly miserable, and cheated none with delusive hopes of success; and her smiles were quite equally distributed—"a devilish deal too equally," Rudder growled, who fancied himself likely to be eclipsed by the butterflies about her, whom he honestly despised. He told Pawley, on his (Pawley's) return from a fortnight's visit to a neighboring watering-place, that Miss Florence was in a fair way to be spoiled by flattery, he was afraid, there was always such a set of dandies about her; and how she could tolerate their small-talk *he* could not imagine.

The truth was, she was nearly the only sensible young lady he knew at Saratoga, and he would feel rather lost with no one to converse rationally with. It was a great bore to be elbowed out of a pleasant acquaintance just as one had got on sociable terms, and to be driven elsewhere. All which and more he confided to Pawley; for the Captain was not in love, or supposed himself not to be, and really regretted the loss of those friendly têtes-à-tête, for their own sakes alone. Moreover, if he had inclined to be jealous as a lover, he would have spoken with no less freedom to Mr. Edward, having been already assured by that faithful swain—in subversion of certain sly jokes of the Captain's—that "insurmountable obstacles prevented his ever thinking of marrying." Hm! prior unhappy attachment, maybe, Rudder thought; and refrained from saying more on a subject which might be more painful than he knew.

It was Pawley who laughed at the Captain's grumbling, and felt unselfishly pleased at learning the estimation in which his friend was held. "She has been always considered remarkably pretty, of course," he said; "but of late she has seemed too quiet and sedate for what people call a reigning belle. Perhaps *she* may have lost a friend," our hero added, sagaciously, knocking the ashes off his cigar and nodding "Depend upon it, Captain, all grief is not lasting, and society and forgetfulness are bringing back her spirits."

"Well, she has vivacity, and wit, and all that, in plenty now," Rudder answered, with a sigh of which he may not have been conscious. "And I'll tell you what, she is so undeniably bewitching and lovable that I'm devilishly afraid our Platonics will be cut short one of these fine days by some one of her beaux offering himself and being accepted, and of course monopolizing her society altogether."

"Are you?" the other cried, with a laugh; "then you had better abandon Platonics for something more enduring, Captain, while the way lies open. For my part, I may say, without egotism, a pledge of friendship exists between us too well founded in confidence to be easily disallowed; and I have no doubt she has looked forward to my return to renew a topic she showed much interest in the morning I left here, when Gossimer coming in interrupted our tête-à-tête."

But the Captain gave no answer, though his eye remained contemplatively fixed on his friend's face; he smoked assiduously, without desisting to say, "You're a lucky fellow!" as his thought was; and his first cigar being consumed, took another, and still puffed on and mused long after Mr. Edward had dropped off into a siesta in an arm-chair tilted against his bed.

That same evening our hero paid his respects to Miss van W. in the ball-room, with the confidence of one in favor with a reigning beauty. Fair Florence was crossing the floor, her hand upon the arm of her partner-elect for a quadrille, and our friend walked a few paces by her side. "After so long an absence, you know," he said, in conclusion, and almost in a whisper.

"Have you really been long away?" the queen returned, provokingly. "What a pity it is I am engaged for the half dozen succeeding sets and promenades! Unless you wouldn't mind finishing your story before Mr. Skipp here, who will be very discreet if it's a secret, I dare say. What was it all about?—I think I remember you telling me something"—which was so near a fib, the story referred to having occupied no small share of her daily thoughts, that the speaker blushed a little in uttering it. And Pawley, surprised out of self-possession, came near exclaiming aloud, "What a flirt!" in the exuberance of his chagrin; and presently fell back among the crowd of idlers, not a little disconcerted.

CHAPTER V.

But if the hero of this tale prided himself on being faithful to his "unhappy attachment," Lieutenant Felt found cause for shifting his allegiance. A revolution—without bloodshed or tearshed, or much disturbance of any kind—was a common occurrence with him; somebody in muslin continually surrendering the sceptre to a riding-habit and ostrich feathers; or that galloping vision of loveliness giving place to a young lady who lisped perhaps, or sang divinely. In the present case it was not Cæsar who was loved less, but Rome more; he might have remained immovable in his passion for Miss Joy to time's end if Miss Gossimer, with her sentiment and ringlets and gabble, had not appeared on the stage. The Lieutenant, poor fellow, since his African cruise, entertained a sufficiently painful consciousness of his weakness, to feel more at ease in the company of a young lady who, inspirited by unwonted attentions, chattered about whatever nonsense came in her head,

than with one of our heroine's tone of mind. So by degrees Felty left off petitioning Miss van W. to walk or ride, leaving bouquets at her door, or serenading before it. He hired a piebald pony, which passed for his own, expressly on Miss Gossimer's account; filled her sitting-room with flowers, and chanted his "Good-neet" to his guitar almost nightly under, or rather before, her windows. It will be remembered that the Gossimers and Vans occupied contiguous lodgings and shared a common parlor; consequently Florence was still a party to the serenades, and it was upon her piano and mantleshelf the Lieutenant's proofs of his constancy were arrayed. It was consequently a perplexing question at the first how to make known his change of sentiments. He might go on forever leaving bouquets to be appropriated by Miss Florence, and it was so deuced awkward telling a young lady you meant your attentions for somebody else. "What would you do in such a case, Captain?" he asked; and Rudder affected much indignation. "You'll ruin the credit of the service, Sir! Only last week you had the impudence to tell Miss Gossimer, whom you knew to be on good terms and likely to repeat your nonsense, that a more perfect woman did not breathe, and a good deal more of the same stuff. I was sitting on the back bench at the *Tableaux vivantes*, and couldn't help overhearing. And now you go making love to the very young lady you tried to get to speak up for you!—it's past believing!"

"I think as highly of Miss van Waddlevurst as ever, Captain," Felty answered, with becoming gravity, "and have no doubt of her perfection as a woman. But Miss Gossimer is an angel!"

"Why you've used the same language about every one of them," Rudder exclaimed, bursting into a laugh; at which the occupant of the next chamber knocked upon the partition-wall, and growled out, "What the devil's all that haw-hawing about?"

"Trout is an eminently practical man; suppose we find out what he would do in your case. We needn't mention names," the Captain suggested, in an under-tone; and Felty assenting, invited that gentleman to a conference.

"Do you suppose I would put on my things such a day as this to come to a confab?" Trout rejoined, and consigned the pair to what Rudder called warm latitudes. "Pooh! run a muck; nobody's about to see you," the Captain cried.

"Well, look out and make sure none of the womenkind are out of doors," Felty's neighbor answered; and the Captain, taking an observation and stating the coast to be clear, Trout bolted in, habited in a cool undress, and with an embroidered cigar-case in his hand, from which he supplied the company and himself. "Pretty, ain't it?" he said—meaning the case, which Rudder was eying—"the work of fair fingers."

"Yes, and *new*," the Captain put in.

"New!" Trout returned, blushing redder than his wont, if possible; "I've had it in my trunk a year without use. No, Jove! that's too big a one! Somebody gave it to me the other day, but it's no business of yours to ask who."

"It's no business of mine, to be sure," Rudder answered; "but it don't need a ghost to tell who was the giver. I could swear to the work, if needful; and prettier hands than did this you won't easily find. I suppose you don't care to find prettier?—you'll be contented to get one of these, and you seem deuced likely to do it too."

"Give me the pouch and hold your jaw," the owner replied. "I didn't gratify you with my company to be quizzed. Let us hear what you called me in for—what's the joke that set you haw-hawing till you woke half the Row?"

"Felty and I were discussing—as a matter of theory you know—what we would do in a given case. Suppose two ladies occupied lodgings in common, and one should be a former sweet-heart, and the other one for the time being. How would you manage to prevent the first from appropriating the attentions you wished to pay the second, especially if there had been no previous breaking off, you understand? Or, to make the thing clear; if I wanted to send a bouquet to Miss B., where I knew Miss A. (who had been in the habit of getting them) would be, what plan should I adopt to avoid mistakes, eh? It ain't a very likely case, but supposing it probable." And Trout responded with a grin and surveyed the Lieutenant, who, seated sideways on his bed with the blue ribbon of his guitar across his shoulder, was strumming and attending to the conversation.

"Look at him," he said; "why he's been serenading before the house you are trying to mystify three nights in a week, and I never once suspected him of having changed his love. You needn't deny it, Captain, his looks betray him—and he is the only man I know who could imagine such a dilemma. I suppose he wants to send flowers now, and don't want to write a note—don't want to commit himself. Jove! he'd better label the nosegays, and sing a prelude to his songs to the effect they are for Miss—what's the lady's name?"

"Every thing is fair in war," the Lieutenant lisped from the bed. "You tell tales out of school, and expect me to keep your secret. Captain, did you ever hear Mr. Trout play on the violin?"

"No, and I ain't sure I would like to," Rudder made answer.

"He thinks he draws a bow like Paganini. I rather think he takes lessons from one of the fiddlers in the band here, for he's gone an hour or two every day nobody knows where. And of nights he gets me now and then to accompany him in front of a certain door—you can guess whose."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Rudder; "why don't he use a violoncello? it would have a grand effect, and wake us all up to enjoy the sport."

"And express the *greatness* of his passion,"

Felty added, attempting the air, "Love let us cherish."

"I'll tell you what," Trout cried, beginning to feel nettled, "I don't mind your jokes on any other subject; but where a lady's name is concerned regard for the sex forbids familiar discussion. And Jove! for a man who lives in a glass house, you're devilish liberal with your flings, Rudder. You suppose nobody observes you screwed in around the waist to look slim—a thing you never will be—bobbing and bowing to the young lady, who puts me in mind of the scene between Prince Hal and Falstaff where Sir John sits for the King."

"Reminds you how?" the Captain asked, glumly.

"Why she wears a cushion on her head," Trout returned, referring to Miss van W.'s style of dressing her hair à la Pompadour; a witticism originating with the nimble-tongued widow, as Rudder at once divined. "I suppose Janey Joy told you that," he said, dryly; "the lady you criticise I esteem as a friend, not more; but whether 'common regard for the sex' forbids or not I beg you will speak more reverently of her in future."

"And I beg you not to mention Miss Joy—that is, the Countess Kreeper—at all in my hearing," Trout cried, growing warm. Indeed these two champions were in a fair way to obtain a public award of the cap paraded at the beginning of this tale; for the Lieutenant, lying back on his pillow, absorbed in his meditations and in the strains drawn from his favorite instrument, continued oblivious of what was going on, when the opportune entrance of a tray, ordered by their host, and containing among other good things a couple of bottles of iced Champagne, restored a better state of feeling, as Trout was not slow to acknowledge. "I'm hasty, and Jove! I ought not to have said what I did just now, Captain," he said, aside; and the Captain, clinking their glasses together with perfect bonhomie, responded, "Pooh! pooh! let's forget it. It was not to the credit of either of us, and I am sorry for my share, Trout, my boy."

It was during this conversation that Miss Gossimer's lover formed the plan of his campaign, like an able officer as he was. The Lieutenant was not above taking a hint even from a jest, and determined to send his card attached to each bunch of flowers in future, inscribed on the upper side to Miss Charlotte Gossimer. And of course, knowing who the flowers were for and from whom they came, would afford a sufficient clew to the party chiefly interested to discern whose was the solo on the guitar, and for whose ear intended. "I only hope she is not much interested in me yet," Felty thought with some compunction when writing the first of these labels; and speculated on the possibility of our heroine's reading the address, and struck to the heart by the evidence of his perfidy, lapsing into hysterics or a fainting fit. But the soft-hearted Lieutenant might have spared himself any uneasiness then and afterward had he known the truth, which, if nothing worse, was not flattering to his vanity. Florence only laughed when she saw it, which she did before any one, the bouquet being brought to her in accordance with custom, and placed the flowers in water on the piano with the card conspicuously displayed; and Miss Gossimer, who was out visiting at the time, on her return read it while drawing off her gloves, and exclaimed, "Oh la!" and was evidently quite tickled and flustered.

"You may be sure those serenades we hear so often are for you too," our heroine then said when Charlotte had run in to show her friend her trophy. "And I rather think none of the bouquets which preceded this were really mine, although sent in my name. Very likely it may have been an error of the servant's all along, or your Damon may have wished to bribe me with flowers (a pretty piece of diplomacy, isn't it?) to plead his cause."

"Do you really think so? Oh dear! he is a very impertinent fellow—that he is: and I should not like it to come to the ears of a *certain person* (*not* Clarendon, my love), who might take him to task for it," Miss Charlotte replied; and twisted her ringlets and smirked coquettishly before the glass, after which fit of admiration she went off humming a tune to affect that this sort of thing was no novelty to *her*.

Florence, it may be noted, had evinced more amusement than curiosity when Miss Gossimer referred to the jealousy of a "certain person;" from long familiarity with that young lady's habit of ascribing meaning to very ordinary attentions from the other sex, and of throwing out allusions which might lead you to suppose she had only to choose out of half a dozen suitors for her hand. But in the present instance, for a wonder, Miss Gossimer's tender anticipations were more real than usual, and the Lieutenant, even aided by his pony and guitar, ran no little hazard of being distanced by a rival whose strong points lay in his elegance of person, and unmistakable ease of address; to say nothing of the extraordinary social advantages it would remain with him to throw open to the lady whose happy privilege it should be one day to write "Mrs. R. De la Rue Slipper" upon her cards.

Slipper had been making some inquiries of Captain Rudder, who, owing to the roving life he had led, seemed to know something of people from all points of the compass. "She is of a deuced high family, the Captain said; her father was a Senator, and the family are so proud, I've heard they rather thought the Government or the electors, I don't know which, honored by one of them serving. They live in style, too, at home, I am told, and Miss Gossimer dresses dashily and carries herself with quite a tonnish air. I was only introduced to them here the afternoon they came."

"Yes, I remember meeting you," Slipper re-

plied. "She *has* rather a tonnish look which I think might be developed into something suitable to the atmosphere of our avenues. Her gait wants culture—there is too much spring in her ankle when she walks at present. Don't you think so?"

"Did you ever handle a yard-stick?" Rudder asked. "You measure every thing by a measure of your own. Deuce take your complaisance! If Miss G. had known your criticism on her gait, I'll be bound she would not have asked me who you were (with a complimentary prefix, Slipper, my lad), and declare New York was such a sweet place!"

"I am indebted to Miss Gossimer for the compliment, whatever it was," Slipper made answer. "I was presented to her the other evening, and, I must say, was rather struck with her appearance."

"And"—Slipper might have added, but did not—"I heard she was rich as Crœsus, and thought I'd question you a little, Captain. It does not do to tell, but I don't roll in riches myself, and I would like to have the fear of coming to want or earning my bread *professionally*, which is much the same, off my mind. If she is all you say—and I've no doubt of your veracity—highly connected and living in great style at home, she will suit, of course; and I must give up my ease a little, and see what can be done while the sun shines. It is well to look out for the chances."

In accordance with which purpose Mr. Slipper, hitherto rather a cool observer of the young ladies who nightly disported themselves in the ball-room, and of afternoons in the walks, whose charms he appeared to disparage, devoted no small share of his time and energy, such as it was, to the conquest. To say the truth, it required both to keep pace with Miss Charlotte's demands; a slave to her charms was too much of a novelty in that young lady's experience to be let off with trifling services. Slipper, of course, could not stand by and see Miss Gossimer seated for want of a partner, and consequently was forced to take his place with the rest on the chalked floor, despite his gentlemanly contempt for the performance; and as it happened, too, the honor in question being mostly shared between the Lieutenant and himself, he danced nightly a great deal more often than suited his comfort, to say nothing of his inclination. Felty might have laughed, remembering Slipper's philippic against quadrilles; but the joke lost its point in the rivalry it bore witness to. "A man," he thought, "would not so utterly sacrifice his individuality unless hopelessly smitten, and bent on prosecuting his suit to extremity." And the Lieutenant, whose cravat hung in a sailor's knot, noted with envy the neat tie of the other's bow, and found cause for despondency in the impudently easy conversation of the fascinating dandy.

If there was one thing abhorred by Slipper more than capering to music it was producing music at the still hours of night, as he said, for the possible delight of an inamorata who, for all you knew, might be sleeping through the whole of it with her night-cap drawn over her ears. "And I would see any woman far enough before compromising my self-respect to that extent," was his usual comment. So Felty had the field to himself during his serenades, and sang songs in accordance with the depression or elevation of his hopes. Slipper tooted a little on his flute, however, and the flute made a good accompaniment to the piano—the same rickety instrument Florence had played Mademoiselle's tunes on, but now scarce ever touched. "Really it was so out of tune—could not Mr. Pawley excuse her till they chanced to meet over a better piano?" and there again these rival powers were in equipoise. Poor Felty had never loved before, in comparison with his present attachment to Miss Gossimer; he fairly idolized her flaunting person as it moved before his eyes, and imagined her muslin skirt and blue mantle floating by left the atmosphere fragrant, as might the clothing of some celestial being; that old trick of the curls, too, wafted back from her cheeks by the breeze when she walked bonnetless, was something he was never tired of beholding or recalling. He even envied Slipper the privilege of running about on her errands; for, with the instinct of a thorough coquette, Miss Charlotte perceived whom the office of lackey would most distress, and allowed the Lieutenant to dawdle about her and pick up her handkerchief, or fan her at the piano, when his competitor was on duty out of doors. This errand-running was none of the other's seeking, and caused him to reflect more than once on the expediency of making his bow, and denying Miss Charlotte the advantages of writing her name De la Rue Slipper. He was dispatched every where—to a neighboring country-town to purchase a few pounds of maple-sugar, of which Miss Gossimer professed herself extravagantly fond; desired to run across with a roll of music or borrowed novel (an August sun shining in undimmed splendor at the time, and the Judge Joneses occupying apartments at the farther end of the village); or sent to beat up recruits for a riding party or excursion somewhere.

That astute observer, the Captain, long practiced in feminine arts, saw from time to time what was going on, and derived much amusement from it. "By the lord Harry! the conceit will be taken out of him," he said, with a chuckle, when Slipper was obliged to dismount in front of their quarters to recover her whip. "She enjoys it amazingly too. Felty, my lad, what the deuce are you moping here for, over your everlasting guitar, instead of riding on the other side of Miss Gossimer, and dividing the spoil?"

"I have loaned out both my horses; he asked in her name, and I could not well refuse," the Lieutenant returned, lugubriously. At which the old campaigner stared with surprise, and then laughed until the tears ran down his weather-beaten cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Edward Pawley, if something surprised by our heroine's reception of himself in the ball-room the evening of his return, and perhaps a little chagrined, was not much hurt, and, not caring to dance, took his place at an open window and looked on. Miss van Waddlevurst was evidently a belle, and held a little court of her own, toward which more than one envious glance was directed from less favored damsels, whom no one offered to escort from under shadow of mamma's stately turban or bebowed cap. Pawley, despite his rebuff, saw with satisfaction that his capricious friend made no pretense to the usual languishing graces of watering-place queens, and that there was nothing like *ennui* apparent among her hangers-on; she was the reigning belle, not through sufferance, but in virtue of her own right. And so the Captain, who had been to cool himself with something iced, after resigning her to the next aspirant, said, over the other's shoulder,

"By the lord Harry, look at that woman!" He added, with a broad grin, "She affords as strong contrast as night to day. Did you ever see such wriggling, and monkeyfied airs!"

And our hero looked and laughed too, at sight of Miss Gossimer parceling a bouquet between her two beaux, and rapping Slipper's fingers playfully with her fan, when that elegant gentleman affected to be ill-pleased with his share.

"I thought you hinted pretty broadly this afternoon that Miss van Waddlevurst was in a fair way to be spoiled," Rudder's companion remarked, after a pause.

"Yes—in a fair way; but not very likely to be, on the whole," the Captain rejoined, apologetically. "It takes a sound head and heart too, though, to resist such cajolery; if she weathers it, it will be the first reigning belle—and I've danced with scores of them—who wasn't spoiled by worship, even if it's the worship of apes. I suppose, though, she will make somebody a lucky man before that happens. But what the deuce have you been doing with yourself? I've been half the evening wondering why you did not pay your respects."

"I did once," Pawley said, "but she seemed in no especial need of my attentions. I asked her to dance, and she told me she was engaged for six at least."

"Why didn't you ask for the seventh, then? Lord, man, don't you know you must accommodate yourself to a queen's caprices, not a queen's to yours?" To which our hero answered by a scarce perceptible shrug.

"Well, I've no time to talk now, for the floor is beginning to be occupied, and I have the little widow in charge this turn. I'll tell you what, *she* is becoming a devilish stylish belle, and will run our charming friend hard for the sovereignty after a little. No less than a dozen young fellows have cross-questioned me about her fortune, which I answered them, as I had heard, to be truly colossal—or will be when the old gentleman sleeps with the Capulets. I make it a rule never to reply definitely to the inquiries of your avowed fortune-seekers, but in this case I know the dove is able to guard her own nest; and, by Jove! the youngsters will be flayed alive some of them. She has a lively little tongue and a will of her own, and can look as wicked as you please when out of humor; but, after all, she has done nothing to compromise her, and I'd like to see her better received than she is by some of her sex here."

"And so would I," Pawley answered; and to say the truth, if he did not seek the society of the ex-Countess, he seldom avoided it, and had crossed rapiers in friendly fashion more than once with that clever swordswoman, by which exercise his blood had been quickened and some moody thoughts occasionally routed. The little widow, too, rather liked him, and entertained a careless sort of respect for his reputed talents, and, by contrast, gravity of demeanor; and when Rudder on this occasion excused his tardiness by mentioning the pleasant talk with Mr. Edward, which had caused him to overlook the fact of the places being taken, the lady laughed, and said she was content to dance at the lower end of the hall since he had been improving his mind.

It happened that on this occasion the position selected by, or assigned to, Florence was immediately in front of the window whence our friend stood looking on after the conversation with the Captain; and as observation begets criticism, so does criticism under unfavorable circumstances lead to no good tone of mind. "What a gabbling and simpering those men keep up!" our young gentleman commented. "Who are they? There's Felt introducing somebody—confound him! I wonder if he asked permission first. Well, it's no concern of mine." All which and more may be put into other words, thus: Mr. Edward Pawley found himself out of humor with a remark dropped by Rudder, and none the less so because unable to justify his sense of annoyance. It would have pleased him in his present mood, for example, to undervalue the efforts of the best small-talkers in the room, supposing that person to be conversing with Miss Van. And although he had pronounced Miss van W.'s affairs no concern of his—as they were not—would very like have been glad to know whom Rudder meant, or whether there were any real foundation for the rumor he had mentioned. If Florence meditated marriage her smiling *sang froid* may have been assumed to give quiet warning that confidences of a certain sort would be less in place thenceforward. Or might not her manner of receiving him—now that he recalled the circumstances so immediately subsequent to his frank avowal—be the consequence of—of, should he say, pique? Pique may not have been the word our hero first thought of, but it answered as well as another, and spared his blushes perhaps. It would have been rather a stretch of vanity, certainly, to suppose a reigning belle and young

lady of Miss Florence van W.'s character, beauty, and the like, interested in himself without his wish or invitation; and Pawley, who was nothing of a *petit maître*, stopped short of that surmise instinctively. Gossimer or Slipper would very like have dawdled with their watch-chains, and said, "Egad, it was not the first time such an event had happened though," referring to the unhappy Miss Peck, whose history has been given elsewhere; and even Trout in a similar case might have surveyed his face in his broken glass, and told the Captain "He had known a young lady in his time—but it was no business of his to know about it." Our hero, if a better man than to pride himself on the unintentional conquest of a raw school-girl, was, like the rest of us, not altogether wanting in vanity, and felt a slight increase of pulsation at thought of so flattering a probability, and a sudden predilection over and above what was usual with him for Miss van Waddlevurst's society. "Rudder was in the right," he said, mentally. "It is a poor compliment to a lady to withhold one's attentions because she has the claims of others to acknowledge as well as one's own." And in accordance with this laudable conclusion, presently drew near and made his presence known.

But what charlatans we all are! If too just or simple or timid to cheat our neighbor, we cheat ourselves—and the simplest may do as much—without fear of law before our eyes, and sure of acquittal before the court which sits to try misdeeds with doors closed to the plaintiff's witness. No doubt Mr. Edward Pawley would have scouted the idea that he—who had loved once, hopelessly and forever—could come again to feel interest in the regard of any woman whatever; and would have expressed some indignation if accused of finding any manner of gratification in the unsolicited and impossible to be reciprocated attachment of a young lady equally interesting and courted. And no doubt his denial would have been more honest than his search for a motive. But let the one of us who may probe his heart to the bottom, and hold up a fair page during any infinitesimal measure of his life, without blot or blemish of crime, or weakness or meanness—do so in all piety and cast the first stone at our hero.

"You are still here then," Florence said, smiling, "and have not gone away on another excursion?"

To which our friend replied, "I went no farther than the window there," and begged to know when her list of engagements would be exhausted.

"I was not engaged for so many—I jested," our heroine returned. Perhaps she, too, was penitent; and Pawley, well pleased, cried,

"Indeed!" adding, "Perhaps then you will honor me next?"

"Yes, if you will persuade Mr. Skipp—the gentleman helping himself to his partner's lemonade yonder—to resign in your favor."

But our hero laughed and declined. "I would not like to ask him," he said; and presently learned that Mr. Lovelute, a gentleman at the moment lolling over the orchestra rail, had been in waiting perhaps half an hour, and might count on the fourth set from the present.

"But I would not wish you to imitate Mr. Lovelute," Florence added, pleasantly.

"I have no ambition to do so," Mr. Edward rejoined. "But why not?"

"Because our party will scarcely remain so long," Florence said, with a smile, and giving her hand to her cavalier; and Pawley looked after, feeling again in some degree discomfited. "Humph! it's very plain the Captain is wrong," he thought; "my friendship *is* de trop; she smiles, and seems as much entertained by the nothings of that mustached fellow when they meet in chasséing as she appeared a week or two since by my attempts to please."

"Then you will not imitate Mr. Lovelute?" Miss Florence asked, coming back; and the following uninteresting dialogue ensued.

"I would rather be myself without imitation," returned our hero, folding his arms and bowing.

"Oh! I don't admire imitators, I confess. Have you been on the floor to-night?"

"No, Miss van Waddlevurst."

"Like Mr. Lovelute, a looker-on."

"But scarcely for the same reason."

"How do you mean for the same reason?"

"*Not* for the same reason. I did not care to dance with any one, and so remained passive."

"But you asked me, Mr. Pawley—"

"Yes, out of friendship."

"Thank you," said our heroine a little scornfully.

"I thought," Mr. Edward continued, "the attentions of an admitted friend would please more than those of—such men as you have named."

"It seems your friendship is critical. Can any one find fault with Mr. Skipp's flightiness, or even with the meditative silence of Mr. Lovelute? I'm sure you would be charmed to know them sociably," Florence replied; and our hero refolded his arms, and smiled dubiously, which was the only answer he deigned.

"Or what objection can be advanced to the style of Mr. Sliderslip's dancing, which is all he pretends to? Does he not glide over the chalked floor gracefully enough for you? And now that he has performed his part of *cavalier seul* to admiration, he comes smilingly to interrupt our side-talk. Brava! Mr. Sliderslip, we were praising your performance."

"He-ha!—were you, thenk ye, Miss Joy. Let me find you a seat somewhere," Slider said, through a quantity of hair, and offered his arm familiarly; upon which Mr. Edward bit his lip, and muttering "Cursed puppy!" made his way through the crowd of dispersing dancers with an angry flush mantling to his forehead, and an unaccountable feeling of choking in his throat; for who had done him wrong? The piazza was unoccupied at its farthest end, and there our friend paused involuntarily, and looked out into the

night; from the hot rooms behind came a confused noise of laughter and voices and a glare of light, but in front the valley reposed in silence and obscurity, and the stars were shining in full lustre overhead. Twitty (does any one remember the poet of the *Transcript?*) might have been moved to composing some verses on the appearance of the heavens, or have brushed up his recollection of sidereal geography for the edification of whoever might have chanced to be promenading on his arm; but as Pawley beheld, the pettishness which had impelled him to turn his back on the gayety within dwindled away in awe of that mighty presence. If each of those flecks of light were a world, inhabited by creatures perhaps as powerless and fallible as himself and his compeers, and moved by similar passions—what was he to stand up before them and dole out his infinitesmal vexations? Why, wealth and honor of all kinds were as nothing in their company, which stood fast while time and again most approved things took shape and wasted away; and here he was chafed by a few light words, and fetching them out of their proper atmosphere of the ball-room into this solemn assembly: "I believe I will light a cigar and take a quiet stroll before going to bed—it will do me good," Mr. Edward said at the end, with a half sigh; and going in search of his hat, ran against a gentleman with a lady on his arm in act of emerging from the same door.

"Halloa!" said the gentleman, "can't you look before you?" And our hero looked accordingly, and saw the Countess Kreeper with both little hands clasped over Trout's arm, and Trout himself blushing exceedingly when he found himself recognized.

"The very person!" the Countess cried, in her old coaxing manner. "You will go with us, won't you? for I can't persuade this man it would be dreadfully improper for us to go alone."

"I'm afraid I should be *de trop*," Pawley made answer, glancing at Trout, who pulled up his collars and said, "No: the more the merrier; they were only going to take a walk where it wasn't so hot as in those rooms." At which response the little widow laughed.

"What an honest face the great big backwoodsman has!" she exclaimed, looking up into it. "Really, people who don't know him as well as I do, would suppose he is in the habit of telling no fibs. Can you imagine where we are going, Mr. Pawley?"

"I was about to ask," Pawley said.

"Well, we are about to enjoy a little private concert, under the most remote tree of the grove yonder, and Mr. Trout is to be sole performer. Won't it be delightful? I suspected him for certain reasons of learning the violin, and for a wonder ferreted out the truth; in return for which he kindly offers a solo on his instrument, and allows me the privilege of inviting a friend."

"Jove!—I'll leave it to any body if I'm the only one given to fibbing," Trout broke in with his customary grin. "I'd as lief volunteer to stand an hour in a July sun as fiddle to an audience."

"Well, you won't mind playing for her ladyship, perhaps? I will hear Mr. Trout when he is in better practice. Good-night," Pawley said, amused. But the Countess stopped him.

"What, leave me in charge of this great ogre!" she cried. "Don't you know what scandalous things people like to say? I never can think of going to listen to his solo among those dismal trees unless you go with us."

"Oh, by Jove! Mr. Pawley can listen if he likes. I rather wish he would favor us with his company," her vassal made submissive answer. And the three presently went down the steps in high good-humor, from the foot of which Trout ran to his room, while our hero walked leisurely on with the lady, and overtook them with a violin under his arm and something in his hands. The enamored youth had lost no time in going and returning, yet enough had elapsed to double the number of his audience. The Countess had recognized a lady and her brother, and invited them to join company, which the lady did graciously enough, and the gentleman with unmistakable eagerness.

"I did not observe you until you called," he had said. "Charlotte and I were at that moment speaking of you."

"Were you, Miss Gossimer? Your brother is such a courtier, you know," the widow had rejoined; and Charlotte had replied; "Oh yes, he was comparing you to — to a fairy." On which her friend had laughed and said: "The one that gave Fortunatus the enchanted purse, wasn't it?" but Trout coming up, averted the necessity of a reply, which might have been awkward.

Trout looked on rather lugubriously; Gossimer was not among his familiars, and, what was more, he entertained an unspeakable jealousy of his attentions to the fairy above mentioned, who observed the expression of his countenance with secret amusement, and spoke to the purpose. "You see I have acted without you," she condescended to explain, "and have invited a couple of friends to join us in our ramble. So this is my violin, is it? Well, thank you for the trouble you have had in borrowing it for me; run now and put it behind the door of my little parlor until we return." And Trout, to his great surprise, found himself relieved of a now distasteful task, and hurrying away with the instrument to deposit it as he had been desired.

Before he went, however, he made a transfer of three glasses from his pockets to Pawley, and likewise of a bottle which he pronounced genuine Heidsick, with the view, as he explained, of fetching another; which last he did, and aided, with the rest, to finish, on one of the benches in the grove where they were all very merry and sociable, or seemed to be. But although a weight has been lifted from Trout's spirits by the ready wit of the Countess, and he appeared not the least jovial of the party, his relish in the impromptu frolic was less than it

might have been. He had been disappointed in something, and told the widow so, when a momentary occasion offered.

"You wished to speak with me alone, eh?" his inamorata said, with a laugh; which Trout admitted, with a face so florid that it might have looked red by starlight. "I thought so," she continued, still laughing. "Why, that is the reason I asked these people to come along. No, Sir, I don't choose to make a confessional of a place where any number of listeners may be hidden. And that reminds me, don't forget to come to-morrow and give me a lesson on the fiddle, Mr. Trout!"

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Charlotte Gossimer, two weeks earlier, would scarce have noticed a salutation from the Countess Kreeper, had that spirited little lady cared to give her an opportunity after the distant recognition in the spring-house; but in the above limited period, a complete revolution had been brought about through the diplomacy of Clarendon, and we have witnessed the lively widow proffering an off-hand invitation, and Miss Charlotte not only accepting without demur, but absolutely clinking glasses soon after with a company mainly composed of people whom she considered immeasurably beneath her.

Clarendon, indeed, had promptly availed himself of the invitation extended by the widow, on the occasion of her down-hill race with Trout, and the little parlor of the woman whose turn of fortune had not yet become sufficiently known to readmit her to society, came to be frequently honored by the presence of the aristocratical Gos. Miss Charlotte, on the other hand, having once for all informed him that "*her* hands were washed of all participation," refrained, after the scene hinted at three chapters back, from giving her brother the benefit of her counsel in words; but she maintained a constant protest nevertheless, by means of various airs and innuendoes, and had more than once got worsted in a chance collision with the Countess herself, who liked nothing better than a set-to of the sort, but who, to humble Miss Gossimer still farther, rehearsed it all to Gos.

"I don't care for her wit," she said, with a laugh, "and not three straws for what people think—which is more than she does; but it *is* disagreeable to overhear some one remark of one's self: 'Oh, dear! she's not at all received at home—and as for the title which she sometimes calls herself by, it is quite a sham, you know; she made a runaway match with some notorious swindler.' I say it isn't pleasant!" his friend added, clenching her little hand and becoming pale—"if it is true! I choose to keep the title because people know he was a swindler, and I choose to be independent. Have I not lived to repent the match and do penance for it? see here!" And with that, drew up her sleeve high enough to exhibit to the wondering eyes of her lover marks upon the alabaster flesh, which might have been stripes a few years previous.

There was more spirit in the speech and act than Gos had given her credit for—more than he was quite able to comprehend, and quailed before it accordingly; but he prudently remembered the millionaire papa, and asked, "What reparation she required? should he find some plausible excuse for packing his sister home by the first opportunity?"

"Pooh! let her stay," the Countess answered, resuming her usual smiling manner; and satisfied with this evidence of her power, led the conversation to more entertaining topics.

Clarendon's, however, was not a disposition prone to forgive and forget, and he restrained his wrath only until closeted with Miss Charlotte in her own room, when he spoke to the point and with characteristic freedom, if careful to pitch his voice no higher than suited the thinness of the partition walls. "D—n it, miss!" he said, savagely; "do you think I will suffer a simpleton like you to cross my purposes as you are doing? Who made you my conscience keeper, and gave you liberty to vilify a better woman than yourself?"

"I'd have you know, Sir," Miss Charlotte rejoined, turning very red, "that I don't pretend to keep your conscience, and, thank Heaven! have known quite enough of your doings, both in and out of business, never to wish to. But as long as we bear the same Name it shall never be said to fall into disgrace through any fault of mine." At which Gos broke into a scornful laugh.

"Suppose you try at home whether your name will do to pay your milliner's bill—who'll take it on a promissory, at your own valuation, do you think?" he said. "Why, d—n it, miss, you know as well as I, our father who has been a Congressman and Senator in his time, and would be now but for his former politics, can't command enough sometimes to meet the interest on his debts without a strain; and here, when I am ready to sacrifice myself for the benefit of the family, and to restore our former state and style by accession of a few hundred thousands, with little or no incumbrance" ("an old man who can't hold on long, and a wife who'll be as likely as not to run off with somebody else before the honey-moon is over," Gos thought), "you, forsooth, must step in with your cursed airs and throw stumbling-stones in my way. Take my advice and keep a fool's tongue between your teeth, or you bundle off with the first party returning home; for not one shilling of your expenses here will I pay after such an opportunity offers. And—stay!—you have most grossly insulted a lady I consider it my interest and pleasure to propitiate in every way, and I beg you will offer a becoming apology, and make yourself hereafter more agreeable."

"I'll humble myself to no one, Sir," Miss Charlotte made answer, whimpering; but she

thought better of it after the interview, overawed, possibly, by the mention of the widow's "few hundred thousands," or by Clarendon's threat, which, if carried into execution at the time, would have interfered with her own little schemes.

Countess Kreeper, *née* Janey Joy, was not one, it may easily be imagined, likely to use a triumph with moderation; and she was as ingenious as usual in plaguing Miss Gossimer, affecting to be hand and glove with her in society, and treating her cavalierly enough when the fancy took her. Charlotte's friend and confidante—so far as the inherent Gossimer cunning and closeness permitted confidence—Florence, who had been more than once instructed in "the idea of a Gossimer stooping to familiarity with a creature of her (the Kreeper's) station, and making their NAME a by-word," wondered not a little at the change in relative positions, and felt a characteristic degree of indignation when she came to surmise the cause of Miss Charlotte's altered views, through the spiteful allusions to her brother's doings—that young lady, for all her prudence, could not help letting slip from time to time. Miss van W. herself had had some experience in the Countess's mode of warfare. They had met at a celebrated bathing-place the preceding summer, at which time Von Kreeper's widow was in the height of her ill fame, and not yet reconciled to the rich merchant; with little or no money at command, and openly abandoned to eating opium, under the influence of which she occasionally w·n about with eyes half closed, and her m," in pretty mouth idiotically open. Her co aphy, he such occasions was little better tha niversity I ior; but at other times, perhar eyes which demuch of the drug had been ne other soon aftexhilarate rather than str ion so severely that every body, tripping acr ight of that also; and or along the public pr ently restored, the organ if not as extravaga red as to remain permanentrounded by a th ile twice in my life since I brilliant repar ved of the use of it for all purOf course a ding and writing for several years in the ev It was during one of these periods I those w from Madrid the materials for the 'Hisbore Ferdinand and Isabella;' and in my disjusti condition, with my trans-Atlantic treasoins lying around me, I was like one pining from o nger in the midst of abundance. In this state resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye; I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities, and in time I bec e so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader progressed I dictated copious notes, and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furtimes retained two or three of her usual cavaliers in attendance; and at this faithful reserve the Countess Kreeper made a dead set. She gave up opium, or took no more than sufficed to preserve her brilliancy; and two of her rival's adherents yielded to her witchery—with some pangs of conscience, no doubt. And by dint of manœuvring, in the end, the third—a young gentleman of unexceptionable manners and large expectations—was fairly brought over one morning, and galloped past Miss Van's window by the widow's side, followed by his two late coadjutors: they were going somewhere on a boating party!

Florence was indignant; not that she cared for the attentions of the last, or first either; but she had been piqued into a wish to vindicate the dignity of her sex. It was both foolish and degrading, she admitted to herself a dozen times a day, to compete with such an antagonist; but, as has been elsewhere admitted, our heroine was not a heroine in the popular sense of that word. alas! and to contend, and to be angry and secretly chagrined when defeated—as every Isaknew she was before night—was nothin to be than human and womanly. And ne inspection was Sunday, every body was lo dalous spectacle: the victori the two volumes, before, asleep and—abed, to Jared Sparks, alhad abstained lor a biographer and historian, end, and uest that he would read them. He lau , as he assures us, with great pleasure and profit, and with no little surprise at the success of the writer under his infirmity of sight. He returned the volumes, and soon after saw Prescott, who asked him, with great diffidence, what he thought of the book. Mr. Sparks replied that there could be but one opinion—that he had read the work with great delight, and thought he had written one of the most successful works of its kind that had been given to the public.

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but before long he left his cigar-case at home when he went out of afternoons, and regularly took his way to lunch sweltering in a cloth coat with glittering gilt buttons, and wearing the stiffest and most showy of cravats. Trout was fast losing consideration for himself in consideration for some one else; and that some one, accustomed as she was to flattery in all shapes, was at least as much touched at heart as amused by the growing honor in which she had come to be held by her honest admirer. There was something novel in this unasked self-abnegation for her sake; she could tell it from the empty verbiage of a flirtation — and she too would be honest for once, and not suffer him to delude himself beyond what was right. No doubt, he thought her better than she was; if he knew all, might not his sentiments toward her change? At worst, that sin should not lie at her door. And when she told Trout to come to-morrow and teach her to play on his violin before he took it away, it was with the view of making is disclosure.

was not the first time Trout had sat in the arlor flanked by the still smaller chamber low. The sash doors opened upon a e-ground, not frequented until he had gathered a few of the oom look pretty in an- Trout had never felt himself in com-

And Trout, after he had unavailingly protested that he required to be told nothing, sat and listened with rapt attention, and learned how his inamorata had been a spoiled child—a very spoiled and self-willed child—and, she was afraid, not a good daughter. She had been imprudent for a young person, and an adventurer had taken advantage of it to frighten her into marriage; but he had been disappointed in his expectations, and had not treated her well afterward. Probably he knew she had used opium? She had not for almost a year, and never would again, God helping. It was then that she learned to take it, and when she became a widow she had continued its use to drive away other cares; for the world had turned its back upon her. The world had said many harsh things of her, some of which, perhaps, had their foundation in what she may have said or done or written under the influence of the drug; but she had never been guilty, if she had been bitter and reckless, and her heart was not originally as bad a one, or as unfeeling now, as most people believed.

This was the sum of what his hostess related, with nothing of her usual manner, without irony or anger or any attempt to make the best of her character. She did not show him, however, as she had to Gossimer with the air of an empress, the scars on her arms. Some other time, she thought, with a fear of appearing just then too degraded in his eyes, which she might have spared herself, for Trout's sympathy and affec- n were only waiting for a pause to overflow, othing could have restrained them a mo- ger. "I—I love you more than ever!" nd went plump down on his knees, Yes, the great honest fellow, who ar, probably, since leaving off tually weeping over his dear and covered her hand widow blushed as she erhaps, and her lip er have done be-

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and is-

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IT is somewhat remarkable that the year 1859 should have witnessed the extinguishment of the light of two such charming and popular writers as Irving and Prescott. They had both, although in different paths, added largely to the reputation of their country, and won for themselves a world-wide and imperishable renown. Both had been early attracted to the beautiful and romantic but unfortunate land of Spain for the incidents from which they fashioned their most fascinating productions—one with all the romantic ardor of a poet, the other with the gravity of a staid historian. In the writings of the one we see a romantic but faithful picture of the Moor, dressed out with Oriental magnificence, while in those of the other we find a calm, philosophical, but beautifully-written history of the events he narrates. While Irving "views the battle-ground from the towers of the Alhambra, Prescott sees it from the plains of Madrid." Neither detracts from the other, while both fascinate by the richness of their imagery and the felicity of their style.

I had the good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance of both, and was often impressed with the gentleness of manner and genial spirit that characterized the social life of these two eminent writers. Nor was Prescott, at least as to his earlier productions, less diffident of their merits than Irving. He received, while a student at college, an accidental injury in one of his eyes at the hands of a fellow-pupil which nearly caused a loss of sight in both, which, in the introduction to his "Conquest of Peru," in a most charming specimen of autobiography, he has thus explained: "While at the University I received an injury in one of my eyes which deprived me of the sight of it. The other soon after was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated, while twice in my life since I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods I received from Madrid the materials for the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella;' and in my disabled condition, with my trans-Atlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye; I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities, and in time I became so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader progressed I dictated copious notes, and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text. Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labor of writing which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering them, and a fair copy —with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer."

Under these discouraging circumstances the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" was written; but while it was slowly progressing the tendency to inflammation in the eye gradually subsided and its strength was more confirmed, until at last he was enabled to read several hours each day. The power of reading necessarily terminated with the daylight; nor was he ever able to dispense with the writing-case or the services of a secretary. Being so far restored as to be enabled to read in the manner indicated, he caused a copy of "Ferdinand and Isabella," in large type and a quarto form, to be struck off by the printer for his own inspection and revision.

After it was finished he sent the two volumes, printed as above described, to Jared Sparks, already eminent as a biographer and historian, with a request that he would read them. He did so, as he assures us, with great pleasure and profit, and with no little surprise at the success of the writer under his infirmity of sight. He returned the volumes, and soon after saw Prescott, who asked him, with great diffidence, what he thought of the book. Mr. Sparks replied that there could be but one opinion—that he had read the work with great delight, and thought he had written one of the most successful works of its kind that had been given to the public.

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after him to give it if they thought fit to the world. He was, however, at last, at the urgent solicitation of his father, who entertained the same opinion respecting the work expressed by Mr. Sparks, induced to place it in the hands of the publisher, and it was finally issued in three volumes near the close of 1837.

The author's diffidence in regard to this work is the more remarkable when it is considered from what original sources he was privileged to draw his materials. He had projected it as early as 1826, and had at that time made arrangements for procuring the requisite manuscripts from Madrid. The library of Harvard College, which was rich in old Spanish literature, and that of his friend, George Ticknor, whose able history of Spanish literature is a contribution worthy of any age, which was still more abundantly stocked with rare Spanish volumes, supplied him with many materials for the work he contemplated, but his greatest mine of wealth lay scattered around him in rich profusion within the precincts of his own library room. Among these treasures were the "Quincuagenas" of Oviedo, which to this day lie buried in five folio volumes of manuscript, containing a very excellent narrative of the lineage, arms, and surroundings of the chief personages in Spain, intermingled with a vast amount of private gossip; Palencia's "Coronica del Enrique 4th," the predecessor of Isabella on the throne; an original life of Cardinal Ximenes; the "Anales del Rey Don Fernando el Catolicos," of Carbajal; and many others, which had been permitted to remain in the cloisters of the old library of Madrid, carefully treasured, but rarely consulted by those in whose custody they were placed.

Nor was he less fortunate in the selection of his subject. The age of Ferdinand and Isabella, under whose reign, either by marriage or conquest, the four kingdoms of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, and Granada became consolidated, was one of the most interesting epochs in Spanish history. The genius of Castilian literature, the music of the troubadour, and the melody of the Moorish ballad, were in their fullest perfection, and every where disseminated their influence over this beautiful and picturesque country. It was the age of Columbus, Gonsalva, and Ximenes. The epoch of great discoveries by sea, and the development of vast erudition, and military prowess on land. What wonder that the genius of Prescott, with such a subject, should at once have arrested attention at home and abroad, and that he should have risen at a single bound to an exalted position in the world of letters!

About two years after the appearance of Ferdinand and Isabella Mr. Edward Everett visited Europe, and found that wherever he went the name of Prescott was well known and his merits duly appreciated. Translations had been made into French, German, Russian, Spanish, and Italian; and in each country, with the exception of Washington Irving, no American writer had obtained so exalted a rank as an author. He had already conceived the project, after he should have narrated in the conquests of Mexico and Peru the great events of these epochs, of continuing the tide of Spanish history downward by writing the history of Philip II., entirely leaping over that of Charles V., which he supposed was exhausted by the previous labors of Robertson.

He desired Mr. Everett to make some preliminary examinations at Paris and elsewhere for materials to be used in Philip II., and especially to obtain some knowledge of that part of the archives of Simancas that had been taken by Napoleon I. to Paris, where they were still detained. Mr. Everett found no difficulty in examining the materials of the royal library. The whole of the celebrated collection had been removed to Paris, but after Napoleon's downfall, in the general restoration, those parts of the archives that related to France were retained at Paris notwithstanding the protest of the Spanish government. These were guarded with more jealousy than any other part of the public archives; but the name of Prescott supplied a key that unlocked the depository, and they were freely thrown open to the inspection of Mr. Everett on his account.

In Italy the name of Prescott met with the same courtesy. Prince Corsini, with the approval of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, issued a peremptory order to the custodians of the carefully-guarded Medicean archives, consisting of an immense number of well arranged and indexed volumes, to allow Mr. Everett to inspect the whole, and cause such extracts to be copied as he should indicate. When it is considered that this collection contained the entire correspondence of the Tuscan Minister at Madrid during the whole reign of Philip II., it may readily be imagined how valuable an aid it was to the historian in the preparation of his masterly work. Nor were these public archives the only ones placed at his disposal, but those of private individuals, as the Marquis Gino Capponi, and the Count Guicciardini, the lineal descendant of the historian, were freely offered for inspection and use. "It was sufficient," remarks Mr. Everett, "that I thought it would be useful to Mr. Prescott;" and so exalted was his reputation, that papers guarded for three centuries with the most jealous care, including the correspondence of the Tuscan minister on the arrest, imprisonment, and death of Don Carlos, were at once placed at his disposal.

In 1851 he made a visit to Europe, the first since his wide-spread fame had rendered his name as familiar to European as to American readers. This visit, which had been in contemplation for some time, was anxiously anticipated by his trans-Atlantic friends. Mr. Curtis, his friend and fellow-townsman, was in London at the time of his arrival. In his account of this reception he says that he does not suppose so warm and cordial a welcome was ever "accorded in modern England to any other merely literary and private man of any country." This he attributed at the time in part to the fact that

he had written in a language which is the common inheritance of England and the United States. Some sympathy might also have been elicited by the extraordinary difficulties under which his works were produced. But no doubt, apart from the high character of his writings, the chief source of his popularity arose from the charm of his conversation and his frank and genial manners.

Mr. Curtis returned home in the same vessel with Prescott, and during the voyage they had many hours each day of the freest and frankest conversation together, which more than ever impressed him with the nobleness of his nature. "I have never," he declares, "seen the man on whom fame and extraordinary social success had a less disturbing effect than they had on him. Neither the flatteries of the great, the fascinations of that brilliant society in which he was an honored guest, nor any single circumstance of his personal success changed the simplicity of his character or imparted to it one tinge of arrogance."

As he is thus described by his more intimate and daily associates so was Prescott as I remember him, in our occasional and sometimes accidental meetings. The last of these took place in the summer of 1857, while I was spending a few days at Nahant. Prescott had formerly a cottage on this rock-bound and picturesque promontory, in the immediate vicinity of Agassiz's residence; but of late he had spent the summer months at Lynn, a few hours' run from Nahant, and as I remember it within sight of its granite cliffs. Prescott's residence was about half a mile from the village, and directly upon the banks of the ocean. Its position was midway between the main road and the sea, and was approached through a winding carriage-drive, bordered with shrubbery which every now and then permitted a full view of a carefully tended and verdant lawn. The dwelling itself, while sufficiently commodious for a gentleman's residence and in excellent taste, was without the first element of ostentatious display. Upon my arrival I was shown into a sitting-room overlooking the ocean, from whose open casement the murmur of the waves was distinctly audible.

I was speedily joined by Prescott, who extended to me a frank and cordial welcome. The meeting more closely resembled that between familiar friends than persons who had but seldom met, and at once placed me at my ease. Prescott appeared much as he is represented in his portraits. He was tall and slender in person, and with a graceful and gentleman-like manner, that had nothing of shyness or reserve on the one hand, or forwardness or ostentation on the other. Of his own productions he spoke frankly and as a matter of course, fully satisfied that I was familiar with them. Of mine he made some commendatory remarks, which I felt sure were honestly spoken, and alluded to many circumstances in them in such a manner as showed to me that my own feebler attempts were not unfamiliar to him.

In dress he was remarkably neat, as I believe was his usual custom. A coat of blue cloth and light nether garments (for the season was midsummer and the weather warm) composed his apparel. As he approached me I looked for some evidence of defective vision, but in vain. He walked to the window where I had taken my position to command a view of the ocean, and extended to me his outstretched hand, with as correct a knowledge of the surroundings as if his eyesight had never been impaired; and yet I never could dispossess myself of the idea while conversing with him that his vision must be but a short remove from one absolutely deprived of sight. Among his first inquiries were those concerning my fellow-townsman, John P. Kennedy. He regretted that his pen was not more prolific, and said that his descriptions of society in Virginia, in the early days of that State, were the very best that had yet been given to the world. Gilmore Simms was undoubtedly clever, but in this respect Kennedy was master of the field.

I remarked that Kennedy's pen was not idle, although not employed in fictitious literature—that at the present time he was greatly concerned as to the future of the country, and had contributed a number of able articles to the *National Intelligencer* for the purpose of showing the tendency of events, and of arousing the people to the imminent danger of our institutions. I said that Kennedy was a member of a Monday club of literary men, and punctual in attendance, and that I had met him almost every week during the preceding winter (1856–'7). We all knew what had occupied his thoughts, because he was certain soon to introduce the subject, and always spoke so well that we were delighted to listen; but I could never share with him in his fears concerning the shock which he supposed our institutions were soon to experience—an opinion in which Prescott cordially joined. Alas! how little did we then imagine what mighty events the future had in store for us, or how soon the placid peace we had so long enjoyed was to give place to the horrors of a fierce and relentless fratricidal war!

I alluded to his present charming summer residence, and jocosely remarked that he had not got out of sight of the far-famed Nahant, although so far removed as not to be disturbed by the crowd of visitors. He replied pleasantly that to one of studious habits like himself, the gay company of a watering-place was not always the most pleasant, yet he was so far from being a recluse that the society of intelligent persons was a source of great delight to him. He had, however, from the isolation which he had been obliged to pursue in his earlier years of authorship, become somewhat independent in this respect, for which he did not know whether he was to be envied or pitied. In speaking of the ocean prospect he remarked, that in summer it was one of his chief delights, and that he was especially favored in his pleasant location. He had left the lawn between the house and shore free from foliage higher than small shrubberry,

in order that the view might not be intercepted. The pleasantest time to enjoy the sea-view was after nightfall, particularly when its surface was silvered over by the glancing rays of the full moon.

In remarking on the pecuniary returns of authorship he said he had been more than repaid. He was, however, probably the greatest pecuniary sufferer of any American author on account of the want of an international copyright law. Just before the appearance of Philip II. his London publishers made him an offer of thirty thousand dollars for his copyright of that work in England, provided he would visit England and write some portion of the work, no matter how little, in England in order to secure the copyright there before its appearance in America, the recent decision of Lord Campbell having largely contributed to destroy the value of this species of property there. They further stipulated, in addition to the thirty thousand dollars offered for the copyright, to defray the personal expenses incurred in this visit in the most sumptuous style in which he desired to live. Prescott wrote in reply that, after consultation with Mrs. Prescott, he had concluded that the sum to be allowed for personal expenses must equal one million of dollars, and inasmuch as the presumption was that this estimate would far exceed the ideas of the publishers, the negotiation must be dropped. This letter was, of course, written in a spirit of badinage, and intended as a pleasant mode of declining any offer, however tempting. Indeed, he remarked on this occasion that his present means were adequate to the wants of himself and family, and that no offer could tempt him to incur the annoyance of a sea voyage.

This incident would seem to argue that Prescott cared but little for the pecuniary rewards of his labor; but I fear that he can hardly be exempted from the rest of mankind in this particular. Shortly after the publication of the first edition of "Ferdinand and Isabella" he entered into an arrangement with the large publishing house of Harpers, by means of which the subsequent editions of his work, as well as those which followed, appeared from their press. Under this arrangement a liberal compensation was paid to the author, and the various works from his pen obtained a large circulation and sale. A few years previous to his death the house of Philips and Sampson made him an offer largely in advance of that received under his arrangement with his New York publishers. Upon consultation with the Harpers they advised him to accept the offer, assuring him, not only of their unwillingness to make any such terms, but likewise that the arrangement, if complied with, must ruin the publishing house which undertook it. The arrangement was entered into, and Philips and Sampson became his American publishers, and continued as such until their failure. How far this event was brought about by this contract I am unable to say, but I have good reason to believe that Prescott regretted the change he had made, and perhaps did not after all find it so lucrative as he was led to imagine it would be. Certain it is that the pleasant relations heretofore subsisting between himself and his former publishers continued unabated until his death.

He spoke quite freely in regard to his mode of composition, and in this connection only alluded to his defective vision. His first work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," was the result of an immense amount of care in research and labor in preparation, which had afterward become a habit with him. Many of the materials of his subsequent works were gathered in his first years of investigation, and each succeeding year made him more familiar with the subjects treated in his works; but he had never on this account relaxed his careful and rigid scrutiny of facts, nor allowed a sentence to pass from his hands until he was satisfied he could not render it more exact as to narrative or euphonious as to construction.

He had, under an arrangement made with Rich and others, obtained many of the materials for the composition of "Ferdinand and Isabella" from Madrid, in 1826, about ten years prior to its publication, at a time when his vision was most defective. The eyes which he procured to do the duty of his own were those of a person who was wholly unaccustomed to the languages in which the documents were written. This was an experiment intended to ascertain whether it would be practicable for him to master the contents of these documents without the use of his eyes. Having satisfied himself on this point, he procured the services of a more competent person and went systematically to work. No one could tell the amount of labor bestowed upon that work. Indeed he was hardly cognizant of it himself. So many and varied had been the pleasures connected with its composition that its labors were counted as nothing in the comparison, and after all he had probably arrived at greater accuracy, and established a method in his subsequent writings which he might never have equaled under other circumstances.

I called his attention to Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which had just made its appearance, as another of the historical works of the present time which would be creditable to the fame of American authorship, in which opinion he entirely agreed. He said he knew Motley well, and had, before the appearance of his history, a high opinion of his capacity as a writer. The novel published by him showed talent of a very superior order, but he feared he might not have the industry and perseverance necessary properly to write a historical work. He therefore commenced the perusal of this work with some doubts on this point, which were speedily dispelled as he proceeded.

I was ashamed to say that I was not before aware that Motley had written a novel, or, indeed, had appeared as an author, and therefore continued the conversation by remarking that

he had undoubtedly anticipated more than one of our Knickerbocker friends in his subject, as I knew of two or three extensive libraries in New York that bore evidence of the idea of the preparation of some such work in their selection; and I could not but think that our good friend Dr. Bethune had indulged some such a fancy in his Waltonian ramblings. I have since learned that Motley's novel was not successful, although, from the high encomium passed upon it by Prescott, I am disposed to think it deserved a better fate, and may yet, upon the great reputation of its author in another department of literature, be viewed by the public with different eyes from those which greeted it when the writer was "unknown to fame."

When Motley was about to prepare his history he learned through some channel that Prescott intended to write on a similar subject, and, fearing he might be intruding upon his ground, called upon him for the purpose of ascertaining his views on the subject. The circumstances are fully detailed in a letter written at Rome by Motley to a friend in Boston, after the death of Prescott.

"It seems to me but as yesterday," says Motley, in this letter, "though it must now be twelve years ago, that I was talking with our lamented friend Stackpole about my intention of writing a history upon a subject to which I have since that time been devoting myself. I had then already made some general studies in reference to it, without being in the least aware that Prescott had the intention of writing the history of Philip II. Stackpole had heard the fact, and that large preparations had been made for the work, although "Peru" had not yet been published. I felt naturally much disappointed. I was conscious of the immense disadvantage to myself of making my appearance, probably at the same time, before the public with a work not at all similar in plan to Philip II., but which must of necessity traverse a portion of the same ground. My first thought was inevitably, as it were, only of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship; for I had not first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me, and absorbed me in itself. It was necessary, it seemed to me, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other. When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip. At the same time, I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and if I should find *a shadow of dissatisfaction* on his mind at my proposition to abandon my plan altogether.

"I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on any ground to more than common courtesy, which Prescott never could refuse any one. But he received me with a frank, ready, and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted and guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place but yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library looking on the garden. House and garden, honored father and illustrious son, alas! all numbered with the things that were. He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan; that he wished me every success; and that if there were any books in his library bearing on the subject, they were entirely at my service. After I had expressed my gratitude for his kindness and cordiality, by which I had been in a very few moments set completely at ease, so far as my fears of his disapprobation were concerned, I very naturally stated my opinion that the danger was entirely mine, and that it was rather willful of me thus to risk such a collision at my first venture, the probable consequence of which would be utter shipwreck. I recollect how kindly and warmly he combated this opinion, assuring me that no two books ever injured each other, and encouraging me in the warmest and most earnest manner to proceed on the course I had marked out for myself.

"Had the result of that interview been different, had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*."

When Prescott narrated the circumstances so fully set forth by Motley himself, I remarked that it was singular, but nevertheless true, that authors were frequently jealous of the slightest encroachment by others upon any set of subjects they had selected; and this was the more unaccountable, as no one who had made any considerable researches could fail to discover how unequal were his powers to consummate a tithe of the undertakings that presented themselves to his mind. I added that, in the scientific researches that had chiefly occupied me, nothing gave me greater delight than to meet one who was willing to aid in their development without an envious thought as to the reward he was likely to gain from his labors.

He replied that it was with precisely such sentiments that he heard from Motley his intention to devote himself to the development of the history of the Netherlands. He had talent, leisure, and means, and with requisite industry he was satisfied that he would produce a history creditable to himself and worthy of the literature

of his country. That this was not the mere compliment of a writer of established fame to a younger aspirant about whom he cared but little is evident from the manner in which he aided in giving currency to the work upon its appearance. It was first published in London, and advance sheets were sent to Prescott for his perusal. He immediately sent a copy of these to the Harpers, accompanied by so warm and complimentary a letter advising the publication in this country, that a portion of it was set down by the cautious publishers to personal friendship, and the letter and advance sheets were sent to Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, for his opinion as to the propriety of the publication. The encomiums of Dr. Cogswell were as warm as those of Prescott, and the work was immediately put to press and scattered far and wide over the United States, with what success the reader need scarcely be told.

Prescott spoke of the articles which had appeared from time to time in the *Evening Post* on the Private Libraries of New York, which he had read with great interest. He said that he had only brought such books to Lynn as he had immediate occasion for, and offered me a note to his housekeeper in town to enable me to inspect his collection at my leisure on my way through Boston. He, however, assured me that I should see nothing in comparison with collections of the bibliopoles of New York, which he said not only exceeded his expectation but far surpassed those to be found in other cities. He had some knowledge of the Boston collections, and was fain to admit their inferiority as compared with those of New York. I now greatly regret that I declined his offer to give me the note, which I did under the impression that I would at some future day inspect it in company with its learned and accomplished owner. That opportunity will now never be afforded.

I am led to believe that Prescott's modesty induced him in this conversation to undervalue his own collection. His friends well know that his library contains several thousand volumes in handsome bindings, and for the most part choice books. The library, which was likewise used by him as a reception-room, is truly a beautiful apartment, and besides its treasures of books is decorated with busts and pictures of eminent literary men and other evidences of his literary calling. There was one set of relics in this apartment to which allusion should be made. These are two swords, which used to hang, crossing each other, over the recess of the great window. One of these was the sword of his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, and was worn by him when he commanded the American forces in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. The other belonged to Captain Linzee of the British Navy, the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, and was worn by him while in command of the sloop of war *Falcon*, which was engaged on this eventful day in cannonading the forces under the command of Colonel Prescott at Bunker Hill.

"It was certainly a curious coincidence," remarks Mr. Gardner, his friend and executor, "that in the train of human events these weapons, which former owners would have been ready on that day, as public enemies, to bury in each other's bosoms, had occasion required it, should have been brought, by the marriage of their descendants of the third generation, into such an amiable relation as to hang peacefully together, a principal ornament to a scholar's room, fitted up expressly for literary and historical pursuits.

"One who knew Prescott well may easily imagine what a field these incidents afforded for the play of his lively fancy in a genial mood, and his mood was seldom any other with his friends. I wish it were possible to recall his own language in some of the varied remarks, at times overflowing with sparkling wit, which I have heard fall from his lips on the suggestion of this theme, when the attention of his guests happened to be called to his military possessions. But alas! there was no Boswell in the company, and the spirit of the remarks has fled with the author, leaving behind only a cluster of impressions most agreeable for friends to dwell upon, but such as can never be conveyed to others who only knew him through his published works."

These swords were bequeathed by Prescott in his will in the following manner: "The sword which belonged to my grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, worn by him in the battle of Bunker Hill, I give to the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a curiosity suitable to be preserved among their collections, and the sword which belonged to my wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee of the British Royal Navy, who commanded the enemy's ships during the same battle, I give to my wife."

Mr. Gardner, after presenting the sword to the Historical Society, accompanied by the letter from which the above extracts were made, informed it through Mr. Ticknor that he was authorized by Mrs. Prescott and the other heirs of Captain Linzee to present to it the sword bequeathed to Mrs. Prescott, in order that the friendly embrace in which they had been associated together during the life of the historian might not be severed by his death. These revolutionary relics, crossed in the manner in which they were in the library of Prescott, now occupy a prominent position in rooms of the Society to which they were donated.

On the occasion of my visit to Prescott the conversation turned upon the cheap editions of popular English works which were being turned out from the presses of the large publishing houses in great numbers. He deprecated it as an evidence of bad taste on the part of the public. "For my own part," said he, "I believe that the style in which a book is printed and bound adds greatly to the value of its contents with most persons: it certainly does with me. I have often cast aside as unworthy of perusal a closely and cheaply printed book, which, on ex-

amination in a guise more befitting its contents, I have found of the greatest interest."

I replied that this was an evil that would probably cure itself; and, for one, I was anxious that the rage for cheap books should be carried to its furthest extent, because I was fully assured that this would be followed by a reaction, in which choice library editions would again possess their true value. I said that I already began to see the end, for I had recently observed a novel of considerable size issued by a publishing house at six cents a copy, probably for the purpose of inflicting punishment upon some other house that had not followed strictly the rules of "the trade."

He remarked that when last in New York one of the news-boys approached him with an armful of cheap copies of Dickens's last novel.

"Buy a copy of Dickens, Sir?" said the news-boy; "last work, Sir; cheap, Sir; dog-cheap, Sir; only six cents!—have a copy, Sir?"

"What!" interrogatingly demanded Prescott of his little peddler of books, "a novel of Dickens for six cents?"

"Yes," replied the news-boy. "Dickens is fell, Sir; Dickens is fell; have a copy? only six cents!"

What a commentary, thought Prescott, upon the popular fame of an author! The story, however, he considered a good one; and the next letter he wrote to Dickens he informed him of the incident, and the estimate in which he was held by the young dealer in cheap literature.

I have already alluded to the great alacrity with which the different European governments to whom application was made hastened to place before Prescott their choicest and most carefully guarded archives. Hon. Richard Rush, while engaged officially abroad in 1847, narrates another instance of this kind that should not go unrecorded. He received while in Paris a letter from Prescott, informing him that, in his search for materials to illustrate the History of Philip II., he had ascertained that the papers of Cardinal Granville, which contained many important documents bearing on the question, were at Besançon, whither he had sent an agent to examine them. His agent learned that the papers had been removed to Paris, and were in the process of publication by the French government for private distribution. His friend, Count de Circourt, had informed him that an application from Mr. Rush to the government would probably be successful in placing the desired documents in his hands. Mr. Rush, upon the receipt of this note, immediately addressed a communication to the Minister of Public Instruction on the subject, which was responded to by an answer the next day, accompanied by six quarto volumes, comprising the whole of Cardinal Granville's papers, which he caused to be transmitted to Mr. Prescott. "I performed no act," adds Mr. Rush, "in the public station I held in Paris which gave me more sincere pleasure."

Shortly before this correspondence took place Mr. Rush was introduced to the venerable Baron Humboldt, by Count d'Arnim, the Prussian Minister.

"You are a countryman of Prescott," said Humboldt. "He ranks with the first of historians, and is a savant of whom your country may well feel proud."

Mr. Rush remarked that he was certainly very popular at home, but he believed his fame was greater in England than any where else.

"Not so," replied Humboldt. "That he is highly appreciated in England I do not deny; but if you wish to see the fullest and most unaffected tribute to his greatness you must visit Germany. There he occupies the first rank."

If evidence had been wanting to establish Prescott's high character as a historian, Humboldt's testimony would have been of the first importance, because the wonderfully learned and philosophic labors which he has given to the world in his Mexican and South American travels have particularly familiarized him with the scenes of many of Prescott's most brilliant descriptions. In the absence of the need of such authority, it is pleasant to witness a great genius in one hemisphere bestowing a just meed of praise upon a distinguished literary light in another.

THE TELLING TREASURE.

I CAN tell you all about it, how much it was, and how I came to get it at last; but previously to that there is a preamble. It is necessary to give you a little bit of family history, and personal history with it.

My maternal grandfather was named Godfrey Telling. The Tellings are of a respectable family, connected with the Letmenoes and the Informings, and, by marriage, with the French Raconteurs. He had but one daughter, who married with Adolphus Story. The Storys were of a good family too—kin to the Rousers, Bouncers, and Tarradiddles. I was named after both my father and grandfather—Telling Adolphus Story. I was usually called Dolly, when a boy; but, from dislike to the abbreviation, I sunk the middle word when I grew older, and wrote my name after the usual way.

My grandfather had the reputation of being quite rich. He had at one time a number of houses and farms, scattered through several counties. They happened to lie on the route taken by the main railway between Philadelphia and New York, and when that went fairly into operation they rose greatly in value. One by one he sold them at highly increased prices. This was during my boyhood. He retained one place—a farm of about fifty acres—in one of the lower counties of New Jersey. On this there was an extensive house, of a rather tumble-down pattern, where my grandfather, who had long been a widower, lived all alone.

My father was a bad manager. He was industrious and somewhat persevering; but every thing he touched seemed to go wrong. He entered on various enterprises, and tried all kinds

of business, to signally fail in every thing. At length the money inherited from his father melted nearly all away, and he became reduced to comparative poverty. Grandfather Telling would give him no assistance. Every body said that the old gentleman, who had sold his real estate at such high prices, must have vast hoards of money; but he would not part with a single dollar. He dug and delved around his fruit trees, of which he had the choicest kinds, lived frugally on the produce of his little farm, and did not seem to trouble himself about the mischances of his son-in-law. But he died, and left all behind, when I was in my sixteenth year.

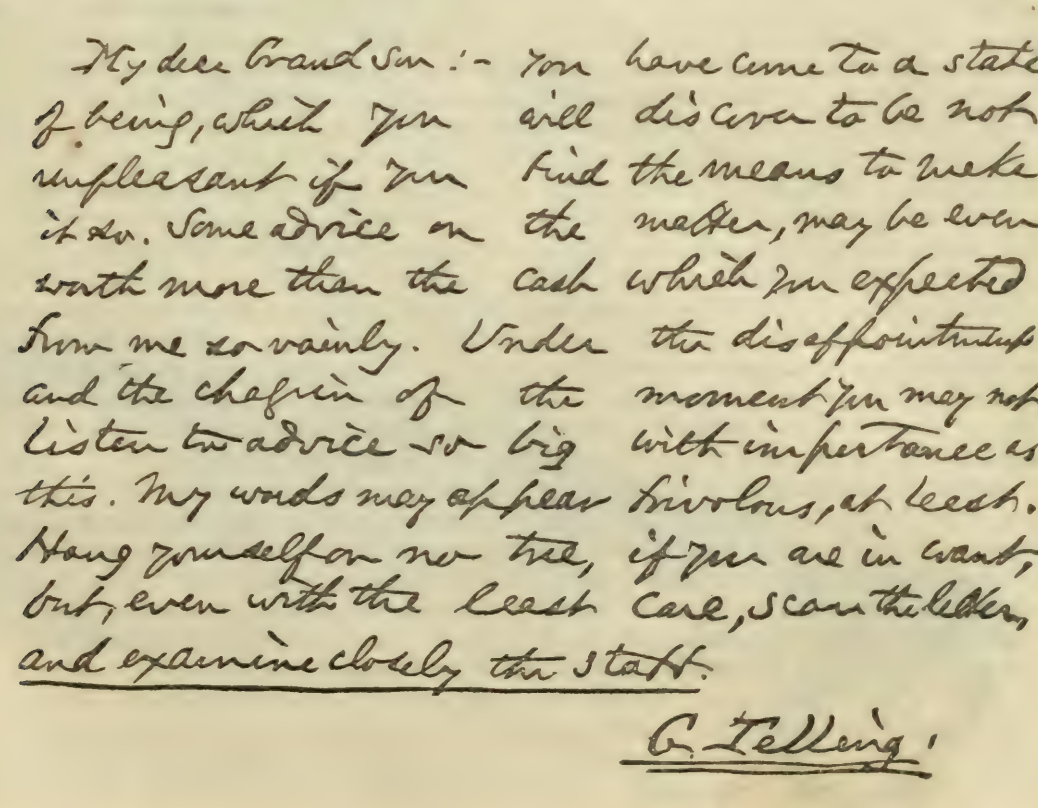
Every body said that now my father would be rich. Every body was mistaken. The will was opened in due course. Attached to it was a letter, which the lawyer, who was executor, handed to my father. The latter, after glancing at the indorsement, put it in his pocket. It was directed "To my Grandson, Telling A. Story, to be given to him on the day he arrives at years of discretion, and not before. He may then find it of service; if not, it will be his own fault." The will was read. The farm where my grandfather had lived so long was bequeathed to me, with all the appurtenances, subject to a life-interest, granted to my father. There were no other legacies, and no mention was made of any money. The house was searched carefully, the wainscots and wash-boards removed, the very floors ripped up, and the cellar dug over; but without success. Every inquiry possible was made in vain. What had become of the money obtained for the houses and farms was a mystery.

To say that my father was annoyed does not describe his disappointment. He took the matter deeply to heart. He talked about it, and brooded over it; he thought of it by day, and dreamed of it at night. It may have had something to do with hastening his death, which happened a little over two years after my grandfather's. He died in no better circumstances than before, and his family were left with small resources.

However, my mother was a woman of great decision and energy; and I was a stout boy of over eighteen years of age. I left college at once, though my mother wished me to remain. I had a will of my own in that matter. I knew that she would need some one to help her manage the little farm, and that she could illy afford the expense of completing my education. So I came home, took lessons in plowing and such like rural accomplishments, and became a farmer.

My father, in spite of his lack of success in other matters, had accumulated a fine library of well-selected books, and I inherited his literary taste. I became an omnivorous reader. When my daily toil was over, and during the winter when outdoor work was impossible, I used to sit and read, without reference to any particular line of study. I devoured every thing in my way, as it came to hand. History, science, art, romance, sermons, travels, plays—all fell before me. By the time I was twenty-one I had exhausted the library, and had done a deal toward completing my unfinished education.

Having now become of age, which was presumed to be the period which my grandfather intended to indicate as arriving at "years of discretion," the letter which my poor father had puzzled so long and vainly over was given to me. I need not say that I read it carefully, hoping to find in it some hidden meaning. Here is an accurate fac-simile of it. The handwriting, though a little crabbed, was perfectly legible after a few minutes' study:



The letter certainly looked silly enough. The underscored phrase suggested to me at first the idea that there was a scroll, telling where the money was to be found hidden in some staff of my grandfather; and I suggested this. My mother removed that idea very quickly.

"There is no staff about," said she. "Old as your grandfather was, he never used a cane, and walked as erect to the day of his last sickness as he ever did."

We puzzled over the matter for a while, and then the letter was carefully put away.

In the mean while the farm prospered. My mother made butter and cheese, and superintended the kitchen; I planted garden crops, melons, sweet-potatoes, and such things; in short, it was a mingled dairy and "truck" farm on a small scale. We prospered so much that I was enabled to add to the library a volume now and then, and in two years after I came of age my mother bought a little tract of ground, ten acres in all, adjoining our own, repaired the old house, and built a new barn. We were getting along finely and comfortably, and these were happy and busy years.

There had nothing occurred worthy of note in my life until my twenty-fifth year. I remember that time well, for a very important event happened—an event, without which, as you shall see presently, this account would probably never have been written.

It was late in June, and from pressure of work the little meadow-field on the south slope of the farm—it is part of the lawn before my mansion now—had not been mowed. The grass was beginning to shed its seed, and myself and two hired men went at the business in a hurry. We had just finished mowing, and were preparing to toss the grass first cut, when I heard the sound of silvery voices and musical laughter, and, on looking to the direction whence it came, saw a gay party, principally females, coming toward us. They looked tired, but their spirits were not jaded, that was evident. There were two gentlemen—one, advanced a little in years, the other a boy—and five young ladies, apparently from sixteen to twenty years of age. Of these my eye noted one in particular.

Certainly she was very pretty. Indeed, all the girls there were notable for good looks, but there was something about her lips, an expression so arch and yet so innocent, that the beauty of the rest gave way before it, and I could see no one but her.

The elder gentleman, who was apparently about fifty, and had the air and appearance of a man of refinement, stepped out to where I was and slightly bowed.

"I believe," he said, pleasantly, "that we are trespassers; but we really can not tell where we are. We started out this morning for a ramble and have lost our way. These young ladies are both fatigued and hungry, and if you would tell us the shortest way to Oaklands we should be very much obliged to you."

"To Oaklands—not Colonel Annis's seat?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It is no wonder that the young ladies are fatigued. You have wandered some distance. By the nearest route you can take it is over ten miles."

A general expression of dismay went over the faces of the party.

"If," suggested the gentleman, "any conveyance could be hired in the neighborhood—"

"Some difficulty there," I replied. "This is a busy season, and the teams around are occupied. If you will walk to the house yonder, and let me have some refreshment prepared, I will arrange it. I have no carriage large enough for all of you, except a heavy farm wagon; but with plenty of fresh hay in the bottom, the ladies will find it endurable. Or, I can improvise some seats of rough boards, if you prefer them."

The gentleman, who gave me his name as Dorland, poured out a profusion of thanks. He declined the hospitality of my house at first, but I laughed down his excuses, and led the way homeward. My mother soon had a substantial lunch prepared, which the younger portion of the party dispatched quite readily. The table was set in my library, and I could see that Mr. Dorland, who was the father of the younger gentleman and of the young lady whose beauty and manner had so strangely attracted me, was surprised at seeing so extensive a collection of books in a farmer's house, and possibly rather astonished at the manners and language of one whom he had seen just previously, scythe in hand, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a dilapidated felt-hat crowning his head. But on entering the house, after the party were seated, I had slipped off, washed, and changed my clothes for something more presentable. When I entered the library to preside over the lunch-table, I presented the company with the view of a sufficiently well-dressed, and—well, I am vain enough to say it—a rather good-looking young gentleman.

In due time the wagon was brought to the door, and after a deal of chattering and giggling among the young ladies, was filled and driven off to Oaklands, where its load was deposited. While the mouths of the horses were being washed, and the tired animals rested, I entered Colonel Annis's house, at the invitation of its owner. The Colonel himself, who only came to his country-seat during three months of the year, and whom I had never met, was quite courteous; but his was a lofty and condescending courtesy which I did not like. It put me on my mettle. I knew the worthy Colonel's history—by-the-by, his military title came from a two-years' service in the militia, on the peace establishment—and I knew that he had not been for many years accustomed to the luxury around him. His patronizing way was insufferable.

I nullified it by ignoring it altogether, and joined in the general conversation with a dash and brilliancy which astonished even myself. The occasion developed colloquial powers which I had not dreamed of possessing, and as there

were several others present gifted with quick perceptions and full command of language, the conversation was racy and sparkling enough to have satisfied the most inveterate talker on earth. Twice during this I glanced around and caught the eye of Grace Dorland fastened upon me. The expression I could not define, whether of interest or not, and the doubt dampened my spirits a little; but the provocation of Colonel Annis's patronizing way would recur, and that brought me right again.

The whole time occupied thus was scarcely an hour, but it was a very eventful one. I unquestionably made an impression on the gentlemen present, whatever I might have done on Miss Dorland. As I rose to take my leave there was a general invitation to repeat my visit. Colonel Annis himself unbent, and said:

"I am glad to find I have so agreeable a neighbor. I trust we shall see more of you, Sir."

I replied with what was after all a haughty humility.

"It would afford me a deal of pleasure, but it is almost impossible. My farm is my support, and if I were to gratify my inclination by visiting genial and congenial people, what would become of my crops? I might as well let the foxes, rigged Samson-fashion, get among my standing crops as the weeds. It is much easier for you all to visit the farm. In a month's time, or thereabout, the marsh-grounds below will afford you abundance of woodcock; the little stream running through my place is filled with trout; and the view from the hill to the right of the house is charming. You have full license from the lord of the pocket-manor to fish, fowl, or gaze at your pleasure."

"We shall avail ourselves of the invitation, be assured," said Mr. Dorland.

As I was about to drive off young George Dorland came up and leaned over the wagon-wheel to talk to me.

"Is there such good trouting there, Mr. Story?" he asked.

"Bring your rod and flies over and see," was my answer.

The next day Master George came, fully equipped for slaughter among the trout; and he whipped the little stream to some effect. The fish were plenty there. Few knew any thing about it; there were not many trout-streams in that section. I had no taste for angling, and so the fish had grown and multiplied.

The report of his success brought his father, and a young English traveler, a Mr. Anson; and in a short while the Philistines were upon the trout in earnest.

I could see meanwhile that I was an object of some curiosity, and a subject of discussion with my visitors; the more especially as I went about my business as usual, gathering in my vegetables, and taking them to market myself, after my customary fashion. Mr. Dorland and I became quite intimate. We discussed all sorts of things when we met, from Encke's comet to landscape-gardening; and he gradually extracted from me the family history, the mysterious disappearance of my grandfather's money included.

He suggested that the missing treasure was probably deposited in some bank.

"I think not," I answered. "My grandfather had a horror of banks. But we have made every inquiry in that quarter as vainly as elsewhere."

The young ladies rode that way frequently, and Grace Dorland took a strong liking to my mother, with whom she grew to be a great pet, and thus I met her often. Grace grew very much interested in farm matters; and, at her own request, was speedily initiated into the mysteries of raising poultry, making pickles and preserves, and other housekeeping knowledge. Her father laughed at this, and said it was a very useful whim, to whose indulgence he did not object. As for me I became deeper in love every day.

And yet it was folly. I soon learned that Mr. Dorland was a man of ample means, and high connections. If I could gain the affection of his daughter, thus strangely thrown in my way, I felt that he would never consent. To marry her against his will, was to introduce one, nurtured in elegance and used to a certain class of associates, into a sphere to which she was unaccustomed. I thought over this a deal, but the fascination of her presence was too powerful. I was well content to let events take their course.

October came, and Colonel Annis, with his guests, departed. Grace came over to bid my mother good-by, and I thought her hand trembled as she gave it to me for a moment on parting. I was very miserable, and when they had left for Philadelphia, of which city Mr. Dorland was a resident, I went to my library, and, like a huge boy, fairly blubbered. For I now began to see, or think I saw, a great gulf between Grace and myself. If I could only find my grandfather's missing money! And day by day I speculated on its whereabouts.

During the autumn, when I went to Philadelphia, which was my market-town, to sell my produce, I always took a valise containing a nice suit of clothing along. Business over, I would dress myself and walk out Walnut Street, past Mr. Dorland's house—I found its location by the directory—in the vain hope of seeing Grace. I was never successful. Nor did I ever meet her in Chestnut Street, nor at any place of public amusement. After every failure I hated myself for my folly, and yet I renewed the attempt again and again.

The winter drew on, and then I learned by chance that Mr. Dorland, with his children, had been for some time in Europe, and that his town residence had been leased to another during his absence. I had been strolling through the streets of Philadelphia to no purpose.

The next summer came. In the mean while, though my reason told me that it was useless, my love for Grace Dorland had grown more absorbing. Absence threw a thousand charms

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around her. There was no likelihood that we should ever meet again. She would probably marry and forget me. Reason, however, never checked the current of love in the breast of a young man of twenty-six. I yielded to the passion that possessed me, and, as I went about my daily duties, built a thousand castles in air, in each of which myself and Grace Dorland were lord and lady.

The summer had not passed—it was about the middle of August—when I went one day to the post-office, two miles off, to get my newspapers. The postmaster handed them to me, and with them a letter having a foreign post-mark.

I was delighted when I opened it. It was from Mr. Dorland, and ran as follows:

"PARIS, *July* 9.

"*Mr. T. A. Story:*

"SIR,—On seeing the signature you may remember me as the one to whom, and to his family, you were so courteous during my visit to Colonel Annis's seat last summer. My agent has bought the Colonel's place for me. I do not like the manner in which it is laid out. From the conversations I have had with you on the subject of landscape-gardening, I have a high confidence in your taste in all such matters. Will you undertake the commission of having the grounds laid out in conformity with the memorandum I inclose? Of course I mean with such modifications as your taste and your visits to the grounds may suggest. As I could not think of taxing your time without compensation, I will say that whatever is the customary fee of an engineer and landscape-gardener for similar services I will gladly pay. Inclosed is an order for a sum that I think will cover the expenses; and my agent at Philadelphia is instructed to put himself in communication with you, and, in case you oblige me by undertaking the business, to advance any farther needful amount. I hope you will confer the favor on me of accepting the commission.

"Your obedient servant, FRANCIS DORLAND."

The commission involved a labor of love. I had long desired to have a place of my own which I could lay out in accordance with my views; and next to that was the pleasure of laying out grounds for some one else, when I had *carte blanche* as to means. So I went to work at once. I had to make some alterations in the plan proposed. Where Mr. Dorland had indicated a lake on the miniature map he sent I found it impracticable to have it, without water could be made to run up hill. The drive to the house I turned into two, each approaching from different points, and each more than double the length of the single one proposed. The whole grounds embraced a little over three hundred acres, about one-third heavily wooded, and fifteen acres of this was covered by my lake. I drove every thing so rapidly, with a large force of men, that the artificial additions and subtractions were completed by the 1st of November, when I left it for nature to do the rest. By the 10th of November I dispatched to Florence, where Mr. Dorland intended to pass the winter, a map of the estate, as newly fashioned, and pencil sketches of various views on the grounds. In due time I received an answer expressing gratification at the manner in which I had fulfilled the trust, and an order on the agent for the exact amount of compensation which had been agreed on between me and the latter. With the amount—five hundred dollars—added to the farm-profits for the previous year, I bought a little patch of eight and a half acres, which lay between my farm and the main public road.

The fact of going about a handsome place and seeing its natural beauties developed by judicious art under my own direction, and the fact that on either side of me lay neglected farms, severally of a hundred and nine and two hundred acres, which would make up a handsome estate if added to my own, engendered covetous feelings, and made me think frequently of my grandfather's missing money. "Where could he have hidden it?" occurred to me continually. But that was a problem without a probable solution.

In the mean while every thing prospered with me more and more. My own energy and industry, and my mother's prudent management brought in golden returns. A young orchard, which I had planted on coming to my majority, was now in full bearing; it was a fine season for fruit, and the New York commission merchant, to whom I had consigned my Greenings and Bellflowers, handed me a handsome check when our business was concluded. I was considered by my neighbors to be in "warm" circumstances, and was even talked of for the high dignity of one of the Chosen Freeholders of the county. The preliminary step to this great position, a membership of the Township Committee, had been already attained. It might have been my possible destiny to have become High Sheriff of the County; but though I had decided views in political matters, I left rural honors to more ambitious friends. I may as well, therefore, at this stage of my story say that, although I did become Chosen Freeholder, my preferment has never gone farther.

During the ensuing May Mr. Dorland, with his son and daughter, came home. He soon after made a visit to his country residence; expressed himself delighted with the alterations, and the promise which the place gave of greater beauty in the future; set about furnishing and altering the mansion; and then returned to town. I was struck with the alteration in his appearance. There were deep furrows in his face, and his hair was of a deeper gray. I found out afterward that it was on account of his son George, whose health was threatened seriously.

A few days after the family had come to reside for the summer Grace Dorland rode over to see my mother.

Certainly foreign travel had improved her manner in the estimation of her friends. She had been presented at court, had moved in the first circles abroad, where her beauty made her a favorite; but I saw no difference. She seemed the same frank, single-hearted being she had been before she had gone abroad. At first, indeed, there was a little embarrassment on her part for which it was not easy to account, but this passed off.

I now saw a great deal of Grace. Mr. Dorland was very fond of me, and continually pressed me to visit him at leisure hours, consulting me on various alterations and improvements which he engaged in—some, by-the-by, no improvement at all. George Dorland, whose health at this time began to fail visibly, took a strange fancy to me, and haunted me like a shadow. I felt that prudence required I should absent myself from Grace's presence as much as possible; but what young man of that age was ever prudent in a matter of the kind?

Mr. Dorland had a great many visitors during the summer, and among the rest a Mr. Anson, the young English gentleman whom I have mentioned previously as a guest of Colonel Annis. He was a man somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty, handsome, well-bred, and in the possession of ample means. He was the avowed suitor of Miss Dorland, and her father evidently favored his claims. His family was good, for he was the heir-apparent to an old English baronetcy, and the heir-possible—if I may so phrase it, for there were three lives between it and him—to a viscount's coronet. To be sure it was only a Scotch peerage; but a live lord is something, and the match would be a very brilliant one for Miss Grace. A very manly fellow was Frederick Anson—perfectly at ease in general society, but timid before Grace, exceedingly. There was nothing, one would think, to embarrass him there; she was rather cordial than otherwise to him—indeed to every one except me. Her manner to me grew more distant every day, as though she suspected my attachment, and had determined to let me know that I had no hope.

I was a poor farmer that year. To be sure I went about my business with method and regularity; but there were divers little pieces of neglect by which my crops suffered. I grew moody too, and irritable; so much so that my mother noticed it and spoke to me on the subject. I parried the inquiries by saying something about my liver being out of order—a most disingenuous answer. If there were any physical disorder, the heart was in trouble, and not the highly important, but less notable viscus on which I threw the blame.

One day Frederick Anson dawdled over to my farm to whip my trout-stream. That was the pretext, but there was more behind. After a few casts—without flies, I verily believe—he threw down his tackle and walked to where I was superintending the repair of a fence. He intimated a desire to speak with me, and I walked aside with him. After a deal of preliminary observation, on various queer topics, he burst out at last with—

"You are a great favorite with Miss Dorland?"

Had he fired a mine at my feet, though I might have been more hurt, I would not have been more astonished. I did not know what reply to make.

"She is a little reserved to you, I know," he continued; "but she thinks a deal of you. I heard her say so to a lady yesterday. She says your opinions are good, you know, on every thing."

"Well," said I, seeing that he paused, and being still uncertain what response to make.

"The fact is that I am confoundedly deep in love with her, you know, and somehow I don't seem to get along. If you would speak a word, you know, you might help a fellow."

This was still more startling. *I* woo Grace Dorland for another!

I merely said that I would think about it, and answer him to-morrow. He went away, and I let my men fix the fence to suit their own fancy. I was done with work for that day.

That night I slept none. I tossed about uneasily till dawn, when I arose. The fresh morning breeze cooled my fevered head somewhat, and I reasoned the matter clearly.

I felt that I had no hope to win the love of Grace Dorland, nor her father's consent to marry her, if I had hope. Here was a young man—certainly, I hated him thoroughly—but a young man of gentle blood, of unimpeachable habits, handsome, agreeable, and rich. He could confer on her every luxury—he could surround her with that society for which she was best fitted. If my love were really pure, why not urge her to accept what my judgment told me she should? I gradually reasoned myself into this view of the case, and when Anson called, told him that I would plead his suit at once. I dared not, in fact, trust myself for another day.

I rode over to Mr. Dorland's. The coast was clear. The father had gone out to take a ride on horseback—a morning practice—his son was with him; but the young lady was at home.

When I entered the presence of Grace Dorland my embarrassment may be conceived. At length I opened my mission, awkwardly enough; but had scarcely got well into the subject, when Grace rose to her feet indignantly, and I followed her example.

"Sir," she said—but emotions choked her utterance, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears.

I spoke on, however, determining to fulfill my task, and her reply was a continuous sobbing, like that of a chidden child. In the excitement of the moment I seized her hand. Recollecting myself, I was about to withdraw my own hand from hers, but her fingers retained mine, with a nervous, convulsive clutch.

"Miss Dorland," I said, "I have urged these views because I love you too well to not place the matter before you in a true light. Had I the wealth, the position, and the advantages of Frederick Anson, I would not be pleading for him, but for myself. For I love you—have long loved you—oh, so passionately!—but I am not so selfish—"

"You love me," she murmured.

"Don't be offended," I replied; "I could not help it, nor help avowing it—but forget all about that. Mr. Anson is a gentleman—"

I felt that she was about to fall, and clasped her quickly about the waist to lead her to a chair. She looked up at me—she said nothing—the glance was withdrawn—a deep blush fell over her face and neck—and I felt then that I was beloved with a love that had coexistence with my own. Her lips met mine—he who has loved and been beloved will conceive my feelings—he who has not can form no idea of the happiness of that moment.

"By—"

The sentence was never finished, but the speaker looked profanity. It was Mr. Dorland who had entered and surprised us both in this interesting position. Grace slid from the room.

"Well, Sir," said he, after a short pause, "can you tell me how long this comedy has been going on?"

"I can tell you all, Sir, very briefly," I answered. What did I care for his wealth then? Grace loved me.

"Suppose you let me hear," he said.

I told him the simple facts, and I could see that he believed me.

"Since this is so," said he, "why not carry out your first intention?"

"I didn't know then that she loved me—I did not know how much I loved her," I replied, piteously.

"Remain, if you please," he said, and left the room.

I was under some little alarm. What was his purpose?

I heard him talking in a tone of expostulation to his daughter in an adjoining apartment, and I heard her voice reply. I could not distinguish the words. The conference was a long one, but it ended in the return of Mr. Dorland, Grace following. I did not dare to look up.

"Mr. Story," said he, "the position and merit of my daughter might lead her to aspire to a better match than this."

I was about to speak, but he went on.

"Don't interrupt me. I know enough of your character, and the impulses of a young man of good principle and unaccustomed to society, to divine what you are about to say. But I made up my mind years since, that in a matter of this kind I would not cross my daughter's inclinations."

I looked at Grace. She was radiant. My heart beat audibly, and I could scarcely breathe. Mr. Dorland went on.

"If you marry when and how I wish, she is yours. She has chosen, and she must abide the consequences. No heiress, if you please. I understand all that. It is proper that I should tell you one thing. My fortune is intended for my son. I will give Grace a marriage-portion—don't interrupt me—money to the value of your property and no more. You shall never receive a cent from me besides—unless—" and he curled his lip sarcastically—"unless that missing money of your grandfather should happen to turn up, when I pledge you my word to match it dollar for dollar."

I was about to pour forth my thanks when he interrupted me.

"After this prostration of my hopes," said he, "I am desirous to be rid of this ungrateful girl as soon as possible. I told you of conditions under which I would give my consent. They are these. I will send at once for our clergyman—you shall be married immediately—and leave my house, never to set foot in it again."

He would not listen to his daughter's entreaty, but was as good as his word. In two hours' time we had been married, and were on our way to my house. Grace sobbed a deal, but she soon took comfort, and by the time we arrived at home she smiled and blushed with happiness.

And now I shall hurry over a space of more than six years. Grace made me a good, contented, and happy wife. Every year added to my worldly prosperity; and every two and a half years or thereabouts something both costly and valuable was added to my family. Mr. Dorland held out for three years, during which there was no intercourse between us. At that time George Dorland, who had sunk into hopeless decline for some time, died. The lonely father then sought reconciliation with us, to my wife's delight. Our eldest boy, little Francis, soon took his dead uncle's place in Mr. Dorland's heart. The young hopeful came very near being spoiled by his grandfather, and was quite as much at Dorland Park or in Philadelphia as at the farm. There he ruled Mr. Dorland most rigorously, but the old gentleman evidently liked it.

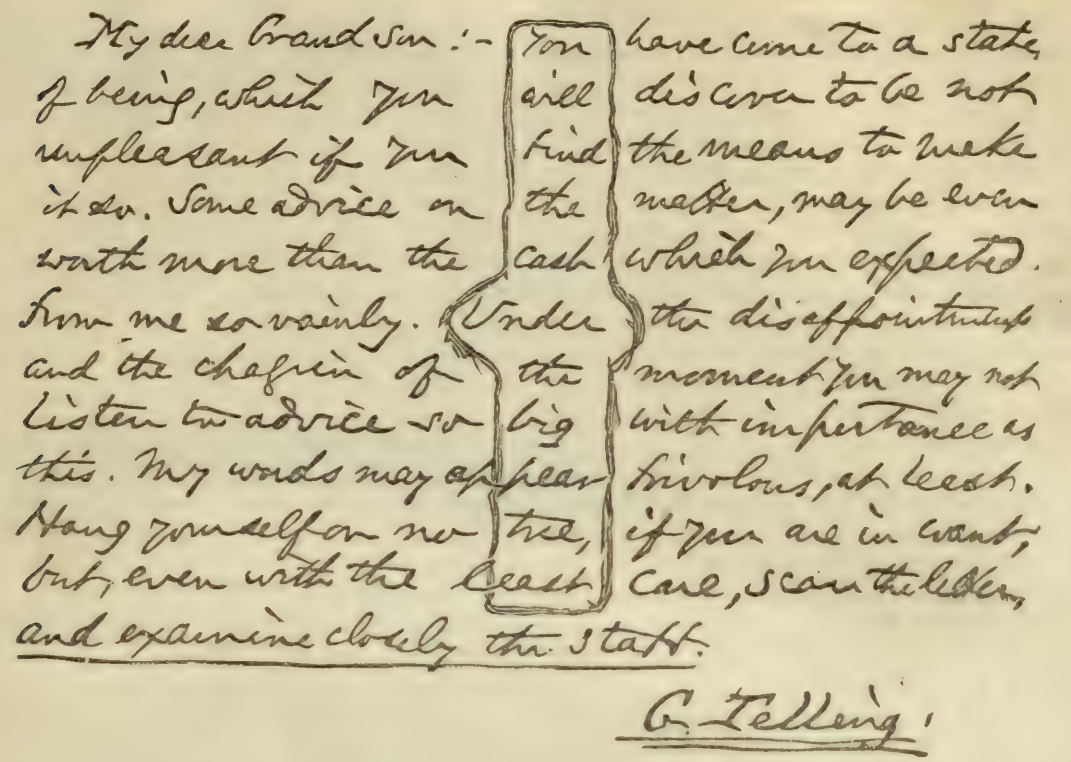
One day, however, I had been out, assisting to gather my wheat-sheaves into the barn, and on my return went into the library to get a key which lay in a private drawer. Here, though it was prohibited ground, I found Master Francis engaged in mischief. He had gone to my secretary, which happened to be open, taken out a bundle of letters, and scribbled over their backs. By way of varying his amusement, he had served one letter, and that was grandfather Telling's, in a different fashion. He had taken a penful of ink and traced out the water-mark, which was a swelled baton, or staff—a punning allusion by the maker to his own name, Baton—and the ink marks were on the written side of the sheet. I gave the little fellow a sound spanking, and his outcries brought his grandfather and his mother to the rescue. I explained the cause of the punishment, and showed the inked letter.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Dorland, taking Frank in his arms; "there is no great harm done after all. There, hush crying, dear, and go to my room, and I'll show you something funny. That silly letter is only—"

He stopped, picked up the letter, regarded it with a stare of astonishment, and then examined it with great minuteness.

"See that!" said he, triumphantly. "You owe little Frank a ton of sugar-candy at least."

It was now my turn to look astonished, and to regard the letter intently. With the ink marks which Master Francis had made, it presented this appearance:



"Read downward," said Mr. Dorland, "and you will see the words: 'You will find the cash under the big pear-tree, east.'"

That had been my grandfather's favorite spot to sit and smoke during the summer days.

Of course we lost no time in digging at the place indicated, and there the missing money was found. It was all in gold, amounting to over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars—a huge sum, but less than people supposed the old gentleman possessed. It must have been buried at various times, as it was in several tin boxes, some of which were so rusted that they broke as we raised them, and others again were entire and in good condition. And thus the Telling Treasure was recovered.

Properly the money was my mother's, and not mine; but the old lady waived her rights. Of course I bought the coveted farms on either side of me.

Mr. Dorland was reminded jocularly of his promise to match dollar for dollar whenever the treasure was found; but he declared that he was unable to fulfill his pledge on a notice so short. We had a merry time that evening.

I may mention, what I forgot to do, that Frederick Anson was very much startled at the marriage of Grace and myself, and left the country in disgust. He is now a baronet, and there is but one life between him and the Scotch peerage. I don't envy him, however, though he is Sir Frederick Anson now, and Viscount Craigies in prospect, while I am just Telling A. Story.

LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS.

BECAUSE the war is in the land, and slaughter
Cuts down our braves, shall we in tears be drown'd;
And vainly strive to wash, with Sorrow's water,
The blood-red ground?

Is our grief singular? Was there none before us?
No cruel war to rend a nation's heart?
Were there not rebels once in the blue sky o'er us,
Yea, heaven's third part?

Were these grand martyrs in past ages tearful?
Stood they not boldly up to meet their fate?
And shall *we* not be patient now and cheerful—
Watch, pray, and wait?

Nay, Freedom's path was never strewn with flowers;
She looked of old full oft through dungeon bars;
Cold fetters chafed, through dim, dark, painful hours,
Her thousand scars.

And now that she a larger life is seeking,
Should not our sorrow lose itself in praise,
When we to generations may be speaking,
In these sad days?

So brief our span—our sighs should be as brief:
So many woes—weep not for one forever:
Fall, if we must, bright as the maple's leaf,
In Fate's black river.

AN EXPERIMENT.

OUR little girl was growing up in a way that surprised her mother and myself.

She was the only child we had, and of course it was a great thought with us what we could do for her that would prove best and wisest—the right thing altogether.

Considering what our one girl has been to us, I am filled with amazement when I read of the patriarchs and their tents full of children. Letting young ones take their chances seems such a dangerous way of doing the business, though I know it is quite possible, on the other hand, to train a child out of all common sense, common usefulness, and earthly and heavenly beauty. Indeed I've seen it done. Where there's a houseful of children it isn't likely any one of them will grow up with the notion that the world was made particularly for him, or with that everlasting craving for some new thing which, when he comes to be a man, you may safely bet on it, will amount to a spirit of depredation and ravage and covetousness that will stop nothing short of Bathsheba with David, or the Temple with Herod, Piracy with John Bull, or a profane clutch at the Monroe Doctrine on the part of Louis Napoleon.

For my part I should have been perfectly content if Pauline had been supplied with only so much learning as her mother could give her. But she had been sent to the public school in Salem—her mother insisted upon it—and now there was another plan working in Phœbe's mind: that I could see well enough long before she was ready to share it with me; for the woman was clear as crystal.

One evening as we sat in the piazza after tea she said, "Justus, we must do our duty by Pauline."

"Yes, truly, I hope so." That was the answer I made to Phœbe.

"But we're not doing it, Justus," said she, after a little pause.

"How is that?" I asked; and I confess I wondered that she should bring a charge like that against herself and me.

"Is it possible you don't know what an idle, restless, worthless set of girls is coming on here in Salem?"

"What kind of girls, Phœbe?" said I, opening my eyes wide as if I were filled with amazement at her speech. Indeed I was surprised; and for her sake, as well as my own, I wanted she should express her opinion a little more clearly—differently I mean. Phœbe didn't like my question, for she answered, quickly,

"Is it possible, Justus, you haven't noticed what perfect vagabonds these girls are getting to be! I wish our minister would preach on some of the proverbs of Solomon till they should see there was some application to be made of them. It's enough to frighten one—at least it frightens me, to see the way they swarm about this house. And, therefore, always a good reason why Pauline should go up and down, hither and yon, with them. I feel sometimes as if they would hate me, and I almost hate myself for it, standing guard in the way I do. But how can I help myself? Who will stand guard if I don't? It isn't *your* business, unless you see that I'm incapable. If she were away from home a while all this would be broken up."

I feel as if I ought to say here that my wife wasn't in the habit of expressing herself in this manner. I had never seen her so roused and so disturbed as she was now.

I was going to say "And we, too," when she spoke of this necessary breaking up—when it occurred to me that it had probably cost my wife the greatest effort to make this proposition. So I said,

"Well, Phœbe, what is the rest of it? For of course you haven't thought as far as this without thinking further. What do you mean we shall do about Pauline? Are you sure it would be the wisest thing to put her beyond temptation, supposing we *could* do it?"

"Yes! out of such temptations as she has. I don't believe it's likely that Pauline would ever get to thinking as these other girls do, that home is the last place in the world agreeable to stay in. But every one of those girls ought to be at home three-fourths of the time you see them patrolling the streets. There's actually work to be done by somebody whose back and feet are aching—whose tired faces ought to make them blush. But if you want to make the saucy, worthless jades hate you, just hint to them there's some need of them off the sidewalk. Pauline is contented, I think. She's an obedient child, she knows her duty, and she does it; but she can not learn much more at this school in Salem, and she's learned quite enough of such companions as she has. I declare, Justus, I'm terrified when I ask myself what's going to become of these young people."

"Send Pauline to Lucy for a bit," said I; I felt like a coward saying it. I could never have made such a proposition except in extremity; and the expedient I had never thought of before dropped from me as if it were the result of deliberate meditation.

My wife surveyed me with the profoundest satisfaction.

"I've been thinking of it for days," said she. "There's nothing else to be done."

"Lucy has been urging us to visit her this long time—why not go—say to-morrow? Any day you are ready I am."

"There it is again!" said my wife in a tone of such unmistakable displeasure as brought me to my feet. I don't know that I was ever more startled by any word of hers. My mild acquiescence in, and attempt to further her wishes, had met with a response which would have moved me to indignation if it had not surprised me so much.

But as my eyes followed hers to the street-corner, on which her eyes were set, what did I see? An explanation at least of her wrath. There was our Pauline, walking along the pave-

ment with a young gentleman, conversing apparently in the most decorous manner; but the sight terrified me as it presented itself on my wife's "platform"—I own it. I saw it with her eyes. What might at another time have attracted my attention as a very pleasing picture now made me shudder.

They did not separate at the gate but both passed through, and so along the path to the steps of the piazza. How handsome they did look! I couldn't help saying to my wife as they came near, for I began to be ashamed of my late fit of suspicion.

"Why, Phœbe South, it's only Frank Jeffers."

"That makes no difference," said she. "It's somebody or another all the time. There's a sight too much of it."

The boy had come to inform me of a vestry-meeting to be held that evening on some special business, and having performed his errand, he retired in as gentlemanly and grave a manner as his father would have done. I own I felt like a culprit when I turned from Pauline to my wife, but it was easy to see that though Phœbe's face had lost its vexed and anxious look, her heart had not lost its fear.

It was curious the way my wife's fear troubled me all through that vestry-meeting, and on my way home, and in the night that followed.

To be worried about our daughter, to be troubled about Pauline—that was something so unusual, it seemed to unmake me out of my present self, and fashion me over into the man I used to be—for that one night, a man of care and trouble, and a man of fear.

Of course it was a foolish confidence I had fallen into, but since Pauline had gone safely through with measles, and hooping-cough, scarlet-fever, and other childish troubles, which touched her as lightly as if they were ashamed to do it, I had actually ceased to fear any thing in her behalf.

And this confidence in her, and for her, was grown to be so strong that I might torment myself about her for a night perhaps, but it was all over by daylight.

Still, now that the business of preparing her for Bridgeport was in hand, I did aid and abet my wife to the extent of my ability, by counsel and encouragement; then I went back to my business in the shop, as if nothing had happened.

It was the next day that I sat making calculations, and dissecting the works of a chronometer, the spring and wheels all lying spread out on the slab before me, when a carriage stopped in front of the shop and a young man got out, dismissed the hack, and ran across the pavement to my door. He had, however, taken a good look at the sign first, and paid the hack-hire; so he was coming to see me. And was a stranger in the place very likely. I had hold of these two points when he came in and closed the door.

He looked to me, as he came in, like the veriest boy that was ever dressed in man's clothes. The slenderest mite of a man I ever saw. Not half grown, bodily—though his mind, a glance told that, had obviously outstripped his body—for he had the unmistakable look of a lad who is doing business with the world in his own behalf.

Nobody, I thought, as I looked at him in a dumb, breathless sort of way, nobody need tell me that your name is Racy. If it isn't, where did you get that brow and chin? The nose too, on a second glance, seemed unmistakable.

If he had known how I sat there shaking and quaking, waiting for him to speak, he wouldn't have come to me in such a shy way, that yet didn't lack of manliness, and say:

"I heard you had patented a machine for making calculations. Have you one on exhibition?" At the same time he handed me his credentials, a card with "Edward Hale, *U. S. Observatory*," engraved upon it.

I don't know that I was ever more disappointed; but he had nothing to do with that. He had asked me to wait upon him, and I was proud, I will own, of my new calculator. So I got up at once and brought the box containing one of the machines to the young gentleman.

He sat down in the shop when I invited him to a seat, and for the next hour I don't believe either of us knew how the rain was dashing against the panes. I was so busy explaining, and he listening.

He had heard all about the calculator, but didn't seem to know much about some other things I had patented. But I saw that he would take an interest in them, and I liked to talk with him; in fact, I was afraid every moment that something would happen to break up the interview; it seemed to me as if, for the first time in years, I had hold of a thread that connected me with a time of which I had reason to believe there was no one now on earth who knew so much as I.

I found him an interested listener to all I had to say about my patents. From the beginning to the end of an invention there wasn't a part, or a point, but he wanted to understand. Why shouldn't I tell him about Racy? not all that long, dark story indeed; but about Racy, my master, whose studies and suggestions first led me into the paths of invention.

What I had to say about him also interested the young man, as I knew it would. I was more sure of him than I am of my reader, because he was himself a mechanic. He was curious to know all about my way of working, the when and the why. He entered into the soul of every difficulty I mentioned, and he triumphed in every triumph I had ever had.

"What became of your speculator?" said he, by-and-by.

"My old master!" I replied. "I would give any thing to know. He went away from here years ago under such circumstances as makes me think that he can hardly be alive now. Though you know it isn't in nature to give up a hope so long as it can be held to. Still, I think if he had prospered in the way he would wish to pros-

per, he would have come back long before this. He was so proud."

"Well, I can understand that."

"I would be sorry," said I, "if I thought you could; for then you would be capable of letting every thing run to ruin on account of your pride."

"Haven't you ever had a word from him?"

"Not one word."

"Then he must be dead, surely. If you were his friend once, he would feel sure you were for always."

"Thank you. That is the truth, whether he knew it or not," said I. "I expect him yet, though—it would be worth his while to come." To cover up the boasting these words might seem to have I asked young Hale about himself some things.

He told me he was working this season along the coast, and that he made the Observatory, as he called the light-house, his head-quarters at present.

He invited me down there to visit him, and "rough it," if I had the mind. He would take me out in his boat, he said, and I might judge for myself then whether my calculating machine were worth any thing or not.

"But how," said I, wishing to bring myself nearer to him, and himself nearer to facts, "how did they happen to make an engineer of you?"

"I don't know," he said, "unless because I took so kindly to it. We were down on the beach one summer for bathing, and there was an engineer who undertook to teach me. Neither of us thought that he would die and I should slip into his place, but that happened."

"Are you a stranger in Salem?" I asked.

"Oh, I've been in Salem times enough," said he, "on errands and so forth. We use a good many tools, you know. But I haven't any acquaintance here. It isn't long since I heard that this was South's place."

I told him there were a good many things more worth looking at in Salem than poor South. He said he'd take my word for it, but he didn't care much about the shows villagers usually took pride in; when he came to my shop I might know that he had come to see me. He could afford to go farther than to Salem, he hoped, to see a man who was inspired with ideas. "For it *is* inspiration surely," he said; "it is always by inspiration that a man takes a step toward perfection of any kind. My brother wouldn't be afraid to preach such a doctrine as that. It's more orthodox than most of the things you hear."

"Then you have a brother?" said I, more taken by that fact than by his speculations.

"Oh yes. He is a deacon. He might be ordained if he were only old enough."

"A couple of marvelous boys your mother has," said I.

He smiled, and laid his hand on my shoulder as Pauline might have done. The touch was as gentle, and it thrilled me more, I was going to say, than even her touch could do; for I couldn't help feeling 'twas like the touch of a dead man who had come to life, and who loved me. He looked so like Walter Racy at that moment.

"Mark, you may well say, is wonderful," said he. "You can't sleep while he's preaching. But I'll own to you I *don't* like him to be a preacher. However, he's pleased."

He might have gone on talking, but just then we both heard steps on the pavement, voices before the door, then a hand on the knob. I had but a moment, and I said, "Which is the older of you two? The minister, of course."

"Oh, we are one," said he, laughing and blushing. "We are twins, Mark and I."

Good God! I thought. But then, the other one's name was Mark—I couldn't understand that. Perhaps she had changed his name. For of the twins one was named after his father—if I remembered any thing, or was any thing, or if there was any past and any Walter Racy; indeed any world at all.

"Don't go yet," I said; for through all this chaos into which I seemed to have fallen I saw that the lad was buttoning up his coat.

"I must this very minute—it will be dark enough pretty soon. I've left my card there for you, Sir, if you can come down—the sooner the better. Good-by, Sir."

He took my hand, passed the picket, and went off in the greatest hurry, leaving me at liberty to attend to my customers.

I tried to quiet myself that night with thinking that when I had more leisure I would run down to the sea-side and visit young Hale; and, as he said, witness there with my own eyes the practical working of the calculator.

At last my wife had Pauline ready for Bridgeport, and to Bridgeport we went.

It was our first journey of any importance made as a family. For the importance of a journey does not depend upon its length. We had not hundreds of miles to go, but we had hundreds of thoughts, and hopes, and fears in making our distance.

When I beheld the numbers of young people who assembled at the dépôt to see Pauline off that morning, I saw besides, and in a clearer light than ever, the wisdom, the good sense, the far-sightedness of Mrs. South. But I was not sorry to know how much real affection our daughter had been able to inspire in the hearts of her young companions.

When we got down to Lucy's we found that we were not to carry out our plan entirely according to our programme.

Lucy's son, and only child, had gone on board a merchantman which had just sailed for Japan; she and Josiah, in consequence, were breaking up housekeeping.

They had already leased their house, and engaged board for the winter at a hotel in the place. All these things Lucy had sat down to write us when we suddenly walked in upon her. We were surprised all round, and a little disconcerted too, all round.

When we explained our business in Bridgeport, Lucy, dear soul, would have revoked all her orders and recalled her plans, had it been possible to serve us. But out of an hour's regret and perplexity at last came this suggestion:

"You must leave Pauline with me, at any rate; in this town, if not under this roof; under my eyes at least, wherever she is stowed. There is the school to which you would have sent her if I had still been housekeeping. She will live in the seminary instead of with me; and, Phœbe, if I had a daughter, I would sooner trust her with Miss Shipley than myself."

This was very encouraging. But I hadn't any opinion of boarding-schools. Neither had my wife. I couldn't help saying to Lucy,

"I know a thing or two about what you call 'seminaries.' If you had made such a proposition to me while I was at home I would have said I'd rather Pauline shouldn't have an education than cheat myself with thinking she was going to get it in such a place. I would just about as soon send her to a camp-meeting out in Michigan with the expectation that she'd get religion there. I don't know any thing about *your* school here in Bridgeport and Miss Shipley, but isn't it enough to make one tremble to think of putting your daughter into close communion with girls that have come from the Lord knows where, and have been brought up the devil knows how?"

But I had put the business in too fierce a light. I had both the women against me. Phœbe trusted Lucy's judgment, and presently decided:

"Mr. South and I will go to see Miss Shipley; but we will go alone, for he never will be convinced that there isn't sham and false show somewhere unless he takes the establishment by surprise."

I quite agreed to that. And so it was. Lucy and Pauline attended us as far as the gate of the school-grounds, and Phœbe and I went in alone.

The house stood quite back in a yard that was full of trees—fine large forest trees and ornamental shrubs. It was a beautifully-shaded spot, and, as far as the grove was concerned, I need not fear to leave Pauline to its inspiring influences. She loved the trees. She could paint them as I notice all good painters do—such limbs and branches as the winds and birds can get through. She painted a hemlock forest for her father once— Well, I wish you could see it! Come visit me and you shall. But about this seminary. Phœbe and I went up the walk without either of us speaking a word. We had made up our minds to various things that would content us in the school, and resolved that without certain requisites we wouldn't consent for a moment, and nothing should persuade us to leave Pauline.

Of course our feeling wasn't peculiar to us. I dare say every father and mother feels just so. Your child grows up before your eyes. She is your own to love, and TO ACCOUNT FOR! You have such fears and such torments, such joys and such hopes, all growing up out of that body and spirit, the like, I suppose, nobody but a father or a mother has the least notion of.

You—supposing you have lived a tolerably active, exposed life in the world—have grown into the habit of looking at things more coolly than you used. Your experience has shown you that every woman is not an angel, nor every man fit to take place instantly among the seraphim. There are temptations and errors that have stumbled you, before which it is not impossible your young one may fall. That young life is somehow getting beyond your reach, if not beyond your control. There *is* one cord by which you may hold her, and that is your love. But that must from her cradle have been made worth more to her than any other earthly thing. You must have always made your office symbolize to her mind God's attitude toward all created beings, or there's danger you will be turned out of it. When it comes to leaving her with strangers, in the desire to free her from one set of influences exposing her to another set, oh, if the girl could only understand what the father and mother are thinking of and praying for, how safe she would be!

I was wondering as we walked up toward the house whether Pauline could possibly understand or *suspect* what was in our minds. Those thoughts her mother and I could no more have uttered aloud to each other than we could help exposing them to God.

I turned to Phœbe as we went up the steps of the fine large brick building. Her face looked calm as ever. Nobody was going to take the child from her except of her own consent. That was as clearly to be seen as any thing. I acknowledge, after I had that look of my wife's face I took fresh courage.

"What is the name?" asked Phœbe, as we went up the steps.

"Shipley," said I.

Those were the only words exchanged by us.

We were shown through the hall of this house into the drawing-room. It was an elegant place enough; not splendid, though; not such a place as any plain man would feel uncomfortable about setting his foot in, thinking of his own modest house. But it was handsome—the right kind of place for ladies to make their home in.

"This looks very well to me," said Phœbe, when we were left alone there, having asked for Miss Shipley.

It was clear that the first appearance had encouraged her. It didn't have at all the look of a spot that had been furnished at a day's notice by a single order, as one might furnish a hotel drawing-room, or a steamboat saloon, or any other public place for visitors. There seemed to be some heart in it. There were things in that room which never would have got there if the Principal had been thinking of business altogether.

Presently our observations were interrupted

by the sound of footsteps, and Miss Shipley was in the room.

It must either have been the best woman in the world, or the woman of most tact, that could have got around my wife as suddenly as Miss Shipley did. I saw that Pauline's fate was determined when I looked at her. For, of course, Phœbe's decision was mine.

She had the first right to speak about our daughter. I always conceded this. Not merely because she was the mother of the child, but because she was such a mother. I don't say I would follow the advice of all the women I see in such a matter; but it has been an everlasting comfort to me that Phœbe always had her way about Pauline.

When Miss Shipley asked us if we would like to see the house she expressed a regret that Mrs. Hale was not at home. We would be better pleased and satisfied, she thought, if Mrs. Hale were present to speak to us.

"Who is Mrs. Hale?" I asked, outright, blunt enough I suppose, for the name amazed me.

Miss Shipley looked a little surprised, and said, gravely, but she smiled, too, before she finished speaking,

"I hope you have not mistaken my position. Mrs. Hale is the principal of the school. She is absent just now. At the sea-side with her son."

"You must excuse us," said my wife. "We are strangers in town, and my sister mentioned only your name."

While they were settling the matter so quietly between themselves, I was fuming over this question.

"But who is Mrs. Hale? She's Mrs. Hale, of course. But *who* is Mrs. Hale?" At last I had to ask,

"Has the lady you mentioned, I mean Mrs. Hale, had the school on her hands long?"

"Oh yes. She established it, Sir. Several years ago. I don't know how many. Before I came here. I have only been here three years."

"Do you know her son's name?" I asked. Phœbe blushed. She was ashamed of me. But there were things I had never told my wife, and so I was obliged to let her blush for me.

"One of her sons is named Edward. The other Mark," Miss Shipley answered, very politely.

Here was a coincidence! My wife might set herself at ease. No danger I should ask any more questions, at least there and then."

When we went back to Lucy I asked her how she came to give Miss Shipley all the glory of the Institution. She looked at me a minute as if she didn't understand, then she blushed and laughed outright. "Well, if I ever! To be sure it's Mrs. Hale's, but Miss Shipley is head teacher, and the main-spring up there. No, not that exactly, either, for Mrs. Hale is a splendid manager, but she don't teach much. And every body knows Miss Shipley, and she's liked so well."

"I wish we could have seen her too."

"Who, Mrs. Hale? She's a magnificent woman. Every body says so. I don't know her myself."

"Well, I'll own," said I, "if I had suspected what was going to happen here, I would never have brought my little girl to Bridgeport. She isn't going to lead the same kind of life that Jonathan Knight's daughters and Sam Strong's daughters will; and you tell me, Lucy, that's the kind of young lady Mrs. Hale has in her school. Not but that I think our Pauline equal to any one of them."

"I should think so," said my wife.

"But she mustn't get her head turned with their notions. Still, I like the look of the place." I said this rather quickly, for there was an expression in my wife's face made me fear what the result of her thinking on this new hint would be. And I was determined that Pauline should spend at least one quarter at Mrs. Hale's.

Who was this Mrs. Hale? There was the question again for torment. She *might* be Racy's wife. But if so, why Hale? Was Racy dead? and had she married again? Any way what business was this of mine? I can tell it in few words. Strange to think into how little space the events it took years to carry out can be crowded! When I look at the volumes of United States History in my library, and see how the centuries of old Rome have been pressed into a few chapters, I foresee how it will be with the records of this nation by-and-by, when all the world's history shall be written as it were upon a leaf. A thousand years are as one day with the Ancient of Days!

One morning Mr. Racy, my employer—I like to say my master—came down to the shop a good deal excited, and made sad work of every thing he attempted to do. He was in a mood that made me tremble whenever I saw it had possession of him. He was sure, while in such a state, to ruin whatever he took hold of, and he did ruin the watch he was trying to clean. I tried to get him away from it till he told me pretty sharply he believed he knew what my place was, if I had forgotten it, and advised me just to keep it. So he had his way. After he had got through with the watch he took down his port-folio and went at his drawing, and while he worked at that his hand became as steady, and his strokes as firm as ever you could wish. It was amazing.

What had happened to my master? In his good moods he was more like a child than a man for gayety and gladness, and took to work as if it were play. Thinking of what he was when I first knew him, how cheerful he was, how capable, makes me say a thousand curses on the men who put in his way the cure of pain and headache, and made labor, when he was worn out and exhausted and fit only for a dark room and a quiet house, seem still like play, and a terrible excitement and fascination to him.

When he was happy he was open-mouthed about it, for he seemed to want his friends to

share in his pleasures, just as he could always share in theirs. But about his troubles, when he had them, he was close as the grave. There was a cloud all about him from this day on. One day I had to go up to his house on urgent business; for he hadn't come down in the morning as usual, and the thing had to be attended to. He had invited me a great many more times to come up to his place than I had ever gone; but he didn't seem glad to see me now.

I found he was alone in his house, and the place looked to me as if nobody had lived in it for some time. I never saw a man look as he did when he came down into the yard, after I had gone round the house three or four times and knocked at every door. It seemed to me as if he might have been sleeping for a week, dreaming horrible dreams all the time. I had to explain my business over several times before he took it in; finally he said, "Well, go back to the shop, South. I'll be down there presently." I wouldn't have gone without him if I had stood there all day, and I think he saw that in my face, for after a minute he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, and then himself led the way.

"I could wait a minute or two, Sir," said I, "if you had any thing you'd like to attend to before you come down."

"It makes no difference," said he, and kept walking on.

On our way down just before we came to the shop, he told me that his wife had gone home to her uncle's and taken the children with her, Edward and Walter, so that he was now keeping bachelor's hall. I never shall forget the smile with which he said that. It makes me faint at heart to this day thinking of it.

His wife's uncle was a very rich man who lived in Pelham. But it surprised me to hear that she had gone home to visit, for I knew that Racy ran away with Miss Livingston to get married, and that ever since her uncle, with whom she had lived, for she was an orphan, would have nothing to do with her.

Afterward I understood the matter better. Racy's wife had gone back to her friends, and didn't intend to return to her husband.

She did not return. He waited about three months, looking for her, as I believe, every hour of every day. Meanwhile he left his house, which he had leased of the owner for ten years, and came down into the village, and boarded at the house where I was then boarding. In all this time I don't believe he took one drop of any kind of stimulant, opium, laudanum, or brandy. He had taken enough at odd times of all three. But he told me he had got through with those things, and he said it in a way that, knowing the man, would have made me trust him alone with every grain of the hellish drug that England ever raised in India and forced on the Chinese.

He didn't seem like a child in those days. He never laughed or even smiled. I never saw but one such sombre face as he carried when he forgot, at times, that others might be watching him. Daniel Webster's was the only match for it. At last came the day when he could endure it no longer. I found a letter from him saying that he should sail that night for the other side of the globe, and it was impossible to tell when he should return. I might carry on the business if I liked —he hoped I would choose to do so—he left every thing with me to settle or arrange as I might consider best. For himself, he thought a sea-voyage the best thing, the only thing—it might save him from fever or a mad-house.

And there was the end of Walter Racy.

There was in fact no explanation he could make to me in regard to business affairs. I knew precisely how we stood, perhaps better than he did, for he had insisted for some time on my attending to every thing.

I determined to remain where I was. In six months, or at furthest a year, I said to myself, he will come back again, well cured of all this; as to his wife, it isn't my business to go hunting her up, it's hers to come back home and attend to her own affairs. For I thought the woman had acted like a selfish coward and a paltry fool. I'll own it, I despised her.

One day, several months after Racy's departure, a gentleman, a stranger to me, came to the shop. He was Mrs. Racy's brother. He had come to look into affairs, he said. For, though I said to myself she might come home and find out about her husband, I had written to her, and inclosed a copy of Racy's letter. This after a while brought down this young gentleman to Salem. You have seen the kind of person he was often enough. If it depends on my loving that sort of animal whether I ever get into heaven, the question is settled.

He was very anxious to find out whether I knew any thing more in regard to Racy than I had written. Whether I had heard from him again. What I really thought about his being alive yet, and so on. It was my conclusion, and any other man would have arrived at the same, I think, that she was going to marry somebody else, if she could only satisfy herself that her husband was dead.

The notion made me mad. Still I determined to do up the business precisely as I knew Racy would have chosen to have me. Since they had made a sign, I wouldn't stop short of attending to it, and of putting every thing into their hands, if that was what they wanted; folks that were worth their hundreds of thousands and rolling round in their gold chariots for all I knew; they could do it if they liked.

So I got out the receipts of payments I had made on Racy's debts; they weren't many, but I was determined nobody in Salem should be saying he owed them a cent, and I would have cramped myself nigh on to suffocation before I let them do it. I showed these things to Mr. Wood, and that brought him down a little. Then I got the account-books and laid them on the desk, and told him he might examine them too.

He spent an hour or so at it, and then he said

he thought I might as well go on about my business, and he would go about his. He didn't see but the debts I had paid, and the responsibilities I was under for stock, more than balanced any profit I was likely to make in some time.

I told him that if he had any clew to Walter Racy I wanted it. He laughed at that; I could have knocked him down for the laugh: if there'd been any thing honest, out and out manly in it, I wouldn't have cared. I said, however, that the note Racy had left intimated that he might come back some time; and for that reason, because I expected him, if I wasn't interfered with I should keep on in the business, though I lost time and money by it—which I did not expect to do. He had been a good master to me, and I had learned my trade of him; besides I honored him, and believed there were few men like him in the world.

So Mr. Wood went off, and I never saw him again. I expected for a long while after he went that I should hear from him, or from Racy's wife. But not one word. Two years afterward I heard that Mr. Wood died only a few months after he came to Salem on his investigating tour.

I kept on with the business. I might have supported myself by it, just as Racy had done, comfortably, respectably; but it would never have given me that measure of independence—I mean, not in a long time—that I found from another source. And that source Racy himself had pointed out. All the improvements I made in the chronometer of course yielded me, in time, a good deal of money; so did the other patents. And for starting in that track I was indebted to him. His mind was always working on those things, and if he ever got warmed up and excited about any thing it was improvements in machinery. If he didn't suggest the things I worked out—which, of course, he did not—he at least turned my mind in the direction of those matters. And so—I had as lief tell it, and I must, if I'm going to tell the story at all—whenever payments came in from one party and another, for the use of my patents, I always put by half the profits for Racy. I was so convinced that my lord would come some day, I was determined, when he did, he should find his own with interest.

I can't tell you what a spring it gave to all my working the doing of this, and how happy I often was with thinking of the provision that was being made for him. It seemed to me if I could only get some tidings of him, and should go to him, no matter in what unfortunate state I might find him, supposing things had gone their worst, I should be able, by God's grace, to make a man of him again. I heard a man preach a sermon once, and he wasn't a great light either, but I believe the Holy Ghost spoke by him if He ever did by Paul or John, and he said that love was the saving of men—I mean human love for earthly saving; it's all of a piece with the divine love and everlasting salvation, to my mind. I believed that if my master did seem to the eyes of men to be lost, he could be saved by love—even by mine! Do you think I write that down with any sort of pride? I write it as if I were kneeling on my knees; and I couldn't trust my voice to *say* to you what I'm explaining.

About Racy's house. He had leased it, I said, for ten years. Mr. Wood asked me about that too. There was nothing he didn't think of. I told him it was likely I would take the payment on myself and occupy the cottage. I had been talking with Phœbe. We were both very young, and poor besides; but I thought it might be managed. There was no one in the world, we both believed, who could take better care of her than I.

Wood went to the cottage. I went up with him. He had brought directions with him as to what should be done with the things; some of them were packed up and sent away; the rest I bought. When the lease expired I bought the cottage; for I said to myself, "When Racy comes he shall have a house whose doors are open to him."

And all this was a business about which my Phœbe had heard very little.

When we came home from Bridgeport, where we had left Pauline, I found that young Hale had been at my shop the day before, and left a note to me to the effect that they were about to set up some new machinery at the Observatory, and they would defer it till I could come down, though they were in daily want of it, for they should need my assistance. So I had my call.

When I arrived at the Observatory, as young Hale called the light-house, I found only one old gentleman there. He had his head tied up with a silk handkerchief, and looked as if he ought to be in bed. A scrap of paper lay before him, and he had a pencil in his hand; an open case of tools was on the table within reach. I knew how deep he was in calculations by the way he looked up when I had mounted the stair and stood before the open door. He wished me farther off. I sat down on the top step and wiped the perspiration from my forehead; and said, after a minute or two,

"Excuse me, Sir; but I supposed these were Mr. Hale's head-quarters. Is he in?"

"He's not," was the answer.

"He sent for me to come down here on my return home," said I. "I'm South, from Salem. I don't want to force myself upon your notice, Sir; but he said there was some work going forward he'd like me to have a hand in."

"If you're South, from Salem, maker of these tools," said the old man, rising from his seat, "come in, Sir; you're welcome and wanted."

So I went in.

Then I had to explain a great many tedious things, and to talk about work that was done and doing—all the while I was burning to go find the young fellow who had summoned me for work that was to be done. But before I had a prospect of approaching that subject, even in conversation, there came a sound of footsteps

on the stairs, and presently a young man appeared in sight, who was greeted with a much readier welcome than I had. But this was not Edward. He, too, came in search of Edward. Then I said, hurriedly, to myself, "Can this be Mark—this easy-looking, genial, kindly, loving-looking fellow? No," I said to myself. But yes, this was Mark. I was disappointed again. The name was not Walter, to be sure, but change in that might be accounted for. It was not so easy to account for this young man as the son of my Walter Racy.

The first words he spoke were:

"Doctor, where shall I find my brother?"

"I am expecting Edward in every moment," said the old man. "He hasn't been away from the Observatory for so long a time these three days, looking for the hourly arrival of this gentleman here, who, it seems, must now take his turn at waiting. Mr. Mark Hale, Mr. South, from Salem. You have bewitched Edward, Mr. South, with those inventions of yours. Have you any partner in those patents, Sir?"

"No one."

"Your own idea, execution and all?"

"Why, yes, Sir."

I wasn't even surprised at the question, much less offended at it, because I continually associated Racy in my thought with all my doings. As I answered in this way I looked at the young minister, and there was an expression on his face as if he were displeased at what had been said, not by me, but the old man he called Doctor, who was Professor Olidge. It was but a gleam I had—gone before I could possess myself of it. But that one instant said to me, "Racy, and son of Racy." And yet the next moment there wasn't the trace of it.

Before any thing more was said there was another step on the stair.

"That's Edward this time," said Dr. Olidge, looking up with a pleased smile. "No other boy comes up like that."

Mark went nearer to the door. It was pleasant to see the way those brothers met. But when Edward's eyes fell on me he came forward, still looking at and speaking to his brother, however.

"Mark, here is Mr. South. How good you were to come up, Sir! We wanted you badly, but I had begun to give it up. Mark, these are all Mr. South's patents, from Salem. He has a jeweler's shop there, but—excuse me, Sir, for saying it—he ought to have a very different kind of establishment."

"Well," said I, "that's rather curious to say. You might as well banish me out of the country at once as turn me out of that shop."

And, will you believe, when I said that I couldn't help feeling as if they ought to understand the reason why.

"That's all right, then," said Edward, "if you feel that way. Now, Mr. South, you have fairly puzzled the doctors, though I don't suppose Dr. Olidge would own it. He can't see into the use of all these springs though, and I can't help him out of the difficulty. So there are two of the doctors fairly trapped, eh?"

I liked to explain such matters to such men; for when I saw Edward here I couldn't think of calling him a boy any longer—any more than the soldiers who followed a "little corporal" across the Alps could help thinking of him as if he were a giant.

Then there were other points of science to be argued and debated; we had a long session of it. At last, when the sun was setting, Edward said:

"South, you've got an hour and twenty minutes, and that's all. I promised myself you should have a sail when you came down. You may have it if you want it."

"I do want it," said I.

That pleased him.

"Come, then," said he. "Come, Mark. Doctor, you won't come; so good-by, Sir."

We were nearing the beach, after a good hour's sail, when Edward said, pointing to a substantial stone cottage high up on the beach:

"There is our summer-house. If you had visited us a week ago, Mr. South, we should have insisted on your staying overnight; we could have made you comfortable, for our mother was here then."

"Is the season for visitors over, then?" I asked.

What did I care about the season? But I wanted they should talk about their mother.

"I don't know whether it is or not," said Edward. "Mother was obliged to go back to Bridgeport. Did you come by Port, Mark? Did you see mother?"

"No," said Mark. "I knew she would be better pleased if I waited a bit."

"I have been at Bridgeport myself lately," said I, in a perfect tremor. "I went to leave my daughter with a lady who has a school there—and, by-the-way, her name is Hale."

The young men smiled, looking at each other.

"That Mrs. Hale is our mother," said the minister.

"Have you always lived at Bridgeport?" I asked.

"Why, yes, I guess so; haven't we, Mark?"

"We weren't born there, but we grew up in Port. I don't have any clear recollection of any other house. Do you, Eddy?"

"No; Pelham was nothing to Bridgeport."

There it was. Edward had said it. That blessed boy had given me all the evidence I needed.

What did I do then? I sat there in the boat till we came to the pier, then I landed, and was in time for the cars. My heart ached to think of Racy and those boys. Why wasn't he here to rejoice in them, and take his rightful pride and part in them? Why didn't they know that their father was a man to know and to love? O Lord! and they didn't even seem to know or dream that they had ever experienced a loss—that they ever had a father!

I was glad when I found myself alone in that passenger car.

But then I couldn't rest.

In the course of a month I had to go down to the beach again. But I only lost time for my pains. He wasn't there—neither of the boys were—and the old gentleman, Dr. Olidge, had gone home sick with cold and rheumatism. So a fisherman's wife told me, of whom I inquired where all the people were I came to see.

Not a great while after this Edward Hale came into my shop one day. He looked at least ten years older than when I saw him last. He walked, and spoke, and acted like a man in trouble. His business in Salem, he said, was to see me; but all he wanted of me, it appeared, was to give him room in my window that he might finish some drawings of his survey.

Didn't I know better? But I asked no questions. I was satisfied that what he wanted of me was *to be with me*—perhaps he wanted advice. I felt sure that he did, and consolation also. What would I not have given him that could have eased one ache of his! I longed to take him in my arms and say, "My son, what is it? for your father's sake." But of course it was best he should take his time. He took it. At last it passed out of his mind into mine that he had been bothered half out of his life, worried and tormented, on his mother's account. The man she had trusted with her money for investments had proved to be a defaulter, and she had lost every thing; all the savings of her prosperous years were swept away; there wasn't a trace left of them.

"South," said he, "it makes me crazy. There's poor Mark ready and willing to help her—dying to help her—but if he does his best he can't more than earn his bread for a year or two to come. And just think of me and my salary!"

"But she has the school," said I, and for a moment I almost felt a sort of satisfaction in thinking it was perhaps Justice who had laid a hand of Vengeance upon that woman.

"Yes," said the lad, bitterly. "But now it is working for a living. It wasn't before."

I told him, when he had talked the business all over, and eased himself by some repetitions, that I was going down to Bridgeport that night, was there any thing he knew of I could do? Could I serve him, or his mother, in any earthly way? I stood ready for service. I had money enough, for one thing, if money was wanted. No. He and Mark had talked about that. They knew how their mother would take the whole business. She could not be helped. She had already rebuked their complaints, he said, and was confident that the year would enable her to meet all her obligations. She should find no difficulty about gaining time of creditors, and time was all she asked; "but," said Edward, and his eyes filled with tears, "she is getting old, South! That's a thing I never thought of before; but she will not grow younger with all this trouble."

How could I soothe him? I might do that; but I couldn't make black white, and that was what harassed me. How I would have lifted his feet out of the mire and set him on the rock! But only One could do that thing for Edward.

I went down that night to Bridgeport because I felt called that way. Nobody else could do what I was going to do. Who could ever have persuaded me that going to Bridgeport while Pauline was there at school, and going to the very school itself, meant something else than seeing Pauline, or intending to see her?

When the wife of Walter Racy stood before me—Heavens! one look was all I needed—what had I to say to her? I might have said some strange things if Edward had not seemed to stand close to me, and oh, I loved that lad!

My daughter was there at school. Yes—well on that topic we launched forth. But were soon ashore again. What next? From my child to hers. She might think the distance vast—it didn't seem so to me.

"I have the pleasure of your son's acquaintance, Madam," I said, and her politeness made the thing easy to say; at least it would have been easy for another man to say it, and under other circumstances for me.

"Edward or Mark?" said she. "I have two sons."

"And twins, they tell me," I answered. "They have both been to my shop." I said shop, though I thought she would wince at the word. "Edward and I are good friends; he comes to work with me in Salem quite frequently, and I wish he would come oftener, he reminds me so constantly of my former master, who was no older than your son when I first entered his service."

She understood, long before I finished this sentence, that I was telling her all this with some stern object, that my aim could not be averted.

"Who are you?" she asked, straight out, just as I have written down the question.

"Jeremiah South is my name, Madam. I am a silversmith in Salem. The gentleman's name, my master's—as I'm still proud to call him—was Walter Racy."

"What has become of him?" said she to me.

"God knows. I don't. I'd give all I'm worth, though, to hear some good word of him alive or dead."

She just sat and looked at me. It seemed to me as if she would never speak again, and never stop looking. So I said, for I could not help saying it, and I found myself speaking as I never supposed I should be able to speak to her; but she was the mother of those splendid boys, and that said a great deal for her,

"Madam," I said, "I want to explain to you. I have been talking with your son Edward to-day; perhaps that started me up here to-night. I have always carried on my business in the expectation that Mr. Racy would come back again, just as I told your brother I should. My shop is about the only one left in Salem that looks as it did twenty years ago. All the repairs I have made haven't changed the outside look, or the

inside either, one whit. And just so with the house where he lived. *I* live there now. I wanted when he did come back he should see I expected him. And that's the way I have conducted business. He has always been my partner. There's laid up for him half the profits of my patents, and so on. I'm making you an honest statement, Madam. I expect him back."

"And so," said she, "do I."

"In all I've done I've had an eye to that time, Ma'am," said I.

"And I," said she, as if, "Where, now, is your advantage, Sir?"

"But you have been unfortunate," said I.

"'Tis right," said she. "There is nothing more to be said about that."

I felt as if a thousand leagues spread wide between us. I had blamed her: how had she blamed herself! Those last words she uttered contained in them folios of repentance and remorse.

Yet I tried to do something with her—for her; to explain that for her son's sake, at least, it would be best, kindest, most generous, to make use of the money I had in hand belonging of right to hers and to her, and thus relieve herself of the embarrassments that were crowding upon her.

"Edward has told you all this," said she, but with what feeling I could not make out; "what have you told him?"

"That I am his friend—no more."

"That is well. I thank you."

I could come no nearer to her. I attempted to say no more.

To think of talking with Pauline that night, it was out of the question. When I arose to go Mrs. Hale—Hale, yes, if she preferred that name; what was it to me?—spoke again of my daughter; seemed surprised that I should think of going away without first seeing her. But I said,

"I did not come here for her sake, or my own pleasure. I am in no condition to meet that child, Madam; neither would I choose to encounter one of your sons to-night. Youth has no right to guess that such things can be in this world as you and I have—and no wonder! —been afraid to speak of in this interview."

Edward came to Salem to finish his drawings of the coast, and made my shop his head-quarters as the cold weather came on.

I often saw him and his brother in thoughtful conference, and I knew their trouble. I could guess at their hundred annoyances, how their pride was put upon the rack, and how they suffered in their tender hearts. Mark found a situation as tutor, and Edward practiced economy in ways whose outward signs I understood well enough. He had worked very hard through the summer, and this trouble and vexation on his mother's account had a frightful effect upon him, spite of all I could do, as time went on. Physically, he was nervous and sensitive as a girl, and running down all the while.

When I could stand it no longer, seeing him in this state, getting worse all the while, and never gaining on himself, I said to him one day, in the hope that a shock would do him good, rouse him, set some spring into new action,

"Edward Hale, what is the matter with you? I want you to tell me. No dodging, Sir. Out with it."

He looked at me amazed. It wasn't the way I usually spoke to him.

"Why, South," said he, "are you crazy? Nothing's the matter."

"Yes—yes there is. You're getting thin and peaked, and you've got some sort of a big, horrid pack on your back. Just throw it on me; my shoulders are broad."

He laughed, but he grew very red.

"I would rather not have you laugh that way," said I. "What you need, Ed, is a father to look after you just now. Use me like one—do."

With that he grew pale. Then I said, as if I meant to change the subject,

"Edward, do you remember your father?"

"Why no, South; how should I?"

"You are very like him."

He started up. "Why, Mr. South! did you ever know my father?"

"Do you think I know you, Edward?" said I.

"I hope you do. You've seen enough of me, I should think."

"I knew him a great sight better, when he used to live here, almost, in this shop."

"He did? Just as I do? Only he never plagued you so. And that's the reason you let me take to you! You knew it all the while!"

"He's plagued me more, and been more to me, and done more for me, and I've loved him better, and thought of him oftener, and inquired of the Lord on his account oftener than— 'Edward, why isn't your name Racy instead of Hale?"

He sat and looked at me in dumb wonder.

"Haven't you ever heard about him, or anything?" said I. "Tell me truly, if you haven't or if you have. Before God, I'll tell you every word."

"Tell," said he.

And I told him all that it was right Racy's son should know from me. When I had finished he got up and threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, and sobbed. But he said not one word.

By-and-by I said,

"Speak, Edward."

"To-morrow you and I will go to Bridgeport. We must talk with mother."

"She won't touch that money though."

"Of course not."

"But you will."

"Not I, South."

"Then you expect him back as well as I? It isn't devilish pride?"

A shiver passed over him.

"South, he never should have gone."

"No, he should not," I acknowledged; "but

he went. And so, I believe it as surely as I know that he went, he will come back. She was proud and left him; that's your mother, Edward. But it was a dangerous experiment. I don't believe, I never can believe, she meant to stay. But he was proud as well as she, and he went too. Dead or living, I *know* he has seen—I pray that he has seen in the flesh—the folly of changing his battle-ground."

"I don't know," said Edward.

Poor young fellow! glorious child! He worked on at his map, point by point, and stroke by stroke, just as his father would have done, till dark. Then he went home. He didn't come down again next day. I concluded, therefore, that he must have gone to Bridgeport without me, but toward night a boy came to the shop with a note like this:

"Dear South, can you come down here? I don't know what's the matter with me, but I've been in bed all day and I don't want to get up. I believe I am going to have something. Die, perhaps."

He had a fever. Typhus, of course.

It ran like a race-horse thirty days. All the doctors we could bring to bear upon it couldn't check it any more than they could have checked the rapids of Niagara River. His mother was down there taking care of him. This trouble added to her other trouble—but she was one of the sort that takes a new stand forward, never back, with every new affliction. She thought he would die. We all thought so. Nobody said it, but we could see it plain enough in each other's eyes.

He had worked so hard all summer, exposing himself to night damps, and all the rest; then his mother's trouble, and I had finished the business, meaning to finish it in such another fashion.

I told his mother what I had done. Of course, what else could I do? She liked me the worse for it. She said it was not my secret; that I had taken an inexcusable liberty, and, what could I say? I only said,

"Madam, I feared that what has happened *would* happen, and I used my knowledge as a remedy and preventive: had surely not obtained my knowledge in any dishonorable way! If I made a mistake, which isn't clear yet, I did so seeing the occasion required a desperate measure."

And she having expressed her opinion, and I mine, it wasn't like her or me to hang on to the subject.

Not long after Edward was down with the fever Mark came to me and said,

"Mr. South, I thank you for giving our father to Edward and me. He wants you to say so for him, and I—I say it for myself."

There was some comfort in that.

One day, while we were in the thick of our tribulation and anxiety, a customer came into the shop and asked to look at one of the latest chronometers. I was just leaving for my house. Miles was about waiting on the man, when something made me go back to the counter and say to Miles, "Take this box to Mrs. South, John, and get your tea. I shall not be home till late in the evening. You can say so to Mrs. South. Come back as soon as possible."

Then I turned toward the customer who asked to see my latest chronometers. They wanted a flood of light for exhibition, so I turned on the gas, and laid one box and case after another on the counter, there wasn't another collection so large to be had outside of Boston. Here was a man to appreciate the show.

When I heard Miles close the shop door I followed him and locked it; then I came back, but I don't know *how* I got across the floor to my old seat in the window before the slab. It was some time then, at least to me it seemed so, before I could say,

"Racy, come here and sit down."

He came, without a word, and sat down in his old place; and I can not tell you, I never could tell even my wife, what followed in the next ten minutes. God knows it all—how grateful I was—how I thanked Him—how two men were like two children before Him.

I know how much I was startled at last by the sound of my own voice, as much as if I had roared out the words,

"Mr. Racy, I knew that you would come."

"How did you think I'd come?" said he. Oh it was enough to hear him speaking that way, and to see what manner of man he was.

"Just as you have, Sir! only there's ten thousand times more of it."

"Not in bulk, any way," said he, "nor in fortune either, South. I've made three fortunes, and lost every one. Fire and flood have followed me. At last I made up my mind that the Almighty meant I should come back empty-handed, as I went out. And so I've come and left my pride behind me."

"Born again!" said I. He did look like an angel. "To begin all new, at the beginning. But a rich man to boot." And I told him what I had done, and what his wife had done, and was; and his boys, what they were. But then I must tell about Edward, as Edward was that night, and I said,

"There's one of the lads sick now in my house. By-the-way, Racy, it's your house. We have lived in it ever since, keeping the fire going till you came back. Come home with me."

He put his hand in mine without one word. Indeed he had become as a little child. It was meet he should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I took him home.

Edward was asleep when we went in. Phœbe and I had given the upper story of the house over to them for their use, and I knew where I should find Mrs. Hale and Mark. I told him so. Mrs. Hale! She had taken her uncle's name then, said Racy. And Mark. The boy's name once was Walter. Well. It was right.

I still held Racy by the hand when we walked into that little death-still parlor where his wife

and son were sitting. For about five minutes after every thing went spinning round me, I saw nothing, I heard nothing, till at last there came a sound, as of a voice speaking far off on some great height. It was saying, and every word was burned into my memory:

"O reconciling Saviour, who didst bring back the world to God, Thou hast in all human relationships symbolized Thy tender love. Perfect Thou the symbol we here have dishonored. Complete Thy beneficence to us. Thou who hast given to us the heavenly, give to us this earthly father, with Thine own peace and blessing in the gift."

And when I looked at them I was as one filled with bewilderment, not knowing whether I was among the angels of heaven, so glorified were all those countenances.

This thing happened twenty years ago.

I have written it down because Pauline and Edward said to me, not long since, "Father, where is that 'Tract for the Times' you have been promising ever since you got into such a rage over Carlyle?"

I was so mad at Carlyle for pulling down all the strong-holds of our faith and hope, and not putting into our hands so much as a rush-light when he would have sent us out shivering and naked into the darkness of chaos.

I thought I could see how the experiences of these, my dearest friends on earth, threw a strong light on some points before which certain philosophers sit down with despairing eyes and sorrowful countenances.

OVERLAND FROM ST. PAUL TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BRIGHT shone the sun on a warm July afternoon when a cavalcade of carriages and baggage-wagons drove from the portico of the International Hotel at St. Paul, on a journey across prairies and through forests to reach the far-famed Lake Superior. Kind friends assembled to bid farewell; the polite landlord handed the ladies to their seats; waiters and porters gathered to wish "good luck," and to wonder (no doubt) why people who could sleep on good beds, and "fare sumptuously every day," should choose to lie on the ground and eat from tin dishes with iron forks. But it was even so; and the hearts of the youthful members of the party beat high with hope and expectation of wild adventure and romance; and those of more mature age were in nowise daunted at the prospect, although heat, dust, mosquitoes, and hostile Indians had been held up before them in terror.

The conductor proposed that after driving six miles we should encamp for the night, thus gaining the first experience of camping out at a near point to the town, so that in case of any unforeseen deficiency he could send back and have the want supplied. Accordingly, on the shores of a beautiful little lake, and near a French settlement called Little Canada, the tents were pitched, a fire made, and the table-cloth spread on the grass, milk being purchased of a little French girl who hung around the encampment, enchanted with the gay laughter of the party and the unusual scene near their quiet and retired hamlet. The bell of the little chapel tolled for vespers, reminding us that we should strive "not for one moment to live the guests of such dread scenes without the springs of prayer o'erflowing all the soul." There was something so exciting in lying down on the hard ground, with all the surroundings, that it was long before we could compose ourselves to sleep. Then suddenly came a burst of joyous merriment, proceeding from the lake, where the men who had charge of the horses, accompanied by Antoine, a foreign attendant of the party, had gone to wash off the dust of the day. Long and loud were the shouts, and above them all rang forth the voice of Antoine. The horses were near the sleepers, they, with the wagons, forming a sort of semicircle at the back of the tents.

In the early morning the ladies bathed in the lake; and after a breakfast of fish caught from Bass Lake, one mile distant, we again moved forward. Bass Lake, which we next passed, is a beautiful sheet of water, adorned with lovely white lilies. The ground on one side rises to a height of forty feet, and the slope was covered with groups of cattle. A solitary man occupied a small house in the neighborhood.

From Bass Lake we moved on through the sandy road and across the prairie to Rice Lake, stopping to water at the log-cabin of a German, and thence proceeded to the town of Columbus. The heat was excessive, and the drought had been severe, making the sand in the roads very deep; but the horses were the only sufferers. All were impressed with the solitude of the scene. Hour after hour passed by, and not a human being nor a dwelling was visible. Indeed, during the whole journey of two hundred and ten miles we met only six wagons. Columbus, comprising only one house, was nevertheless laid out on paper for a large city, having streets eighty feet wide, with churches, schoolhouses, etc. So confined also were the limits of this house that we were obliged to eat the excellent dinner which the landlady provided in the kitchen, where glowed an ample fire not at all needed for our comfort, with the thermometer at 90°.

The landlord threw out some words of discouragement as to what was in store for us, and fears were entertained by the more enthusiastic of the party that the wiser heads might propose beating a retreat. The horses were fagged, and the heat and dust still continued to be excessive. But the hearts that composed the party were made of unyielding stuff. "Onward" had been their motto through life; and so when Wyoming—another large city, containing *two* houses—was reached after a drive of eight miles, and a consultation was held, the most delicate of the ladies boasted of Herculean strength, and the

young gentlemen and ladies declared that, rather than yield to any thing so ignominious as a return to St. Paul, they would *walk* to Bayfield! So after deciding on driving to Sunrise the next day, we prepared ourselves to enjoy Mrs. Tombler's good fare, and the ladies were accommodated with a large sleeping-room and good beds, leaving the gentlemen, in American fashion, to sleep on the floor in an ante-chamber.

Wyoming is on a dead level, and could not without too much poetical license be called "fair." But as the carriages passed through these vast solitudes, the mind was busy picturing the time, not far distant, when inhabitants should people these solitary places; and when the lovely prairie flowers every where abounding should be transferred to well-arranged gardens, and the white pond-lilies covering the little lakes should grow in artificial ponds within the pleasure-grounds of country seats.

And now, the next morning—more hesitation, no abatement of dust, though the dew had made the night cool—there arose a question: Should we make for Prescott and take a Mississippi boat? But Sunrise seemed such a tempting name, and the "onward" feeling was so predominant, that, though the more delicate ones drooped a little with the heat (which through all these days was from 90° to 100° in the shade), the drive to Sunrise was decided on. The road, as heretofore, lay through deep sand—deeper because for nearly two months previous no rain had fallen—but lovely flowers abounded; and from the carriage where the young people were seated voices raised swelling notes to sing heart-stirring strains, and still were they urged on to sing again the old loved melodies.

On reaching Sunrise we found that the place did not correspond with its name. It proved to be a miserably small and unfinished village, where were stationed a company of soldiers to allay the fears of the inhabitants respecting the Indians. The terror which had been aroused by the massacres of the Sioux in Minnesota the previous autumn had reached thus far. On the Sunrise River were a saw-mill and school-house. The water was clear and cold, and fine fish are sometimes taken there; but the fisherman of our party had no success. Deep black sand abounded in this place. We passed the night at Sunrise, the gentlemen sleeping in one of the tents, and the ladies in rooms where unplastered laths permitted free vision and ventilation.

After breakfast the next morning we left the village, and made our way to the ferry over the St. Croix River, which is the dividing line between Minnesota and Wisconsin. The ferryman was absent and the scow on the other side. But two of the active young teamsters swam the river and brought it over; and, after two or three hours' delay, the whole party crossed, together with an additional wagon to convey oats for the remainder of the journey. From what we had been told we expected, after leaving Sunrise, "to bowl along" over the ground. But, alas for human hopes, a new road had been laid, and for the first and last time we were jolted over several miles of stumps and stones and rough uneven ground. One carriage was in advance of the others, containing a gentleman, three ladies, and the driver, when suddenly a gust of wind arose and a strong smell of smoke and burning wood filled the air. The sky was overcast, and we felt that we were too far ahead of our party. So a halt was made; some refreshment and rest revived our minds and bodies, and reassuring ourselves and our driver, who feared a burning prairie ahead, a hail-storm, or hostile Indians, we waited trustingly till the others should come up. Soon were heard the cheerful voices of Billy and Tommy, two young wagoners, exulting over the capture of a tiny partridge. From the first encampment the young gentlemen supplied the party with wild pigeons, prairie hens, partridges, and ducks.

After meeting and exchanging mutual congratulations at the cool breeze which had arisen, all jogged merrily forward, hoping soon to find a spring of water. A spring there was, but so obscurely marked that the forward carriage passed it. There we met a mail-carrier in a one-horse wagon—quite an event—and we all stopped and spoke a few words to him, and then moved on again. Steadily we advanced till lo! at last a house, and a barn, and a lovely spring of water, and a river! Here it was determined we should pass the night, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The horses were refreshed with oats and water. One carriage was drawn by a pair of mules, remarkable for their instrumentality in saving between sixty and seventy persons from the late Sioux massacres. Good, stout little mules they were.

Our landlady at Wood River was an interesting woman, but seemed in feeble health. She was a "good shot," and said that it was necessary in winter, as the wolves came to her very door. A little Norwegian girl found a home in this family; and, with all her cares and weakness, the kind lady was teaching this child. Her open book lay on the table. Oh, many a lesson can be learned in the lowly habitation of the poor! Too many, alas! despising these humble followers, forget our Saviour's words: "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." The little Norwegian Anna seemed anxious to do all in her power for us, and assisted the ladies in preparing their own simple meal. We were told that about two miles from Wood River is a Norwegian settlement of about forty families, possessing barely the necessaries of life, but very industrious and religious.

After a good night in our tents and a comfortable breakfast the next morning we took leave, enveloped in every available article of warmth, for the day was very cold. We drove on, passing the Kelth Rapids; and, while the horses were being watered, conversed with and gave books to two or three Swedes—young men with fine faces, who seemed happy to receive a

few words of kindness. At Wood River, while we were sitting around the table, a French Canadian and his son—a lad of twelve years—suddenly dropped in. They had walked thirty miles that day, and as our route was theirs we invited them to ride on one of our baggage-wagons for the next day's journey. We lunched at Clam River, where we met the first Indians; and one of them having a canoe, the ladies were paddled up and down the river, seated in the bottom of the frail bark. Clam River is a tributary of the St. Croix. At the spot where the party paused the view was perfectly beautiful. It contained all the requisites for the picturesque—a cottage, a river, a bridge, undulating ground, a group of Indians, and a canoe. The owner of the house was a Virginian, his wife a Norwegian. They seemed much gratified with the little books given to the children, and received the party, as did the few other families encountered on the road, as welcome guests, hanging around them, anxious to serve in some way. The young Indian who paddled the canoe for the ladies said that on the day before he had brought three barrels of flour from the Falls—a place seven miles distant. It showed that the canoe, although so light and airy in appearance, was in reality very strong.

Eight miles further on we came to Yellow Lake. Here is a trading post, a house owned by a half-breed Indian, and two or three wigwams. The road during the afternoon lay along the banks of the Yellow River, which takes its rise in Yellow Lake; and the encampment for the night was at the junction of the Yellow and St. Croix rivers. Here, too, the site of ground chosen was beautiful. A good bridge spanned the river. A settlement had once been made here by a company from New York, and the frame of a mill was still standing. But they became discouraged and left the place, and the Indians destroyed all traces of their buildings. This spot had evidently been a famous Indian camping ground. The land rose gradually from the river to quite an elevation, and the gentle slope was covered with the bones of animals on which the red men had at various times feasted.

A short distance from where our encampment was made was a high knoll, on which were several Indian graves. A tall pole marked the place. Some of the graves were covered with an inclosure of birch bark and boards. The golden sunshine rested around and adorned these simple, lonely tombs of the poor children of the forest; and those who with such care had laid the sleepers in their silent beds had moved on, probably never again to stand upon the spot where once they paused to lament their dead. Back of our tents and very elevated was a formation of ground which one of the drivers said had been a fort, and beneath which it was thought many bodies were interred. A very heavy dew fell during the night, and breakfast would have passed off as but a melancholy affair had it not been for Antoine's excellent soup—such soup as only French cookery could have supplied. He had pronounced the poultry when first purchased as of "the time of Le Général Washingtone;" nevertheless, he managed to set before the hungry travelers most admirable dishes therefrom. He was full of wonder "why" and "what for" his ladies came there; but as they were there he endeavored to turn all the discomforts into causes of merriment, ever ready with some droll remark to excite the laughter of the youthful members of the party. Handing the young ladies water—rather warm, sometimes not quite clean, and in a tin cup—on observing them drink it eagerly, he would remark, "Ah, it is much better than iced water in a silver pitcher."

Long the party lingered around this encampment, unwilling to leave such a beautiful spot. But the conductor was anxious to reach Nimakogan at noon; so once more the cavalcade took up the line of march. At noon we passed a stream, which the driver said abounded in trout; but as it was Sunday none of the party felt inclined to fish. Whortleberries were plentiful along the road-side, and we occasionally paused to refresh ourselves with a few of them. The ground here became more broken, but the road was good and the weather perfect.

Nimakogan, at the junction of the St. Croix and Nimakogan rivers, was a romantic spot. A good bridge crossed the river, where a short time ago was only a ferry-boat. We stopped at the house of a lumber merchant, and gathered together in a small but clean room for morning service. We invited the men around to join with us in worshiping God, and a few accepted the invitation. The lessons for the day proclaimed the Lord God as the great "I Am;" and as the solemn petitions of the Liturgy arose we hoped that the hearts of these men, living far from all the means of grace, might be touched. After service we had dinner at the house. A young German waited on us with a sort of affectionate and earnest zeal. He was the cook of the establishment, and extremely neat and orderly in all his arrangements. He seemed pleased to receive a present of a Testament, and when asked if he would read it, replied, in a serious and decided tone, "I will." At two o'clock we left them, refreshed in body and mind.

After driving two miles, all became aware of a proximity to burning woods. Trees and grass in flames seemed to surround us. As we drove on the fire extended to the right and left. The conductor rushed ahead, knocking over one or two charred trees, one falling but a moment before the carriage reached the spot. While the conductor was running through the fire he picked up a young rabbit, which was bewildered by the smoke, and gave it to one of the young ladies. Poor Bunny! in spite of all the fostering care of its loving protector it lived only two days. Not one drop of milk could be procured from Wood River to Bayfield. After passing the burning district we came to a country where we saw numberless evergreens, occasionally

many acres being overgrown with young pines and balsam-firs. Then, again, appeared a large district covered with half-burnt trees—charred trees still standing, others lying on the ground in wild confusion—no signs of vegetation to be seen. We passed numerous small lakes, many of them very beautiful, and some inviting camping grounds. But the conductor advised going as far as Antoine Gordon's, the usual stopping-place.

At seven o'clock the weary horses drew up at this station. It was not very attractive in external appearance, having no inclosure in front, which was a barren sandy area. At the left of the house stood a garden, blighted by a heavy frost the night before (July 11), which killed all the corn. We found Mrs. Gordon anxious to accommodate us, and as the dew was falling heavily we thought it best to take shelter under her roof. So we spread our table-cloth in the kitchen, while she cooked in a shed adjoining. Her husband, a French half-breed, was absent. She was the daughter of an Englishman, and her mother—a squaw—lived in a wigwam on the plain in front of her daughter's house. Another wigwam was seen in the distance. Mrs. Gordon spoke English, French, and Chippewa fluently, and waited on all the party with much alacrity.

Leaving there at half past seven in the morning and driving twenty-two miles, we came to the loveliest spot that a wilderness could ever contain—a beautiful lake about six miles in circumference, in the centre of which arose an island covered with fine trees. The house stood facing the lake, with a lawn gently sloping to the water's edge, where was a small dock and a little boat. On either side of the house was a well-kept and well-arranged garden. The frost had not visited this place. A neat log barn was at a convenient distance from the house, and an ice repository occupied an accessible place near the lake. The forest, vocal with birds, formed a semicircle in the rear. As we entered the house, the neatly-ceiled walls, the Indian mats covering the floors, the vases filled with white pond-lilies and other flowers, and the general aspect of two bedrooms adjoining the parlor, so delighted the party and appeared so much like civilization, that the ladies were clamorous in their requests to go no further that day. So after due consultation it was decided upon, as best for the tired people and somewhat jaded horses, to tarry a while at this tempting resting-place.

Those who wished to bathe soon plunged into the waters of Island Lake, and found it most refreshing to wash off the dust of the drive in the soft clear water. One of the young ladies "pushed the light shallop from the shore," and well could she appear as "Lady of the Lake;" for, with her bright face beaming with happiness and in her picturesque woodland costume, she paddled the boat toward the Island. Oh! when did dinner ever so gratify the taste of hungry wanderers as that prepared by Mrs. Taylor, aided and directed by Antoine! After dinner the party separated—some to fish, others to shoot; some to read, and others to rest. One lady sat apart and sketched the scene. What an oasis, what a paradise this lovely spot appeared! so replete with comforts, so neat and so inviting. At evening the hunters returned with game, and the fishermen with fine perch and bass; and we were regaled with a fine supper of nicely-cooked fish and duck. We took entire possession of Mrs. Taylor's house; all lay down and slept peacefully. Most reluctantly in the morning did we prepare to depart; and gladly would the kind landlord and landlady have detained us, for this solitary couple lived far from any human habitation, twenty-two miles being the distance to the nearest neighbor. No lady had visited the house in more than a year. But they made themselves happy by their industry and good management; thus securing for themselves every comfort of which their situation admitted. The mail-carrier passed through twice a week on foot. He was an Indian half-breed, and carried his burden on his back with a strap around his forehead. We heard that he walked forty miles a day for two days consecutively.

After leaving Taylor's the train of wagons soon plunged into the woods, and here for a whole day we drove through a splendid forest over an excellent road. The hearts of the travelers were lifted in adoration to the great Creator, as their eyes were raised to trace the height of those silent monarchs that for years had reigned in these vast solitudes. Beautiful ferns and a variety of lovely vines grew at the base of the trees and on the side of the road, and red wintergreen berries covered the fallen logs. All day long there seemed to be some new variety of the vegetable creation to cause wonder and admiration. Occasionally some of the party would alight and take long walks. Near a pretty little lake and under some of the majestic trees all were seated at noon for luncheon.

Two of the party walked on ahead, and becoming fatigued, seated themselves on a log at the edge of the wood. Suddenly two Indians made their appearance, and although Indians they could not conceal their astonishment at seeing a lady and gentleman quietly seated in that lonely spot. They asked, in broken English, where we were from and whither we were going? On being told, they said: "You walk all the way?" "No," we said; "carriages behind and more people." They then spoke a few words together and vanished in the woods. On going further they were found standing at the door of a house, where dwelt a brother of Antoine Gordon's. This was twenty-two miles from Taylor's, and the last station before reaching Bayfield.

About sixteen miles from Gordon's we had our last encampment. It was cold, and four large camp-fires were made; and as different groups gathered around them, and night set in, the effect of the scene was beautiful, and furnished a good subject for a sketch, which was made. The beds that night were luxurious.

All hands were busily at work gathering ferns and spreading them on the ground before the canvas was laid down. So we slept grandly on that last night of "camping out."

How sad the thought that it was the last! So pleasant had been the journey, so charming had been the interchange of thought, so strongly had this sojourn in the wilderness bound the sympathetic hearts together, that as the end drew near all shrank from it and wished it might yet be postponed. But Bayfield would be reached at noon. So we ate our last breakfast in the wilderness; and when will fish and eggs be enjoyed with such a relish? When will those dear old woods again resound with so much gayety and mirth?

Another pleasant drive of twenty-six miles over a wild hilly country, and lo! the white houses of little Bayfield, the blue waters of the lake in the distance, the old church at La Point.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING.

THE fourteenth of February was finally settled as the day on which Mr. Crosbie was to be made the happiest of men. A later day had been at first named, the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth having been suggested as an improvement over the first week in March; but Lady Amelia had been frightened by Crosbie's behavior on that Sunday evening, and had made the countess understand that there should be no unnecessary delay. "He doesn't scruple at that kind of thing," Lady Amelia had said, in one of her letters, showing perhaps less trust in the potency of her own rank than might have been expected from her. The countess, however, had agreed with her, and when Crosbie received from his mother-in-law a very affectionate epistle setting forth all the reasons which would make the fourteenth so much more convenient a day than the twenty-eighth, he was unable to invent an excuse for not being made happy a fortnight earlier than the time named in the bargain. His first impulse had been against yielding, arising from some feeling which made him think that more than the bargain ought not to be exacted. But what was the use to him of quarreling? What the use, at least, of quarreling just then? He believed that he could more easily enfranchise himself from the De Courcy tyranny when he should be once married than he could do now. When Lady Alexandrina should be his own he would let her know that he intended to be her master. If in doing so it would be necessary that he should divide himself altogether from the De Courcys, such division should be made. At the present moment he would yield to them, at any rate in this matter. And so the fourteenth of February was fixed for the marriage.

In the second week in January Alexandrina came up to look after her things; or, in more noble language, to fit herself with becoming bridal appanages. As she could not properly do all this work alone, or even under the surveillance and with the assistance of a sister, Lady De Courcy was to come up also. But Alexandrina came first, remaining with her sister in St. John's Wood till the countess should arrive. The countess had never yet condescended to accept of her son-in-law's hospitality, but always went to the cold, comfortless house in Portman Square — the house which had been the De Courcy town family mansion for many years, and which the countess would long since have willingly exchanged for some abode on the other side of Oxford Street; but the earl had been obdurate; his clubs and certain lodgings which he had occasionally been wont to occupy were on the right side of Oxford Street; why should he change his old family residence? So the countess was coming up to Portman Square, not having been even asked on this occasion to St. John's Wood.

"Don't you think we'd better?" Mr. Gazebee had said to his wife, almost trembling at the renewal of his own proposition.

"I think not, my dear," Lady Amelia had answered. "Mamma is not very particular; but there are little things, you know—"

"Oh yes, of course," said Mr. Gazebee; and then the conversation had been dropped. He would most willingly have entertained his august mother-in-law during her visit to the me-

tropolis, and yet her presence in his house would have made him miserable as long as she remained there.

But for a week Alexandrina sojourned under Mr. Gazebee's roof, during which time Crosbie was made happy with all the delights of an expectant bridegroom. Of course he was given to understand that he was to dine at the Gazebee's every day, and spend all his evenings there; and, under the circumstances, he had no excuse for not doing so. Indeed, at the present moment, his hours would otherwise have hung heavily enough upon his hands. In spite of his bold resolution with reference to his eye, and his intention not to be debarred from the pleasures of society by the marks of the late combat, he had not, since that occurrence, frequented his club very closely; and though London was now again becoming fairly full, he did not find himself going out so much as had been his wont. The brilliance of his coming marriage did not seem to have added much to his popularity; in fact, the world—his world—was beginning to look coldly at him. Therefore that daily attendance at St. John's Wood was not felt to be so irksome as might have been expected.

A residence had been taken for the couple in a very fashionable row of buildings abutting upon the Bayswater Road, called Princess Royal Crescent. The house was quite new, and the street being unfinished had about it a strong smell of mortar, and a general aspect of builders' poles and brickbats; but nevertheless, it was acknowledged to be a quite correct locality. From one end of the crescent a corner of Hyde Park could be seen, and the other abutted on a very handsome terrace indeed, in which lived an embassador—from South America—a few bankers' senior clerks, and a peer of the realm. We know how vile is the sound of Baker Street, and how absolutely foul to the polite ear is the name of Fitzroy Square. The houses, however, in those purlieus are substantial, warm, and of good size. The house in Princess Royal Crescent was certainly not substantial, for in these days substantially-built houses do not pay. It could hardly have been warm, for, to speak the truth, it was even yet not finished throughout; and as for the size, though the drawing-room was a noble apartment, consisting of a section of the whole house, with a corner cut out for the staircase, it was very much cramped in its other parts, and was made like a cherub, in this respect, that it had no rear belonging to it. "But if you have no private fortune of your own you can not have every thing," as the countess observed when Crosbie objected to the house because a closet under the kitchen-stairs was to be assigned to him as his own dressing-room.

When the question of the house was first debated Lady Amelia had been anxious that St. John's Wood should be selected as the site, but to this Crosbie had positively objected.

"I think you don't like St. John's Wood," Lady Amelia had said to him somewhat sternly, thinking to awe him into a declaration that he entertained no general enmity to the neighborhood. But Crosbie was not weak enough for this.

"No; I do not," he said. "I have always disliked it. It amounts to a prejudice, I dare say. But if I were made to live here I am convinced I should cut my throat in the first six months."

Lady Amelia had then drawn herself up, declaring her sorrow that her house should be so hateful to him.

"Oh dear, no," said he. "I like it very much for you, and enjoy coming here of all things. I speak only of the effect which living here myself would have upon me."

Lady Amelia was quite clever enough to understand it all; but she had her sister's interest at heart, and therefore persevered in her affectionate solicitude for her brother-in-law, giving up that point as to St. John's Wood. Crosbie himself had wished to go to one of the new Pimlico squares, down near Vauxhall Bridge and the river, actuated chiefly by consideration of the enormous distance lying between that locality and the northern region in which Lady Amelia lived; but to this Lady Alexandrina had objected strongly. If, indeed, they could have achieved Eaton Square, or a street leading out of Eaton Square—if they could have crept on to the hem of the skirt of Belgravia—the bride would have been delighted. And at first she was very nearly being taken in with the idea that such was the proposal made to her. Her geographical knowledge of Pimlico had not been perfect, and she had nearly fallen into a fatal error. But a friend had kindly intervened. "For Heaven's sake, my dear, don't let him take you any where beyond Eccleston Square!" had been exclaimed to her in dismay by a faithful married friend. Thus warned, Alexandrina had been firm, and now their tent was to be pitched in Princess Royal Crescent, from one end of which the Hyde Park may be seen.

The furniture had been ordered chiefly under the inspection and by the experience of the Lady Amelia. Crosbie had satisfied himself by declaring that she at any rate could get the things cheaper than he could buy them, and that he had no taste for such employment. Nevertheless, he had felt that he was being made subject to tyranny and brought under the thumb of subjection. He could not go cordially into this matter of beds and chairs, and therefore at last deputed the whole matter to the De Courcy faction. And for this there was another reason, not hitherto mentioned. Mr. Mortimer Gazebee was finding the money with which all the furniture was being bought. He, with an honest but almost unintelligible zeal for the De Courcy family, had tied up every shilling on which he could lay his hand as belonging to Crosbie, in the interest of Lady Alexandrina. He had gone to work for her, scraping here and arranging there, strapping the new husband down upon the grindstone of his matrimonial settlement, as though the future bread of his, Gazebee's, own children were dependent on the

validity of his legal workmanship. And for this he was not to receive a penny, or gain any advantage, immediate or ulterior. It came from his zeal—his zeal for the coronet which Lord De Courcy wore. According to his mind an earl and an earl's belongings were entitled to such zeal. It was the theory in which he had been educated, and amounted to a worship which, unconsciously, he practiced. Personally, he disliked Lord De Courcy, who ill-treated him. He knew that the earl was a heartless, cruel, bad man. But as an earl he was entitled to an amount of service which no commoner could have commanded from Mr. Gazebee. Mr. Gazebee, having thus tied up all the available funds in favor of Lady Alexandrina's seemingly expected widowhood, was himself providing the money with which the new house was to be furnished. "You can pay me a hundred and fifty a year with four per cent. till it is liquidated," he said to Crosbie; and Crosbie had assented with a grunt. Hitherto, though he had lived in London expensively, and as a man of fashion, he had never owed any one any thing. He was now to begin that career of owing. But when a clerk in a public office marries an earl's daughter he can not expect to have every thing his own way.

Lady Amelia had bought the ordinary furniture—the beds, the stair-carpets, the washing-stands, and the kitchen things. Gazebee had got a bargain of the dinner-table and sideboard. But Lady Alexandrina herself was to come up with reference to the appurtenances of the drawing-room. It was with reference to matters of costume that the countess intended to lend her assistance—matters of costume as to which the bill could not be sent in to Gazebee, and be paid for by him with five per cent. duly charged against the bridegroom. The bridal trousseau must be produced by De Courcy's means, and, therefore, it was necessary that the countess herself should come upon the scene. "I will have no bills, d'ye hear?" snarled the earl, gnashing and snapping upon his words with one specially ugly black tooth. "I won't have any bills about this affair." And yet he made no offer of ready money. It was very necessary under such circumstances that the countess herself should come upon the scene. An ambiguous hint had been conveyed to Mr. Gazebee, during a visit of business which he had lately made to Courcy Castle, that the milliner's bills might as well be pinned on to those of the furniture-makers, the crockery-mongers, and the like. The countess, putting it in her own way, had gently suggested that the fashion of the thing had changed lately, and that such an arrangement was considered to be the proper thing among people who lived really in the world. But Gazebee was a clear-headed, honest man; and he knew the countess. He did not think that such an arrangement could be made on the present occasion. Whereupon the countess pushed her suggestion no further, but made up her mind that she must come up to London herself.

It was pleasant to see the Ladies Amelia and Alexandrina, as they sat within a vast emporium of carpets in Bond Street, asking questions of the four men who were waiting upon them, putting their heads together and whispering, calculating accurately as to extra twopences a yard, and occasioning as much trouble as it was possible for them to give. It was pleasant because they managed their large hoops cleverly among the huge rolls of carpets, because they were enjoying themselves thoroughly, and taking to themselves the homage of the men as clearly their due. But it was not so pleasant to look at Crosbie, who was fidgeting to get away to his office, to whom no power of choosing in the matter was really given, and whom the men regarded as being altogether supernumerary. The ladies had promised to be at the shop by half past ten, so that Crosbie should reach his office at eleven—or a little after. But it was nearly eleven before they left the Gazebee residence, and it was very evident that half an hour among the carpets would be by no means sufficient. It seemed as though miles upon miles of gorgeous coloring were unrolled before them; and then when any pattern was regarded as at all practicable, it was unrolled backward and forward till a room was nearly covered by it. Crosbie felt for the men who were hauling about the huge heaps of material; but Lady Amelia sat as composed as though it were her duty to inspect every yard of stuff in the warehouse. "I think we'll look at that one at the bottom again." Then the men went to work and removed a mountain. "No, my dear, that green in the scroll-work won't do. It would fly directly if any hot water were spilt." The man smiling ineffably, declared that that particular green never flew any where. But Lady Amelia paid no attention to him, and the carpet for which the mountain had been removed became part of another mountain.

"That might do," said Alexandrina, gazing upon a magnificent crimson ground, through which rivers of yellow meandered, carrying with them in their streams an infinity of blue flowers. And as she spoke she held her head gracefully on one side, and looked down upon the carpet doubtingly. Lady Amelia poked it with her parasol as though to test its durability, and whispered something about yellows showing the dirt. Crosbie took out his watch and groaned.

"It's a superb carpet, my lady, and about the newest thing we have. We put down four hundred and fifty yards of it for the Duchess of South Wales, at Cwddglwlch Castle, only last month. Nobody has had it since, for it has not been in stock." Whereupon Lady Amelia again poked it, and then got up and walked upon it. Lady Alexandrina held her head a little more on one side.

"Five and three?" said Lady Amelia.

"Oh no, my lady; five and seven; and the cheapest carpet we have in the house. There is twopence a yard more in the color; there is, indeed."

"And the discount?" asked Amelia.



"THAT MIGHT DO."

"Two and a half, my lady"

"Oh dear, no," said Lady Amelia. "I always have five per cent. for immediate payment; quite immediate, you know." Upon which the man declared the question must be referred to his master. Two and a half was the rule of the house. Crosbie, who had been looking out of the window, said that upon his honor he couldn't wait any longer.

"And what do you think of it, Adolphus?" asked Alexandrina.

"Think of what?"

"Of the carpet—this one, you know!"

"Oh—what do I think of the carpet? I don't think I quite like all these yellow bands; and isn't it too red? I should have thought something brown with a small pattern would have been better. But, upon my word, I don't much care."

"Of course he doesn't," said Lady Amelia. Then the two ladies put their heads together for another five minutes, and the carpet was chosen,

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subject to that question of the discount. "And now about the rug," said Lady Amelia. But here Crosbie rebelled, and insisted that he must leave them and go to his office. "You can't want me about the rug," he said. "Well, perhaps not," said Lady Amelia. But it was manifest that Alexandrina did not approve of being thus left by her senior attendant.

The same thing happened in Oxford Street with reference to the chairs and sofas, and Crosbie began to wish that he were settled, even though he should have to dress himself in the closet below the kitchen-stairs. He was learning to hate the whole household in St. John's Wood, and almost all that belonged to it. He was introduced there to little family economies of which hitherto he had known nothing, and which were disgusting to him, and the necessity for which was especially explained to him. It was to men placed as he was about to place himself that these economies were so vitally essential—to men who with limited means had to maintain a decorous outward face toward the fashionable world. Ample supplies of butchers' meat and unlimited washing-bills might be very well upon fifteen hundred a year to those who went out but seldom, and who could use the first cab that came to hand when they did go out. But there were certain things that Lady Alexandrina must do, and therefore the strictest household economy became necessary. Would Lily Dale have required the use of a carriage, got up to look as though it were private, at the expense of her husband's beef-steaks and clean shirts? That question and others of that nature were asked by Crosbie, within his own mind, not unfrequently.

But, nevertheless, he tried to love Alexandrina, or rather to persuade himself that he loved her. If he could only get her away from the De Courcy faction, and especially from the Gazebee branch of it, he would break her of all that. He would teach her to sit triumphantly in a street cab, and to cater for her table with a plentiful hand. Teach her!—at some age over thirty, and with such careful training as she had already received! Did he intend to forbid her ever again to see her relations, ever to go to St. John's Wood, or to correspond with the countess and Lady Margaretta? Teach her, indeed! Had he yet to learn that he could not wash a blackamoor white?—that he could not have done so even had he himself been well adapted for the attempt, whereas he was in truth nearly as ill adapted as a man might be? But who could pity him? Lily, whom he might have had in his bosom, would have been no blackamoor!

Then came the time of Lady De Courcy's visit to town, and Alexandrina moved herself off to Portman Square. There was some apparent comfort in this to Crosbie; for he would thereby be saved from those daily dreary journeys up to the northwest. I may say that he positively hated that windy corner near the church, round which he had to walk in getting to the Gazebee residence, and that he hated the lamp which guided him to the door, and the very door itself. This stood buried as it were in a wall, and opened on to a narrow passage which ran across a so-called garden, or front yard, containing on each side two iron receptacles for geraniums, painted to look like Palissy ware, and a naked female on a pedestal. No spot in London was, as he thought, so cold as the bit of pavement immediately in front of that door. And there he would be kept five, ten, fifteen minutes, as he declared—though I believe in my heart that the time never exceeded three—while Richard was putting off the trappings of his work and putting on the trappings of his grandeur.

If people would only have their doors opened to you by such assistance as may come most easily and naturally to the work! I stood lately for some minutes on a Tuesday afternoon at a gallant portal, and as I waxed impatient a pretty maiden came and opened it. She was a pretty maiden, though her hands, and face, and apron told tales of the fire-grates. "Laws, Sir," she said, "the visitors' day is Wednesday; and if you would come then there would be the man in livery!" She took my card with the corner of her apron, and did just as well as the man in livery; but what would have happened to her had her little speech been overheard by her mistress?

Crosbie hated the house in St. John's Wood, and therefore the coming of the countess was a relief to him. Portman Square was easily to be reached, and the hospitalities of the countess would not be pressed upon him so strongly as those of the Gazebees. When he first called he was shown into the great family dining-room, which looked out toward the back of the house. The front windows were, of course, closed, as the family was not supposed to be in London. Here he remained in the room for some quarter of an hour, and then the countess descended upon him in all her grandeur. Perhaps he had never before seen her so grand. Her dress was very large, and rustled through the broad doorway, as if demanding even a broader passage. She had on a wonder of a bonnet, and a velvet mantle that was nearly as expansive as her petticoats. She threw her head a little back as she accosted him, and he instantly perceived that he was enveloped in the fumes of an affectionate but somewhat contemptuous patronage. In old days he had liked the countess, because her manner to him had always been flattering. In his intercourse with her he had been able to feel that he gave quite as much as he got, and that the countess was aware of the fact. In all the circumstances of their acquaintance the ascendency had been with him, and therefore the acquaintance had been a pleasant one. The countess had been a good-natured, agreeable woman, whose rank and position had made her house pleasant to him; and therefore he had consented to shine upon her with such light as he had to give. Why was it that the matter was re-

versed, now that there was so much stronger a cause for good feeling between them? He knew that there was such change, and with bitter internal upbraidings he acknowledged to himself that this woman was getting the mastery over him. As the friend of the countess he had been a great man in her eyes; in all her little words and looks she had acknowledged his power; but now, as her son-in-law, he was to become a very little man—such as was Mortimer Gazebee!

"My dear Adolphus," she said, taking both his hands, "the day is coming very near now; is it not?"

"Very near, indeed," he said.

"Yes, it is very near. I hope you feel yourself a happy man."

"Oh yes, that's of course."

"It ought to be. Speaking very seriously, I mean that it ought to be a matter of course. She is every thing that a man should desire in a wife. I am not alluding now to her rank, though of course you feel what a great advantage she gives you in this respect."

Crosbie muttered something as to his consciousness of having drawn a prize in the lottery; but he so muttered it as not to convey to the lady's ears a proper sense of his dependent gratitude. "I know of no man more fortunate than you have been," she continued; "and I hope that my dear girl will find that you are fully aware that it is so. I think that she is looking rather fagged. You have allowed her to do more than was good for her in the way of shopping."

"She has done a good deal, certainly," said Crosbie.

"She is so little used to any thing of that kind! But of course, as things have turned out, it was necessary that she should see to these things herself."

"I rather think she liked it," said Crosbie.

"I believe she will always like doing her duty. We are just going now to Madame Millefranc's, to see some silks; perhaps you would wish to go with us?"

Just at this moment Alexandrina came into the room, and looked as though she were in all respects a smaller edition of her mother. They were both well-grown women, with handsome, large figures, and a certain air about them which answered almost for beauty. As to the countess, her face, on close inspection, bore, as it was entitled to do, deep signs of age; but she so managed her face that any such close inspection was never made; and her general appearance for her time of life was certainly good. Very little more than this could be said in favor of her daughter.

"Oh dear, no, mamma," she said, having heard her mother's last words. "He's the worst person in a shop in the world. He likes nothing, and dislikes nothing. Do you, Adolphus?"

"Indeed I do. I like all the cheap things, and dislike all the dear things."

"Then you certainly shall not go with us to Madame Millefranc's," said Alexandrina.

"It would not matter to him there, you know, my dear," said the countess, thinking perhaps of the suggestion she had lately made to Mr. Gazebee.

On this occasion Crosbie managed to escape, simply promising to return to Portman Square in the evening after dinner. "By-the-by, Adolphus," said the countess, as he handed her into the hired carriage which stood at the door, "I wish you would go to Lambert's, on Ludgate Hill, for me. He has had a bracelet of mine for nearly three months. Do, there's a good creature. Get it if you can, and bring it up this evening."

Crosbie, as he made his way back to his office, swore that he would not do the bidding of the countess. He would not trudge off into the city after her trinkets. But at five o'clock, when he left his office, he did go there. He apologized to himself by saying that he had nothing else to do, and bethought himself that at the present moment his lady mother-in-law's smiles might be more convenient than her frowns. So he went to Lambert's, on Ludgate Hill, and there learned that the bracelet had been sent down to Courcy Castle full two months since.

After that he dined at his club, at Sebright's. He dined alone, sitting by no means in bliss with his half-pint of sherry on the table before him. A man now and then came up and spoke to him, one a few words, and another a few, and two or three congratulated him as to his marriage; but the club was not the same thing to him as it had formerly been. He did not stand in the centre of the rug, speaking indifferently to all or any around him, ready with his joke, and loudly on the alert with the last news of the day. How easy it is to be seen when any man has fallen from his pride of place, though the altitude was ever so small, and the fall ever so slight! Where is the man who can endure such a fall without showing it in his face, in his voice, in his step, and in every motion of every limb? Crosbie knew that he had fallen, and showed that he knew it by the manner in which he ate his mutton-chop.

At half past eight he was again in Portman Square, and found the two ladies crowding over a small fire in a small back drawing-room. The furniture was all covered with brown holland, and the place had about it that cold, comfortless feeling which uninhabited rooms always produce. Crosbie, as he had walked from the club up to Portman Square, had indulged in some serious thoughts. The kind of life which he had hitherto led had certainly passed away from him. He could never again be the pet of a club, or indulged as one to whom all good things were to be given without any labor at earning them on his part. Such for some years had been his good fortune, but such could be his good fortune no longer. Was there any thing within his reach which he might take in lieu of that which he had lost? He might still be vic-

torious at his office, having more capacity for such victory than others around him. But such success alone would hardly suffice for him. Then he considered whether he might not even yet be happy in his own home—whether Alexandrina, when separated from her mother, might not become such a wife as he could love. Nothing softens a man's feelings so much as failure, or makes him turn so anxiously to an idea of home as buffetings from those he meets abroad. He had abandoned Lily because his outer world had seemed to him too bright to be deserted. He would endeavor to supply her place with Alexandrina, because his outer world had seemed to him too harsh to be supported. Alas! alas! a man can not so easily repent of his sins, and wash himself white from their stains!

When he entered the room the two ladies were sitting over the fire, as I have stated, and Crosbie could immediately perceive that the spirit of the countess was not serene. In fact, there had been a few words between the mother and child on that matter of the trousseau, and Alexandrina had plainly told her mother that if she were to be married at all she would be married with such garments belonging to her as were fitting for an earl's daughter. It was in vain that her mother had explained, with many circumlocutional phrases, that the fitness in this respect should be accommodated rather to the plebeian husband than to the noble parent. Alexandrina had been very firm, and had insisted on her rights, giving the countess to understand that if her orders for finery were not complied with she would return as a spinster to Courcy, and prepare herself for partnership with Rosina.

"My dear," said the countess, piteously, "you can have no idea of what I shall have to go through with your father. And, of course, you could get all these things afterward."

"Papa has no right to treat me in such a way. And if he would not give me any money himself, he should have let me have some of my own."

"Ah, my dear, that was Mr. Gazebee's fault."

"I don't care whose fault it was. It certainly was not mine. I won't have him to tell me"—him was intended to signify Adolphus Crosbie—"that he had to pay for my wedding-clothes."

"Of course not that, my dear."

"No; nor yet for the things which I wanted immediately. I'd much rather go and tell him at once that the marriage must be put off."

Alexandrina of course carried her point, the countess reflecting with a maternal devotion equal almost to that of the pelican, that the earl could not do more than kill her. So the things were ordered as Alexandrina chose to order them, and the countess desired that the bills might be sent in to Mr. Gazebee. Much self-devotion had been displayed by the mother, but the mother thought that none had been displayed by the daughter, and therefore she had been very cross with Alexandrina.

Crosbie, taking a chair, sat himself between them, and in a very good-humored tone explained the little affair of the bracelet. "Your ladyship's memory must have played you false," said he, with a smile.

"My memory is very good," said the countess; "very good indeed. If Twitch got it, and didn't tell me, that was not my fault." Twitch was her ladyship's lady's-maid. Crosbie, seeing how the land lay, said nothing more about the bracelet.

After a minute or two he put out his hand to take that of Alexandrina. They were to be married now in a week or two, and such a sign of love might have been allowed to him, even in the presence of the bride's mother. He did succeed in getting hold of her fingers, but found in them none of the softness of a response. "Don't," said Lady Alexandrina, withdrawing her hand; and the tone of her voice as she spoke the word was not sweet to his ears. He remembered at the moment a certain scene which took place one evening at the little bridge at Allington, and Lily's voice, and Lily's words, and Lily's passion, as he caressed her: "Oh, my love, my love, my love!"

"My dear," said the countess, "they know how tired I am. I wonder whether they are going to give us any tea." Whereupon Crosbie rang the bell, and, on resuming his chair, moved it a little farther away from his lady-love.

Presently the tea was brought to them by the housekeeper's assistant, who did not appear to have made herself very smart for the occasion, and Crosbie thought that he was de trop. This, however, was a mistake on his part. As he had been admitted into the family, such little matters were no longer subject of care. Two or three months since, the countess would have fainted at the idea of such a domestic appearing with a tea-tray before Mr. Crosbie. Now, however, she was utterly indifferent to any such consideration. Crosbie was to be admitted into the family, thereby becoming entitled to certain privileges, and thereby also becoming subject to certain domestic drawbacks. In Mrs. Dale's little household there had been no rising to grandeur; but then, also, there had never been any bathos of dirt. Of this also Crosbie thought as he sat with his tea in his hand.

He soon, however, got himself away. When he rose to go Alexandrina also rose, and he was permitted to press his nose against her cheek-bone by way of a salute.

"Good-night, Adolphus," said the countess, putting out her hand to him. "But stop a minute; I know there is something I want you to do for me. But you will look in as you go to your office to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XLI.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

When Crosbie was making his ineffectual inquiry after Lady De Courcy's bracelet at Lambert's, John Eames was in the act of en-

tering Mrs. Roper's front door in Burton Crescent.

"Oh, John, where's Mr. Cradell?" were the first words which greeted him, and they were spoken by the divine Amelia. Now, in her usual practice of life, Amelia did not interest herself much as to the whereabouts of Mr. Cradell.

"Where's Caudle?" said Eames, repeating the question. "Upon my word, I don't know. I walked to the office with him, but I haven't seen him since. We don't sit in the same room, you know."

"John!" and then she stopped.

"What's up now?" said John.

"John! That woman's off and left her husband. As sure as your name's John Eames, that foolish fellow has gone off with her."

"What, Caudle? I don't believe it."

"She went out of this house at two o'clock in the afternoon, and has never been back since." That, certainly, was only four hours from the present time, and such an absence from home in the middle of the day was but weak evidence on which to charge a married woman with the great sin of running off with a lover. This Amelia felt, and therefore she went on to explain. "He's there up stairs in the drawing-room, the very picture of disconsolateness."

"Who—Caudle?"

"Lupex is. He's been drinking a little, I'm afraid; but he's very unhappy, indeed. He had an appointment to meet his wife here at four o'clock, and when he came he found her gone. He rushed up into their room, and now he says she has broken open a box he had and taken off all his money."

"But he never had any money."

"He paid mother some the day before yesterday."

"That's just the reason he shouldn't have any to-day."

"She certainly has taken things she wouldn't have taken if she'd merely gone out shopping or any thing like that, for I've been up in the room and looked about it. She'd three necklaces. They weren't much account; but she must have them all on, or else have got them in her pocket."

"Caudle has never gone off with her in that way. He may be a fool—"

"Oh, he is, you know. I've never seen such a fool about a woman as he has been."

"But he wouldn't be a party to stealing a lot of trumpery trinkets, or taking her husband's money. Indeed, I don't think he has any thing to do with it." Then Eames thought over the circumstances of the day, and remembered that he had certainly not seen Cradell since the morning. It was that public servant's practice to saunter into Eames's room in the middle of the day, and there consume bread and cheese and beer—in spite of an assertion which Johnny had once made as to crumbs of biscuit bathed in ink. But on this special day he had not done so. "I can't think he has been such a fool as that," said Johnny.

"But he has," said Amelia. "It's dinner-time now, and where is he? Had he any money left, Johnny?"

So interrogated Eames disclosed a secret confided to him by his friend which no other circumstances would have succeeded in dragging from his breast.

"She borrowed twelve pounds from him about a fortnight since, immediately after quarter-day. And she owed him money, too, before that."

"Oh, what a soft!" exclaimed Amelia; "and he hasn't paid mother a shilling for the last two months!"

"It was his money, perhaps, that Mrs. Roper got from Lupex the day before yesterday. If so, it comes to the same thing as far as she is concerned, you know."

"And what are we to do now?" said Amelia, as she went before her lover up stairs. "Oh, John, what will become of me if ever you serve me in that way? What should I do if you were to go off with another lady?"

"Lupex hasn't gone off," said Eames, who hardly knew what to say when the matter was brought before him with so closely personal a reference.

"But it's the same thing," said Amelia. "Hearts is divided. Hearts that have been joined together ought never to be divided; ought they?" And then she hung upon his arm just as they got to the drawing-room door.

"Hearts and darts are all my eye," said Johnny. "My belief is that a man had better never marry at all. How d'you do, Mr. Lupex? Is any thing the matter?"

Mr. Lupex was seated on a chair in the middle of the room, and was leaning with his head over the back of it. So despondent was he in his attitude that his head would have fallen off and rolled on to the floor had it followed the course which its owner seemed to intend that it should take. His hands hung down also along the back legs of the chair, till his fingers almost touched the ground, and altogether his appearance was pendent, drooping, and wobegone. Miss Spruce was seated in one corner of the room, with her hands folded in her lap before her, and Mrs. Roper was standing on the rug with a look of severe virtue on her brow—of virtue which, to judge by its appearance, was very severe. Nor was its severity intended to be exercised solely against Mrs. Lupex. Mrs. Roper was becoming very tired of Mr. Lupex also, and would not have been unhappy if he also had run away—leaving behind him so much of his property as would have paid his bill.

Mr. Lupex did not stir when first addressed by John Eames, but a certain convulsive movement was to be seen on the back of his head, indicating that this new arrival in the drawing-room had produced a fresh accession of agony. The chair, too, quivered under him, and his fingers stretched themselves nearer to the ground and shook themselves.

"Mr. Lupex, we're going to dinner imme-

diately," said Mrs. Roper. "Mr. Eames, where is your friend Mr. Cradell?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Eames.

"But I know," said Lupex, jumping up and standing at his full height, while he knocked down the chair which had lately supported him. "The traitor to domestic bliss! I know. And wherever he is, he has that false woman in his arms. Would he were here!" And as he expressed the last wish he went through a motion with his hands and arms which seemed intended to signify that if that unfortunate young man were in the company he would pull him in pieces and double him up, and pack him close, and then dispatch his remains off, through infinite space, to the Prince of Darkness. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, as he finished the process. "False traitor! Foul traitor! And she too!" Then, as he thought of this softer side of the subject, he prepared himself to relapse again on to the chair. Finding it on the ground he had to pick it up. He did pick it up, and once more flung away his head over the back of it, and stretched his finger-nails almost down to the carpet.

"James," said Mrs. Roper to her son, who was now in the room, "I think you'd better stay with Mr. Lupex while we are at dinner. Come, Miss Spruce, I'm very sorry that you should be annoyed by this kind of thing."

"It don't hurt me," said Miss Spruce, preparing to leave the room. "I'm only an old woman."

"Annoyed!" said Lupex, raising himself again from his chair, not perhaps altogether disposed to remain up stairs while the dinner, for which it was intended that he should some day pay, was being eaten below. "Annoyed! It is a profound sorrow to me that any lady should be annoyed by my misfortunes. As regards Miss Spruce, I look upon her character with profound veneration."

"You needn't mind me; I'm only an old woman," said Miss Spruce.

"But, by Heavens, I do mind!" exclaimed Lupex; and, hurrying forward, he seized Miss Spruce by the hand. "I shall always regard age as entitled—" But the special privileges which Mr. Lupex would have accorded to age were never made known to the inhabitants of Mrs. Roper's boarding-house; for the door of the room was again opened at this moment, and Mr. Cradell entered.

"Here you are, old fellow, to answer for yourself," said Eames.

Cradell, who had heard something as he came in at the front door, but had not heard that Lupex was in the drawing-room, made a slight start backward when he saw that gentleman's face. "Upon my word and honor," he began; but he was able to carry his speech no further. Lupex, dropping the hand of the elderly lady whom he reverenced, was upon him in an instant, and Cradell was shaking beneath his grasp like an aspen leaf—or rather not like an aspen leaf, unless an aspen leaf when shaken is to be seen with its eyes shut, its mouth open, and its tongue hanging out.

"Come, I say," said Eames, stepping forward to his friend's assistance; "this won't do at all, Mr. Lupex. You've been drinking. You'd better wait till to-morrow morning, and speak to Cradell then."

"To-morrow morning, viper!" shouted Lupex, still holding his prey, but looking back at Eames over his shoulder. Who the viper was had not been clearly indicated. "When will he restore to me my wife? When will he restore to me my honor?"

"Upon-on-on-on my—" It was for the moment in vain that poor Mr. Cradell endeavored to asseverate his innocence, and to stake his honor upon his own purity as regarded Mrs. Lupex. Lupex still held to his enemy's cravat, though Eames had now got him by the arm, and so far impeded his movements as to hinder him from proceeding to any graver attack.

"Jemima, Jemima, Jemima!" shouted Mrs. Roper. "Run for the police; run for the police!" But Amelia, who had more presence of mind than her mother, stopped Jemima as she was making to one of the front windows. "Keep where you are," said Amelia. "They'll come quiet in a minute or two." And Amelia, no doubt, was right. Calling for the police when there is a row in the house is like summoning the water-engines when the soot is on fire in the kitchen chimney. In such cases good management will allow the soot to burn itself out, without aid from the water-engines. In the present instance the police were not called in, and I am inclined to think that their presence would not have been advantageous to any of the party.

"Upon-my-honor—I know nothing about her," were the first words which Cradell was able to articulate, when Lupex, under Eames's persuasion, at last relaxed his hold.

Lupex turned round to Miss Spruce with a sardonic grin. "You hear his words—this enemy to domestic bliss. Ha, ha! man, tell me whither you have conveyed my wife!"

"If you were to give me the Bank of England, I don't know," said Cradell.

"And I'm sure he does not know," said Mrs. Roper, whose suspicions against Cradell were beginning to subside. But as her suspicions subsided her respect for him decreased. Such was the case also with Miss Spruce, and with Amelia, and with Jemima. They had all thought him to be a great fool for running away with Mrs. Lupex, but now they were beginning to think him a poor creature because he had not done so. Had he committed that active folly, he would have been an interesting fool. But now, if, as they all suspected, he knew no more about Mrs. Lupex than they did, he would be a fool without any special interest whatever.

"Of course he doesn't," said Eames.

"No more than I do," said Amelia.

"His very looks show him innocent," said Mrs. Roper.

"Indeed they do," said Miss Spruce.

Lupex turned from one to the other as they thus defended the man whom he suspected, and shook his head at each assertion that was made. "And if he doesn't know, who does?" he asked. "Haven't I seen it all for the last three months? Is it reasonable to suppose that a creature such as she, used to domestic comforts all her life, should have gone off in this way, at dinner-time, taking with her my property and all her jewels, and that nobody should have instigated her; nobody assisted her! Is that a story to tell to such a man as me! You may tell it to the marines!" Mr. Lupex, as he made this speech, was walking about the room, and as he finished it he threw his pocket-handkerchief with violence on the floor. "I know what to do, Mrs. Roper," he said. "I know what steps to take. I shall put the affair into the hands of my lawyer to-morrow morning." Then he picked up his handkerchief and walked down into the dining-room.

"Of course you know nothing about it?" said Eames to his friend, having run up stairs for the purpose of saying a word to him while he washed his hands.

"What—about Maria? I don't know where she is, if you mean that."

"Of course I mean that. What else should I mean? And what makes you call her Maria?"

"It is wrong. I admit it's wrong. The word will come out, you know."

"Will come out! I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, you'll get yourself into a mess, and all for nothing. That fellow will have you up before the police for stealing his things—"

"But, Johnny—"

"I know all about it. Of course you have not stolen them, and of course there was nothing to steal. But if you go on calling her Maria you'll find that he'll have a pull on you. Men don't call other men's wives names for nothing."

"Of course we've been friends," said Cradell, who rather liked this view of the matter.

"Yes—you have been friends! She's diddled you out of your money, and that's the beginning and the end of it. And now, if you go on showing off your friendship, you'll be done out of more money. You're making an ass of yourself. That's the long and the short of it."

"And what have you made of yourself with that girl? There are worse asses than I am yet, Master Johnny." Eames, as he had no answer ready to this counter attack, left the room and went down stairs. Cradell soon followed him, and in a few minutes they were all eating their dinner together at Mrs. Roper's hospitable table.

Immediately after dinner Lupex took himself away, and the conversation up stairs became general on the subject of the lady's departure.

"If I was him I'd never ask a question about her, but let her go," said Amelia.

"Yes; and then have all her bills following you, wherever you went," said Amelia's brother.

"I'd sooner have her bills than herself," said Eames.

"My belief is, that she's been an ill-used woman," said Cradell. "If she had a husband that she could respect and have loved, and all that sort of thing, she would have been a charming woman."

"She's every bit as bad as he is," said Mrs. Roper.

"I can't agree with you, Mrs. Roper," continued the lady's champion. "Perhaps I ought to understand her position better than any one here, and—"

"Then that's just what you ought not to do, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Roper. And now the lady of the house spoke out her mind with much maternal dignity and with some feminine severity. "That's just what a young man like you has no business to know. What's a married woman like that to you, or you to her; or what have you to do with understanding her position? When you've a wife of your own, if ever you do have one, you'll find you'll have trouble enough then without any body else interfering with you. Not but what I believe you're innocent as a lamb about Mrs. Lupex; that is, as far as any harm goes. But you've got yourself into all this trouble by meddling, and was like enough to get yourself choked up stairs by that man. And who's to wonder when you go on pretending to be in love with a woman in that way, and she old enough to be your mother? What would your mamma say if she saw you at it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Cradell.

"It's all very well your laughing, but I hate such folly. If I see a young man in love with a young woman, I respect him for it;" and then she looked at Johnny Eames. "I respect him for it—even though he may now and then do things as he shouldn't. They most of 'em does that. But to see a young man like you, Mr. Cradell, dangling after an old married woman, who doesn't know how to behave herself; and all just because she lets him to do it—ugh!—an old broomstick with a petticoat on would do just as well! It makes me sick to see it, and that's the truth of it. I don't call it manly; and it ain't manly, is it, Miss Spruce?"

"Of course I know nothing about it," said the lady to whom the appeal was thus made. "But a young gentleman should keep himself to himself till the time comes for him to speak out—begging your pardon all the same, Mr. Cradell."

"I don't see what a married woman should want with any one after her but her own husband," said Amelia.

"And perhaps not always that," said John Eames.

It was about an hour after this when the front-door bell was rung, and a scream from Jemima announced to them all that some critical moment had arrived. Amelia, jumping

up, opened the door, and then the rustle of a woman's dress was heard on the lower stairs. "Oh, laws, ma'am, you have given us sich a turn," said Jemima. "We all thought you was run away."

"It's Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia. And in two minutes more that ill-used lady was in the room.

"Well, my dears," said she, gayly, "I hope nobody has waited dinner."

"No; we didn't wait dinner," said Mrs. Roper, very gravely.

"And where's my Orson? Didn't he dine at home? Mr. Cradell, will you oblige me by taking my shawl? But perhaps you had better not. People are so censorious; ain't they, Miss Spruce? Mr. Eames shall do it; and every body knows that that will be quite safe. Won't it, Miss Amelia?"

"Quite, I should think," said Amelia. And Mrs. Lupex knew that she was not to look for an ally in that quarter on the present occasion. Eames got up to take the shawl, and Mrs. Lupex went on.

"And didn't Orson dine at home? Perhaps they kept him down at the theatre. But I've been thinking all day what fun it would be when he thought his bird was flown"

"He did dine at home," said Mrs. Roper; "and he didn't seem to like it. There wasn't much fun, I can assure you."

"Ah, wasn't there, though? I believe that man would like to have me tied to his buttonhole. I came across a few friends—lady friends, Mr. Cradell, though two of them had their husbands; so we made a party and just went down to Hampton Court. So my gentleman has gone again, has he? That's what I get for gadding about myself, isn't it, Miss Spruce?"

Mrs. Roper, as she went to bed that night, made up her mind that, whatever might be the cost and trouble of doing so, she would lose no further time in getting rid of her married guests.

CHAPTER XLII.

LILY'S BEDSIDE.

Lily Dale's constitution was good, and her recovery was retarded by no relapse or lingering debility; but, nevertheless, she was forced to keep her bed for many days after the fever had left her. During all this period Dr. Crofts came every day. It was in vain that Mrs. Dale begged him not to do so; telling him in simple words that she felt herself bound not to accept from him all this continuation of his unremunerated labors now that the absolute necessity for them was over. He answered her only by little jokes, or did not answer her at all; but still he came daily, almost always at the same hour, just as the day was waning, so that he could sit for a quarter of an hour in the dusk, and then ride home to Guestwick in the dark. At this time Bell had been admitted into her sister's room, and she would always meet Dr. Crofts at Lily's bedside; but she never sat with him alone since the day on which he had offered her his love with half-articulated words, and she had declined it with words also half-articulated. She had seen him alone since that on the stairs, or standing in the hall, but she had not remained with him, talking to him after her old fashion, and no further word of his love had been spoken in speech either half or wholly articulate.

Nor had Bell spoken of what had passed to any one else. Lily would probably have told both her mother and sister instantly; but then no such scene as that which had taken place with Bell would have been possible with Lily. In whatever way the matter might have gone with her, there would certainly have been some clear tale to tell when the interview was over. She would have known whether or no she loved the man, or could love him, and would have given him some true and intelligible answer. Bell had not done so, but had given him an answer which, if true, was not intelligible, and if intelligible was not true. And yet, when she had gone away to think over what had passed, she had been happy and satisfied, and almost triumphant. She had never yet asked herself whether she expected any thing further from Dr. Crofts, nor what that something further might be—and yet she was happy!

Lily had now become pert and saucy in her bed, taking upon herself the little airs which are allowed to a convalescent invalid as compensation for previous suffering and restraint. She pretended to much anxiety on the subject of her dinner, and declared that she would go out on such or such a day, let Dr. Crofts be as imperious as he might. "He's an old savage, after all," she said to her sister, one evening, after he was gone, "and just as bad as the rest of them."

"I do not know who the rest of them are," said Bell, "but at any rate he's not very old."

"You know what I mean. He's just as grumpy as Dr. Gruffen, and thinks every body is to do what he tells them. Of course, you take his part."

"And of course you ought, seeing how good he has been."

"And of course I should, to any body but you. I do like to abuse him to you."

"Lily, Lily!"

"So I do. It's so hard to knock any fire out of you, that when one does find the place where the flint lies, one can't help hammering at it. What did he mean by saying that I shouldn't get up on Sunday? Of course I shall get up if I like it."

"Not if mamma asks you not?"

"Oh, but she won't, unless he interferes and dictates to her. Oh, Bell, what a tyrant he would be if he were married!"

"Would he?"

"And how submissive you would be if you were his wife! It's a thousand pities that you

are not in love with each other—that is, if you are not."

"Lily, I thought that there was a promise between us about that."

"Ah! but that was in other days. Things are all altered since that promise was given—all the world has been altered." And as she said this the tone of her voice was changed, and it had become almost sad. "I feel as though I ought to be allowed now to speak about any thing I please."

"You shall, if it pleases you, my pet."

"You see how it is, Bell; I can never again have any thing of my own to talk about."

"Oh, my darling, do not say that."

"But it is so, Bell; and why not say it? Do you think I never say it to myself in the hours when I am all alone, thinking over it—thinking, thinking, thinking. You must not—you must not grudge to let me talk of it sometimes."

"I will not grudge you any thing—only I can not believe that it must be so always."

"Ask yourself, Bell, how it would be with you. But I sometimes fancy that you measure me differently from yourself."

"Indeed I do, for I know how much better you are."

"I am not so much better as to be ever able to forget all that. I know I never shall do so. I have made up my mind about it clearly and with an absolute certainty."

"Lily, Lily, Lily! pray do not say so."

"But I do say it. And yet I have not been very mopish and melancholy; have I, Bell? I do think I deserve some little credit, and yet, I declare, you won't allow me the least privilege in the world."

"What privilege would you wish me to give you?"

"To talk about Dr. Crofts."

"Lily, you are a wicked, wicked tyrant." And Bell leaned over her, and fell upon her, and kissed her, hiding her own face in the gloom of the evening. After that it came to be an accepted understanding between them that Bell was not altogether indifferent to Dr. Crofts.

"You heard what he said, my darling," Mrs. Dale said the next day, as the three were in the room together after Dr. Crofts was gone. Mrs. Dale was standing on one side of the bed, and Bell on the other, while Lily was scolding them both. "You can get up for an hour or two to-morrow, but he thinks you had better not go out of the room."

"What would be the good of that, mamma? I am so tired of looking always at the same paper. It is such a tiresome paper. It makes one count the pattern over and over again. I wonder how you ever can live here."

"I've got used to it, you see."

"I never can get used to that sort of thing; but go on counting, and counting, and counting. I'll tell you what I should like; and I'm sure it would be the best thing too."

"And what would you like?" said Bell.

"Just to get up at nine o'clock to-morrow and go to church as though nothing had happened. Then, when Dr. Crofts came in the evening, you would tell him I was down at the school."

"I wouldn't quite advise that," said Mrs. Dale.

"It would give him such a delightful start. And when he found I didn't die immediately, as of course I ought to do according to rule, he would be so disgusted."

"It would be very ungrateful, to say the least of it," said Bell.

"No, it wouldn't a bit. He needn't come unless he likes it. And I don't believe he comes to see me at all. It's all very well, mamma, your looking in that way; but I'm sure it's true. And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pretend to be bad again, otherwise the poor man will be robbed of his only happiness."

"I suppose we must allow her to say what she likes till she gets well," said Mrs. Dale, laughing. It was now nearly dark, and Mrs. Dale did not see that Bell's hand had crept under the bed-clothes, and taken hold of that of her sister. "It's true, mamma," continued Lily, "and I defy her to deny it. I would forgive him for keeping me in bed if he would only make her fall in love with him."

"She has made a bargain, mamma," said Bell, "that she is to say whatever she likes till she gets well."

"I am to say whatever I like always; that was the bargain, and I mean to stand to it."

On the following Sunday Lily did get up, but did not leave her mother's bedroom. There she was, seated in that half-dignified and half-luxurious state which belongs to the first getting up of an invalid, when Dr. Crofts called. There she had eaten her tiny bit of roast mutton, and had called her mother a stingy old creature because she would not permit another morsel; and there she had drunk her half glass of port-wine, pretending that it was very bad, and twice worse than the doctor's physic; and there, Sunday though it was, she had fully enjoyed the last hour of daylight, reading that exquisite new novel which had just completed itself, amidst the jarring criticisms of the youth and age of the reading public.

"I am quite sure she was right in accepting him, Bell," she said, putting down the book as the light was fading, and beginning to praise the story.

"It was a matter of course," said Bell. "It always is right in the novels. That's why I don't like them. They are too sweet."

"That's why I do like them, because they are so sweet. A sermon is not to tell you what you are, but what you ought to be; and a novel should tell you not what you are to get, but what you'd like to get."

"If so, then, I'd go back to the old school, and have the heroine really a heroine, walking all the way up from Edinburgh to London, and

falling among thieves; or else nursing a wounded hero, and describing the battle from the window. We've got tired of that, or else the people who write can't do it nowadays. But if we are to have real life, let it be real."

"No, Bell, no!" said Lily. "Real life sometimes is so painful." Then her sister, in a moment, was down on the floor at her feet, kissing her hand and caressing her knees, and praying that the wound might be healed.

On that morning Lily had succeeded in inducing her sister to tell her all that had been said by Dr. Crofts. All that had been said by herself, also, Bell had intended to tell; but when she came to this part of the story her account was very lame. "I don't think I said any thing," she said. "But silence always gives consent. He'll know that," Lily had rejoined. "No, he will not; my silence didn't give any consent; I'm sure of that. And he didn't think that it did." "But you didn't mean to refuse him?" "I think I did. I don't think I knew what I meant; and it was safer, therefore, to look no than to look yes. If I didn't say it, I'm sure I looked it." "But you wouldn't refuse him now?" asked Lily. "I don't know," said Bell. "It seems as though I should want years to make up my mind; and he won't ask me again."

Bell was still at her sister's feet, caressing them, and praying with all her heart that that wound might be healed in due time, when Mrs. Dale came in and announced the doctor's daily visit. "Then I'll go," said Bell.

"Indeed you won't," said Lily. "He's coming simply to make a morning call, and nobody need run away. Now, Dr. Crofts, you need not come and stand over me with your watch, for I won't let you touch my hand except to shake hands with me;" and then she held her hand out to him. "And all you'll know of my tongue you'll learn from the sound."

"I don't care in the least for your tongue."

"I dare say not, and yet you may some of these days. I can speak out, if I like it; can't I, mamma?"

"I should think Dr. Crofts knows that by this time, my dear."

"I don't know. There are some things gentlemen are very slow to learn. But you must sit down, Dr. Crofts, and make yourself comfortable and polite; for you must understand that you are not master here any longer. I'm out of bed now, and your reign is over."

"That's the gratitude of the world all through," said Mrs. Dale.

"Who is ever grateful to a doctor? He only cures you that he may triumph over some other doctor, and declare, as he goes by Dr. Gruffen's door, 'There, had she called you in, she'd have been dead before now; or else would have been ill for twelve months.' Don't you jump for joy when Dr. Gruffen's patients die?"

"Of course I do—out in the market-place, so that every body shall see me," said the doctor.

"Lily, how can you say such shocking things?" said her sister.

Then the doctor did sit down, and they were all very cozy together over the fire, talking about things which were not medical, or only half medical in their appliance. By degrees the conversation came round to Mrs. Eames and to John Eames. Two or three days since Crofts had told Mrs. Dale of that affair at the railway station, of which up to that time she had heard nothing. Mrs. Dale, when she was assured that young Eames had given Crosbie a tremendous thrashing—the tidings of the affair which had got themselves substantiated at Guestwick so described the nature of the encounter—could not withhold some meed of applause.

"Dear boy!" she said, almost involuntarily. "Dear boy! It came from the honestness of his heart!" And then she gave special injunctions to the doctor—injunctions which were surely unnecessary—that no word of the matter should be whispered before Lily.

"I was at the manor yesterday," said the doctor, "and the earl would talk about nothing but Master Johnny. He says he's the finest fellow going." Whereupon Mrs. Dale touched him with her foot, fearing that the conversation might be led away in the direction of Johnny's prowess.

"I am so glad," said Lily. "I always knew that they'd find John out at last."

"And Lady Julia is just as fond of him," said the doctor.

"Dear me!" said Lily. "Suppose they were to make up a match!"

"Lily, how can you be so absurd?"

"Let me see; what relation would he be to us? He would certainly be Bernard's uncle, and uncle Christopher's half brother-in-law. Wouldn't it be odd?"

"It would rather," said Mrs. Dale.

"I hope he'll be civil to Bernard. Don't you, Bell? Is he to give up the Income-tax Office, Dr. Crofts?"

"I didn't hear that that was settled yet." And so they went on talking about John Eames.

"Joking apart," said Lily, "I am very glad that Lord De Guest has taken him by the hand. Not that I think an earl is better than any body else, but because it shows that people are beginning to understand that he has got something in him. I always said that they who laughed at John would see him hold up his head yet." All which words sank deep into Mrs. Dale's mind. If only, in some coming time, her pet might be taught to love this new young hero! But then would not that last heroic deed of his militate most strongly against any possibility of such love!

"And now I may as well be going," said the doctor, rising from his chair. At this time Bell had left the room, but Mrs. Dale was still there.

"You need not be in such a hurry, especially this evening," said Lily.

"Why especially this evening?"

"Because it will be the last. Sit down again,

Doctor Crofts. I've got a little speech to make to you. I've been preparing it all the morning, and you must give me an opportunity of speaking it."

"I'll come the day after to-morrow, and I'll hear it then."

"But I choose, Sir, that you should hear it now. Am I not to be obeyed when I first get up on to my own throne? Dear, dear Dr. Crofts, how am I to thank you for all that you have done?"

"How are any of us to thank him?" said Mrs. Dale.

"I hate thanks," said the doctor. "One kind glance of the eye is worth them all, and I've had many such in this house."

"You have our hearts' love, at any rate," said Mrs. Dale.

"God bless you all!" said he, as he prepared to go.

"But I haven't made my speech yet," said Lily. "And to tell the truth, mamma, you must go away, or I shall never be able to make it. It's very improper, is it not, turning you out, but it shall only take three minutes." Then Mrs. Dale, with some little joking word, left the room; but, as she left it, her mind was hardly at ease. Ought she to have gone, leaving it to Lily's discretion to say what words she might think fit to Dr. Crofts? Hitherto she had never doubted her daughters—not even their discretion; and therefore it had been natural to her to go when she was bidden. But as she went down stairs she had her doubts whether she was right or no.

"Dr. Crofts," said Lily, as soon as they were alone. "Sit down there, close to me. I want to ask you a question. What was it you said to Bell when you were alone with her the other evening in the parlor?"

The doctor sat for a moment without answering, and Lily, who was watching him closely, could see by the light of the fire that he had been startled—had almost shuddered as the question was asked him.

"What did I say to her?" and he repeated her words in a very low voice. "I asked her if she could love me, and be my wife."

"And what answer did she make to you?"

"What answer did she make? She simply refused me."

"No, no, no; don't believe her, Dr. Crofts. It was not so; I think it was not so. Mind you, I can say nothing as coming from her. She has not told me her own mind. But if you really love her, she will be mad to refuse you."

"I do love her, Lily; that at any rate is true."

"Then go to her again. I am speaking for myself now. I can not afford to lose such a brother as you would be. I love you so dearly that I can not spare you. And she—I think she'll learn to love you as you would wish to be loved. You know her nature, how silent she is, and averse to talk about herself. She has confessed nothing to me but this, that you spoke to her and took her by surprise. Are we to have another chance? I know how wrong I am to ask such a question. But, after all, is not the truth the best?"

"Another chance!"

"I know what you mean, and I think she is worthy to be your wife. I do, indeed; and if so, she must be very worthy. You won't tell of me, will you now, doctor?"

"No; I won't tell of you."

"And you'll try again?"

"Yes; I'll try again."

"God bless you, my brother! I hope—I hope you'll be my brother." Then, as he put out his hand to her once more, she raised her head toward him, and he, stooping down, kissed her forehead. "Make mamma come to me," were the last words she spoke as he went out.

"So you've made your speech," said Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, mamma."

"I hope it was a discreet speech."

"I hope it was, mamma. But it has made me so tired, and I believe I'll go to bed. Do you know I don't think I should have done much good down at the school to-day?"

Then Mrs. Dale, in her anxiety to repair what injury might have been done to her daughter by over-exertion, omitted any further mention of the farewell speech.

Dr. Crofts as he rode home enjoyed but little of the triumph of a successful lover. "It may be that she's right," he said to himself; "and, at any rate, I'll ask again." Nevertheless, that "No" which Bell had spoken, and had repeated, still sounded in his ears harsh and conclusive. There are men to whom a peal of noes rattling about their ears never takes the sound of a true denial, and others to whom the word once pronounced, be it whispered ever so softly, comes as though it were an unchangeable verdict from the supreme judgment-seat.

THE GULF.

"THOU art so near, and yet so far!"—
He smiled, and looked away
Across the ramparts' frowning guns
To where the city lay.

Above us, their white outlines steeped
In April's southern gleam;
The lazy transports smoked their pipes,
Fast anchored in the stream.

Below us, the beleaguered town
Lay silent and serene;
The Mississippi's turbid wave
Was all that flowed between.

Was all?—As in a dream, I saw
The yellow current swell;
And in the river's channel yawned
A gulf as deep as Hell.

While, strangely, from my boyish past,
The words swept back to me
With which the Roman consul paints
The camp at Fæsulæ:

"*On this side Loyalty*, with all
That human life sublimes;
On that side Treason leads the host
Of its companion crimes."

"*Hinc fides, illinc fraus*"—ah! thus
The old oration runs:
(The smooth, sonorous phrases drowned
The thunder of the guns

That from the awakening batteries hailed
Our iron-mailed Queen. The foe,
Too late aroused, beheld her gain
The curving bend below.)

"Far more is ours this side," he said
(For I had thought aloud),
"When yonder wreathing smoke has wov'n
"The fated city's shroud;

"When this dear flag flings out its stars
"Above those batteries grim—"
He paused; we were but half ashamed,
Because the view grew dim.

O distant home! Our eyes across
The prairies dwelt on thee,
Where Michigan's dark waves assume
The splendor of the sea.

The long green avenue, spire-crowned,
On which thy windows shine;
The woody grove—our early haunt—
Beyond the city's line,

Where lupines came in bonnets blue
To celebrate the spring,
And the marsh-marigold upheld
The goblet of a king;

And the tall cottonwoods hung out
Their swelling pods, that soon
Would drift their soft untimely snow
Above the green of June.

Like some fair mirage, seen from far,
Rose on my sight the day
We trod those mossy paths with her,
Our sweetest dream of May.

The tender eyes that lit his soul
In many a night of pain;
The loyal voice:—I could not meet
Their memory again.

"This side the Gulf," I cried, "that home,
"All dear delights of life,
"Remain for us. Beyond, who knows
"The issue of the strife?

"Our leaders waste in petty ends
"The grandeur of our aim;
"Life offers love. What more could add
"The empty joys of fame?

"Leave we yon stubborn forts unstormed;
"The sullen donjon-keep,
"Where the old feudal vices hold
"The newer age asleep.

"Seek we the genial arts of peace—"
"Seek, then, our home," he cried;
"But leave with me the nobler hopes
"For which the fathers died.

"Return! but never more unclose
"The books we once knew well:
"You could not hope unnerved to meet
"The steadfast eyes of Tell.

"The quiet eloquence of scorn
"In Silent William's face;
"The cold disdain that could but freeze
"Our Sidney's courtly grace.

"No! leave to me their clasping hands
"Amidst the strife I dare;
"And, Curtius, meet me in the fight
"With thy sublime despair.

"O Rome! *one* gallant soul could bridge
"Thy gaping chasm o'er;
"In ours a thousand lie engulfed,
"And still it waits for more."

Io Triumphe! Heaven and Earth
Are jubilant to-day;
The ides of our July fulfill
The promise of our May.....

Above the forts that mocked our gaze
The nation's flag is thrown;
Unarmed I tread the conquered streets;
But I walk there alone.

Where, in the valley at my feet,
The proud magnolias show
White banners to the sun, he fell
Face forward to the foe.

"The New World's Balaklava!" so
He said, while life ebbed fast.
"We led as grand a charge as—" Earth
For that great soul was past.

The siege is closed; but not the gulf
That sunders Freedom's sod
From that red soil whose tears and blood
Are crying yet to God.

Far sooner shall the fire and flood
Eternal warfare cease,
Than tyrant yield to freeman's hand
The friendly clasp of peace.

O comrade of my early youth!
Beside thy grave I kneel;
Before the southern heavens I swear
Upon my sword's blue steel,

Long as this gulf shall last, its blade
Against the cause to draw;
And when its use is past, to grasp
The sterner sword of Law.

When there we cast the will that bends
The weak before the strong—
The prejudice that gives a power
To long-established wrong—

Then—not till then—the gulf shall close;
The Northern pines shall moan
A greeting to palmetto-grove
In Nature's tenderest tone.

And the Atlantic surges join
Pacific murmurs dim,
In the great symphony that sounds
A nation's wedding-hymn.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

LIKE old portraits, personal names, in the dim past times, wear such quaint garb that we find it hard to trace in them even a family likeness; and between us and their right comprehension lies a hedge of interminable records, and dreary lists of uncouth appellatives, and much dodging of syllables among the nations, and not a little patient grubbing among vowels and consonants, and groping along history's crooked ways, and stumbling about in the twilight of mythology. But it is stumbling over the roots of a growth that overshadows half the earth, and we come to the very thinking and reasoning of races now little more than historical; and fossilized in strange combinations of letters, and under perplexing strata of nationalities we find sounding in our streets and by our hearths the faith, the love, the fireside talk and traditions of that simple, rude old world. Nor is it the least charm of such research that we discover these treasures in names common and half despised—veritable Cinderellas, sitting down in the dust and ashes of the commonplace—names that we stigmatize as everyday.

Any one who has an interest in a FREDERICK is within daily hearing of a nice little Teutonic sermon; for Frederick, going back through its respective stages of Friedel, Fedlim, Fridthjof, Frideger, according as it is found in the mouth of German, Erse, Norseman, or Visigoth, finds its way finally into the Teutonic Asgard, where it claims relationship with Frigga, wife of Odin, who knew the destinies of all men and never told them!—a model to modern dames. She it was who, desiring victory for the Vandals, bade their wives stand out in the morning sunlight, with their long hair let down over their chins. "Who are these Longbeards?" asked Odin. "Since thou hast given them a name, thou must give them the victory!" exclaimed Frigga, joyfully. And hence we have the Lombards, the bankers of Europe, and many a Lombard Street besides, and the word "lumber," from the miscellaneous contents of a pawnbroker's shop.

Frederick calls cousins also with Frey, one of the Teutonic Triad, a dignified personage, but misty; and through him gets back to *freyr*, the text of our sermon; for *freyr* finds its root in *pri*, Zend. *frî*, Greek φιλέω, "to love" or "rejoice;" but the Teutons, who clearly knew nothing of our modern logic, argued that to be glad was also to be free. So *freon*, or *frigon*, means "to free" or "to love." Very likely it was supposed, in those simple times, that the two acts had something of kinship; so we have the Norse *fri*, Gothic *frige*, German *frei*—all forms of the word "free." Then *fro* was both "glad" and "dear," and the Goths had *frowida*, the Germans *freude*, and we "frolics" and "freaks," that we might see that freedom came of a merry and loving family. He who loved was known by the word *frigonds*, now we style him "friend;" and as the effect of love is peace, the term was *fred*, or *fried*. Then to be free was to be noble, so we get *franja*, "free noble"—a pithy homily enough bound up in this Frederick, "Peace-Ruler."

MAUDE, a name in favor from its prettiness, springs from *magan*, Gothic and Saxon for "to be able," whence our defective "may," and the word "main," i.e., chief. From this we get *Maginhard*, "powerful peace," known now as Manfred; *Meginhard*, "main power," from whence the surname Maynard, and then *Maginhild*; and "might" and "main" being close allies, that was presently made into Mathilde, "might heroine." The Normans softened it into Molde, gradually Anglicized into Maude, a change not a little deplored in the ingenious work from whence we are gleaning, though prettier infinitely to our perverted thinking.

"Might" brings up naturally another auxiliary, "can," and opens another chapter of rude old-world logic; for among the roots of these dead languages we find a living root, a truth boastfully claimed as the special property of today, yet grasped already by these rough reasoners who proclaim that "knowledge is power," making every where the difference between I *ken* and I *can* well-nigh imperceptible. The Anglo-Saxon form is *cunnan*, Danish *kjende*, German *kennen*, whence our words "cunning," "knowing," and *cuth*, "known," "noted," or "dextrous," preserved in Cuthbert, of saintly fame, and by him bequeathed to the Northumbrian peasantry, and—alas! that we should write it—to many asses, for whom it is shortened to "cuddie." Of Christian names springing from this source we find Conrad, "able-speech." The most familiar, but though hardly within our province, we can not but notice, among a host of German surnames of similar origin, that of *Knowhart*, "bold resolution," made by us into the well-known name of Cunard.

Such research, dry perhaps in itself, has yet a soul and a meaning, in that it satisfies not simply our curiosity, but that through its means hoary centuries yet speak to us; for with Time yet young, and the wide globe still unpossessed before them, Earth's eldest children might well have forgotten the story of a lost Paradise, and the vision of its flaming swords, the promises received of angels, who came at twilight and vanished like mist, the tender sorrow or the great gladness, oft repeated, of the parents, but neither graved nor written, had they not been given remembrance in the names of their children—had not Eve, disinherited of Eden, but clinging to the promise, called her first-born son "A Possession," and Noah, in the spirit of prophecy, been "Consolation," and Peleg told of the folly and confusion of Babel, and the son of Sarah been "Laughter," and the son of Hannah "the Asked of the Lord." On this wise their traditions and household talk became incarnate, made part of their daily life, and, as family names, had immortality, though ashes returned to ashes, dust to dust; and coming on down through the generations, were borne in on strange

lands, on waves of invasion, or sprung up in upheavals of popular tumult, clipped, barbarized, made scarce recognizable, their very significance forgotten, and yet, if we will but be at the pains to trace them, telling their tale of Hebrew wanderings, Greek wars, Roman conquests, and Kymric struggles, in the same way that the old cliff prates of grinding icebergs, and a sea that once held in its ravenous maw the shores against which it now vainly frets. Thus ELLA binds up in its short syllable almost as many marvels as the book of Michael Scott. It is the spoken record of the days when an untutored people saw in a gleam of moonlight or the sparkle of a forest stream at mid-day something of the power and goodness of God, and, not finding its explanation within themselves, called it "spirit." *Alfr*, "white," akin to the Latin *albus*, and appearing in the words Elbe and Alps, were the elves of the North—beautiful white spirits retained even after the introduction of Christianity as the children of Eve, whom she had hidden from her Maker, therefore condemned by him to be hidden from the face of man. Elberich their king and his shadowy people meddled much in mortal matters, and had namesakes not a few among them. Elberich himself, known in French romauns as Auberon, whence our Oberon, comes down to us as Aubrey. King Alfred wrote himself *Ælfred*, "Elf in council;" Elgiva is *Ælfgifu*, "elf-gift;" *Ælfrida*, "elf-threatener;" *Ella*, "elf-friend."

Apropos of fairies, these subtle sprites continue as of old to haunt us where least suspected, in such staid and sober names as Martha, the property of quiet spinsters and Puritan dames, dead in the odor of sanctity, little dreaming what kindred their Scriptural cognomen held to the Irish fairy-queen, and through her to the twanging of viols and twirling of toes and such unseemly abominations. Mention of Martha suggests that other name so closely linked with it in Holy Writ, MARY—derived from Miriam, and though variously explained as "myrrh of the sea," or "lady of the sea," meaning in truth "bitter." Miriam after the Captivity took the Greek forms of Mariam and Mariamme, and was frequent in the East, but was slow in gaining a foothold in the Western Church, till about the middle of the twelfth century, when it was brought into Europe by the Crusaders as Maria, figuring in ballads and street plays as Marion, adopted by the Scotch as Menie, and by the French as Marion, Manon, and Marie. This last obtained with us till the translation of our Bible made Mary familiar among us. Every where this popular name has left its impress among us. The month of May, the maiden hair-fern, our clearest springs, are christened after her; even the flaunting marigold, and the little beetle known as lady-bug or lady-bird. The old exclamation, Marry! with which our fathers so profusely garnished their conversation, was the contraction of the oath, By St. Mary! Marybone Church was St. Mary la Bonne; Bow Church, St. Mary of the Bows, or arches; while among votaries of the Romish Church she is yet more popular.

The Hebrews constantly incorporated with their own names the syllable *je*, known as the divine syllable, because supposed to indicate the mystical name of God; and, in this way, from Hannah—a derivative of the Hebrew *Chaanach*, signifying "mercy," "favor," or "grace"—we get the masculine Jehohanan, shortened into Johanan. Of Hannah and Hananiah the Greeks made Anna and Ananias, and Anna growing largely into favor, from some apocryphal tradition concerning the mother of the Virgin, sent forth offshoots into all tongues: Anne, Nancy, Nan, Annot, Annette, Anita being only a few of her numerous children. Johanan, as Joannes or Johannes, was brought to England by the Crusaders, where it was made into JOHN; Ireland took him up as Maol Eoin, "disciple of John," shortened into *Shawn;* Scotland made of it Ian; the Germans style him Hans, the Russians Ivan; Jan obtained in Brittany. The Joneses, Jenkins, and Jenkinsons, are so many forms of the Welsh Ap John. The village around the Church of St. John sent forth the St. John family; the Church of St. John at Perth gave its name to the family of Johnstons. There isn't a harder-worked word in our language than our abbreviation *Jack;* for first we called the buff-coats of the moss-troopers jacks, and then cut them down into jackets, and from that went on to jack-boots, and boot-jack, jack-plane, jack-knife, jack-daw, jack-ass, jack-an-ape, and to proverbs many and wise about Jack-of-all-trades, and the Jack entirely given unto play or work, and the Jack who went up the hill with Gill; finally, making him into the scape-goat for entire nationalities, whom we designate as John Bull, Johnny Crapeau, etc. As for the surnames, they are legion. Jackson, Johnson, Jennings, Jenkins; large John, as Micklejohn and Grosjean; small John, as Littlejohn and Petitjean; and even handsome John, as Giovanazzi. Jock, the Scotch contraction, has named the whole class of jockeys; the Italian *Gianni* gives us our "zany;" and in the twelfth century arose a feminine in France, Jeanne, Juana, and Joan, and being adopted of royalty prospered, and was prettily shortened as Jessie and Janet, till the time of the Tudors, when Jane Seymour brought *Jane* into fashion. Happened to it, notwithstanding, the inevitable evil of popularity, for becoming soiled with peasant breath and familiar with cottage hearths, it came down from its high estate to the kitchen, where the spinning-jenny was named after her, and was presently discarded of the great; nevertheless it is not to be forgotten that it is of good parentage, and has, together with John, wide connections and an excellent signification —"the Grace of the Lord."

I think few among us will hold ourselves acquainted with *Hruodperaht;* and yet that is the dress worn by our old friend ROBERT in the year 700, at which time it was the property of a bishop of excellent fame, who founded the first Christian

church at Würms. Germany made it over as Ruprecht, and gave it to another famous builder, Ruprecht, Pfalgzraf of the Rhine, who founded the university of Heidelberg. France appropriated it as Robert, and so christened the second of the Capets; and the Dukes of Normandy—among whom was that wild prince known as "the Devil" and "the Magnificent"—took it into England, where it familiarized itself among the peasantry as Hob and Robin.

Doubtless also some subtle essence of spirituality lurks in this sturdy name, for we find it in high favor among the fairies, and worn not only by that homely elf Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of Shakspeare, but by the Danish *Robin God Dreng*—a water sprite who wears a bubble for a night-cap, and a certain *Knecht Ruprecht*, who is sure to know all about surreptitious apples in little German pockets, and acts as aid-de-camp to Santa Claus at the pleasant Christmas time. The name signifies "Bright Fame."

Not to be passed in silence is the word Amal, *Æmilius* in the Latin, *Amaethon* in the Kymric, but all preserving one idea—that of "work;" and indeed in old Norse *Aml* is work, and we get from it our verb "to moil;" and *Mahl* is in German a "stroke;" *mahlen*, "to paint," or make strokes; and *Maal* is a measure, an end, a goal. So then it is not simply toil, but stroke upon stroke, for some given end—intelligent labor directed and sustained by a purpose. *Amal* speedily sends out a feminine, *Amala*, in favor with the German ladies, which, softened into Amalie, was taken up by France and Italy, and there confounded with the Latin *Æmilia*, from which, in the present day and under its modern form, in England it is scarcely held to differ. *Amalsontha*, another derivative, corrupted on Burgundian lips to Melisenda, Melusine, came by degrees to the English Melicent; and Emmeline is doubtless but another form of Amaline. But most noteworthy is its Italian form, *Amerigo*, the name of that adventurer who, christening a mighty continent after his small self, thus unwittingly perpetuated in a land whose very existence has been the apotheosis of labor, the grand old Gothic *Amal*, or *Amalrich*, "Work-Ruler."

Emma, suggested by Emmeline, though of widely different parentage, is from *Amme*, "a nurse," in Germany; *Ama*, a "housekeeper," in Spain; and having in itself the syllable *ai* or *am*, used to designate a remote ancestor, is made to signify "grandmother." It was first borne by the daughter of Charlemagne, said to have borne her lover on her back over the snow, lest his foot-prints should be discovered; and coming early into fashion among French maidens, was transplanted to England at the time of the Conquest, where it is sometimes used as a translation of Amy, and incorrectly confounded with Emily, who, as we have already seen, is of the Amaler family.

Elizabeth, a name equally familiar and homelike, is the Latin form of Eli-scheba, the name of Aaron's wife, meaning "God hath sworn;" for the Israelites at the time of the Exodus, and even earlier, were in the habit of making the name a dedication to the Deity, by commencing or ending it with the Divine Name, which, before the revelation in the burning bush, was the word *El*, meaning Deity or Godhead. It was the name also of the mother of John; but, spite of its saintly fame, it can not deny the strange resemblance existing in Jezabel, a word exactly similar, save that the wife of Ahab appeals to Baal, whose votaress she was; and, in curious confirmation, the niece of Jezabel, the Carthaginian Dido, properly also Jezabel, was known in Rome and Greece as Elissa, while yet the scriptural Eli-scheba was unheard of. In France Elizabeth was metamorphosed into Isabelle, whence it was brought back to England by Isabelle of Angoulême, wife of King John. Transplanted across the border into Scotland, it found favor as Tibbie; and finally the splendid reign of good Queen Bess popularized it to that extent that we hear of an entire English village, in which all the grandmothers were Betty, the mothers Lizzie, and the daughters Elizabeth. Lisa, Elspath, and Babette are alike of this family, and are held to mean "God's Oath."

A similar custom of dedication prevailed in the wild North, where Thor, the special deity of the Norsemen, was invoked in every possible change that could be rung upon his name. He was the eldest son of Odin, and third in the Teutonic Triad, possessed of the belt of strength, which doubled his force, and of the mighty hammer *Mjolner*, which always returned to him after he had hurled it. He it was who slept in the thumb of the giant Skrymr's mitten, supposing it a cave. Meeting the giant himself, and provoked by his snoring, Thor dealt him in the night three such mighty blows as should have silenced him forever; but the giant only stirred in his sleep, and, on being questioned in the morning, complained that a leaf had fallen on him; whereat Thor blushed as red as his beard with shame and anger: yet small need was there for blushing; for Skrymr was the earth, and Thor's three blows had cloven as many valleys in its surface. Traveling on to Utgard, he tried to drain the drinking-cup of the giants, but failed, since this cup held the sea, though he succeeded in lessening its flood; lifted a single paw of a cat from the ground, to his own mortification, but to the consternation of the Joten; for the cat was none other than the world-encircling sea-serpent; and, wrestling with a toothless, decrepit old woman, was finally thrown—reason good, since this woman was Old Age. Forgotten myths of a half-forgotten people! But the long-bearded, red-haired hero of this gigantic joking still lives on our tongues in the name of our Thursday, and in many a surname: among them Thorwaldsen, from *Thorvallar*, "Thor's power;" Thurlow, from *Thorleik*, "Thor's sport;" Tunstall and Tunstan, from *Thurstan*, "Thor's stone;" and Tostain, corrupted to Toussaint, and as such naming the negro champion of Hayti, Toussaint l'Ouverture.

The name WILLIAM opens a still more ancient chapter in Teutonic mythology, telling us of the three primeval gods, Odin, Wili, and Vê, the "All-pervading," the "Will," and the "Holy," who animated the first human pair. That done we hear no more of Wili; but from him were named the Billingen, who gave Germany its first emperors: and undoubtedly this popular name is of German origin, *helm* being a special Germanic termination, and for some reason the favorite piece of armor, coming from a word meaning to cover, the same word that gives us whole, and holy, and from which we get also heel, the covered part of the foot, and the hold, and hull of a ship. Wilhelm or William signifies "Helmet of Resolution."

"Words," says one, "convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow, and laden with this their precious freight sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have made shipwreck, and the languages of common life suffered oblivion;" and of no word or name does this hold more specially true than of one common in almost every kitchen and hovel—BRIDGET, coming from *Brighid*, the daughter of the fire god, and the Erse goddess of song and skill; also one of the patron saints of Ireland, a maiden educated by a bard and afterward the pupil of St. Patrick, rising finally to become the head of five hundred nuns, and the adviser of the synod of bishops. The days of Ireland's glory are forgotten: the Erse tongue, seldom or never spoken, has much ado even to explain itself, but in this despised Bridget lies the syllable *Brigh*, a potent syllable: commencing one of the most curious chapters of history; for *bri*, "force" or "strength," is found in the Greek, and in the name of him whom the gods call Briareus; and the Keltic tongues all repeat it in various forms, making from it the term for a ruler or king. Many Breton names, such as Trobriant, Châteaubriant, still retain it, and the old French *Brie* is from the same source. Comes from this likewise the name of that Bran, or Brennus, as the Latins make it, who defeated Gabius and Porsena, and so nearly ruined Rome. From him we come to Bran the Blessed, who brought home the faith of Christ from Rome, where he had been as a hostage for his son Caradwg, the Caractacus of Roman history; and his captivity exactly coinciding with the time of St. Paul's first journey to Rome, those learned in such matters conclude the Arwystli who accompanied him as a missionary of the Gospel to have been the Aristobulus to whom Paul sends greeting in his Epistle to the Romans. It seems also that our friend Bran may have been the Cymbeline of Shakspeare, for the Romans style him Cunobelinus, and his queen Cartismandua. In confirmation, gilt coins have been found bearing the head and name of Cunobelinus, but though it is a title indeed, it is that of a god, not a man. *Cûn* is "Chief" or "Lord," *Bel* or *Belin* was the Keltic god of light and war, and in his honor the coins were struck during the heathen days of Bran, on which the Romans supposed they were reading his own name. Thus far is solid ground, and as reliable treading as perhaps any in history; but Bran's domain trenches also on enchanted ground, and once there, like Carathis in the palace of Eblis, he revolves in a whirl of the wildest fiction, till he becomes as fabulous as the marvels related of him. He it was who imported the Sangreal which healed wounds and raised the dead, given him, says one tradition, by a great black man, while another states that he received it from St. Joseph of Arimathea. This cup was one of the thirteen wonders of Britain, and only disappeared with Merlin when he sailed away to fairy-land in his vessel of glass, or as others have it, till he was beguiled into a hawthorn-tree by Vyvyan, leaving nothing but his voice. Bran's son, Caradwg, was Sir Caradoc, one of the knights of the Round Table. His wife was one of the three fair ladies, and chaste, of Arthur's court, possessing three treasures of which she alone was worthy—the mantle, the goblet, and the knife; and lest wonders should be wanting, the four brothers of Bran the Blessed, were all turned into swans by their cruel step-mother: but out of this bog of nonsense we come triumphant, however, with the fact that Bran the Blessed was the first Christian prince of Britain.

Much less apocryphal is that *Brian Boromhe*, the glory of Ireland, who defeated the Danes in twenty-five battles, and was finally killed at the battle of Clontarf. Warned, like Brutus, of his approaching death, he reviewed his forces, crucifix in hand, in the early morning, declaring his readiness to meet his fate, and commanding that there should be no pause to remove him from the field. On their homeward march they were attacked by the men of Ossory, when such was the spirit of his troops that even the wounded insisted on being tied to stakes that they might aid in defending his corpse. From this king descended the great clan of the O'Briens.

Barbara, Agnes, Catherine, and Margaret, the four virgin saints of the Romish Church, though possibly veritable martyrs, come to us through the medium of the respective legends attached to their names, rather as lovely impersonations of artistic devotion, the triumph of innocence, intellectual worship, and the victory through faith.

BARBARA, the feminine of the Greek word signifying "a stranger," was, on the authority of tradition, a maiden of Heliopolis, whose Christianity was revealed by her insisting that her bath chamber should be built with three windows instead of two, in honor of the Trinity. Her father beheaded her with his own hands, and she became patroness of architects and engineers, and the protectress from thunder and artillery.

AGNES, "pure," was a gentle Roman girl who, after her death, appeared to those weeping over her grave, leading a lamb of spotless whiteness; and from the fact that the gospel for her day was the parable of the ten virgins, and

that her persecutors had accused her of magic arts, and demanded the name of her betrothed, arose the English superstition that by watching and fasting on her eve maidens could discover their fate in marriage. *Nest* is the Welsh form of Agnes, while the Spaniards make of it *Iñes*, or *Inez*.

MARGARET is from the Persian *Mervarid*, "Child of light," in accordance with the fancy that the oysters rising to the surface of the water at night, and opening their shells in adoration, received into their mouths drops of dew congealed by the moonlight into pearls; and perhaps it was with some thought of the pearl of great price that the virgin martyr of Antioch was so named. Hungary adopted the name and sent it in the person of Margaret Etheling to Scotland, where it became national, and was adopted as *Marjorie*, *Mysie*, and *Meg*. Germany and France took it up as *Margarethe*, and the Provençal wife of St. Louis bequeathed it as *Marguérite* to all French princesses. Her niece, the daughter of Henry III., made it English; and from thence it is cut down to *Madge* and *Peggy*, though some would have us believe that Peggy is from the Danish *pige*, a girl, the word that, in the sign of the *Pige Washael*, the maiden's greeting, or the salutation of the Blessed Virgin, has suffered that astounding change to "the Pig and Whistle."

CATHERINE, the fourth saint, made the centre of intellectual devotion, and after the wheels that were to have torn her in pieces had been destroyed, and her exceeding wisdom shown, said to have been martyred by the sword and carried by angels to Mount Sinai, also signifies "pure." The name was brought into use by the Crusaders, who seem to have carried on an extensive importing business in saintly names and legends, and was taken into special favor of all ranks and countries.

There is hardly a name among us, however familiar or inharmonious, but is worthy of a sort of tender reverence, for on looking closely at it we shall find it either a mile-stone of progress on the upward path of the human race, or a chronicle of fears and fightings, revolutions and upheavals, forgotten of us, yet to which we stand debtors, as we do to the fire and flood that have helped form our fertile plains and sheltering mountains, or a golden link that, through their varied tongues and legends, binds fast the nations together in one noble and mighty brotherhood.

Yet not more curious than this digging down through the layers of the various nationalities, Kymric, Erse, Teutonic, Greek, whatever they may be, to the root of the thought or truth or tradition that has given rise to our Christian names, and the tracing it branch by branch and leaf by leaf through all its dynastic seasons, is the inquiry into the motives that have led to the adoption or often the infliction of these names upon individuals. The Greeks called the eldest son after his paternal grandfather, unless he were alive, when it was supposed to be of ill-omen, a sort of jostling him from his place into the lap of death. The Arabs have a similar custom, and as parents are called not by their own names, but as the father or mother of such a one, a young boy is addressed as *Abu*, the "father" of his future son, who is to be called after his grandfather—a perpetual shuffling off, as it were, of the responsibility of one's own name on the shoulders of others, and a twisting of Memory's neck fatiguing to contemplate. Most business-like also was that fashion of the unimaginative Latins, who checked off their children as numbers One, Two, and Three when they found their Caius, Lucius, Marcus too threadbare, and so saved much overhauling of pedigrees and straining of one's invention, making of it as simple a matter as in those earliest days when, if there were some peculiarity in the child's appearance or complexion, straightway he or she was dubbed Esau, "Hairy," Don, "Brown," Ruadh, "Red," as the case might be; or in the joy of the parents it must be David, the "Beloved," or Eadgifu, the "Happy Gift;" or the proud Teuton father styles it *Gar*, "Spear;" or its preciousness is set forth in *Mote-Mahal*, "Pearl of the Harem," *Marguérite*, "Pearl;" or religiously dedicated to the God who had given it—*Elijah*, "God the Lord," *Ishmael*, "Heard of God," *Thorgils*, "Thor's Pledge." Poetic feeling sometimes found expression in such names as *Susanna*, a "Lily," *Smiljana*, the "Amaranth;" and times of deep distress are commemorated in *Beriah*, "Son of Evil," *Una*, "Famine," *Ita*, "Thirsty," *Dolores*, "Child of Tears."

Patron saints and relics in Romish countries are responsible for not a little curious nomenclature. Holy toes and fingers have been the seed of crops of Diegos, Marcos, Andreas, etc., overspreading entire countries; while, not to be behindhand, Puritans and Huguenots assert their devotion by Scriptural names, often chosen by opening the Bible at haphazard and taking the first that presented itself. It is to be supposed that Karen-Happuch, Talitha-cumi, and Mahal-shahal-hashbaz are among the pleasant results of such appeals to chance.

Romance, also, which seldom gets leave to meddle with our realities, has here left its impress. Printing press and circulating library were not, but the old crone in the smoky hut, or the minstrel in the baron's equally smoky hall, told at eve how Morgwen turned her ring inward and became invisible; of Guendolen and her golden chessmen; of Sir Yvain setting forth in search of adventures; of the enchanted castle, fastidiously revealing itself only to a certain few; of a discreet fountain that gave timely warnings, and abounded in knowing fish, that were generally able to tell precisely where were to be found the much needed key or sword of the lady in yellow satin and with long yellow hair (brunettes were below par); and the hundred maidens always embroidering satin, for whose relief no aid society existed. Or else the tale was of Rhitta Gawr, whose scarlet mantle was trimmed

with eleven royal beards, and who indiscreetly fancied that King Arthur's was needed by way of finish; or they told how Tristan went in state to bring home the bride of his uncle, King Mark, Ysolte the Fair; how the bride's mother gave the magic draught that was to insure the happiness of the newly-married pair into the hands of Brengwain, and by what sad hap, amidst the hurry and confusion of a storm, Brengwain administered it to Tristan and Ysolte instead, whence the love guilty and famed as that of Launcelot and Guenever. And tales such as these made interest with whatever of poetry or tenderness existed in these uncultured natures, and by virtue of such appeal took deep hold on the popular mind, and found remembrance in many a Tristan, Lillias, and Launcelot.

Quaint old ballads brought Barbara, Cecily, and Agnes into familiar and constant use; and national agitations were not without their influence; for as the sea leaves stranded shells and worn skeletons to tell of its past doings, so waves of invasion have always their name-traces among the nations over which they have swept. The Latin inundation which engulfed entire races wore even upon the rock of Kymric pride, and left there the vestiges of its overflow. *March*, *Tristrem*, *Geraint*, are only so much debatable ground between the Classic and the Kymric; the knights of the Round Table were semi-Roman Kelts, Arthur's own name is claimed by Greece, and Lancelot is doubtless a French version of the Latin translation of *Maelgwyn*. Close on these lie the formations that tell us of the low German influx. Cuthbert, Osmund, Ethelred, Ermengarde, Mildred, Ethel, and hundreds of similar names stranded among us, always with their uncouth prefixes of *Sige*, *Æthel*, *Hilde*, *Cuth*, and the various terminations *red*, *volo*, *frith*, *thrythe*, *gifn*, and drifted away in Scotland and Ireland, Torquil, Ivor, Ronald, Ulick, tell of the Danish wave, while thick strewn on the surface are the Henry, Robert, Walter, William, Hugh, Gilbert, forced upon us by that mighty Norman flood against which Anglo-Saxon wrath and despair made such splendid but useless resistance. Matilda and Adelheid came in then, and the two languages amalgamating as best they might, made but wild work with the names in vogue. *Alberic* became Aubrey, *Randolf*, Ralph, *Adelheid*, Alice, *Matilda*, Maude, *Eavgifn*, Edith. The Provençal princesses, who seemed to possess indefinite facilities of marrying into all parts of Europe, brought their *Alienor*—which was made into Eleanor—Isabel, Blanche, Beatrix, Constance, Marguérite; and Elizabeth was borrowed from the German connections of Elizabeth Woodville's mother Gertrude from Germany.

The Stuarts brought in Charles and James, also Henrietta, Frances, Lucy, Mary, Anne, Catherine, but all contracted as Harriet, Fanny, Molly, Nanny, Kitty; and presently Christian names came on their days of darkness, and had to struggle for their existence. They were given of course, but swamped amidst half a dozen others, bestowed with the view of conciliating as many saints and sponsors as possible. In France married ladies wrote themselves by their maiden, joined to their married titles, and the son of Madame De Longueville was baptized after the city of Paris. Knights were not even known by their surnames, but called after some estate, and the fidelity of England was very considerably affected by all this furious persecution of the poor Christian names. Surnames like Guilford, Douglas, Ratcliffe, and so on, had commenced the work of usurpation, even at the time of the Reformation, and now noblemen dropped it from their signatures, knights' wives discarded it and Dame together, and young spinsters adopted Miss with the surname, in place of Mistress with the Christian name.

Hardly was this over when there raged an Italian epidemic called *ia*, and while it lasted Alice was *Alicia*, Lucy, *Lucinda*, Lettie, *Letitia*, Cecily, *Cecilia*, Elizabeth, *Eliza*, Anne, *Anna*; and in sooth the fortunes of names bear a curious similarity to those of their wearers. Some, of good wearing stuff, have stood up stoutly against time and change, and come down to us, hoary indeed, and curiously tricked out with a patch of every century, but having still the promise of life and vigor; while other some that sat in high places are known only in hovels, or dropped wholly out of memory; and the parallel extends likewise to their signification. In the thistle you find the down, in the tulip no fragrance. The truth has no pity on our preconceived opinions.

The Hebrew names held most in love and reverence among us are at the best corrupt and mangled Hebraisms, marred by Aramaic or Syriac (as it is now termed) pronunciation and Greek writing; for though Hebrew lives, indeed, since the Captivity it is only among the learned of the Jews and in the Scriptures, which have been carefully preserved in their original form, and without the slightest variation. The Aramaic became the Jewish vernacular, and prevails now under its name of Syriac; and so far does it differ from the Hebrew that in the synagogues, after the reading of the lessons from the Scriptures in their ancient tongue, a paraphrase was also given, that the people might understand what they had heard; and this is the explanation of the discrepancies occurring in the Old and New Testaments in the rendering of such names as Noah and Noe, Korah or Core, Uzziah or Ozias; for King James the First caused his translators to use the original Hebrew and Greek, regarding the Septuagint and Vulgate as helps, not authorities; and as far as it was in the power of English letters, many of the Old Testament names were restored to their original form, while those at work on the New Testament left the names as they occurred in the Greek. Equally relentless is philology to some of our tenderest fancies. Our golden-haired Portia, in her judge's robes, is neither bright, nor fair, nor honey-lipped, as we would have her, but "of the pigs," or of the *Porcii*,

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the breeders of *porcus* ("porkers"). Gertrude is "Battle Maid"—an ominous name for marriageable damsels. Rhoda, whom we associate with an elderly and sharp-nosed spinster, is in truth the Greek "Rose," while our golden-haired, blushing May-Queen Roses are so many mistakes for a "Horse," given doubtless in the best possible faith: but *hrôs* among the Teutons meant sometimes "fame," sometimes a "horse," but not the flower; while Rosamund must entirely renounce all gentler thoughts, and date back to that fierce Hrosamund, "Famous Protection," who, being compelled by her Lombard husband to drink his health in her father's skull, avenged herself by a midnight murder. Rosalind is "Fame Serpent," *lind* being a serpent, and used to convey the idea of suppleness, gliding grace. Norse poetry delighted to compare a gayly-dressed lady to a glistening serpent, but modern taste will scarcely recognize the compliment. Hepzibah, whom by force of Hawthorne we must always picture as near-sighted, gaunt, scowling, skimped, and faded, signifies "My Delight is in Her;" and Harriet is "Home Ruler," a gracious name for a fair wife. Helen and Lucy are "Light," Nancy, "Grace," Jenny, "Grace of the Lord." Paddy is noble, for Patricius the "noble" was the title given half in jest to the young Calpurnius, who, stolen by Irish pirates in his youth, returned, when ransomed, to be the apostle of Christianity among his captors, and to bequeath his name to that warm-hearted land whose every other son is a Patrick. Phœbe is "Shining Light," and though lowly enough now, her ancestors certainly kept their carriage and held a high position, since Phœbus drove the frisky horses of the Sun, and the first Phœbe was the moon herself. Thady is "a Poet." Taffy (short for David), "Beloved." Paul, "Little;" Deborah, "a Bee;" George, "a Husbandman;" Richard, "Firm Ruler; Geoffrey, "God's Peace."

And while we are in the strain of the dictionary, it is worth noting three names, well known if not Christian names. Garibaldi, "War Prince;" Gottschalk, "God's Servant;" and Napoleon, "New City," from *Neapolis*, signifying "new city," and applied very much as our Newtown and Newburg. From some of these new cities was named an Alexandrian martyr, who was canonized, and in the twelfth century adopted as patron by one of the noble house of Orsini. From them it spread to other parts of Italy, as Neapolion or Napoleone, and to Corsica, where it was made famous by the Little Corporal.

MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE AGAIN.

CIRCUMSTANCES as extraordinary and unexpected as they were unwelcome and disagreeable render it proper that I should make a second statement with reference to that person whom I have called "My Friend Crackthorpe."

Thank Heaven! I can write freely and fearlessly now, as I feel a blessed security from any third visitation of that strange lunatic. He is, at last, fairly— But my narrative will put you in possession of his present case, and the events that preceded it.

Just one week ago that man suddenly reappeared, like a baleful comet, upon my horizon. It was a bleak, windy day, and business was slack. Indeed I had been seated in my store (*No.* 1990 *Whortleberry Street*, as you may remember), alone with Mr. Pitkins, my clerk, for several hours, uncheered by the entrance of a single customer. We had exhausted the ordinary topics of conversation, and had relapsed into silence. I was thinking, with emotions of pardonable pride, of the favorable reception my little narrative had met with at the hands of the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and how neat and literary it looked in the clear pages of the Monthly. Mr. Pitkins was, I believe, asleep. All at once the doorway was darkened by a human form, and we were startled by a voice, which, if associated with different memories, I should have called jovial, exclaiming:

"Ha! Weeks, my boy, I've found you again! Delighted to see you looking so well! Give us your hand, old chum, give us your hand!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Crackthorpe (for I need not tell you it was he) strode rapidly up the store, and grasped my hand like a vice. It is perfectly impossible to describe the conflicting emotions with which I gazed upon my former persecutor, as he continued to wring my tingling hand, and to utter familiar expressions of pleasure at having successfully "hunted me up." I looked appealingly at Mr. Pitkins, and groaned. "Oh," I thought, "if Pitkins would only conceive the blessed idea of going for a policeman!" But Mr. P.'s ideas were evidently of a far different character; for he only smiled, and, taking out his pocket-comb, proceeded to comb his whiskers.

"Why, Weeks!" cried the madman (I shall call him the *madman* often in future—it does me a sort of good), "you don't seem glad to see me. You look as if I had done you an injury, while, on the contrary, it is I upon whom you— But, *apropos*, I want to have a private chat with you, my friend. You've a snug room back, of course. We'll adjourn to your den. That's your clerk? What's his name? Tom? Here, Tom—"

I did not know what else to do, upon my soul! so I said, with a gulp, "My—my salesman, Mr. Pitkins; this is my—friend Mr. Crackthorpe, Mr. Pitkins." And as I looked at the young man I made a horrible grimace and winked, in the faint hope that he would take the hint, and, at least, not leave us. But he only smirked, and shook hands with the madman, who continued:

"Happy to know you, Mr. Pipkin. You look pale. If I had you under my wing for a fortnight I'd change all that; make a new man of you, Sir, in two weeks. By-the-way, Mr. Pip-

kin, Mr. Weeks and I have some little private matters to chat over. We'll adjourn to his domestic hearth, and you'll be good enough not to let us be interrupted—eh, Mr. Pipkin?"

"Pitkins, Sir—excuse me," said my clerk, with dignity; but, wholly blind to my signals, he added: "There's no fear of interruption, Sir. It's a bad day for custom: sales very slack, Sir, I regret to say."

"Come on, Weeks! Show us the way to your quarters!" cried the madman, pinning my arm within his, in the old fashion.

There was no help for it, and, with the feeble consolation that Mr. Pitkins would at least be within call in case of need, I ushered Mr. Crackthorpe into my sitting-room. When we were seated, and my tormentor had made a running commentary upon my furniture, etc., he began as follows:

"Well, Weeks, a pretty trick you've served me! How could you, in return for my unselfish kindness and care of your welfare—how could you, for the gratification of a small literary pride, publicly brand me as a lunatic? And, worse than all, get up that moving tale of your sufferings and my insanity upon the mere foundation of your own morbid fancy, without a shadow of real evidence! How could you do it? Answer me that!"

"Why, Mr. Crackthorpe, you must admit that your—your singular conduct, and the—the paragraph in the newspaper, together with your hurried departure, and the—impression you gave of me to Mr. North and others—in fact, I—thought—I could not help thinking that you were—"

"Mad, eh?—ha! ha! ha! Well, perhaps it was a little queer; and in your nervous state of mind and body, which, by-the-by, I should have radically cured for you in another week, if—However, it is all easily explained, though the pain you have inflicted by your injudicious narrative upon the members of my family will not be so easily eradicated."

"I am sure, Sir, I never supposed—I never intended—"

"Oh! of course not! Besides, I have forgiven you; and so will they. Lord! how I laughed when I read that statement of yours in *Harper!*"

"But why did you lead Mr. North and others to believe that I was a—?"

"Pooh! an innocent ruse, Weeks, and solely for your own good. I saw that if I left you to yourself you'd crawl, and sit, and mope about, and not benefit yourself in the least at the Cape. You hadn't the energy to do yourself good, Sir. And I liked you, and determined to do you good in spite of yourself. So, as the best means of accomplishing my benevolent purpose, I just hinted to our host and a few others that your feeble health had rendered you unfit to take care of yourself—that was all, upon my word. I didn't say you were mad, only weak and vacillating. And so you were, my boy!"

I repressed an indignant protest against his self-constituted mentorship that rose to my lips, feeling it to be utterly useless, if not dangerous, then, and replied,

"Yes, but then your—the newspaper advertisement. *That* was real, and the name and description—"

"Were mine. Very true. Yet I was not the man it was intended to reclaim. You stare. It's very simple. The subject of that notice was my uncle." (He looked right at me as he said this, with the old brightness in his eyes.) "Yes, Weeks, strange as it may seem, my father's youngest brother, Anthony Crackthorpe by name (with a middle name, which I have not), only five years my elder, bears a wonderful likeness to your friend now present. The poor gentleman has been slightly deranged for some years, and it is not strange that his malady should take the form of that philanthropic eccentricity, if you choose to call it so, which has always been a family trait, and which caused my interest in your restoration to health. He it was who had wandered from home. He it was for whom my uncle Peter, forgetting in his anxiety the identity of our names and personal appearance, published the advertisement that misled you. What have you to say now, my boy?"

"I—it is very odd, certainly; though, of course—but why did you leave in such a hurried manner?"

"Hang it, man! Do you think I have no family affections? The newspaper paragraph gave me a shock. I was horribly anxious about my poor uncle. I left on the instant to hunt him up and get him home again. If you had waited for me on the hotel porch, I should have explained it all in six words before I departed."

I confess that his cool plausibility deceived me, and I began to be convinced. I still had lingering doubts, however, and to enable him to dispel them if possible, I asked:

"But the—directions you left with Mr. North, to—to have me sent, like a bale of goods, to your—to Dr. Peter Crackthorpe? Do you deny that?"

"Certainly not! That was my only revenge upon you for the suspicious and unkind way in which you sneaked off and hid yourself from me. It was mean and ungentlemanly treatment, Weeks. I don't say it bitterly, now, for I have forgiven you; but it *was* a scurvy trick, and it irritated me at the time into playing a practical joke upon you, which, I must say, you richly deserved!"

It is humiliating to acknowledge, but the madman's cunningly put-on *bonhomie* actually deluded me into feeling as if I *had*, in fact, done a shabby thing; and I attempted an awkward apology, which he blandly but firmly arrested in its outset. Suddenly another doubt recurred to me.

"But, Mr. Crackthorpe, you were going to carry me with you. You ordered a carriage to take *two* gentlemen to the railway, and you had even begun to pack my valise."

"That was my first impulse, I confess, when

I found you gone. I was hurt at your conduct, and thought on your return—for I supposed you would return, probably, before I left—to persuade you to accompany me, part of the way at least, if only to satisfy you of the sincerity of my kind feelings toward you. But when time pressed and you did not return, I suspected a deliberate intention to shun me; and, in my indignation, substituted the practical joke you wot of. After all, Weeks, it was a very innocent revenge!"

Will it be believed that I echoed—yes, actually echoed—his laugh; the madman's laugh at his own cunning device, of which *I* was the intended victim? I did! I did more! I told him I was convinced I had been misled by appearances and coincidences; that I was sorry that I had written an erroneous statement of the circumstances, and that if he thought it advisable I would correct that statement as publicly as I had made it.

"No," he said; "it is of no consequence now. People who know me know it was a mistake, and could guess how it might have occurred. For the world generally I don't care a rush! Besides, in three months it will be forgotten. Yes, or even in less! But one thing you shall do, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him. "Since you, or rather chance, would not let me restore your physical stamina, you shall, at least, permit me to assist your judgment and improve your observation. Your ideas on the subject of mania are vague. You lack experience in forming opinions of men's sanity. I will give you a leaf of this living book to study. In the suburbs of this city there is a somewhat celebrated Asylum for the treatment of this class of patients. We will visit it. This very day—this very hour you shall go with me and see, and hear, and compare these unfortunate people, and take my word for it, Weeks, you will return, if a sadder, also a wiser man. So get your coat and hat and come along!"

"But, my dear Sir, really I—I have no fancy—in fact it is quite repugnant to my feelings to visit such scenes. I have no desire to become more intimately acquainted with—"

"Nonsense! It will do you good. It will, in one sense, make a new man of you. Come!"

"But I—I—I can't leave my business, Mr. Crackthorpe. The store—"

"Nonsense, I tell you. The store will take care of itself. If it won't, there's your Mr. Popkins to take care of it. So there's no use in your starting objections, for go you shall. I'm resolved. And, moreover"—he fixed his eyes with uncomfortable directness upon mine—"you owe me some reparation, you know, and I'll take this little excursion in payment. It will be showing me one of the 'lions' of your city. There's your hat. Where's your coat? Oh, here it is, eh? All right, my dear fellow; come ahead; we'll have a right jolly time, I assure you."

And the madman fairly pushed me into and through the store, barely giving me time to whisper a hurried word of explanation to Mr. Pitkins (who was serving two ladies, with a business smile on his face, and his whiskers combed out to a wonderful degree of latitude), and so into the street, where, tucking me in a manner under his arm, he walked rapidly to the nearest cab-stand.

In a few moments we were riding, at the usual pace of public vehicles, toward the Asylum. The fittest word, I think, to express my condition during our progress is the word resignation. I was resigned. Though I still regarded Mr. Crackthorpe as a decidedly eccentric person, I no longer believed him to be absolutely deranged.

It certainly was rather repugnant to my tastes to visit an insane asylum. How on earth Mr. Crackthorpe proposed to have "a jolly time" on such an occasion I could not conceive. It would be a disagreeable and even melancholy time to me; but it would be short. It should be as brief as I could make it. A momentary doubt as to how my companion's eccentricity might display itself in such a scene flashed across me. But, I thought, at least he will not be able to make *me* its victim there. There are no breakers to pitch me into; no hot sands to race me over; no "big balls" to be rolled "for an hour or so;" no opportunity to practice his strange hygienic fancies upon me *there*. Therefore I was resigned, and felt no misgivings. Imbecile that I was! As to him, he was very affable and very gay. Looking at it as I look at it now, I should say that he was preternaturally, affectedly affable and gay. Affable and gay with a purpose. The hypocrite!

We reached the Asylum, drove through the gates, and were admitted, with the usual formalities, to an inspection of the establishment. Almost every body has visited such places, and, besides, a description of this one or of its inmates has no direct bearing upon my narrative, which is strictly personal.

Mr. Crackthorpe, with his usual easy manner, introduced me to the Director (with whom he was entirely unacquainted himself) as "my particular friend, Mr. Weeks, Sir—a gentleman to whom I wish to impart a lesson by personal observation of your admirable establishment."

The Director made some courteous rejoinder, and excused himself on the plea of business, but hoped to see us before we left. We spent an hour or two in going over the grounds and through the wards, all of which were in excellent order, without meeting with any unpleasant adventure. Once, indeed, I felt a momentary fear. This was when we entered the ten-pin alley (for there was a ten-pin alley for the use of the patients), and my companion said, laughing, "Ha, Weeks! do you remember the 'big balls' at the Cape? Suppose we try half a dozen rolls; eh, my boy?"

But my anxiety was dispelled by the guide saying, politely but firmly, "It's against the rules, Sir, for visitors to play, unless they have

a friend who is a patient, and who wants them to play with him." Mr. Crackthorpe said "Hum!" and looked at the man rather oddly, as if he were about to add something more, but checked himself, and we passed on.

Our tour of inspection being ended the guide conducted us to the Director's quarters, where he left us in a parlor to await that gentleman's appearance. He soon came, and listened and replied modestly to Mr. Crackthorpe's eloquent eulogium of the establishment, as well as to my more briefly and awkwardly expressed thanks and praises. During a momentary pause in the conversation my companion suddenly asked:

"Doctor, have you any cases of peculiar aggravation just now? Any raving, tragical, unmanageable maniacs, I mean; any thing particularly appalling, you know?"

"Yes, Sir, we have two such miserable beings here at present, who are confined in a distant and lonely ward; but we never show them to visitors unless by special request, and even then—"

"Ah! my dear Doctor, do, I beg of you, let Mr. Weeks and myself see these terrible cases. I shall take it as a special favor, and my friend here will—"

But *this* ordeal I was resolved I would *not* undergo. Up to this moment I had been resigned, and had followed my companion unmurmuringly. But I could not, would not endure the horrid sights and sounds of raging frenzy to gratify him. I had done enough to atone for my past involuntary injury to his character, surely. So, even at the risk of rousing his ire, I said, as gently but at the same time as firmly as I could,

"I am much obliged, but really I—I would very much rather not—a—extend my visit any further. If Mr. Crackthorpe wishes to see these —cases, I beg he will excuse me from accompanying him. I assure you I would much prefer remaining here till you return."

I expected an outbreak, and gathered myself up, as it were, to brave it. But to my infinite surprise and relief Mr. Crackthorpe only laughed, and said:

"Morbid feeling, Weeks; mere morbid feeling! But I won't urge you, my poor friend. Come, Doctor, give me, at least, the privilege of this interesting study."

The Director, after a moment's hesitation, consented, and they left the room together. My feelings during the first twenty minutes or so of solitude were decidedly agreeable. I had gotten off cheaply, after all, I thought. Nothing very disagreeable had happened to me. And I didn't foresee any prospect of any thing very disagreeable occurring in the future—the immediate future, I mean, and as connected with Mr. Crackthorpe. He bore me no malice. He had forgiven me. I had humored his whim in this visit. He was in capital spirits. He had given no hint of recommencing his despotic system of hygiene upon me. Indeed, how could he? We were no longer at the Cape. We were in the city (or would be in an hour) where I resided; where I had friends and acquaintances, and protection of person and property; where, in short, if he attempted to renew his eccentric persecution (which he meant kindly enough, no doubt), I could safely defy him. So my cogitations thus far were calm and pleasant.

But when the twenty minutes became thirty I begun to be a little impatient. It was getting dusk, and I ought to be at home. What would Mr. Pitkins do or think? During the next ten minutes I was fidgety. When the third quarter of an hour was fairly past without bringing back Mr. Crackthorpe I grew indignant. What right had he to waste my time in this manner? It was ungentlemanly. It was unkind, unjust, un— Ha! a footstep! there he comes at last! No! some one passing. A servant, probably. I rose, and walked angrily up and down the room. Another quarter of an hour passed. It was nearly dark. I became really alarmed, though without a distinct perception of cause. But something must have happened. I— At this moment I discovered the bell-rope, and striding up to it I gave it a violent jerk. Almost at the instant of its vibration the door opened, and the Director entered, followed by a servant with a light, with which he lit the gas-drop, and withdrew. Where on earth was Crackthorpe?

"Well, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, smiling, "I hope you are not quite out of patience."

"But where is Mr. Crackthorpe, Doctor? I must say it's very unkind of him to delay in this manner when he ought to know—"

"Oh, don't abuse your friend, my dear Mr. Weeks!" said the Doctor, in a strange, soothing tone. "He is very considerate, very careful of you, I assure you. His very absence is a proof of it; it is indeed."

"I don't see; but where is he, Sir? and why don't he come, so that we may get home before night?—though it's night already for that matter," I added, gloomily.

"Exactly, my dear Sir," continued the Doctor, in the same tone. "It *is* night, and Mr. Crackthorpe, knowing your delicate health, would not positively expose you to the night air, though he was forced to return to the city himself."

"What, Sir!" I cried, now really alarmed. "Do you mean to say that he is—that he has gone?"

"Pray don't excite yourself, my dear Sir. There's not the slightest cause for anxiety, upon my word. It would really be running a great risk for you to have ridden back in this damp, raw night air; and though my poor accommodations may not compare with those of your own home, yet I will do what I can to make you comfortable to-night, and I hope you will not regret having been my guest. I do indeed, Sir."

I fell back in my seat and groaned; but, recovering myself, "I am much obliged to you, Doctor," said I, courteously, but firmly, "for

your kind offer of hospitality; but it is imperatively necessary that I should be at home to-night, and I must beg to decline it. As Mr. Crackthorpe has seen fit to desert me, and has doubtless taken the cab with him, you will increase my obligations essentially if you can loan or procure me a conveyance to take me into the city as speedily as possible. I will cheerfully pay any price," I added, seeing him apparently hesitate, and even frown slightly at my request.

"My dear Mr. Weeks," replied the Director, after a short interval of silence, with even an oilier accent than before, "I am not at all offended at your refusal of my hospitality, as you are pleased to call it, and I would oblige you with all my heart, but it is absolutely impossible. I have no equipage myself, and the laws of this institution forbid the unclosing of the gates after sundown for any other purpose than the necessary exit or entrance of an official connected with it. Come, come, my dear Sir, be content to be my guest to-night, since you can not—nor, indeed, can I—help it now; and to-morrow morning you will feel more cheerful about it, believe me!"

"I can not positively go? I am actually a prisoner, then, by the whim of that accursed Crackthorpe!" I exclaimed, in despair, and actually grinding my teeth with rage at the situation into which that villain and my own weak folly had plunged me.

"A prisoner, if you will use such a harsh term," said the blandly-smiling Director; "but only a prisoner for your own benefit, and by your friend's kind solicitude in your behalf. Come, my dear Mr. Weeks, let me show you your dungeon, since you will be a prisoner. You won't find it very dreadful, I assure you!" And stepping softly up to me he offered his arm.

At this moment a horrible suspicion seized upon me. My knees knocked together, and a cold sweat broke out all over me, and trickled like drops of ice-water down my spine. I sprang up and grasped the Doctor's hand. "Doctor," I cried, wildly, "you are deceiving me! I am not your guest for a night! I am not your prisoner in the sportive sense in which you used the word! I am—great Heaven! to think that that man should be such a monster of duplicity! —I AM YOUR PATIENT!"

The mere utterance of those four words so overcame me that I sank back into the chair again, and fell into a convulsive spasm of weeping, in an extremity of rage and terror!

The Doctor soothed, or attempted to soothe me, as one soothes a fretful child, but I quickly stopped him, and mastering my emotion by a strong effort (a wonderful one for me), I proceeded, in as calm a manner as I could command, to convince him of his error and that fiend Crackthorpe's infamous stratagem, by relating the history of my former experience with him.

The Director, with the caution and skepticism peculiar to his specialty, listened without comment to the beginning of my narrative, but as it proceeded he gave an occasional "Ha!" or "Yes!" that told how his own experience of monomania found points of resemblance in my story of Mr. Crackthorpe's vagaries. When I had finished he remained looking keenly at me in silence for full five minutes, after which, still continuing to eye me narrowly, he said,

"A very queer story, Mr. Weeks, and yet a very likely one, I am bound to say. I can not, however, assure you that I am entirely convinced; for, to tell you the truth, Mr. Crackthorpe, when he placed you temporarily under my care, gave me a hint to expect a cunningly-devised tale from you, in which, of course, you would make *him* out the deranged person, as it is quite common for patients to do in similar cases."

Here he paused an instant, with his eyes still fixed upon me, evidently expecting an angry or indignant protest. But I was too dejected and preoccupied by my strange situation to answer. And had I done so my violence would, no doubt, have renewed and confirmed his wavering suspicions of my sanity. For, finding that I remained silent, he went on, in a more natural, and evidently less suspicious manner:

"We are obliged to be on our guard against far more adroit deceptions than this—if this *be* a deception, which I assure you I am not inclined to believe it is, Mr. Weeks. But I am in a position of peculiar responsibility here, my dear Sir, and I must take time to reflect and to inquire also. Under any circumstances you can not leave here to-night; but to prove my inclination to believe your statement, you shall, if you like, occupy the adjoining chamber to mine, and I promise you you may, if you choose, rest as undisturbed by any indications of the sort of place you are in as in your own room in the city. You shall also write to your friends, and the first thing in the morning we will have both them and Mr. Crackthorpe, if we can find him, over here, and all will be right in a very short space of time."

There was no help for it. Stay I must. I felt very miserable; very full of wrath against Crackthorpe; sullenly indignant at the Doctor's excessive caution; somewhat frightened still at the idea of passing a night in an insane asylum; and exceedingly worried and anxious about the store and Mr. Pitkins.

From these indications you may judge what sort of a night I passed. It was, to put it mildly, the opposite of refreshing. Every creak of a window-shutter I took for the yell of a maniac. Every scamper of a mouse along the corridor I fancied the shuffling footstep of some mad man or woman escaped from his or her cell. Once in my life, when I was a very young man, I was inveigled into doing what is called "making a night of it." My sensations, physically, on arising late the subsequent morning were manifold, but not one of them bore the faintest resemblance to pleasure or even mere comfort. When I rose, the morning after my night in the

asylum, my sensations reminded me strongly of the former ones I have just alluded to.

But comfort awaited me. Nay, even my revengeful feelings against my tormentor were unexpectedly gratified. First, the Director gave me an excellent breakfast. Secondly, ere it was over, appeared Mr. Pitkins very pale, very agitated, his whiskers miserably drooping (I had written to him, according to the Doctor's direction), accompanied by three neighbors also in the retail line of business. Their united explanations, depositions, and exclamations were somewhat confused; but they were perfectly corroborative of my sanity, and the Doctor made a very handsome and even flattering apology.

My triumph, however, was destined to be still more complete. For while my three neighbors and I were being pleasantly discoursed to by the head of the establishment Mr. Pitkins, who had rashly ventured forth to "have a look at the lunatics," as he called them, suddenly rushed into the parlor in a more decided state of wilt than ever with the hoarse announcement that "*He* is comin'! I just saw *him* drive through the gate with three other gents in a cab."

Before he could explain himself further some one called the Doctor out, and he went requesting us to await his return. In less than half an hour he came back, and cried:

"Well, Mr. Weeks, we've caged the right bird this time, you will think, I'm sure! Your FRIEND, MR. CRACKTHORPE, has just been brought here by his brother and two assistants as a PATIENT! And such a refractory one they found him that they were actually forced to handcuff him on the way. Would you like to see him?"

This intelligence pervaded my being with an ineffable feeling of relief, not wholly unmixed with a sense of stern delight at the pitiable position of my enemy. Yes! I would gaze upon him! I would taunt him boldly—that is, if he were still handcuffed, and from the outside of his cell, with his infernal perfidy! I would—But here Mr. Pitkins awoke me to a sense of higher duty by saying:

"I think we'd better get to the store, Mr. Weeks. I had no time to find any one to 'tend for me, and so I had to shut up. And it's a very brisk custom-day, Sir. I was doing quite a business before I came away! Quite a run upon hosiery and ribbons, I assure you, Sir!"

"You are right, Mr. Pitkins!" said I, with dignity. "Business before pleasure. I will not visit that unhappy man now, Doctor, but bid you a very good-morning, with many thanks for your kind hospitality!"

"Happy to see you at any time!" replied the polite Doctor, bowing us out.

And so I left the asylum and MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE to their fate without a single regret! Cunning as he is, I understand him now. It will be a long time before he has an opportunity to try any more tricks upon me; and if he does so, he will find his match in ANDREW JACKSON WEEKS.

THE ETHICS OF LOVE.

EVERY BODY will allow that it is well to talk of the Romance of Love, the Sentiment, the Poetry, the Enthusiasm, or even of the Tragedy of Love; but who ever heard of such a matter as is implied in the words, "The Ethics of Love?" Yet there they stand, good reader, and there they will stand until you see and like their meaning. No thought is more vital to our own well-being and to the very salvation of society than that which they indicate. The world will continue to be a sink of iniquity until wisdom and virtue rule the springs of feeling and action, and the relation which is first of all others as cause and consequence is regarded in its just dignity, and comes within the jurisdiction of morals and religion.

I know very well what the whole host of Sentimentalists will say, whatever may be their differences of temperament or character, whether moonlight dreamers or wide-awake enthusiasts. "What would you make of this life of ours, thus to rob it of its enchantment, and put prudence in the place of passion, enslave emotion to duty, and insist on boring us to death with your moral lectures, instead of leaving the heart to the freedom and sacredness of its own inspirations? We believe in being good and doing good as much as you do, but there is a time for all things; and we insist that the affections are their own highest law, and you take the very life out of them the moment you begin to prate of an authority above them. Let us alone, and you will find that all will come out right at last, and Nature takes good care of her own children who follow her imperious law." We have heard a good deal of such stuff as this, and have lived long enough to see its utter folly and its wretched fruits.

I confess, indeed, to having attained somewhat grave years, and long since to have passed the heyday of young romance. Yet I would not write to disparage youthful enthusiasm, but rather to honor and to perpetuate it. Those of us who have passed the meridian, and kept constant company with our own children and their young friends, think as much of the heart as we ever did, and probably more. In the best sense of the word we are willing to be thought younger than ever—as ready surely as ever to enter into the glee of childhood, to play and prattle with merry girls and boys, to go among the wedding guests without carrying a funeral visage thither, and to take our share of the wedding cup and the bridal kiss. It is precisely because we believe in the heart that we are to see and vindicate its sacred law, and show forth the solemn fact that it denies itself, and strikes at the seat of its own best life, the very moment it rejects authority, and sets up its own sentiments and impulses as the supreme standard. The best natures apparently feel this truth before they have philosophized upon its principles and sources; and whenever they are moved by an engrossing affection, they almost instinctively seek the protec-

tion and sanction of the highest law, the Supreme truth and love. It would be a paradox were it not sober reality, that the deepest of passions rises gladly into the highest of loyalties; and not prudential foresight only, but devoted love, asks that solemn vows may be spoken that invoke the majestic rule of God over the uncertain sway of human feelings.

A great deal of mischief is done, and in high life as well as low life, by ignoring this fact, and taking it for granted that love is to be regarded wholly as a private experience, and that the world and the church, and perhaps even parents and friends, have nothing to do with it, or at least no right to interfere with it. We are not speaking now of persons so utterly unprincipled as to set human laws at defiance, and offend the first principles of social decency. Yet of those who conform to public opinion—at least to its external laws—not a few hold very false views upon the subject, and miserably mistake the essential truths of social and religious order. Misery beyond account comes from making a god of a very equivocal impulse, and holding every relation and duty second to its movings. Thus a girl of fair character and education sometimes imbibes from trashy novels, or as trashy associates, the preposterous notion that the first man who wins her fancy and haunts her dreams is her predestined husband; and that if thoughtful parents, who have watched over her for years, present objections or ask any hard questions, it is perfectly justifiable for her to turn her back upon them and the old homestead, and run away with her lover, who may be a knave or a fool, or may possibly settle down into a decent and commonplace man, with nothing of the hero except what he had in the imagination of his silly bride. Sometimes worse results follow, and the deification of passion brings forth its bitter fruits of shame.

Allow that love is an emotion, and one quite private and personal, and in itself alone concerned only with two parties, the lover and the loved. Are not all the feelings in themselves private and individual, and do we not cease to be rational and moral beings the moment we rest in mere emotions, and fail to rise into the region of thought, where universal ideas dwell and universal ties are recognized? What would be the consequence of treating other impulses as romancers and sentimentalists treat love? Suppose that our sons and daughters should swear eternal *friendship* to every acquaintance who happened to take their fancy, and form fixed associations with them, instead of waiting for time and reflection to pass judgment upon the fitness of such an intimacy? Certain mischief, and often utter ruin would follow; and our sons surely are likely to find in some of the school and college friends who most fascinate them at first the most dangerous temptations and vices. If it will not do to base relations of friendship upon impulse or passion, why rest the relations of love upon such a sandy foundation? These relations, from their very nature, need more caution, as the consequences of error are more enduring and fatal, and lovers, husbands, or wives can not be thrown off or set aside like false friends.

Instead of according to the impulsive or passional school of love the supreme honor, on account of its fervor and its unselfish devotion, we rate it very low, and deny to it the true human worth. Impulse, mere passion, is in a low plane, the plane of mere nature, and allies us with the animals, and with the *idiots* or *naturals* to whom irrational desire is the imperative law. Animal impulse runs its own course without being troubled by any thought of what reason and conscience dictate, or social and religious order demand. The *idiot*, as the word denotes, follows merely his private or individual desire, as if he were his own man, instead of belonging to duty, society, and to God. He eats, drinks, sleeps, vegetates, and animalizes himself as the mood takes him. He becomes truly human only when he rises from impulse to reason, and learns to connect his individual feelings and desires with the laws of society and religion, so that he becomes a social being, integrated or made whole by living in the family, the nation, and the church. He does not escape his *idiotic* condition by carrying his impulses merely into a higher plane, and exchanging animal passion for impulsive sentiment, however refined or mystical. He is not a rational and moral creature, a true man, until he completes himself by ruling his impulses and passions in reason and conscience, and living not for himself alone, but for his neighbor, humanity, and God. He is essentially idiotic so long as he cuts himself off from the higher fellowship of his race, whether he grovels like a brute in the sty, or dreams himself into a phantom in the cloister, or heats himself into a furnace in his chamber. No matter what the impulse may be, whether it is horror of water, or longing to jump into the river, to eat dirt, or to drink poison, or to run crazy with love, so long as the impulse of itself rules him, he is not a whole man, not truly human.

We do not quarrel with impulse as such, but we deny it the supreme honor, and allow it no worth apart from the rule of reason and conscience. These benign and majestic guides do not crush the impulses, but accept, purify, and guide them; so that a rational and just man, instead of being a calculating machine, is the most affectionate, genial, and earnest of beings, holding all his senses and susceptibilities open to the best influences and under the best control. He does not deny the emotional or mystical element, either in love or religion, any more than he denies that element in the charm of eloquence or music. He does not shut out the mystery of art or nature, or of social fascination, but accepts it in a more open eye and ear and well-trained mind and temper. He does not pretend to explain the mysterious power of a landscape, or symphony, or beautiful face and form, but is able and willing to appreciate it truly without mistake or hallucination. In

fact, reason and conscience are the conditions of the purest and highest mysticism, for they make a man alive to what is loveliest and best in nature, art, and religion, and enable him to hear the blessed word and see the blessed vision that are hidden from the vulgar sense. We will not say that a man must be a poet, saint, or philosopher to be in love; but sure it is that the highest qualities, instead of preventing, deepen the experience; and he who is the most of a man can most appreciate the best gifts of God, human and divine, and of course therefore can best appreciate that good gift of God, that gift both human and divine, true womanhood. A great deal of nonsense has been said and sung and written upon this subject; but the nonsense does not lie in the mere fact of mystical emotion; and all thoughtful people are ready to own that in love and religion true experience passes understanding, and does not come of calculation, but of the spirit that moves as it lists. The spirit, however, moves each soul according to its affinities and aptitudes, and a man of sense and principle, whether before bright eyes in social fellowship or under ghostlier influence in the sanctuary, discriminates between truth and falsehood, and is not likely to be bewitched by a fool or harlot, or converted by a knave or an ass. True susceptibility is not insanity; and while it is open to whatever is true and lovely, it opens the gates of reason, conscience, and affection, not the doors of Bedlam, with its madness and folly. "Why is it," said a fine young man, who had wooed and won a noble girl not long ago—"why is it that love is so much like religion, and that it comes upon a man very much like the new birth that the Gospel speaks of, and does not seem to be our own work?" The reply of a Broad Church minister was somewhat thus: "For the best of all reasons, my dear fellow: it is because they are very much the same thing in different planes; it is love in the divine sphere that makes religion, and love in the human sphere that makes what is truly worthy the name, and calls for marriage as its just and sacred consummation."

Dismissing, therefore, the preposterous notion that impulse or passion of itself is love, and maintaining that this experience, instead of being shut out of the higher relations of reason, conscience, and religion, comes within them all, and needs their guidance and comfort in full communion, we are ready to take more positive ground, and perhaps astonish the most romantic as well as the most utilitarian of our readers with our extravagance. Do not be alarmed as to our sanity when we deliberately affirm that true love is a virtue, and high among the list of virtues when true to its highest standard. How can we stop short of this position without throwing the most vital of earthly relations wholly out of the court of conscience and the shrine of religion? If we merely say that true love is innocent, or does no wrong, we still deny its moral character; for so are the mountains and trees, the doves and the lambs innocent, yet they have no soul, and aspire to no virtue. We are not, indeed, turning ascetic, and bent on carrying the monkish spirit into the marriage market, or affirming that a man loves worthily only when he sacrifices his tastes and feelings to the stern law of duty. We are not in favor of his marrying his grandmother, or any woman of her venerable years and mien, under the stolen name of duty; nor do we think that loveliness, either of person or disposition, is to be put under the ban of church or conscience. But leave the heart free to its own sacred affinities and its true choice, and persistent fidelity can not stop short of virtue.

All virtue, according to our thinking and the best masters of ethics and the Word Divine, comes from the Supreme Good, and partakes something of its mind and purpose. Whatever blessing we have we have virtuously only when we take it from the Supreme Goodness, the All-perfect Giver, and make use of it under His providence and grace. Love is virtue when it is from God as its source and to Him as its object; and all our affections are virtues as they partake of this affection, and proceed from the Eternal Source toward the Eternal End, or blessedness. Now what decent man, who that is fit to ask any woman to be his wife, can deny that he lives under a moral and spiritual kingdom, and that the marriage bond has the sanction of God in its beginning, and should lead the family nearer to him as its aim? Every true woman understands our position at once, and can not put on the wedding-ring without a profound sense of the sacredness of the tie as a religious obligation, as well as a social compact. The sweetest home virtues nestle within that bridal blossom, although often as unconscious of their worth and power as the apple-blossoms in spring are unconscious of the precious hopes they bear to cheer and enrich the harvest.

Love surely should be a virtue by partaking of the supreme good, the infinite wisdom and goodness; and it should partake of this both passively and actively, or as a motive as well as an affection, and be earnest and strong as well as susceptible and judicious. It becomes all the more genial as well as devoted by taking this stand; and they who believe that the Supreme calls them to each other will be more open to the highest satisfactions, because they mean to be true to the highest duties. They will take more and more of what is best, because they are to make the best of all things to each other, giving as they receive, and receiving that they may give. We do not promise them unbroken happiness; and a marriage that ignores the necessity of sacrifice belongs to the Paradise of Fools, and treasures up ashes in its mirth. We are told that there are seven lamps of architecture that should shine upon every master builder's work. He who builds a house or founds a home needs them all—the whole seven—the lamps of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, Obedience. The lamp of Sacrifice heads the list; and what is the love good for

that is not lighted by its ray? Certainly they can not love each other who are not willing to make sacrifices for each other, and to make them cheerfully, both by suffering pain and privation and doing hard service together. The good old Prayer-Book makes this idea plain enough, it would seem, yet it is too often forgotten in the sweetness of the orange-blossoms, the charm of the music, and the revelry of the marriage-feast. Why forget it, or think it a ghost or skeleton that belongs to the grave and not to the bridal? There would be more joy, not less, if the solemn lesson were made more of, and our young people were trained to regard love as having the majesty of sacrifice to grace its consecration, and the "promise for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health" were made the measure of the affection, and not merely the warning of prudence or the caution of fear. More marriages would take place if this truth were recognized, and the world would not as now keep asunder those whom God would unite, by interposing its pride and vanity and forbidding the bans until it is quite sure that the two will not be obliged to make sacrifices for each other, but will be easier and perhaps richer by marrying.

We all know that there are young people enough who make fools of themselves by rash marriages; but their folly comes not from expecting sacrifice, but the reverse. They marry selfishly, and are disappointed, and often quarrel and part, or else live out a miserable existence of repining and reproach. If they started with a deep-seated and reasonable attachment, taking it for granted that they are to make sacrifices for each other, they would be content to begin life together in a modest and frugal way, without waiting for luxury and without ending in petulance and despair. They would marry for love reasonably and conscientiously, as they enter into other social, civil, and religious relations—not for the sake of amusing themselves, but because it is right, and virtue takes precedence of pleasure, and in fact commands the only enjoyment that is worthy the name. I know well what a revolution this principle would make in society; how many false and ungodly connections it would stop, by putting a test that mere wealth and fashion of themselves can not abide, and giving a warning that indolence, thriftlessness, and sentimentalism miserably neglect. But there would be more marriages on the whole by far, and all of the right-minded sort of young people would be ready to marry as soon as they can be congenially mated, and begin to live in a comfort that answers the claims of reason and the heart, without waiting for luxuries that come only with affluence, and depend upon its uncertain stay. We should soon see a new style of house-building and furnishing, of living, dressing, and entertaining, such as moderate earnings can provide and modest tastes can enjoy. Thousands of young women who now "waste their sweetness on the desert air," or find gay ball-rooms a desert place to them, would find good husbands, and be what God meant them to be, sensible and healthy mothers; and the legion of young men who haunt our hotels, clubs, and theatres, or worse places, would begin to live the life that is truly human.

The mischief now is that self-indulgence is too much the arbiter of marriage, instead of virtue; and in the scale of self-indulgence celibacy seems to win the preference with vast numbers, especially of men. No deep vision is needed to see what is going on in our towns and cities; to show how temptations and vices abound; and how little it seems to cost to open every pleasure to the reckless and impassioned. The mischief may begin with one sex, but is not confined to one; and there is nothing in American life so alarming as the precocity of those vices among us that prevent or destroy the home virtues, and ruin soul and body by their abominations. Paris is perhaps bad as it can be, so far as the vices of its adult population are concerned; but neither in Paris nor elsewhere in Christendom, have we reason to believe, do the precocious vices of youth, and even childhood, so abound as in this empire city of America and its great rivals East and West. Here, as nowhere else, are the young left to their own wills and ways. Nor does the mischief of measuring the worth of love in the scale of low gratification bear its fruits only in the nominally degraded walks of life. Men of culture and position abound who are by no means models of rectitude, and who make their plans and habits of living according to principles very different from those that are sanctioned by true morality and the higher laws of the affections. They shrink from the yoke of a loyal union to enter into unhallowed intrigues—blind, apparently, to the fact that a certain sacrifice of selfishness to the welfare of others is the essential mark of nobleness and the condition of the most enduring peace and prosperity. The certainty that loyal love demands sacrifice, and calls not only for the frequent surrender of time and luxury, but of personal ease and self-will to another's good, gives the loyalty its dignity, and in the end secures its happiness. Nothing is worth having that is not worth sacrificing for; and nothing is held worthily that is not held at some cost of means, or time, or thought, or labor.

Virtue in love is a topic that may make prosy preachers draw down the corners of their mouths in sanctimonious severity, and may set wide-awake, hearty young people into a titter, as if an intolerable bore were at hand. The mistake lies in regarding such virtue as a poor negation of vice instead of a generous affirmation of the true goodness. Very little is proved toward a man's virtue when he tells us, and tells us truly, what he does not do. Goodness is in being and doing something, not in being and doing nothing. He is a shabby sort of a temperance man who measures his quality by mere abstinence from this or that, and he may pinch or dry himself into a mummy or skeleton yet never come near that just self-control, or right tempering of himself against all excess, which constitutes that car-

dinal virtue temperance. So in the relations of love, abstinence from vice is not virtue, and may be the easier to some people because they fall below the true manhood, instead of rising above it or even coming up to it. Virtuous love is not a pitiful asceticism, but it is human excellence in the relations which love originates—in short, it is the pure and rational and earnest humanity that should prevail between man and woman. It is no beggarly specialty that prescribes a single duty or condemns a single vice, but it is the whole life of true souls in their relation to each other, under God.

Like all virtues it has two sides according as it is more receptive or communicative, passive or active. On the one side it is susceptible, or open to affection; judicious, or mindful of the guiding principle; comprehensive, or careful of the whole range of fellowship. On the other, or more active side, it is earnest, enterprising, faithful, determined to carry out its loyalty heartily, effectively, and thoroughly. The first part may present more of the feminine side, and the second part more of the masculine side of the virtue, as the Psyche of the old myth represents the sensible, tender, discreet woman, and Amor represents the more determined and daring man. The two traits tend, however, more and more to blend with each other; and man becomes somewhat womanly, and woman somewhat manly when true love unites them, and Amor and Psyche mingle their blood and their life together.

With all good or philosophical moralists we distinguish between virtues and duties, and regard virtue as the force that gives duty its motive, while duty is the path in which virtue is to move. It would be a fine thing for our literature if we had a really good book on the whole subject—a wise and edifying treatise, that should handle broadly, deeply, and generously the relations of the sexes, setting forth the true laws of their life, with due notice of their perils and derangements. The materials abound in various quarters, but they have not yet been brought together. The old books of fatherly and motherly epistles to sons and daughters are obsolete, and are written as if young people did not know much of any thing about themselves or the world, and they have probably less wisdom in matters of the heart than a considerable portion of what is generally stigmatized as light reading. A few pages on the subject may be found in our current manuals of ethics, but we believe that the German moralists are the only ones who have treated it with any thing like its proper fullness and earnestness. The French have handled it well in their way, and their gifted women of the best character have given us excellent hints and helps toward a better understanding of the human heart and its home relations. The majority of Frenchmen, however, whose works on the topic suggest themselves to us, are any thing but edifying or comforting. What can be more corrupting than Balzac on Marriage? and what more frightful than Debreyne, for twenty-five years both priest and physician, in his revelations of the abuses of the love passion? Perhaps the best thoughts may be found scattered through the poetry, essays, and fictions of our time; for literature now has become the great school of the heart, and the novel often takes the place of the confessional, asking questions and telling secrets that of old were not spoken to the general air, but whispered in ghostly presence. Women themselves, to whom love is no small part of religion as well as of life, are now writing some of the best poems and stories, and are giving us, thank God! their side of the truth and often their side of the tragedy. Better days are coming, we believe; and never since time was has so high an ideal of the true relation between man and woman been set forth as by our best authors. Both parties are understanding each other, and being just and generous to each other; and we are no longer in danger of looking upon woman as wishing to be the weak toy of man's pleasure or the strapping rival of his hardihood. They are confessing their need of each other in every plane of life, from the natural to the spiritual; and the chart and compass are before us for a safe and pleasant voyage over the great sea together, if we will use them wisely.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that woman invariably gains whenever love is placed upon its true ground, and her relation to man is regarded in its highest plane. Upon the level of mere material existence or animal life she loses in comparison with man. He is generally stronger, and he can command her, enslave and beat her if he will, and his mere instinct is an insufficient protection for her when sick or infirm from the cares of maternity and other causes. When his interest in her depends upon his passions, his interest tends to cease precisely when her need of his interest deepens; and not only savage life, but what we call our civilized society abounds in atrocities on the part of man toward his victim. Most of the saddest misery that we see comes from the wrongs of women; and while busy with this essay I have had cases come before me professionally that are enough to make a man ask whether we are living in a Christian land or under the grossest paganism. A nice elderly woman, whose widow's weeds have for years won respect, did not appear, as usual, for her share of relief. I found her daughter, a simple, honest girl, with a baby in her arms. "Are you married?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, and the husband was supposed to be a competent accountant. "How long did he stay with you?" "He staid three months, and I have not seen him since." That tells the story of the tragedy that is going on in our cities and large towns from day to day. The decent American woman in humble life is more strict than her English compeer, and we do not seem to have many of the miserable class that Joseph Kay describes so graphically in his book on the social condition of England. But marriage in form is no security for its proper duties; and in

ranks where public opinion is feeble or hardly exists, and religious obligation is not cherished, marriage is the frequent pretext to cover the vilest treachery, and the wife is deserted, burdened and desolate as the harlot can not be. The law promises redress, but what does the redress amount to when obtained at such trouble and cost, and when it may only bring about a second act of the same tragedy whose first act almost took the sufferer's life away? Why women allow themselves to be so entangled is the constant wonder, and the solution probably is that they see out of their own eyes, and judge men by themselves, and think a man's promises answer to a woman's heart as truly as to her ear. This very week I have been led to hear the story of three who declared themselves victims of such falsity, and who bore the look of respectability and had its surroundings. The most estimable and cheering of them all, an exemplary and apparently religious woman, with an excellent reputation in high quarters, ascribed no small share of her present cheerfulness to being rid of a miserable man who had married her while two other wives of his were alive. This may have been a dark week as to matrimonial matters, but even this dark week has had other aspects of the subject quite sufficient to keep one from desponding.

As to the question of the equality of man and woman in their relation to each other and before the court of public opinion, we need not say how much we abominate the old heathen notion that woman is born to be man's slave or toy. It is not so easy to meet another wrong done to her on the ground of her alleged purity, and the consequent enormity of her offense when she falls from that purity. Whatever may be the justice of the verdict, it is almost universal and inexorable; and an erring woman when detected is ruined and an utter outcast from society, while her betrayer may keep a certain position of nominal respectability. Strange to say, many women of society called respectable will notice him, while almost all women turn their backs upon their erring sister. There is undoubtedly some cause for this distinction in mere taste and prudence, since a fallen woman falls more deeply than a man is likely to fall, and more of her nature is polluted than his by the sin. More of her constitution, her sensibilities, her affections, is acted upon and degraded. Her loveliness in the highest sense is gone, and the temple of her purity is foully desecrated, whereas the world readily regards laxity of like kind as but an incident in the life of a man, and one that may be atoned for by a life of sobriety after his wild oats are sown.

The higher ethics, however, puts a stop to this partiality, and holds man and woman accountable to the same exalted law. The great principle is the same for both—a life for a life, a heart for a heart. The true love is as exclusive as it is strong, and demands that each shall keep solely to the other till death do them part. Man's nature may make this exclusiveness more a sacrifice from the heat and endurance of his passions; but he is bound by the same principle as woman, and he gains by it in his way as she gains in her way. His fidelity gives him a sincerity, gentleness, chivalry, and spirituality that loose habits are sure to destroy, while her fidelity rewards him with a magnificence of conjugal and maternal affection and devotion that give home its sacredness and bring both nearer heaven. We know something of the world and its ways, but the more we see of its sins the more we love the good old loyalties of the hearthstone and the altar.

If more humane and effective laws are needed, in combination with more effective Christian influence, to protect the poorer and less educated classes, a purer and higher social code ought to prevail among the cultivated and refined. There is certainly an approach to such a code in the best society, and conduct which might pass with impunity elsewhere is there visited with the general ban. High society may neglect sadly its inferiors, and leave them to the mercy or the arts of its sons; but it guards its own daughters somewhat sternly from insult and wrong. Excommunication is the penalty to be paid by the offender who assails their honor, and even in our peaceful and anti-dueling community death is thought to be the seducer's just doom; and public opinion may blame, but does not denounce, the father or brother who takes the law into his own hands. Yet there are many wrongs that are not guarded against, and many sources of suffering that are left open. We can not say that man is always the aggressor, for we are sure that he is sometimes the aggrieved party; but it is clear that the social code is in many respects wrong or deficient, and it fails to adjust rightly affairs and relations that are vital to social welfare. We have been tempted to laugh at the Courts of Love which were held in the age of Chivalry to settle delicate questions of gallantry, and have been amused to note that the last of them was convened at the call of the great Richelieu, who found some matters too subtle even for his diplomacy, and who called in gentler fingers and brighter eyes than his to see into and unravel the web. Such a court would not be amiss now, and it is certain that the old code of thirty-one articles would be wholly inadequate to the present demands of society. But we need not fear that we shall long be without such jurisdiction, for woman rules society as man rules politics, and sessions formal and informal are constantly held, that tend to adjudicate the rights and duties of love, and to define the just relations between man and woman, whether married or single. It is to be hoped that some day the social law may be digested and the common law of the heart be so codified that he who runs may read. It is to be hoped, too, that, while strictness prevails in duties essential, liberty will be allowed in things indifferent, and the result will be a more free and varied, genial and intellectual fellow-

ship between men and women, that shall give the charm of the higher and universal love to general society, and help all worthy seekers to find their predestined mates in that form of the affection which is more private and exclusive.

Of all striplings who have been called scapegraces Cupid is the most hopeful, and he has the whole future to mend his manners and his morals. It is not impossible that he may grow up into a first-class angel, and his wings may be the means of his aspiration instead of the signs of his fickleness, while his bow and arrows may be turned to good account as part of the armament of the embattled cherubim that contends for God and humanity against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

So ends our essay on the Ethics of Love. Call it too gay or too grave, as you choose, but do not let the poor handling harm the good text.

THE REV. MR. ALLONBY.

I.

IN the dark, ungracious days of early April the Rev. Wentworth Allonby took possession of his new charge at Hillsboro. It was a gloomy time for moving, and the parsonage was not a cheerful house; its walls were low, the paint discolored, the paper soiled and worn. When to these defects were added the confusion of unpacking furniture—straw and old newspapers on the floor, chairs and tables and kitchen utensils standing promiscuously about—the *tout ensemble* was little calculated to elevate the spirits. Rev. Mr. Allonby and his wife looked at it cheerfully, however. It was six months since he left his last parish, from which he had been dismissed, after the amiable fashion of country congregations, with less ceremony than is commonly used in discharging a "hired man." After a weary tour of "candidating"—filling every vacant pulpit he could hear of from Sunday to Sunday—he had gladly accepted the call of Hillsboro church. The place was small, the salary barely sufficient for the necessaries of life, but it was something secure. It offered him rest and the society of his family.

In a few days things had brightened; the house was settled, its plenishing neatly disposed about the various rooms. Some thoughtful parishioners had sent in little gifts of cake and pies, poultry and vegetables—and one Wednesday afternoon the pastor set out for his weekly meeting with a feeling that the place was beginning to seem like home to him.

After meeting the parsonage was quite besieged by visitors. The deacons' wives came, of course, and Mrs. Lawson, the best of all good hearts looking out of her immense blue eyes. She was a woman whose price was far above rubies; ministers she loved as such, and in her view they could do no wrong. Mrs. Allonby's heart warmed to her at once.

The several parties being unacquainted conversation naturally turned on general topics, such as the state of the weather, the roads, and of religion in Hillsboro. These exhausted, Mrs. Lawson addressed her neighbor, Mrs. Keene; "Did you know," said she, "that Sam Forbes's folks had got a daughter?"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the other.

"Yes, they have—born last night. A pretty little teenty-taunty babe as ever you see. Sam's real set up about it; it's his very pictur'."

"It would have done better to look like her," said Mrs. Keene. "That was a queer match as ever *I* heerd tell of."

"Well, poor thing," said Mrs. Lawson, kindly; "she was very much in want of a home. Her folks was all dead, and she couldn't sew nor do nothing else stiddy enough to support herself on account of enjoying such poor health. And Sam's real forehanded, you know. It ain't in natur' that she could have been *in love* with him."

"Then," replied Mrs. Keene, "she'd no business to marry him."

Just as she delivered herself of this confession of faith a young lady entered and was introduced as Miss Davenport. Anna Davenport was a handsome, distinguished girl in any place, but she became doubly so by contrast with this humble dwelling and these plainly-dressed women. Her tall, elegant form and spirited face were set off to advantage by a garb of rich material and prevailing mode. Her manner cordial, with that graceful ease which long acquaintance with society bestows, captivated little Mrs. Allonby, who had a mind open to influences of that sort. Nor did the Rev. pastor himself escape its charm. Miss Davenport managed to imply, without the suspicion of flattery, her admiration of his talents, and her sense of the good fortune of Hillsboro in obtaining them. When she rose to take leave both husband and wife were sorry she must go; and if she were skilled in reading faces, she must have seen in the two before her unequivocal tribute to her powers of pleasing.

"Oh, Wentworth," said Mrs. Allonby, as she watched their visitor pass down the walk, "what a beautiful, elegant girl she is!"

Mr. Allonby did not quite second his wife's enthusiasm. "Not beautiful, my dear," he answered, "her features are not correct enough for that—but very attractive, certainly."

"What difference does it make?" inquired Mrs. Allonby. "I don't care in the least about every feature being just according to rule. I never saw any one that it was more delightful to look at; such rich tones in her complexion, such deep bright eyes, and her expression changing every minute. Then she seems so very kind and unassuming."

"Yes, her manner is agreeable."

"I think you'll have one appreciating listener," continued the fond wife. "She was too delicate to compliment you openly, but I could see she was very much interested in your sermons."

Poor Mr. Allonby! He had not had many appreciative listeners during his career, else he would not now have been "settled over" Hills-

boro church. His talents were unusual, but two or three things had stood in the way of his advancement. In the first place, he had a religious conscience; in the second, a literary one. The former taught him that in a place devoted to the contemplation of awful and eternal interests, any species of quip or jest was nothing less than sacrilege. The latter obliged him to conform his every sermon, so far as might be, to a severe and lofty ideal of excellence; it entirely forbade indulgence in flowery description or sentimental flights. In consequence he was often considered dull and dry, while very commonplace men, by dint of sounding adjectives and vigorous gesture, gained for themselves the repute of wondrous eloquence; or while others, by the piquant levity with which they treated sacred things, attracted crowds of those to whom serious reflection is unwelcome. His manner, too, was against him; a shy, reserved man, it took an acquaintance of some length to show you his most valuable qualities; you had to know him before you liked him, in which respect he differed from many of his brethren whom you like only before you know them.

It would be interesting, had we leisure, to pause here a little space and study the causes which go to make up clerical success. As it is, I should like to epitomize for your benefit, my dear young friend just entering the ministry, the results with which a long course of observation has furnished me. Your most powerful auxiliary is a pleasing person; failing that, or added to it, as the case may be, an elaborate style of dress. Stylish connections, too, are exceedingly desirable; indeed, their importance to the Christian minister can hardly be overrated; but these, like the first-named item, are not within every body's reach. Study your attitudes, be fastidious as to your laundress, cultivate a pathetic intonation in your prayers, and lay in a bountiful supply of adjectives. (If there is time to spare from these weightier matters of the law you can devote it to any form of spiritual improvement you prefer.) Follow this receipt faithfully and your fame will spread; tempting proposals will flow in to you from other churches; and you can stay in your own as long as you like. The best qualification that I know of for attaching a congregation to their pastor is the conviction that he can leave them whenever he pleases for a superior place.

Anna Davenport soon became intimate at the parsonage. It was rather a dull season for her; her friends in various regions gave no hint that her presence was especially desirable; and she was confined to Hillsboro and such amusement as it afforded. Some people would have thought her well enough supplied: her parents were rich; their house full of luxuries and conveniences; she had new books, new music, new gowns and bonnets, plenty of company, and beaux *à discretion*.

These last were to Anna a necessary of life; but she was somewhat fastidious as to their quality. Unhappily none of those at hand quite satisfied her taste; nor was any of them rich enough to enable her to overlook his deficiencies. Under these circumstances the advent of a studious, well-read, gentlemanly man was a real blessing. She admired him from the first, but her attention was more particularly directed to him one Sunday morning during service. She wore a new shawl that day, and a pair of gloves of her favorite tint, fitting to perfection; in the intervals of enjoying their effect she listened to the sermon. Its vigor and originality took her by surprise. She decided that this was a conquest worth making, and she should set about it with the least possible delay. I do not mean that she intended to interfere with Mrs. Allonby's claims. She only wished to convince an interesting man that she was the most beautiful, intellectual, and charming woman he had ever met. If, after that, his heart still remained faithful to that poor little wife of his, I do not think she would have had any serious objections. On the other hand, I dare not aver that she would have been displeased to overcome his affection as well as his taste, and to know that he waged a constant struggle with forbidden passion. People may set up the shark as a type of voraciousness, but his appetite can not compare with that of the coquette for admiration. And if we are to be called upon to pity the unhappy creature as it roams the deep in quest of prey, let us not refuse our sympathy to the woman as she goes on her path, her hungry vanity still insatiate, though it stoops to gather food from the meanest it encounters.

Good little Mrs. Allonby found her life exceedingly warmed and brightened by this new friendship. Anna came often. She petted and praised the children; she brought pretty little presents of fancy-work, a mould of ice-cream, a basket of choice fruit, occasionally. She sat with her friend of an afternoon, and lent the aid of her deft fingers to diminish the piles of sewing in the work-basket. She told her about books which the busy wife had not time to read, but liked to hear of; she described celebrated scenes and people; narrated amusing stories with the greatest life and spirit. And in the frequent visits at her own house, which she insisted upon claiming, Mrs. Allonby enjoyed a rare treat in the fine piano and finer voice which the young lady knew how to handle so skillfully. How do these people manage to pour that indescribable *soul* into their singing? I have felt myself soaring with the exultation of a seraph, and anon sunk in a despairing sadness that no words could utter, as I listened to a woman who, I was perfectly conscious all the time, had no more heart in her than a tin whistle.

Mr. Allonby, meanwhile, had not the same comfort in the acquaintance. It is pleasant to be appreciated, and there could be no doubt, as the wife sometimes said, that "Anna appreciated Wentworth." She was able, too, to make him consider her opinion worth about ten times as much as it really was. We have all of us met her sort of woman—clever, fluent, with a

ready faculty of adaptation; we have seen her absorb the attention of the best man in the room, while some really gifted person, who could stow her away in a small corner of her brain, sat by entirely eclipsed, lost in admiration of the brilliancy before her. Anna succeeded in placing herself in the pastor's mind as an ideal of beauty, intellect, and refinement. He enjoyed her society and was proud of her friendship; yet he never left her without a vague pain. She always awoke the least noble qualities of his character.

Remain tranquil. I am not going to picture for you a brute who neglected a fond wife for a brilliant beauty, or a hypocrite who forgot his sacred office in a lawless passion. His troubles were of quite another sort.

We have had such a plethora of Shadysides and Sunnysides that the subject is entirely written out; still it is by no means lived out or lived down in the experience of ministers. The fact still remains, that a class of men among us, with tastes that crave, that demand, at least a sprinkling of the beautiful in life, are condemned to a scanty measure of its necessaries. I am not always sorry for such. When I have listened to a good, dull man, who might have hammered out a living in some decent trade that called for hand-work, not for head—when I have watched him painfully plodding through laborious commonplace, stopping to refresh himself now and then with a quiet yawn, my soul has ached for compassion. But to others I have seen doled out a miserable pittance; I have heard their abilities contemptuously rated by people not worthy to wipe the dust from their feet; I have known them undergo treatment which, to speak in moderation, I had rather be cut into inch-pieces than receive. I have felt it hard that they were not able to resent such insults, but *must* love and pray for even such despicable enemies; and yet I have not pitied them, but envied. The eternal verities outweigh a few silver forks and velvet carpets; the soul that God's own love inhabits may disregard the vulgar din of worldly scorn. But how if one has all the outward trials and knows not of the inner blessedness?

Such was the case with Rev. Mr. Allonby. He had made a great mistake in life. In a period of mental storm and anguish he had, obedient to fancied duty, renounced a profession he delighted in, and entered the ministry. His was a nature—weak I own—that felt a sordidness in narrow means and their attendants; the ugliness of poverty pained his spirit. I do not defend him. But this was comparatively little. Ambition, which should have been dead within him, still retained a strong hold upon life. He put it down with prayers, and fastings, and many forms of exorcism; but it *would* return—*would* whisper of the horrible injustice of Fate in condemning his talents to this burial of obscurity, in putting out of his reach all the prizes and pleasures of the world. How he suffered in these seasons! With what an agony of earnestness he endeavored to put away temptation, and fix his hopes upon the heavenly crown! These suggestions he regarded as coming from the great enemy of souls, known in the familiarity of religious parlance as the "adversary." That poor old "adversary!" he has had a great deal laid off on him for which we ourselves were properly accountable. Do not let us be shabby with him, but bear our own burdens. When a voice said to Mr. Allonby that he was unfit for his office; in the wrong place; that he would do better and be better somewhere else—it was no Satanic whisper, but only the speech of his own consciousness. He had never passed through that mysterious change, which, however we regard or name it, gives a new direction to the human will. He was "preaching Christ" without having "known" Him. Miserable condition!—a soul alien from God demanding of itself the holiness and the joys of the believer!

So it was that every time he encountered Anna he was troubled. "The world," which took in her a form so graceful and alluring, appealed anew to him. Her evident admiration, her half-expressed feeling that he was thrown away in a position beneath his talent and desert, stirred the latent ambition, and "the adversary's" suggestions became painfully frequent.

While matters were in this state a sudden calamity scattered all lighter troubles to the winds. His wife died. She took her place among the angels, and he was left to follow on as best he might.

I have often thought upon that wondrous change which death produces. An angel! Perhaps some perfect summer day we have imagined what it might be to behold such a heavenly visitant descending; we have fancied the shimmer of white wings adown the blue infinity, the presence near us of a radiance caught from the Divine. But we never clothed the vision in familiar form. Indeed it is quite surprising to me when I reflect that Jane Barker, whom I used to know so well—a stiff, angular creature, and the fit of her clothes a sight to behold—does really belong to that celestial host. And old Mr. Crane, who used to saw our wood in days gone by: when I looked out of the kitchen-window, and saw him bending over his saw-buck, I was never reminded of Michael or any other stately cherub; yet there can be no doubt about him either. My dull eyes could not behold the stirring of angelic pinions under that coarse garb of every day; but to a purer vision it was plain enough.

The poor pastor had lost in his wife the dearest treasure of existence, for which, he thought, there could never be substitute or compensation. Oh, that is of course, you say; every body feels so. Begging your pardon, my dear ma'am—they don't. No doubt every man who has lived in tolerable peace with his wife does feel a great shock, a certain amount of gloom and loneliness, when she is taken from him; but he gets over it, and that before long. If I were not a great deal too honorable to entice you into a wager

that you are sure to lose, I would venture almost any sum that nineteen widowers out of every twenty experience before six months are over a pleasing consciousness of being again in market. And are widows more faithful? At the first blush one would answer yes, seeing that so many more remain unmated. But it may be only that they have not so much as men the power of choice. And, after all, what is this much-praised constancy? What is any emotion or quality on which we plume ourselves, if you come to analyze it? Let us not inquire too closely. Under the most delicious curves and swells of beauty exists an ugly osseous structure —in plain words, a skeleton; but I don't know that we need hack away with an unskillful scalpel till this is laid bare. Mrs. Allonby had deserved that her husband should mourn her with more than common grief. She had left a luxurious home to share the privations of his; she had cheered his dark hours, brightened his bright ones, by her unfailing sweetness and sympathy. She had borne all trials uncomplainingly; had loved him till the last moment of her conscious existence with a fond affection that held him first and best of all the world. No wonder he thought the loss irreparable.

Other people, however, did not so regard it. Plenty of maids and widows were ready to strew his desolate pathway with the flowers of consolation. He turned from them all; the depth of his sorrow was sacred from their intrusion. But it was only natural that the dearest friend of her he had lost should be his friend also. They talked of her—of her virtues, her piety, her gentleness. They agreed together that the man who had known a love so perfect, so unselfish, could never descend to value any meaner affection. And so time went on—and on—and on; and a year or so from the date of his wife's death Rev. Mr. Allonby was startled to find himself exceedingly in love with Anna Davenport.

Summer is over; the grass withers, the birds depart, the leaves fall; it is November. Raw winds and leaden sky and frosty earth are our portion, and we see beyond them only the intenser cold and storm of winter. But lo! we wake one morning, and instead of a pale slant of sunshine on the wall there are broad bars of ruddy gold; without, the air is soft as May; a dreamy haze hangs over hill and forest, and the wind—oh! rarest, delicatest, most poetic wind of Indian Summer!—wanders fitfully across the world. You know the charm of the season? With such charm came the new love to Mr. Allonby. Romance had long passed out of his account; life had lain before him chill, prosaic; much work and small reward. And now shone this late, transfiguring glory, and raised it into beauty tenderer, dearer than any promise of the spring.

Anna, admired so long without one appropriating thought, might possibly become his own! With a thrill in his blood never felt before, he set himself to count his chances. For her preference he dared to hope; little things too slight to name but delightful to recall gave him confidence. But she was proud, she was ambitious; would she ever consent to marry a poor and unknown minister? And that great point once gained, *could* he marry her? Was she the woman to aid his life's work? The fitting companion for one who sought to win souls to Christ?

Hard problem! Ah, my reader, were you ever brought to that crisis in your inward life where, finding it impossible to reconcile duty and inclination, you had to make your choice between the two? You remember, don't you, that it was a fearful struggle whichever way it ended? In novels, we know, the decision is always final. The man elects to obey virtue, and is peaceful and happy ever after; or he declares for the other side, and thenceforth his course is steadily downward. But in real life it is quite otherwise. Many a one has gone through all the suffering, all the conflict; has renounced self and its delights though at the cost of untold agonies; yet after a little has forgotten the strife, the resolve, and turned back to the "beggarly elements." And some, blessed be a gracious Heaven! having wandered far in forbidden paths have listened to the voice that called after them; have found courage to retrace their steps and walk once more the strait and narrow way. But the number of these last is fearfully few.

To such a point the pastor had now come; on one side were the prepossessions and the principles of years; on the other a single form, alluring as the Sirens of old. Desire and duty tugged at his heart; conscience restrained and passion drew him. Of course he lay awake all night. When morning came he had decided—to put off his decision. This was cowardly, and he was rightly served.

When an important move is to be made one should have all possible light upon it. The choice lying between duty and Anna, he ought to see as much as practicable of this latter alternative that the decision might be given with open eyes. You may be sure she left no fascination untried to influence him. If while his wife yet lived there were bounds to her vanity, no such painful limit restrained her now. She was free to charm to the uttermost. She wiled his soul away by the veiled splendor of her eyes, the music of her voice. She came between him and the sermon-paper; flitted up the pulpit stairs, and warned him from "the desk." He was fast coming to a decision when circumstances precipitated it.

Miss Davenport spent a month in the city and came home again. Reports came after her, and a tangible presence soon followed the reports. He was one of the eligible matches, and his name was Frederic Lansing. A young man with no long-lived father to wait for, no supernumerary brothers and sisters to divide his inheritance. His fortune was in full possession, and a very handsome one; just how much I decline to state, for your ideas may be in advance of mine, and you would despise me in exact

ratio. To be sure, I might make all safe, as the story-writers do, by naming off-hand a sum that is well enough up to be respected by any body; it is just as easy to write two millions as two thousand; but then it wouldn't be true. He had not as much as that, but only a fine unincumbered property, and was looking about for a suitable person to share it. When a man is young, rich, and disposed to marry, any further commendation may seem like painting the lily; still I will pause long enough to say that Mr. Lansing was not altogether indebted to his money for his powers of pleasing. He was fairly good-looking and exceedingly well-dressed, did not lack sense, and had received that sort of polish which a man can not be year after year in society without acquiring, unless Nature has endowed him with unusual boorishness.

A formidable rival this for a poor minister with his little stipend, his well-worn suit of black, and the few shelves of books he called his library! Yet for a time he felt no uneasiness. If conceit be the sign of a weak mind, undue self-depreciation is not less so; Mr. Allonby, conscious of his own powers, did not think of comparing himself with this gay and fashionable but quite commonplace young man. Moreover, he regarded him as only a "boy;" sad mistake, into which we fall so often! How many a woman has looked on her most dangerous rival as nothing but a child till some woeful hour has showed her that she herself has passed beyond the charms of youth, while that other was in the very flush of their inheritance. But when, after a time, Mr. Lansing became almost ubiquitous; when he was to be encountered daily walking, riding, or driving with Miss Davenport; when the old evenings, for so they seemed, though not three months agone, were completely broken in upon, then our friend began to look more closely at the interloper. The result was not encouraging. Probably every person who has led a retired, especially a rural, life will remember times when he was brought in contact with some citizen of the brilliant world without. What a charm there was in that ease of manner! what *savoir vivre* in that familiarity with the realms of art and fashion! what means of culture do wealth and society afford! And one asks, "Is not this the *real* life, and mine among my books a pitiable rusting of the faculties?" No undue humility oppressed the pastor; he was aware that in original gifts and after cultivation he was incontestably superior. But he doubted whether these were, after all, the things most valuable or most to be desired; especially he doubted whether Anna would so regard them.

It was hard to sit down to sermon-writing in that dingy study when through the open window he saw his love and her adorer canter by. Frederic rode well, and Mr. Allonby was conscious that he should make a poor figure upon horseback. He acknowledged, too, that the young man was well-bred, graceful, pleasing. "What thanks to him for it?" he asked. "Means, opportunity, he has had them all; not tied down like me to starving drudgery. I should never have run through Europe, and brought home only a few trashy reminiscences and second-hand opinions upon art."

You will see from this fragment of soliloquy that our friend was getting jealous. Horrible torture!—just as bad under the threadbare coat of a poor country parson as beneath the most exquisitely-cut garment that Weidenfeldt can furnish.

"And I"—he said—"I might have been something too! Friends prophesied success for me, and I had youth, and industry, and some talent, I can not but believe. But I threw them all away, abandoned all hope of ever being any thing or doing any thing in this world when I gave up my profession. False, false step! Oh, if I were there again, and had the choice to make, how different it would be!"

It was not the first time nor the second that he had thus spoken. In the beginning conscience used loudly to remind him what high calling he had taken up in lieu of that which promised so well, but latterly her voice had not been heeded. Another sounded in his ears, so sweet, so irresistible; and he sat in his study-chair, the fountain-pen suspended from his idle hand, listening to it and forgetting every thing besides.

II.

It was evening. An irresistible attraction drew Mr. Allonby to Anna's dwelling, though he was well aware how little enjoyment was likely to be gathered from the visit. His prognostications were more than fulfilled. Mr. Lansing made his appearance at an early hour, and proceeded to engross Miss Davenport's attention in the coolest manner possible. To do the young man justice, the idea that he had a rival in the minister never once occurred to him. He regarded Mr. Allonby as making a neighborly call—a sort of official visit—and turned him over to the heads of the family without a moment's hesitation. Very pleasant this! To be set aside among the elders while the young people chatted away in the most friendly fashion! Anna now and then addressed a word to him, but her father effectually prevented any general conversation. The good old gentleman was deeply interested in "the prosperity of Zion," as represented by the Congregational Church in Hillsboro, and to-night it seemed as if he would never exhaust the subject. Beginning with the material aspects of the case—the sale of the pews, monthly collections, etc., etc.—he gradually came around to the spiritual: spoke of the desirableness of a revival, the necessity of Christians being instant in prayer for such a result, and discussed the means of awakening religious interest. Would it not be well to commence a series of meetings early in the coming winter? and what did the pastor think of having some of the older office-bearers—Deacons Mark and Park, for instance—go about the various neighborhoods for serious conversation, offering prayer

in cases where there was a favorable state of feeling? And the pastor tried to listen, but found himself paying far better attention to the pair across the room, and catching snatches of gay nonsense now and then.

Why was this gulf fixed between them? Had he grown so old? Was he to be forever put aside from all part in youth and its cheerfulness? Condemned to perpetual discourse of such topics as the pews and meetings? When the old man spoke of deaconly visitations he recalled with sudden clearness the days of his own "unregeneracy." How he used to hate those calls! And not only he, but all the "unconverted;" the boys hid in some corner of the ample barns; the girls made hasty errands to a neighbor's to escape the infliction. Something of the early dislike revived in him, and he turned wearily from a future inextricably blent with such themes and such pursuits.

And Mr. Lansing stood at the piano turning the music as Anna sang a barcarolle—

"So upon pleasure's soft, glimmering waters
Glideth a soul away, swift as the boat!"

It was time to go. Quite useless any attempt at outstaying his rival; it was already past the hour at which a sober country parson should be in his own house. It had been a dreary evening, nor could he help blaming Anna a little. Surely she need not have been so entirely occupied with the stranger! and the bitterness which jealousy inspires extended for the first time to her also. She came forward to bid him goodnight, with some jesting accusation that he had neglected her and given all his attention to "papa."

"You were too well entertained to miss me," he replied, with a gravity not at all in keeping with her tone, however consonant with his own emotions.

She looked up at him a moment with a reproachful gaze. "I shall not defend myself from such a charge," she said, letting the long lashes droop over her dangerous eyes. "For you must know," she added, in a low voice, "how unjust it is."

She turned away, leaving the minister in a twofold state of feeling; dread that he had offended her, delight at the admission her words contained. In the homeward walk delight soon grew to predominate over all else. Yes, she cared for him! She was displeased that he could imagine any other society compensation for his own! Oh rapture!—but we have no need to go into that.

A resolution long forming in his mind sprang now to sudden life. There should be no more of this conflict betwen the inner and the outward being. He would renounce a calling so burdensome, so unsuited to him. He did not disparage it; it was a great work—for those who were truly called to it the greatest and the best; but it was not *his* work, and he would lay it down at once and forever. The decision made, a new existence seemed to open before him. He would take up again the old profession so long regretted; he would give to it all his talents, all the energies which years had chilled and repressed, but which he felt were still latent within him. And in a future not so very distant he should win together success and Anna! Poor man! I don't know any object more pitiable than he, walking briskly along beneath the harvest-moon and dreaming all a boy's ardent, useless dreams!

A little later Miss Davenport sat by her window thinking of him. It stirred her heart with a cruel delight to recall that evening; never had she felt a sweeter sense of power than in making this pale, reserved man undergo the follies and pangs of jealousy. A pity such pleasant pastime must so soon come to an end—and she glanced at a brilliant ring on her finger; a ring which till to-night had sparkled on Mr. Lansing's well-shaped hand.

"One more scene will finish the play," she thought, and went to rest; to dream of the gayeties and splendors which this winter would await "the bride."

III.

Who does not know how prosaic daylight seems when we first open our eyes upon it? How the dear, delicious impossibilities that looked so easy and attainable the night before regain their true aspect in the remorseless morning, and we feel that there is nothing for us to do but to get up, put on the familiar clothes, and take up the familiar burdens.

Something of this Mr. Allonby experienced. He was almost aghast at the resolution which was to tear him so suddenly from his habitual life. What would people say? he asked himself. Cowardly question, perhaps, but natural for a minister who is obliged to spend a good portion of his time in considering it. Grave doubts as to the feasibility of his plans oppressed him; success looked problematical and distant; the sad years, he felt, had left their mark on him; the impetuous ardor of youth was gone forever. Conscience, too, muttered a few words, but in so very low a tone that they were scarcely audible. She had received a knock-down blow the previous evening in the assertion that he was not morally fitted for his work, and had not yet recovered sufficiently to suggest that it was perhaps his business to set about attaining that fitness. Over and beyond all misgiving rose the thought of the reward—Anna! As her image came before him fresh courage nerved the minister's failing heart, and a brighter glow than morning's overspread the sky.

The day passed in active preparations, all referring to the change, and as they progressed he grew to regard it more and more as a settled thing. Night found him again at Anna's door; a very respectable, solid door it was, grained in some dark color, and garnished with a silver-plated knob and keyhole. To ordinary vision it opened on a broad hall and staircase with parlors to the right; for him it "gave" direct upon paradise. He was fortunate in finding his love alone; she conjectured his coming and had put off her *fiancé* till to-morrow. Never was she

so beautiful. The matrimonial success achieved last night was great in its way to her, as Napoleon's victories were to him; a proud consciousness of triumph lit her eyes, while the hope of further conquest softened her manner, lent sweetness to her voice. The lover's gaze drank in delightedly the wealth of brightness, the ravishing effects of color which her aspect offered, while his heart thrilled at the speaking gentleness of her mien. He did not linger long over introductory commonplaces; he was anxious to tell her all; first she should know his decision—and then—

"Anna," said he, calling her thus for the first time, "I have resolved to-day on a very important step; and I wish that you, as my dearest friend, should learn it before any other."

She colored a little at this, but assured him of her sympathy; encouraged by the blush he went on. He related his struggles, his conscious lack of interest in his work, his conviction of unfitness for it—finally, his determination to abandon it for the law, his early profession. She listened with earnestness, every word delightful incense to her vanity. Why, she had not dreamed of this! She had thought to poison his rest, to fill his days and nights with unsatisfied longing, and crush his hopes at the end; but she never imagined that for her sake he would throw duty aside, trample conscience under foot. How he must love her! For a moment the strength of this passion woke in her a half response. She looked at him, pale, grave as he was, but with a certain intellectual nobleness in his broad brow and deep-set eyes; she recalled with most disfavoring contrast the more physical good looks of her accepted. Curious! the lover in whose veins ran the hot blood of youth, who should have glowed and trembled before her, offered but slight and careless homage; he knew that she would grace his fortunes, and was willing to allow her the privilege. While this studious man, drawing toward the soberness of middle life, hid under his quiet a heart of fire; for her he would dare all, sacrifice all. She understood him better than he understood himself; she knew, if he did not, what underlying motive prompted this new action. As these things flashed across her mind she almost wished that Frederic had not spoken. But no, this was folly. She put it away, and replied warmly to her reverend friend's communication. She congratulated him on his resolve, acknowledged that she had felt his talents wasted in their present sphere, and hoped great things for him. She was prettily grateful, too, for the regard that led him to confide his project first to her.

He was about to speak—the long-repressed devotion trembled at his lips—but her closing words drove it back forever.

"I must repay your confidence in kind," she said. "I, too, have a secret to communicate. I do not care that the rest of the world should know—but you—so near a friend—my minister, too. You must have noticed Mr. Lansing," with maiden bashfulness and down-dropped eyes that watched him furtively; "we are to be married at Christmas!"

The blow struck home; she saw it; saw too in the next minute that he understood her; that he looked full into that heart of the coquette, hungry, cruel as the grave.

He rose to go. Weak as you have seen him, he was not weak enough for reproaches or complaint. "I do not doubt," he said, "that you understand perfectly what you wish from life; and I feel safe, therefore, in congratulating you."

She did not like this. So fine a *coup de théâtre* received with so little demonstration! She could not lose sight of him yet. "Do not go," she urged; "papa or mamma will be in soon: they will be sorry to have missed you."

"Thank you; I can not stay to-night," he answered, and the door closed after him. Anna watched him down the walk with unmeasured vexation. What a climax to so many schemes and plottings! She had expected, she knew not what exactly, but a scene of some kind—stormy, despairing, or tender—something that would assert her charms, give her the excitement of a strong emotion, dramatize this night forever to her memory. Now he was gone! Should she see him again? And then the marriage ceremony which she had counted on having him perform—oh! it was too, too provoking!

Perhaps she would have been better satisfied could she have read his feelings as he strode homeward; have seen his misery of self-contempt, the bitterness of his disappointment; have seen, too, that he was still obliged to love her with a hot, angry passion. She had fallen in a moment before his eyes from the angel to the deceitful woman; he despised her; but as he was compelled to despise himself a great deal more, this brought no cooling solace to his fever. The acrid poison of such love could wear out only with the slow years.

He passed the church-yard, its white slabs showing peaceful in the moonlight. Under that pine in the far corner lay she who had blessed his life, and whom he, unfaithful, had forgotten. He would not think of her now, nor seek in the memory of her love a selfish consolation. Would it not be an insult, since her image had been these many weeks obscured by that brilliant one, to turn to her now? He resisted the impulse that drew him to her grave, and hurried on.

It seems to me that Anna had, on the whole, no great cause to be dissatisfied. If you can divide a man from heavenly love, and then from earthly, I think your power is tolerably well attested.

IV.

Mr. Allonby would have been glad enough now to sink back into the old routine. The prize of his contemplated struggle withdrawn, his courage failed. The familiar monotony tempted him, but he felt it would be too base to yield. I will do him the justice to say that he made no specious excuses for his conduct. Not a word was said of sore throat, failure of voice, delicate health, or a prospect of

greater usefulness in the secular field. He stated the naked fact: his heart was no longer in his work, and therefore the work must cease. This provoked plenty of expostulation, some tender, some severe; but he was firm. He opened an office in a distant city, and Hillsboro pulpit became vacant again, without even the form of a farewell sermon.

Of course there was a nine-days' wonder; then Miss Davenport's marriage gave the public a new theme. Hillsboro was kept in a ferment of excitement for weeks by such bits of wedding preparations as leaked out through the gossip of milliners and house-maids. At last they culminated in undreamed-of splendors, and the happy pair took possession of their elegant home. Anna's life was much in accordance with her vaticinations. There was plenty of opera, balls, jewels, admiration; only one ingredient that she had not reckoned on—*ennui*. Occasionally she recalled her clerical adorer. "If he had not been so very unsophisticated," she sometimes thought; "if he had known how to push his suit with boldness and ardor, he might have had me in spite of every thing. Well, to be bored is bad enough, but to be poor is worse. I'm very glad it ended so!"

Ten years later she said this with less assurance. I am conscious that Mr. Allonby has hardly had fair treatment at my hands. I have shown you his moral weakness, not his intellectual strength; he had it, nevertheless, as the world presently acknowledged. Fortune was all the more propitious, perhaps, that he cared little for her favors. His practice soon became extensive, his reputation high. He went into political life; he represented his district in Congress. People talked about him—abused him, praised him; he was regarded as one of the leaders of the House. Anna watched his career with personal triumph. She sat in the gallery of the House and listened to his speeches, vain of the admiration they excited; she saw him in society, sought by its leaders, youth and beauty flattered by his notice—and she lamented her mistake.

Mr. Lansing had not improved with time; self-indulgent young men do not invariably develop into excellent husbands. He was sometimes tyrannical, often cross; there was little in his intellect that she could respect if she had tried, which she never did. Nor was he quite insensible to all charms but hers; she had mortifications. Often, in moments of ennui or of wounded pride, she dreamed of what it might have been to aid the career and share the triumphs of a gifted man who was devoted to her.

But there came a period to all this. Mr. Allonby abandoned success at its very height; turned his back on brilliant achievements and yet more brilliant prospects. There was nothing in the gift of the Republic, his admirers said, to which he might not reasonably aspire. Predictions are cheap, I know, and our friends are lavish of them, particularly when they hope to rise along with us; still his past career would justify some flights of prophecy. Be that as it may he left it all, and, the necessary forms gone through, sailed for India as a missionary. You remember poor Stirling in his last days asking for the Bible which he used at Hertsmonceux in the cottages? What association had he with it? Did he recall times when near some dying bed, soothed by his ministrations, gleams of the Divine Peace had visited him—or he had fancied so? Did he long to pierce through all the mists of intellectual pride and doubt back to a simple Faith—did he feel that there alone was food for the hunger of the soul?

Our friend waited not quite so late. Worldly labor with its lavish reward had failed to satisfy him; he took up again his rejected work as the only worthy one. I know not how much he accomplished, or if the Lord of the Vineyard owned this laborer at the eleventh hour and gave him to see of the fruit of his toil. After a few years his health failed and he came back to his native land—to Hillsboro. No need to shun the churchyard now; the dear memory had resumed its sway, the grave under the pine-tree was often visited. One summer afternoon there was an open one beside it, and they laid him there to await the resurrection.

I went to the spot not long ago. It was April, too early for beauty. The snow had melted, but no verdure showed as yet. Long tangles of withered grass stretched across the low mounds; a thistle or two, dry and dead, had outlasted winter. I knew something of him who lay beneath; I had heard him censured, not without cause. His political allies never could forgive him. "Oscillated like a pendulum," said one of them the other day—a shrewd old gentleman, never known to mistake the dry side of his slice for the buttered. "Too much of a saint to be a lawyer—too fond of the law to be a saint, changed three or four times over; life all made up of beginning and breaking off. What a career he might have had if he had only held to it! Why that man, Madam, might this day have been the President of the United States."

I smile. It does not strike me as a shining destiny. And standing to-day by the grave, I rejoice that God took care of this career and set on it the seal of His completeness.

JOB WARNER'S CHRISTMAS.

THE day before Christmas was drawing to a close. Cold gray clouds drifted off to the eastward, and a snow-storm seemed imminent. But in spite of threatening clouds gay throngs crowded the thoroughfares. The shop windows were brilliant with articles of every conceivable variety adapted for Christmas-gifts. So the human tide ebbed and flowed, surging into shops, taxing to the utmost the attention of overworked clerks, and receded with pleasant surprises destined on the following morning to make many households happy.

In front of a large window, brilliantly illu-

minated, stood an elderly man, somewhat under the middle stature. Job Warner was scarcely fifty; but sedentary habits and long stooping over a desk had bowed his form, and given him the appearance of being several years older than he actually was. For twenty-five years he had been assistant book-keeper in the counting-room of Bentley and Co., importers of dry-goods and wholesale jobbers. His excellent business capacity would have secured him promotion to the post of chief book-keeper, but his own humility and absence of pretension had unconsciously influenced his employers to accept him at his own valuation. So, while the firm had prospered, and made money by hundreds of thousands, Job Warner still continued to be assistant book-keeper on a modest salary of seven hundred dollars. With a family becoming daily more expensive, the little book-keeper had found it hard work to make both ends meet. He was compelled to live in very poor and incommodious lodgings, and practice humble acts of self-denial, all which he bore with a meek and uncomplaining spirit, with which he was doubtless credited in that better world, where, we trust, all the inequalities of this life will be made up.

The last year had been rather a trying one to Job Warner. The enhanced price of nearly every article which is included under the head of Necessaries had made a rigid economy needful. Months ago the family had given up using sugar, and butter was only used on Sundays. Frugality had become a rule, and was meekly submitted to as a necessary condition of life. But, in spite of his habitual self-denial, the worthy book-keeper was stirred with an impulse to extravagance on this day. In the window before him bloomed a large doll—quite a queen she must have been in the realm of dolls—royally attired in a purple silk dress and a bonnet of the latest style. The eyes of the good book-keeper were fixed in admiration upon this beautiful doll-vision. There was a household pet at home—little Effie—whom the possession of that doll would exalt to the seventh heaven of happiness. True, such a royal lady might spurn the idea of entering so humble a home, and her silks might seem out of place in contrast with the calicoes and ginghams with which Effie and her mother were contented. But when these considerations suggested themselves to Job Warner he triumphantly answered, "Is there any thing too good for Effie?"

Yes, we have found out the little book-keeper's weakness. He no sooner thought of little Effie's bright eyes dancing with delight than his habitual prudence forsook him. With an air of desperate resolution he entered the brilliant shop, and, timidly pushing his way among the well-dressed crowds surrounding the counter, asked with an apologetic cough the price of her Royal Highness in the window.

The clerk looked a little surprised at such a question from a man of so humble appearance, and answered, in a short, quick tone, "Five dollars, Sir. Will you take it?"

Five dollars! Job was startled at the price, and answered in an abashed tone that he would not decide just yet.

Outside, he again looked longingly at the doll. Effie would be so delighted with it—but then five dollars! He reckoned up what a number of articles might be purchased for five dollars, and shook his head reluctantly. Mrs. Warner would think he had quite taken leave of his senses. Of course, he must give up all thoughts of it. But no! A daring suggestion occurred to him. Might he not apply to Mr. Bentley for an increase of salary? There had been a general raising of salaries elsewhere. That he knew. His old friend Timothy Fogg had his raised six months ago; but somehow Job had never succeeded in summoning up courage to make such a request of his employer. He was not sure, in his humility, whether he was worth any more than seven hundred dollars a year. But his love for little Effie gave him unwonted boldness. With an increase of salary he could buy this magnificent doll for her, and afford his oldest boy a course of lessons in drawing, for which he had a strong taste. Yes, he would ask to have his salary raised that very night. A little matter of business had detained Mr. John Bentley, the head of the firm, in his office, so that he would be sure to find him on returning thither.

Mr. Bentley was seated in his office glancing over some papers. He was a large, portly man, a little pompous in manner; and a glance from his gray eyes always confused the worthy book-keeper, who, long as he had known him, had never got to feel quite at ease in his company. Job had an indistinct idea that his employer was immensely superior to him in every way, and looked up to him with distant reverence.

John Bentley lifted his eyebrows in surprise as Job shuffled in at the door, his hat under his arm, with an air of nervous trepidation which the consciousness of his errand inspired.

"Have you forgotten any thing, Warner?" demanded Mr. Bentley, in a clear, commanding tone.

"No, Sir, Mr. Bentley; or rather, I should say, yes," stammered the book-keeper. "There was a little matter which I wished to speak to you about. But I should not wish to take up your time, if you are busy, Sir, and I will wait till some other occasion."

"If you can say what you have to say in five minutes, Warner, go on," returned his employer.

"It was about an increase of salary, Mr. Bentley," said he, plunging into his subject and talking fast to keep his courage up. "Prices have been rising of late so much that I find it very difficult to maintain a wife and four children on seven hundred dollars a year. I do, indeed, Sir. If you would be kind enough to add a hundred, or even fifty, I would thank you gratefully, Sir."

"An increase of salary, eh, Warner? Seven hundred dollars used to be considered a very

fair salary. Of course some get much more. But you know, Warner, that you are not a first-class man of business. You do your work very satisfactorily, but—"

"I know what you would say, Mr. Bentley," interrupted Job, humbly. "I know my abilities are small, but I try to be faithful. I hope I have always been faithful to the best of my poor abilities."

"Yes, Warner, you have. Don't think I have any complaint to make; but as to an increase of salary, that requires consideration. Probably the high prices will not always last, and in the mean time you can be more economical."

More economical! And this to Job who had been a close economist all his life. However, he did not venture to reply, but, bowing humbly, withdrew. A minute later his employer, who had got through with the business which detained him, put on his overcoat and followed. On his way back Job paused again before the window which had so great an attraction for him. Again he thought how much little Effie would like it. But he felt satisfied, from Mr. Bentley's manner, that there was little hope of an increase of income, and without that such an outlay would be unpardonable extravagance.

"No," he half sighed, "I must give up the idea of buying it, and little Effie must be content with something less expensive."

Mr. John Bentley was close behind and heard this speech. "So he wanted to buy that piece of finery," thought he. "No wonder he demanded an increase of salary."

The two men continued to walk in the same direction, Job, of course, unconscious of Mr. Bentley's proximity. Suddenly from the darkness of a side-street emerged a little girl, a very picture of wretchedness, with ragged dress, pinched and famished-looking features, and feet bare, notwithstanding the inclement season. She looked up piteously in the face of Job Warner.

"I am very cold and hungry," she murmured.

"Poor child! poor child!" ejaculated Job, compassionately. "Have you no home?"

"No; mother died last week, and since then I have lived in the streets."

"Have you had any thing to eat to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, a cracker."

"Only a cracker," repeated Job, pitifully. "And your poor feet are bare. How cold you must be!"

"Yes, Sir, I am *very* cold," said the little girl, shivering.

"And where do you expect to pass the night?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In a doorway; but they drove me off this morning. I wish mother were alive again." The poor child burst into tears, sobbing convulsively.

"Don't cry, my dear!" said Job, soothingly. "Don't cry. You shall come home with me, and I will let you sleep in a warm bed and give you something to eat. I am poor, my child, but not so poor as you, thank God! I had intended to buy some little presents for my children, but they will be better pleased if I spend the money in making you comfortable. Take my hand, and we shall soon be at home."

During this colloquy John Bentley withdrew into a doorway. He had felt some curiosity to learn how his book-keeper would deal with this claim upon his bounty. There was something in the straightforward simplicity and kind heart of Job that touched him, and made him feel not a little compunction for his own bearing in the interview which had just taken place between them.

"He is about to deprive his children of their Christmas presents for the sake of succoring that poor little outcast," said John Bentley to himself. "He has a noble heart, poor fellow! and he shall be no loser by it. After all, seven hundred dollars must be quite insufficient in these times. I will see what I can do for him."

It was the merchant's better nature that spoke. He was not naturally a selfish man, only inconsiderate. Now that his benevolent impulses were excited, he would not rest till they were embodied in action. Honest Job! never hast thou done a better night's work than this. Thy kindness to the little outcast shall be richly recompensed.

With the little girl's hand firmly clasped in his Job paused before the door of a small wooden tenement, and turning the knob softly entered.

"Why, Job, how late you are!" said a kind motherly woman, advancing to meet him, "and —merciful goodness! who have you there?"

"A poor child, Mary, without father or mother, who was wandering barefoot and hungry through the streets. I couldn't help bringing her home, could I? Think if it had been little Effie!"

"You did quite right, Job. Poor little thing! How thin she is! Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Oh, *so* hungry and cold. May I warm myself by your fire, ma'am?"

"Bless me, child, I ought to have thought of it before. Yes, go and sit down on the cricket, and I will bring you some bread and milk."

While the little girl's wants were being satisfied, Mrs. Warner said, "Well, Job, what have you got for the children?"

"I didn't get any thing, Mary. I was just going to get some little things when this poor child came up. I thought maybe we might be willing to keep her a week or so and fit her out with some better clothes, and I am afraid we can't afford to do that and buy presents for the children too. Do you think they would be willing to do without them for this year?"

"I am sure they will; but as all have hung up their stockings, I must tell them to-night so that they need not be disappointed in the morning."

The considerate mother went up stairs and acquainted the children that their father had

brought home a poor little girl who had no father nor mother, and asked if for her sake they would be willing to give up their Christmas presents. This appeal went to the children's hearts. They were also delighted with the idea of a new play-fellow, and in bright anticipations of the morrow lost sight entirely of the stockings that were destined to remain unfilled.

"What did the children say?" asked Job, a little uneasily.

"Dear children!" said Mrs. Warner, wiping her eyes with motherly affection and pride. "They took it like little angels. They are very anxious to see the little girl. I do believe they will regard her as the best Christmas present they could have."

"I wish we could do something more than keep her for a few days," said Job, thoughtfully.

"So do I. If you only had a little larger salary, Job, it might be done. Why don't you ask for more?"

"I did to-night, Mary."

"And what did Mr. Bentley say?" inquired Mrs. Warner, eagerly.

"He advised me to economize."

"As if you hadn't been doing it all your life," exclaimed his wife, indignantly. "Little he knows what economy is!"

"Hush, Mary," said Job, half frightened. "Of course he can't understand how hard a time we have to get along."

"No, but he ought to inquire. What harm would it do him to give you an extra hundred dollars?"

"I suppose he could afford it," said Job; "but perhaps he doesn't think I am worth any more. As he said, seven hundred dollars used to be considered a fair salary."

"So he refused your application."

"Well no, not exactly. He said he would take it into consideration. But I am sure from his tone that I have nothing to expect. We must get along as well as we can through the hard times, and perhaps things will improve by-and-by."

"What a thoroughly good man you are, Job!" said Mrs. Warner, looking affectionately at her husband, who was dear to her in spite of his shabby coat.

"Of course I hav'n't got a good wife," he answered, cheerfully; "I won't call myself poor as long as I have you, Mary."

There were few happier or more thankful hearts than those of the shabby book-keeper and his good wife, despite their enforced self-denial and numerous privations. Their souls were filled with a calm and serene trust that the same kind Providence which had guarded and guided them hitherto would continue its beneficent care and protection. Mrs. Warner took up her knitting, and Job, opening the well-used Bible, proceeded to adjust his spectacles, preparatory to reading a chapter, when he was interrupted by a quick, sharp, decisive knock on the outer door.

Taking a tallow-candle from the table Job went to the door and opened it. The wind caused his candle to flicker, so that he did not at first recognize the visitor. When he did his heart gave a sudden bound, and in his surprise he nearly let fall the light.

It was his employer—Mr. John Bentley—who stood before him.

"Well, Warner, may I come in?" inquired the merchant, with an unwonted kindness in his tone.

"To be sure, Mr. Bentley, Sir; I shall be most happy if you will condescend to enter my poor dwelling. It isn't suitable for such a visitor. But you are heartily welcome, Sir. This way, if you please."

Mrs. Warner looked up as her husband reentered the room. Her surprise was little less than his when Mr. Bentley was introduced.

"Mary, this is Mr. Bentley, my respected employer, who has condescended to honor us with a visit. I am sorry we have no better place to receive him in."

"No apologies, Warner," said Mr. Bentley, pleasantly, throwing aside his usual pompous manner. "I didn't expect you could live like a prince on seven hundred dollars. Mrs. Warner, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Your husband has served our house long and faithfully, and I trust will continue long in our employ. I am glad he has so much to make his home pleasant."

No one knew better how to pay a compliment gracefully than John Bentley, and Mrs. Warner bowed in gratification, reiterating the assurance of their pleasure in receiving him. The allusion to her husband's continued services dissipated an apprehension to which Mr. Bentley's unexpected visit had given rise, that he might be about to lose his situation.

"I have called, Warner, on a little business," proceeded Mr. Bentley. "You spoke to me to-night about having your salary raised."

"Yes, Sir," said Job, humbly; "I thought afterward that I might be a little presumptuous in supposing my services to be worth more than seven hundred dollars; but indeed, Sir, it requires a great deal of economy to make both ends meet. I was thinking more of that than of my own qualifications, I suppose. As you said, Sir—"

"Never mind what I said, Warner," interrupted the merchant, smiling. "Your application was made unexpectedly, and I spoke without consideration. I have thought over what you said, and decided that your application was just and proper. Prices have advanced considerably, as a little investigation has satisfied me. Therefore I have concluded to grant your request. What increase of salary do you ask?"

"I thought of asking for a hundred dollars more," said Job, timidly; "but if you think that is too much, I should be satisfied and grateful if you could let me have fifty."

"Do you think you could get along on fifty?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Yes, Sir—with economy, of course. I al-

ways expect to practice economy; and I have a good wife, who knows how to make the most of a little."

"That I can readily believe," said the merchant, politely. "You may consider your salary raised, then, Warner," he proceeded; "and as you have been able to get along on seven hundred dollars, I hope you will be able to afford yourself some additional comforts on a thousand."

"A thousand!" repeated Job and his wife, simultaneously.

"Yes, my good friends," said Mr. Bentley; "I have decided that my assistant book-keeper is fully worth that sum to the firm, and it is my wish to pay those whom I employ what they are justly entitled to."

"How can I ever thank you, Sir?" exclaimed Job, rising and seizing his employer's hand. "I shall consider myself rich with such an income. Mary, did you understand? I am to have a thousand dollars."

"Sir, you are very kind," said Mary, simply. "I need not thank you. Your own heart will tell you how much happiness you have conferred upon us."

"I understand and appreciate what you say," said Mr. Bentley, kindly. "But, Warner," he continued, "there is another matter about which I wish to speak to you. There is a young girl in whom I feel an interest, who is unfortunate enough to stand alone in the world, without father or mother. I have thought that if you and Mrs. Warner would be willing to receive her as one of your family, and bring her up in the same careful manner as your own children, it would be an excellent arrangement for her, while I would take care that you lost nothing by your kindness."

"We shall be most happy to oblige you, Sir," said Mrs. Warner; "but would our plain style of living suit the young lady? We shall, to be sure, be able now to afford a better house."

"I don't think the young lady will find any fault with your housekeeping, Mrs. Warner," said the merchant, "especially as she has probably never been accustomed to living as well as she would with you."

Mrs. Warner looked mystified.

Mr. Bentley smiled.

"The young lady is already in your house," he explained. "In fact, it is the friendless little orphan whom your husband encountered to-night and brought home."

Mrs. Warner's face lighted up with pleasure.

"We will undertake the charge gladly," she answered, "and should have done so if you had not spoken of it. Is it not so, Job?"

"Yes, Mary, it occurred to me as soon as Mr. Bentley spoke of raising my salary."

"And you would really have undertaken such a charge at your own expense?" said Mr. Bentley, wonderingly. "Would it have been just to your own children to diminish their comforts for the sake of doing a charitable action?"

"We shall not be able to leave our children money," said Mrs. Warner, simply, "but we hope to train them up to deeds of kindness. There's a great deal of suffering in the world, Sir. We ought to do our part toward relieving it."

"I honor you, Mrs. Warner, for your unselfish benevolence," returned Mr. Bentley, warmly; "but in this case I shall claim to do my part. I shall allow you two hundred dollars a year for taking charge of this child. You will of course require a larger and more commodious house, and will, I hope, be enabled to afford your children such advantages as they may require to prepare them to act their parts in the world."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Job, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears. "Why, that will make twelve hundred! Mr. Bentley, Sir, I hope you will believe me to be grateful. You have so loaded me with benefits that I don't know how to thank you."

"And I am under obligations to you, Warner, also," said Mr. Bentley. "Prosperity had begun to harden my heart. At any rate, it had made me thoughtless of the multitudes who are struggling with ills which my wealth could alleviate. To-night I was an unseen witness of your kindness to the poor girl who crossed your path. I felt rebuked by the contrast between your conduct and mine, and I resolved, God helping me, to become hereafter a better steward of His bounty."

"Indeed, Mr. Bentley, you think too much of the little I did," said Job, modestly.

"Let me keep my own opinion as to that, Warner. By-the-way, it may be well for me to pay the first quarter of our little charge in advance. Here are fifty dollars. At the expiration of six months you may draw upon me for a similar amount. Before I leave you let me take the liberty to suggest that the shops are not yet closed, and you will still have an opportunity of providing Christmas gifts for your children."

"So I shall. Thank you, Mr. Bentley, for kindly reminding me. Effie shall have her doll, after all. Such a doll!" he explained, eagerly, turning toward his wife. "She is as fine as a royal princess!—but not too good for Effie."

"By all means let Effie have her doll," said Mr. Bentley, smiling. "I must bid you good-night, Mrs. Warner, but when you have moved I will look in upon you again, and shall hope to make the acquaintance of Effie and her doll."

Job Warner was absent an hour. When he returned he was fairly loaded down with gifts. I can not undertake to enumerate them. Enough that prominent among them was Effie's stately present. Can the friendly reader imagine the delight of the children the next morning? Seldom has Christmas dawned on a happier household. Effie was in a perfect ecstasy of delight! Nor was the little outcast forgotten. When her rags were stripped off and she was attired in thick, warm clothing, she seemed suddenly to have been lifted into Paradise. When the transports of the children had partially subsided, Job

drew toward him the old Bible, and opening it at the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, read reverently the account there given of the first Christmas-day. Just as he concluded the bells rang out a merry peal, and to the little household seemed with vibrant voices to proclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I SAW myself in the glass to-day,
And I said, as I loosened my hair,
"Oh, that my face were a talisman,
And *he* could have it to wear!"
For there is nothing that I would not give
To fetter his restless heart;
For if his tenderness ever should fail
The glory from life would part.

I should not suffer so if I knew
That he missed me any to-night;
I wonder if ever he wants me now—
I know that it isn't right.
I know I am selfish to murmur and doubt:
Is he careless or cold? Oh! never!
But they tell me that *man* forgets in an hour,
While *woman* remembers forever.

I love him! I love him with all my life!
And I give him its choicest things;
But he puts me into a gilded cage,
And cripples my budding wings!
I want to be all that a woman should be:
But *he* has the narrowest views:
I want to work; and *he* wants me to play;
And he tells me to do as I choose!

To do as I choose! I would choose to be
Not a child, to be petted and dressed,
But his friend; on the terms of an equal trust;
Respected, as well as caressed.
He gives me a kiss; and he goes away;
And that horrible office door
Shuts out the face and the voice and the hand
That charmed him a moment before!

And if he's troubled, or sad, or wronged,
He tells me never a word:
He likens me unto a summer flower,
Or a beautiful singing bird!
If he'd teach me, I know I could learn
To work with him, side by side;
And then I could hold my head up, high,
With a sterling womanly pride!

And so I am jealous of him I love;
Oh! jealous as jealous can be:
For his lordly aims and his growing plans
Keep him away from me.
And I sit away by myself to-night,
Dropping the bitterest tears,
That have moistened the cheeks that he left unkissed,
To whiten with cruel fears!

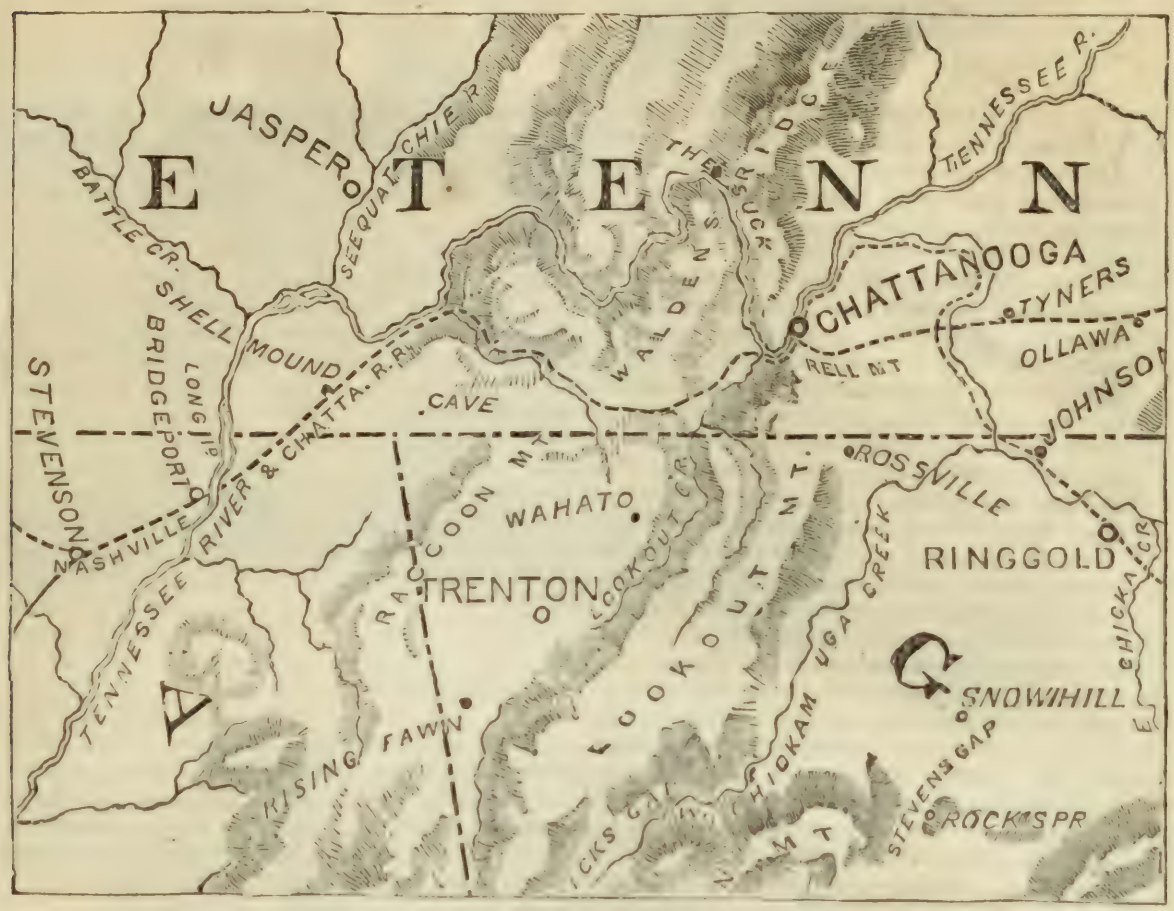
Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of November. The leading events of the month are connected with the strategic movements of the Union and Confederate armies of the Potomac; the situation at Chattanooga; the siege of Charleston; the elections at the North; the decision of the British Government in respect to the vessels built in England for the Confederates; the Mexican question, and the war in Japan.

The first week of October our Army of the Potomac occupied the northern bank of the Rapidan, the head-quarters being in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House, the enemy under Lee being on the other side of the river, around Gordonsville, a space of about twenty miles separating the main bodies, the outposts of both being pushed forward toward the other. About the 8th of October General Meade became aware that the enemy were making an advance, either feigned or real, though the high ridges which border the Rapidan prevented the exact force and object of the movement from being discovered. Reconnoissances were made during the ensuing two days, which showed that strong columns were pressing almost due north, which would in a short time turn the right wing of Meade. This was accordingly withdrawn northeastward, our army crossing the north fork of the Rappahannock, between which and the Rapidan they had been posted. On the 12th Meade sent a strong party back across the Rappahannock, for the purpose of ascertaining whether this flank movement of the enemy was real or feigned. It was found to be an advance in force, and the reconnoitring corps were withdrawn. We had fallen back ten or fifteen miles to the northeast, while the columns of the enemy pressed steadily on for thirty miles due north. They then turned slightly eastward, with the apparent design of interposing their forces between ours and Washington, and attacking the capital. If that had been their object it had been in a measure attained. Their advance, under Ewell, was on the 13th at Warrenton, a whole day's march nearer Washington than was the army of Meade. A sharp race now ensued, on the 13th and 14th, the question being who should first reach and occupy in force the twice-fought battle-field around Manassas, Bull Run, and Centreville. The lines of march gradually approximated. They intersected at Bristoe, close by Manassas Junction, and a dozen miles south of Bull Run. We reached this point before the enemy, and were pressing on toward Centreville, when our rear, under General Warren, was attacked by the advance of the enemy, under A. P. Hill; a sharp action ensued, the result of which is announced in the order of General Meade. He says: "The rear-guard, consisting of the Second Corps, was attacked while marching by the flank. The enemy, after a spirited contest, was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and 450 prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second Corps, are entitled to high commendation." The fight occurred late in the afternoon; the attack upon our rear had been repulsed; but it was known that a corps of the enemy under Ewell were close at hand; if they came up in time the fortunes of the day might be changed. But they did not arrive in time to renew the assault upon Warren, and our rear withdrew in the night and effected its junction with the main army, which by this time was fairly established hard by the old battle-field of Bull Run. Here they awaited an attack from the enemy, which was not made. For two or three days the Confederate forces made demonstrations on our front and flanks. If their object had been to assault Washington it had been foiled, for Meade lay in force directly in their way; if it had been to cut off our trains it had failed, for these had been sent on in front. They contented themselves with destroying the track of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which would have given Meade great assistance in an advance upon Richmond. Having done this, they began to fall back on the 18th, but covering their retreat so skillfully that the movement was not discovered until the next day. Our army then set out in pursuit; but the enemy had got the start; they found only bodies of cavalry covering the rear of the infantry, which were already out of reach; and on the 21st our reconnoitring parties ascertained that the enemy had recrossed the Rapidan, and were in their old position. The result of this twelve days' series of operations is that the two armies of the Potomac occupy essentially the same positions as before. It was a pure trial of strategy. Lee, the ablest commander in the Confederate army, undertook to outgeneral Meade. He not only failed in his attempt, but suffered far more severe loss than he inflicted.

The close of the first week of November finds our army in Tennessee in nearly the same situation which it occupied a month before. It still holds its main position at Chattanooga, menaced by the Confederates, whose efforts have been mainly directed toward cutting off its communications and interrupting its supplies. An entire change has been made in the command of this army. General Grant has been placed at the head of the entire Military Division of the Mississippi. Rosecrans has been removed from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and Thomas, whose splendid fighting alone prevented the reverse at Chicamauga from becoming an utter rout, takes the immediate command vacated by Rosecrans. General Grant's order announcing his accession to the command is dated at Louisville, Kentucky, October 18. He says that in compliance with orders he assumes the command of "the Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee," and that his head-quarters will be in the field. General Rosecrans on the 19th issued his farewell order, taking leave of the Army of the Cumberland. In this he congratulates the army that his successor, General Thomas, is no stranger to his troops; that he has been identified with them from the first, and has often led them in battles; and he assures them that to the renown, precedents, dauntless courage, and true patriotism of their new commander they may look for victory. General Thomas, in formally assuming the command of the Department, takes occasion to speak in warm terms of the ability of his predecessor. The reasons which have caused the removal of General Rosecrans from a command where he had been on the whole so successful have not been made public. He himself referred to reports in regard to them in a speech on the 26th of



October at Cincinnati, where he was greeted by a public reception. Alluding to a remark that the people would require the records upon which his removal was based, he said: "Some are very anxious about my health. The Army of the Cumberland think I am well enough; and so do I. As for the quantity of opium I have taken, consult my druggist." He declared that his course while in command had been fully approved by the President. Generals M'Cook and Crittenden, whose divisions were defeated at Chicamauga, have been removed from their posts in this Department, and their corps have been consolidated under the command of General Granger.——There can be no doubt that our army at Chattanooga has been exposed to serious peril, not so much from actual attack as from the possibility of cutting off its supplies. They were in the midst of a mountainous region, incapable at any time of feeding an army, and which, moreover, had been exhausted by the long occupation of the enemy. The Tennessee River was the main channel for the transmission of supplies, and the enemy had seized a strong position on Lookout Mountain which effectually commanded the river below Chattanooga, and from which it was supposed that their heavy guns could penetrate our entrenchments. From this position they were dislodged on the 27th of October. The accompanying map shows the position of the localities in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, and gives an idea of the topography of the region. The operation by which the enemy were dislodged from Lookout Mountain appears to have been under the direction of General Hooker, who was posted at Bridgeport. The details which have been received are too vague to warrant us in attempting to describe the action, or rather series of actions, by which the end was attained.

A daring attempt was made upon the 5th of October to destroy the *Ironsides* in Charleston Harbor by means of a torpedo. A small cigar-shaped steamer, capable of carrying only four or five men, was constructed. It lay so low in the water and was painted of such a color as to be invisible in the night at the distance of a few rods. To the bows was attached a torpedo, projecting thirty or forty feet, charged with fifty pounds of powder, to be exploded by the percussion of striking. Lieutenant Glassell, with only three companions, embarked on this craft, which was towed down opposite Fort Sumter, and then made its way, under cover of darkness, directly for the *Ironsides*. The torpedo exploded upon striking the vessel, but without doing any essential damage. The shock threw the little steamer so deeply into the water as to put out her fires, and she could not escape. Lieutenant Glassell sprang overboard, swam to a schooner, was picked up, and made prisoner. One of his companions was also rescued in a similar manner. The little steamer went down, carrying with her, as was supposed, the other two of her crew.——Fort Sumter, notwithstanding its ruined condition, is still occupied by the enemy, who appear to have been busy in erecting a sand-battery upon the ruins. To prevent this a heavy fire was opened on the 26th of October, and kept up for several days. On the 28th and 29th, according to reports from Southern sources, 1200 shot were fired into the fort, wounding seven men. On the 31st a portion of the wall fell in, burying under its ruins thirteen men. On the 1st of November two more were killed and three wounded, and the bombardment was still going on. A few shots were also fired at Charleston, but with what result is not known. The enemy kept up a heavy fire upon our batteries on Morris Island, without doing any damage.

From various other portions of the Southwest we

have reports of isolated conflicts; but the details are so confused that we prefer to await official accounts, when we shall be able to present a connected view of the whole series of conflicts.——From Louisiana we have news of the fitting out of an expedition the destination of which is supposed to be Texas.——General Butler has been appointed to the command of our forces in North Carolina, and has gone to that region.——The latest intelligence from the *Alabama* represents that vessel to be in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern extremity of Africa. The United States steamer *Vanderbilt* was in the same region, in search of the *Alabama*.

President Lincoln has formally replied to the representation and demands of the Missouri Committee, mentioned in our last Record. The substance is that the condition of Missouri and the wrongs suffered by Union men are not owing to any fault on the part of the Union generals, but grow out of the civil war. He approves of the general line of conduct adopted by General Schofield, and declines to remove him. Appended to this reply is a copy of the instructions given to General Schofield. His duty is to advance the efficiency of the military establishment, and to so use it as to compel, as far as practicable, the excited people to let each other alone. He is to arrest individuals and suppress assemblies and newspapers only when they are working palpable injury to the military. In no other case will he interfere with the expression of opinion. He is not to allow the military to be employed either in returning fugitive slaves or in enticing them from their masters. No one is to be allowed to enlist colored troops except under direct orders from the Commanding General or from the Government at Washington. He is to allow those only to vote who by the laws of Missouri have the right, including in those laws the restrictions laid by the State Convention upon those who have participated in the rebellion. He is to expel guerrillas and marauders, and those who harbor and abet them; but to repress the assumption by unauthorized persons to perform this same service, because under pretense of doing this they become marauders themselves. In a word, he is to use all the power in his hands to restore and preserve peace.

Under date of October 17, the President has issued a call for 300,000 volunteers, to serve for three years or during the war, not exceeding three years. The Governors of the several States are called upon to raise and to have enlisted their part of this number. All volunteers under this call will receive the advance pay, premium, and bounties prescribed by law. All troops raised under this call will be credited to and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft. If any State fails to raise its proportion, the deficiency in each district will be made up by a new draft to commence on the 5th of January, 1864.

Within a few weeks elections for State officers have been held in nearly all the States of the Union. The result has been decidedly in favor of the Administration, except in the State of New Jersey, where the Opposition have succeeded by a reduced majority. In Pennsylvania Governor Curtin received a majority of about 15,000, although his Democratic opponent was in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. In Ohio, Mr. Vallandigham was defeated by a majority, including the vote of the soldiers, of nearly 100,000. In New York, where last year Governor Seymour, the Democratic candidate, was elected by 10,000 majority, the Union majority was nearly 30,000; in the State Assembly, which was tied last year, the Union party has elected nearly 90 out of 128 members. In nearly every other State the Union party have succeeded by majorities greatly increased over those of the previous election.

The Confederate finances have fallen into great confusion. The currency is so depreciated that it takes from ten to twelve dollars to buy one dollar in gold, two dollars to buy a pound of pork, and in similar proportion for all articles of necessity produced in the country. Articles of use and luxury produced abroad command fabulous prices. The Richmond *Enquirer* of October 27 sums up the present financial condition of the Confederacy as follows:

"The condition of the currency has become so alarming that its importance has risen even above the excitement of military movements. From every quarter of the Confederacy essays, schemes, expedients, and remedies are daily scattered broadcast over the country, and suggestions of every character and description are urged. One thing is certain and indisputable, that the present financial management is an utter and absolute failure, rendered so not by Mr. Memminger, but by the people themselves. The funding scheme of Mr. M. could succeed only by the prompt and persisting co-operation of the people, by coming forward and continuing to convert the currency into bonds. It is not necessary to inquire into the reasons why the people have failed. The fact that they have not and will not voluntarily fund the currency is an important matter for legislative consideration."

Not less unfavorable is the present and prospective condition of supplies. In spite of Confederate assertions to the contrary, there can be no doubt that there is a great deficiency in the supply of even the commonest and most indispensable articles of food. Almost every Southern paper is full of statements to this effect. Complaints against extortioners, speculators, and hoarders abound, and the most severe measures are recommended to be employed against them. These complaints are not confined to places like Richmond, where military necessities have brought together an unusual number of people to be fed, but they are universal. A private letter from Commissary Northrop to the Confederate Secretary of War, written at Athens, Georgia, on the 25th of April, has found its way to the press. We give the most important portions of this. Speaking of a meeting of the Governors of several of the Southern States held at Milledgeville, he says:

"All agree that the planters of their States evince no disposition to seed for more than the usual quantity of grain and other articles necessary for the subsistence of the people and the army. Neither the resolutions of Congress, requesting the President to appeal to the people, nor the appeal itself, have produced any visible effect. In riding from Milledgeville to this point I passed through one of the best corn districts in Georgia, and not one acre in fifty, as I am assured by my own observations and the reports of travelers on the road, is being prepared for raising that indispensable article, or other products requisite for the subsistence of man and beast. It is obvious that something must be done immediately, or both the people and army must starve next winter.

"The Governors finally decided to send an address—not to be published by the press, exposing our wants to the enemy—to all the leading planters in their respective States, urging upon them the imperative necessity of producing all the grain, live-stock, etc., possible. But since the appeal of the President is disregarded by this class of citizens, what response can we expect them to make to a similar appeal of the Governors? In my judgment none.

"It is only by more rigorous, and indeed arbitrary, measures, that we can prevent distress in our towns, and subsist the armies in the field through next winter and spring. The appeal put forth by the President, and the one proposed by the Governors, will be entirely useless. This is the opinion also of General Bragg, with whom I yesterday conferred two hours at Dalton. The General suggests three plans for preventing the threatened famine. The first is that the President, by proclamation, prohibit the raising of any more cotton and tobacco or clearing of

new lands until further notice. The second is that, by proclamation, he order all planters to seed a certain number of acres of grain or other articles of necessary consumption, in proportion to the quantity of cleared land and negroes belonging to them. The third is for the Government to take possession of the plantations, or such portion of them as the owners do not intend to seed with grain, etc., and employ the negroes belonging thereto in raising such agricultural products as may be deemed necessary. Officers and soldiers who have been rendered by wounds and disease unfit for further service in the field could be employed as superintendents and overseers. The last-mentioned plan appears to me to be feasible, and entirely the best that can now be adopted.

"The wheat harvests, it is easy to see and learn from a trip through the country, will not be half as bountiful as we have anticipated; and the belief into which the Government has been led, that there are large quantities of bacon in many parts of the country, is erroneous. The inventory ordered by Governor Brown of the bacon and live-stock in Georgia shows the well-nigh exhausted condition of that State; and yet, beyond peradventure, it is less nearly exhausted than any other State in the Confederacy.

"It will, therefore, be no easy matter to keep our armies in the field without causing suffering among the people till the harvests are gathered next autumn. From that time we shall be entirely dependent on those harvests.

"Let the emergency be urged upon the President while there is yet time to save ourselves."

EUROPE.

The British Government has at last become aware of the impolicy of allowing Confederate vessels of war to be fitted out in English ports, and they have prevented the sailing of the iron-clad rams, of which mention has been made in the last two numbers of this Record. The position now assumed by the British Government with respect to aid to belligerents was defined by Earl Russell in a speech delivered September 26. He says:

"There came a complaint on the part of the Federals that we allowed a ship to leave the port of Liverpool, which afterward committed depredations on their commerce. In order to prove an offense you require such evidence as can be sifted in a court of justice, and it was not till the very day the *Alabama* left Liverpool that in the opinion of lawyers we had evidence sufficient to keep the vessel and crew; then I doubt whether, if we had brought the evidence before a court of law, it would have been found that we had sufficient evidence to condemn her, because, by an evasion of the law, the ship was fitted up without the arms necessary for her equipment, and those arms were conveyed to her in the waters of a foreign country, very far from the jurisdiction of England. These questions must be weighed, and I think they will be weighed, as they frequently have been weighed, by the Government of the United States of America, in the balance of equity. We know that the Foreign Enlistment Act and the whole law respecting the subject is very difficult of application. The principle is clear enough. If you are asked to sell muskets, you may sell muskets to one party or the other, and so with gunpowder, shells, or cannon; and you may sell a ship in the same manner. But if you, on the other hand, train and drill a regiment with arms in their hands, or allow a regiment to go out with arms in their hands to take part with one of two belligerents, you violate your neutrality and commit an offense against the other belligerent. So in the same way in regard to ships, if you allow a ship to be armed and go at once to make an attack on a foreign belligerent, you are yourself, according to your own law, taking part in the war, and it is an offense which is punished by the law. There are other questions with regard to ships that have lately been prepared in this country, because these ships are not like ships which receive the usual equipment known in wars in times past, but they are themselves, without any further armament, formed for acts of offense and war. They are steam rams, which might be used for the purposes of war without ever touching the shores of the Confederate ports. To permit ships of this description knowingly to depart from this country, not to enter into any Confederate port, not to enter into the port of a belligerent, would expose our good faith to great suspicion; and I feel certain that if, during our war with France, the Americans had sent line-of-battle ships to break our blockade at Brest, whatever reasons they might have urged in support of that, we should have considered it a violation of neutrality. Such is the spirit in which I am prepared to act. Every thing that the law of nations requires, every thing that our laws, that the Foreign Enlistment Act requires, I am prepared to do, and even, if it should be proved to be necessary for the preservation of our neutrality, that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures. Her Majesty's Government are prepared to do every thing that the duty of neutrality requires—every thing that is just to a friendly nation, taking as a principle that we should do to others as we should wish to be done to ourselves. But this we will not do—we will not adopt any measure that we think to be wrong. We will not yield a jot of British law or British right in consequence of the menaces of any foreign Power."

The acceptance by the Archduke Maximilian of the imperial crown of Mexico seems yet to be somewhat uncertain. He was waited upon by the Mexican deputies on the 3d of October, and a formal offer was made to him. To this he replied:

"The wishes of the Mexican Assembly of Notables have touched me deeply. It can not but be exceedingly flattering for our house that they have turned their eyes to the descendants of Charles V. Although the mission of maintaining the independence and welfare of Mexico on a solid foundation, and with free institutions, is a most noble one, I must, nevertheless, in complete accordance with the views of the Emperor Napoleon, declare that the monarchy can not be re-established on a legitimate and firm basis without a spontaneous expression of the wishes of the whole nation. I must make my acceptance of the throne dependent upon a plebiscite of the whole country. On the other hand, it would be my duty to ask for guarantees which are indispensable to secure Mexico against the dangers which threaten her integrity and independence. Should these guarantees be obtained, and the universal vote of the nation be given in my favor, I am ready, with the assent of the Emperor my brother, to accept the crown. In case Providence should call me to this high mission, I must at once declare that it is my firm intention to open the path of progress by a Constitution, as was done by my brother; and, after the complete pacification of the country, to seal the fundamental law with an oath. By such means only can a new and really national policy be called into existence, by which all parties, forgetting old disputes, would co-operate with me in raising Mexico to a prominent rank among nations. Carry back with you these frank declarations to your fellow-citizens, and act in such a manner that it may become possible for the nation to declare what form of government it desires to have."

The war in Japan still continues. We know so little of the nature of the Japanese Government that it is impossible to judge with certainty of the character and origin of the hostilities which have been waged against foreigners. According to present appearances, they have been undertaken by some of the semi-independent Daimios in opposition to the wishes of the Government of the Tycoon. One account says that the Tycoon was summoned to Miako, the capital of the Mikado, and kept in imprisonment; that he escaped, returned to Yeddo, and disavowed all the hostile acts which had been committed, and sent to the foreign commanders the flag which was borne by all his vessels, authorizing them to fire upon any Japanese vessel which bore any other. Meanwhile the French Admiral, Juarez, with two vessels, proceeded to the neighborhood of Simosak, but could not get within shot of the shore-batteries; he landed two hundred men, burned two villages, beat off an attack from the Japanese, and retired. Aggressions having been commenced by the Prince of Satsuma, and all attempts at negotiation failing, the English Admiral, Kuper, with a fleet of eleven vessels, proceeded to Kagosima, the capital of the Prince, and prepared for action. Two of the Japanese shore-batteries opened fire upon the fleet, which was returned. By dusk the town was in flames in several places, and three forts were silenced. The fight was renewed the next day, and the whole city was made a mass of ruins. Three steamers belonging to the Prince were destroyed. The Japanese batteries were well served, and the English lost 11 men killed and 39 wounded.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"OUR Russian guests!" has been the toast of the town for several weeks past. The arrival of a Russian fleet was an event so unprecedented that, under any circumstances, we must all have been peculiarly interested; but just at this time it has a significance which becomes almost important. The ships themselves are very handsome vessels. The admiral's is a somewhat old-fashioned, conservative craft, but the screw steamers that accompany it are graceful, and look strong and swift and saucy. They are kept in excellent order, and have been thronged with visitors from the city; while upon special visits of dignitaries, and other state occasions, the sonorous thunder of the saluting fleet fills the air with a sound which has a sad meaning to us in these days of war.

The reception of the admiral and the officers by the city and the citizens, at private and public banquets and balls, has profoundly excited our excellent French and English fellow-citizens, who exhaust their powers of sarcasm in treating of the modern holy alliance between despotism and democracy. Their excitement has crossed the water too, and the London *Times*, with that highly moral toss of the horns with which it always precedes its unselfish espousal of the cause of humanity, declares that the festival of the Russian welcome in the United States fitly sympathizes the two powers which labor under "the rebukes of the civilized world." These being the words of a "neutral" anxious to promote good-feeling between this country and Great Britain are entitled to our respectful gratitude. But when the virtuous city fathers of New York, who seize every occasion—whether of the arrival of Japanese princes, or of a British prince, or of a Russian admiral—to entertain themselves at dinner, are called "the Yankee abolitionists" fraternizing with the Czar, the satirical powers of our foreign neutral friends appear in their most pleasing light.

The spectacle of the city reception was very pretty notwithstanding the "coarse" speeches of the orators and the absurdity of Yankees being polite to Russians. It was quite impromptu. The day was beautiful. The decorations were certainly not so splendid as those with which Paris adorns the triumphal coronation of an Emperor who is an honor to the species, or with which London celebrates the nuptials of the royal young Englishman, Albert Edward; but still they were the 'umble signs of a hearty welcome. The crowds were good-humored. Seven people were not crushed to death during the passage of the procession, nor were windows sold at great prices for the better seeing the show. Perhaps the cheers were as sincere as those which surrounded the young Wales at St. Paul's; or those which, under the auspices of an army and the gendarmery, hailed the Louis Cæsar of France as he went to Nôtre Dame. Yet for the gloomy significance which our excellent neutral friends detect in it, it should be frankly said that neither the spectacle nor the enthusiasm, highly respectable as they were, could compare with the crowd, the shouting, and the interest which in the same streets greeted the Japanese envoys and the Prince of Wales. Since, therefore, the Russian civic reception is held to prove the intimate sympathy between the two powers which are "disappointed" and rebuked by the civilized world, what shall the warmer and greater reception of Japan and Great Britain prove? At least the scowling and venomous criticism of a very simple act of international hospitality, by no means unprecedented, proves an unnecessary and amusing spirit of hostility, which, for the sake of the English language, should choose some apter name than "neutrality."

The England which is neither spoken for nor to by the London *Times*—and that is a very noble England—will see in the Russian welcome in New York and by the country nothing but the very natural gratitude of a people engaged in civil war to a nation which has taken an attitude of friendship toward them. The England of which we speak will not find it very surprising that when the fleets of three great powers are simultaneously in the harbor of New York, the people of New York should feel most kindly toward that one of the three fleets which would pursue a rebel corsair, built and fitted and manned in England, which should appear off the harbor to bombard the city, as a pirate and not as a belligerent ship of war. It may be a very gross popular misunderstanding of the great doctrine of "neutrality," but it is very natural. When the luckless traveler going down to Jericho fell among thieves, and the neutral Priest and the neutral Levite passed by on the other side, but the Samaritan befriended him, is it remarkable that his heart should have gone out to the friend rather than to the excellent neutrals who prayed so zealously on the other side, saying in their hearts, "Since it is God's will that the fellow should have his bones broken and die there, what an impious rascal he is to expect sympathy! God's will be done!" That was very pious and extremely neutral; but surely some allowance should be made for the weak nerves of a poor traveler beaten by thieves, and if he failed to draw just distinctions was it also part of God's will that he should be uncharitably judged?

We have done no more for our Russian guests than we ought to have done. No more, certainly, than we did for young Guelph. We received him in Broadway paved and tapestried with human beings; we paraded the Fire Department by night with torches; the great and good Fernando Wood sat by the side of the good and great Duke of Newcastle, and pointed out to him, in the most statesmanlike manner, Barnum's Museum, the Stuyvesant Institute, and the New York Hotel; we gave the Prince a ball at the Academy, with all the Dons for managers and the belle Donne for partners; we rolled him through the land with popular interest and attention, dined him at the Globe Hotel in Syracuse, and showed him Niagara. What remained to do? Those "Yankee Abolitionists," the City Fathers, incessantly drove in carriages and ate lunches and dinners, all at the expense of the city; and—if the expression may be pardoned, in consideration that the Easy Chair is a most loyal subject of the Czar's "brother potentate at Washington," who is thought by the classic wits of Britain not to surpass Addison in elegance of style—the Prince's reception was "a big thing;" much larger than that of the Russian Admiral. But it was, after all, only a proper politeness, and had no profound political significance. There is an England which understands that as well as we do.

The peace of the world is too costly a treasure to be lightly thrown away. In this day, and in England and America, the press may be called the guardians of that peace. Let it then acknowledge

its responsibility. Let it have some honor, some sense of shame, some reason, some moderation. It is high time that we should know in America that the London *Times* and its satellites are not England, and do not speak for England. They are the mouthpieces and whippers-in of a party. It is a very powerful and very powerfully intrenched party, because it is the aristocracy and the mass of the commercial class. But it is to the England behind them and beyond them, the England which Lord Russell says is numerically superior, the England which has compelled the change in British policy toward us—this is the England to which all calm Americans will look. This is the England which will neither misunderstand nor misrepresent the conduct and feeling of America, whether in defending its own existence or in hospitably receiving its foreign friends.

It is already a wonder what we did for recreation before the Central Park was created. Formerly, when a rustic or foreign friend asked, "What shall I go to see in the city?" the answer was most difficult or most ludicrous. The lively attendant of Rachel, who wrote a rattling and ridiculous book about us, declared that the only pleasure excursion that was ever proposed to him was to Greenwood Cemetery. And the slow and dismal gait of the hack in which he probably drove might have persuaded him that he was attending his own funeral. The Astor Library was a most valuable addition to the metropolitan lions. Then there was the Dusseldorf Gallery—now no more; and the Bryan Gallery—now in the Cooper Institute; and the old Walton House, in Franklin Square—now a sailor boarding-house; and the hall of the Sons of Liberty, lately the Atlantic Gardens, and now destroyed; and the City Hall; and Fulton Market; and the Battery; and, as a last and fearful resort, "the Institutions"—the collected poverty, disease, and crime of the city and the world—well cared for, thank Heaven! and well worthy the close observation and study of interested men, but not a comely spectacle, nor fit to amuse a stranger.

As for buildings, there were none of any architectural merit, and but very few of the least historical interest. New York was a metropolis, but the metropolis of a country of the future. Pictures, books, buildings, statues, gardens, the external signs of ancient and lofty civilization were not to be found. Our triumph was in the general intelligence, the general well-being, and the universal opportunity for all talent and skill. It was our fortune to inherit the interests and tastes of older countries with the necessity of creating the objects in which they could delight themselves and be satisfied. The Astor Library, the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, and the Central Park, are thus far our three greatest achievements of this kind.

And how great that of the Park is can be measured at no time more fully than upon some still, bright, golden autumn day. Upon such a day the Easy Chair lately rolled up to the Park and along its noble avenues. From the most squalid city of mud and board cabins and pig-sties you enter directly upon the broadly undulating domain of lawn and shrubbery. The long slopes exquisitely shaven and trimmed, the beautiful bridges gleaming among the green, the spacious Mall leading up to the stately and picturesque Terrace, the variegated autumn splendor of the Ramble beyond the lake, and the curving shores of the lake, smoothly clipped along the edge and gently ascending, with the swans "ruffling their pure cold plumes" and launching quietly away from the marge, the dainty boats skimming the unruffled surface, darting noiselessly from under the arching bridges, are the grand and obvious points of the spectacle of the Park slowly developed before you as you pass on.

Near the Mall, and just below the long and massive trellis for climbing and creeping and clustering plants, there is a paddock for deer, with a few rare birds and animals around it. Gorgeous macaws and paroquets hardly surpass in brilliancy the foliage beyond them: but the eye lingers longest upon the group of American eagles. They are forbidden to soar, and vanity should forbid them to walk, for nothing can be more ludicrous than the awkward stride of these most solemn birds, who look as if they were straddling clumsily about in feather breeches. But when they are silently sitting upon the perch, turning their eyes with cold disdain, and with a pride of bearing which becomes birds that can calmly face the sun, every American must feel a little secret satisfaction that it is the eagle which is the symbolical bird of his country and not a rooster, nor a pelican, nor a snake under a palmetto or a pine. And if he has such a feeling in seeing the prisoned eagles in the Park, how will he feel when he sees a huge eagle upon the shore of some noble lake, Winnipiseogee, for instance, with the great mountains piled behind, poised upon the top of the loftiest tree in the clear morning sky?

If you drive in the Park merely, you do not see it as it should be seen. Let the Easy Chair recommend that you take a carriage at the entrance, unless, a tried pedestrian, you scorn all conveyance but your own true feet, and driving up to the trellis alight and pass around the paddock by the birds to the eagles, and then return to your carriage. Once more on the way, you cross the Terrace and drive along the lake and up beyond the first reservoir, making the turn upon the little hill at the left. All this the driver will probably do for you in order. It is his regular beat. Descending the hill, instead of returning to the little bridge by which you enter the Ramble from the avenue on which you have been driving, push quite on around the upper reservoir, and through the newer part of the Park, returning upon the eastern side of the lower reservoir to the Ramble. Alighting there, send your carriage round to await you at the top of the steps on the Terrace. Then enter the Ramble and wind your way. It is every where beautiful and bewildering. The mingling of wild plants, ferns, vines, golden-rods, and asters, with the perfect garden cultivation and exotic shrubs, is most skillful and charming. You feel that every point has been considered: that there is not a foot of ground whose proper adaptation has not been studied, and that there are no careless plantings and trainings any more than there are careless touches in the picture of a master. On the other hand, nothing is niggled and coxcombical. As you pace along sinuous sylvan paths, marking the delicate vines clustering over the rocks, great tangles of roses scrambling up a slope, and burnished rhododendrons massed in the moister shade, there is a sensation of delight which is quite inexpressible, as your mind recurs to the squalid cabins at the gate, and you reflect that this is not a king's garden, but the pleasure park of the dwellers in those cabins.

A king's garden! Versailles is a king's garden. You remember it as you move along in the yellow day, seeing the sunlight flooding the ground through

the thinned and thinning boughs, so that you rejoice to think that the whole surface of the Park is warm to-day. You remember Versailles, the broad, straight, stiff avenues, walled with the smooth shaven trees, and ending in elaborate fountains. It is angular and architectural. It is a treatment of trees as if they were marble blocks. They are cut into walls, into columns, into pedestals, into vases. All is spacious, and stiff, and yet magnificent. It is a king's garden. You can not escape the royal spell. You do not think of nature; of dewy, rounding, leafy landscapes; of sweeps of soft hill-side and shining water; of tranquillity, and home, and love: but the perfumed, polished court fills all your fancy; courtiers in heavy robes of state; dames of degree, brocaded, painted, patched. The garden of Versailles is the palace reproduced in verdure. Its sentiment is all the same, and even its aspect seems trying to conform. This is, of itself, delightful. You enjoy it as you enjoy the palace—as you enjoy diamonded dowagers and high society.

But if you wish a king's garden in the Central Park—that is, if you wish the broad and magnificent effects of Versailles—you have them in the Mall and Terrace, and the plateau descending by steps to the water, and rising in broad arches, balustrades, and galleries behind. In no royal park is there a finer effect than this. It recalls the pictures painted from nature, as seen in a king's garden, such as Watteau loved. As you emerge from the Ramble upon the opposite shore you look to see the most gorgeous groups clustered upon the water-side, stepping into boats, and out of them, following the snowy swans, laughing, chatting, singing—the world a feast, and life a holiday. It is one of the proofs of the consummate skill which has created the Park that no suggestion, whether in history or romance, which belongs to such a work, is lost. Deep, ancient groves alone are wanting, and even when they are grown a certain charm of sunny openness will disappear from the noble domain. Let us hope that the Commissioners will protect it from poor sculptures; and, completing the work in the grand and beautiful manner of its inception and progress hitherto, build a monument to the New York and to the America of our time which our children will not admire only, but emulate.

If you read the following verses, and are told that they are written by a boy fifteen years old, who saved carefully to raise money enough to buy the paper and pay the postage, then wrote the lines upon the window-sill, and with modest hesitation and doubt sent them off, would you not augur well of him? But if you knew that he was of foreign blood, his parents dead; his mother, though very poor, yet gently educated, and careful, before dying, of his education; and that his verses are the remembrance of an old legend his mother used to sing—will you not feel that upon this page of the Easy Chair you have fallen upon one of those chapters of romance which are familiar to us in Miss Braddon's books, say—and in older and better books than hers—and in the best history of human life? It is remarkable to find the rhythm and the tone of the oldest English poetry in these verses of a half-American lad of to-day. There is a suggestion in the measure and phraseology of the pompous richness and stiff brocaded movement of old English verse. Imagine that the Easy Chair copies from some page of two or three centuries ago, and it will not seem strange:

THE SUN AND NIGHT.—AN ALLEGORY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Already Night, ambitious Empress, round
This earthly orb her leaden chains had spread;
And mortals, wrapt in slumber so profound,
Seemed less enslaved in Sleep's embrace than dead.

Sol early knew her proud, insidious aim,
And, mounting hastily his car sublime
(The while his breast fierce ire and rage inflame),
Grasps his keen rays and flies to the Eastern clime.

He gained the Horizon!—When poor Night beheld
Her more than equal foe intrenched secure,
Swiftly she fled, by hurrying fears impelled,
T' escape the fury of her swift pursuer.

From side to side disconsolate she flies,
But finds, alas! no refuge, no repose;
When haply, lo! a shady grot she spies,
And creeps for shelter, trembling as she goes.

In close pursuit, the Sun the welkin rends,
Darting his fiery shafts on every side,
Climbs the steep vault, his piercing glare extends,
To find what den the fugitive might hide.

A while he gazed attentive: but in vain
His penetrating eye surveyed the world;—
Outbraved! his choler 'gainst the humble plain
The fury of his blazing weapons hurled.

Wistful, meanwhile, within the covert far,
'Mid the thick branches of the friendly grove,
Night heard, appalled! the rolling of his car,
Which headlong on her hot pursuer drove.

Soon as he passed, from coward terrors free
She felt new life her languid powers pervade;
And freedom now and calm tranquillity
Breathed their bland influence through the realms of shade.

First peeping through the copses of the wood,
She saw, far distant, Sol's declining flame—
Beheld him buried in the Western flood,
Then jocund forth from her asylum came.

Elate with pompous dignity she viewed
A shining troop of circling stars appear,
Then, vying in obsequious homage, strewed
Their gaudy spangles round the hemisphere.

The uncourteous Moon, deck'd in a borrowed robe,
Foremost along the dingy concave swims—
Thus Night, triumphant Mistress of the globe,
The King of Day's sublimest glory dims.

Night, Peerless! whom no rival shall assail,
What time thy foe his short career has run—
Say, who e'er fancied that thy flimsy veil
Might thus obscure the effulgence of the Sun?

So, Truth, irradiating, deigns to shine
Like the bright sun, and mists and clouds pervades;
But lo! we bow at our accustomed shrine,
And lose ourselves again in Error's shades.

We listen not when sage instruction speaks,
Or, listening, oft her precepts we disdain;
And wavering Folly back returns and seeks
To reign once more where it was wont to reign.

A rustic friend came to town the other day, and at evening proposed that the Easy Chair should show him something. "Don't think to put me off with the Central Park," said he; "for not only is it night without a moon, but I live among trees, and grass, and bushes, and know all about them. Take me to the theatre."

We consulted the evening paper, by which it appeared that Mr. Forrest was playing at Niblo's, and

Mr. Booth at the Winter Garden. But we saw also that there was to be a great political assemblage—a Union ratification meeting—at the Cooper Institute. Which shall it be? asked the rustic friend. Why not all three? answered the Easy Chair. The friend evidently wondered how we were to do three things at once; but we sallied forth, and first, at the Cooper Institute, we squeezed into the mass of men who were packed into the great hall, which was hung with banners, and devices, and festoons, and was as hot and uncomfortable as a place could be. Upon the stage, toward which every face was eagerly turned, a gentleman with a heavy black beard was vehemently declaiming and gesticulating. His words were greeted with hearty cheers, and the intense interest of the meeting when you reflected upon its object was most pleasant to see. "Who is this orator?" asked the rustic friend. "That is General John Cochrane," replied the Cicerone Easy Chair. "And who is that sturdy, honest-looking man beside him?" "That is the Vice-President of the United States." The rustic friend looked with the most ardent curiosity: and certainly it was a noble spectacle. For while great public political meetings may be seen in one other country in the world—that is England—yet of the crowd of auditors there not more than a tenth are probably voters, while doubtless almost every man in this audience here was a voter. This before us was the government of the country. In public opinion, influenced by frank discussion, the true government of the nation lies. "I am sick of the eternal American talk," cried an orator whom I heard since the rustic friend and the Easy Chair stood together in the Cooper Institute. Then, my friend, I wanted to answer, you do not understand your country. It is by talk, by argument, by comparison, by enlightenment, by every means incessantly brought to bear upon public opinion, that we are governed. The talk of to-day is the policy of to-morrow. The whisper of one man, or of twenty, must be persistently continued until it becomes a murmur, the murmur a buzz, the buzz a shout, the shout a roar, which the authorities hear and follow. Statesmanship in modern nations consists in the sagacity with which the national desire is apprehended by official leaders. The British Government, for instance, detains the rams, because it knows that the nation does not wish to fight with us. Mr. Lincoln is the most successful and excellent of Presidents, because he has an instinctive perception, not of the whims and gusts of the rabble, but of the honest national desire. He saw from the beginning that the nation must save itself, if it were to be saved at all, and this has been the key-note of his policy.

These, in fact, were the views expressed to me by my rustic friend, in whose judgment I repose the most absolute reliance, as we strolled away from the hall, and, threading our way through the crowds around the platforms in the street, gained Broadway, and so to Niblo's.

This friend had never seen Forrest! He has been in New York I know not how often every autumn and winter when Edwin Forrest has been playing—and when, pray, was Edwin Forrest not playing?—and yet he had never seen him! If he had said that he had never seen Trinity Church, or the Astor House, or the Hospital, it would have been strange; but to aver that he had never seen Forrest was to tax credibility. The street was full. Upon a pleasant autumn evening how pleasant Broadway is! There is such a gay crowd swarming up and down. The stress of the day's work is over. There is an air of festivity, not of business, in the groups that pass. The absence of almost all carriages but the omnibuses, decreases the loud roar of the daytime, so that you can hear the sound of conversation and light laughter. It is even tranquilizing to move slowly along the street. The shops are not yet very pretty, but they are very bright. Then people are going to and from the theatre, and eager, happy children are with them. Every warm, pleasant autumn evening in Broadway is a glimpse of Carnival.

We paid our money at the little hole, where the strange being within must have a marvelous opportunity for studying the human hand, and entered the theatre hall at Niblo's. It was crammed with people. All the seats were full, and the aisles, and the steps. And the people sat upon the stairs that ascend to the second tier, and they hung upon the balustrade, and they peeped over shoulders and between heads, and every thing wore the aspect of a first night, of a *début*. And yet it was the thirty or forty somethingth night of the engagement. And every year he plays how many hundred nights? And people are grandfathers now who used to see him play in their youth. Yet there he is—the neck, the immemorial legs—the *ah-h-h-h-h*, in the same hopeless depth of guttural gloom—if gloom could be guttural; which, indeed, any rustic friend may fairly doubt until he has heard Forrest. But the crowd is the perennial amazement. For it is not to be explained upon the theory of deadheads. The crowd comes every night to behold Metamora, and Spartacus, and Damon, and Richelieu, because it delights in the representation, and shouts at it, and cries for more, and hastens and squeezes the next night to enjoy it all over again. Certainly there was never a more genuine or permanent success than the acting of Forrest. We may crack our jokes at it. We may call it the muscular school; the brawny art; the biceps æsthetics; the tragic calves; the bovine drama; rant, roar, and rigmarole; but what then? Metamora folds his mighty arms and plants his mighty legs, and with his mighty voice sneers at us "Look there!" until the very ground thrills and trembles beneath our feet. For there is the great, the eager, the delighted crowd. He has found his *pou sto*. And he moves his world nightly.

To criticise it as acting is as useless as to criticise the stories of Miss Braddon or of Mr. Ainsworth as literature. That human beings, under any conceivable circumstances, should ever talk or act as they are represented in the Forrest drama and the Braddon novel is beyond belief. The sum of criticism upon it seems to be that the acting is a boundless exaggeration of all the traditional conventions of the stage. After ten minutes' looking and listening the rustic friend turned and said, "Why, I seem to have seen him a hundred times." It was true to the impression; for there is nothing new. You have seen and heard exactly the same thing a hundred times, with more or less excellence. I say excellence, because it is certainly very complete in its way. The life of "the stage" was never more adequately depicted. It is the sock-and-buskin view of nature and emotion. And it has a palpable physical effect. There were a great many young women around us crying in the tender passages between Damon and his wife. They were not refined nor intellectual women. They were, perhaps, rather coarse. But they cried good hearty tears. And when, upon the

temptation to escape, Pythias slapped his breast, and, pushing open the prison-door with what may be termed "a theatrical air," roared out, "Never, never!—death before dishonor!" the audience broke out into a storm of applause.

The popular enjoyment arising from this acting is undeniable. "But now I have had as much as I can hold," whispered the rustic friend, after one act; and we went up the street a little way to the Winter Garden, where Edwin Booth was playing Iago. The difference of the spectacle was striking. The house was comfortably full, not crowded. The air of the audience was that of refined attention rather than of eager interest. Plainly it was a more cultivated and intellectual audience; and with Mr. Booth upon the stage you are not inclined to be witty about beef and calves. Pale, thin, intellectual, with long black hair and dark eyes, Shakespeare's Iago was perhaps never more adequately represented to the eye. Thomas Hicks has painted a masterly full-length portrait of Booth in this part—one of the finest Shakesperian illustrations that we have. We saw too little of the play to estimate correctly his rendering of the part. A *rôle* like Iago is so quiet, and delicate, and subtle, that few players probably have the heroism to play it properly. But all that we saw of Booth was admirable. Yet there was a certain chilliness in the audience, which must have affected the actor. It was the attitude of an audience appreciative and expectant of fine points, but not irresistibly swept away. And while we sat there occurred one of those incidents which infinitely amused the rustic friend, and are a real misfortune to a play.

When Othello comes to smother Desdemona—one of the most painful and repulsive scenes in all the dramas that keep the stage—there is a prolonged pause of silence. He stands over her, completing his fearful work, and the audience sit spell-bound with horror. There was not a sound in the theatre. Nobody whispered, nobody coughed, nobody talked behind the scenes, and there was no rumbling or knocking of scenery. The profound silence had lasted for a few minutes, when a voice proceeding from our immediate neighborhood made itself audible, as it seemed to me, to the uttermost extremity of the house, perfectly calm, and clear, and resonant: "What! is he a-slaughtering on her?" The spell of fearful silence was broken. The audience laughed and clapped. The actors resumed their parts. Iago came on to say that he would never speak word more. The curtain fell. But the play had been already ended by the ludicrous interpolation; and Rusticus and the Easy Chair will have to see Booth in Iago again before they can think of it without a smile.

Editor's Drawer.

REMEMBER the hint with which the Drawer opened in the October Magazine. The year of *Harper's Monthly* begins with December, and that is the month with which to commence taking it. If you subscribe for it send directly to the publishers, according to the terms on the last page of the cover. If you buy it from month to month, keep the numbers carefully and have them bound twice a year. Get up a club among your neighbors, and make a dozen homes cheerful during the long winter evenings that are coming. If a million of people read the Drawer monthly, as we believe they do, why may not five millions read it? If it make half the world wiser and better, why may not all the world be merry and wise?

THE Navy is always welcome to the Drawer, and the following is from a friend who must come again. He writes from the Blockading Squadron:

Among the "intelligent contrabands" who have come on board this vessel is one named Jim. He was ordered not long since to make fast a windsail lanyard. Seeing that he did not know how to do it properly, I told him to pass it through an eyebolt and take two half hitches. That was perfect Dutch to him. So I said, "Oh, pshaw! Jim, you are no sailor." "Nothir, nothir," said he; "I can't be a sailor and a man-of-war's-man too!" Quite complimentary that to our seamen.

TALKING with a friend, I said—referring to a person whom we both had known, whose name was John—"I do not like him; I am an anti-John man." My friend likes spirits as well as any one, and he instantly replied, "I was never more than a demi-john man any time!"

WHEN we came from the North we had a son of Erin on board. He soon became a perfect sea lawyer, and delighted in getting on the forecastle and expounding to the men any subject, using large words, which he could not understand himself, in a manner to put many a professor to the blush.

On one occasion we were relieved at our station by a steamer, and ordered to another. We learned on the steamer that where we were going there were guerrillas, and if we lay too near shore they would try and pick men off with their rifles. This information caused much talk forward, when our friend Fitz, sitting on the fore-bits, thus elucidated the subject:

"Well, gentlemen, science and natural history demonstrate and inform us that the gorilla is a very wild, untamable, unmanageable, ferocious animal, which in many developments resembles a man!"

THE gentleman who contributes the next two has many more in store, and we shall be glad to have them:

The following was told me by the late Dr. Bethune. Of course I can not do justice to his inimitable style; but at the time he told it, which was just after one of those meetings held by the bar to commemorate the exceeding virtues of a departed member of the profession, whose death and indiscriminate eulogies of his friends had made him the model of all excellence and learning (a distinction unattained in his life), it seemed to me peculiarly happy.

After slavery had been abolished in this State (New York), the family slaves, especially those connected with the old Dutch families, remained for the most part as household servants with their old masters. Shiftless and dependent, they were not infrequently a burden rather than an assistance. Among the families thus situated was that of Mr. Elmendorf, of Rhinebeck. It so happened that among these his valuables was one Pete, a young fellow just grown, full of mischief, never useful, always troublesome, and a thorn in the flesh to all around him. But in spite of the poetical "Ah! Sir, the good die first!" Pete was taken away.

Of course a "funeral" must be had. The day came; all the neighbors of sable hue were present. One more venerable than the rest officiated. The

body was laid in the grave, and standing forward he delivered this simple eulogy:

"My friends, here lies the body of Pete Elmendorf. When he lib, he good for nothing; but now he's dead, I tell you Massa Elmendorf hab lost a berry fine nigger!"

Over the fire-place in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone:

If the B mt put :
If the B . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquarians, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the Œdipus of that famous fraternity:

If the grate be empty put coal on [:]
If the grate be full stop [.] putting coal on [:]

The following you may perhaps receive from some other quarter:

In a theological seminary in one of the Northern States it is the practice for one of the students to assist the colored brethren at their prayer-meetings, presiding and directing. On such occasions the brethren never forget their presiding officer in their prayers. One good brother, after exhausting in his supplications all the ordinary petitions for "the young brother who was leading them," culminated with, "And now, O Lord, for this our young brother who leads us, we pray thee that he may be filled with—with—all—all manner of concupiscence!"

The following anecdote comes to the Drawer by the way of Rhode Island:

Pete Johnson was a tall, green, raw-boned country negro, and knew nothing of city life or polished society. Recently he became tired of tilling the soil "by the month," journeyed to the metropolis, and let himself as a waiter on board the steamer *City of New York*, which plies up and down the Sound on the New York, Norwich, and Boston line. As is customary with new waiters, in order to train them to ease and give them the necessary polish and experience, he was required at first to attend the officers' tables exclusively. But one evening, after only a few weeks' service, there came a great rush of passengers, and, of course, the supper-room was thronged. Pete was sent to the public tables for the first time. He got along very well until a guest called for an egg omelet. This was a new dish to the green waiter, but he thought he understood the order correctly, and with his usual gravity stepped up to the kitchen door and cried out, "A new almanac!"

One of our many friends in the capital of the Empire State, which rarely contributes to the Drawer, writes:

I have in my employ an Irishman, who, I fear, will be the means of killing me yet, for already he has caused me so many "stitches" in the side that a few more and I shall be served up.

A few days since, having some alterations and repairs made to my dwelling, I set Pat to "tend" the masons, who were engaged in carrying up a brick wall. As he was ascending the ladder, with a hod filled with brick on his shoulder, a carriage drove by. Pausing in his ascent, and eying the carriage, he exclaimed,

"The rich can ride in chaises,
But the poor may walk, *bejasies!*"

Instantly throwing his hod, with its load of brick, to the ground, he came down the ladder and hastened to where I was standing, an amused listener and observer of his words and movements. As he approached he doffed his hat, and, with a bow and scrape, said,

"Begging yer Honor's pardon, I would be much obleeged to ye fur me wages; I'm going to lave yees now."

"Why, Pat, what is the matter? Why do you wish to leave me?"

"Arrah! yer Honor, I've mishtaken me avecation. It's a born poet I am; an' it's beneath me dignity to be carrying the hod and the likes."

"What! you a poet, Pat? Is it possible! Have you ever made any poetry?"

"Troth an' I have, Sur; and I'll be after astonishing the wurrld yet. I jist now, on the ladder beyant, made as swate a bit of rhyme as was iver printed, intirely."

"You did, indeed? Well, just repeat it to me now, and then I can judge of your poetical abilities."

"Sure an' I will, yer Honor;" and he commenced:

"The rich can ride in chaises,
But the poor—but the poor—"

Here he stuck fast, but commenced again:

"The rich can ride in chaises,
But the poor—but the poor—"

He could get no farther; but, scratching his head, he exclaimed,

"Sure, Sur, I had it all right a bit since; an' I'll give it yees now;" and again he began:

"The rich can ride in chaises,
But the poor—but the poor—
Bejasies they can walk!"

An eminent man, from whom we would be glad to hear again and often, writes:

In those early days in Concord, New Hampshire, when the old Congregational Church (now divided into four or five), under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. M——, embodied almost all the worshipers in the town, grievous scandal was raised by rumors, well sustained, that Squire H——, one of its most wealthy and hitherto reputable members, had so yielded to the cheer that a well-stocked cellar afforded as to be found, in the language of the accusing presentment, "a subject of the same fall with the patriarch Noah"—in other words, intoxicated.

Squire H——, from his wealth and social standing, was a "shining mark," and had to be approached on the subject by a committee of his peers, as far as possible. Accordingly a committee of two of the next most prominent members was appointed to labor with him upon the subject of his transgression. It was a most bitter cold day in January when the committee knocked at the door of the hospitable mansion of the transgressor, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Squire H—— was absent; it *may* have been from design. Mrs. H—— received the committee on their arrival. She *may* have had her cue given her in the warm welcome they received. She aided them off with their overcoats, and protested that she "had never seen persons so absolutely frozen to death before."

A blazing fire in the parlor threw on them its reviving influences, aided by the timely appearance of a waiter, with glasses, hot water, and sugar, forming an attractive circle around a tall cut-glass decanter, not to be resisted on such a day—"modera-

tion" in the use of the article not being then contrary to universal custom. Now the decanter contained the purest old Jamaica—most alluring to the palate—and the enticing mixture prepared by Mrs. H—— could not be resisted. By the end of the first libation Squire H—— himself appeared—extremely cold, of course—and a companion glass of the same was the consequence. Dinner was soon on the table, and another glass followed, and another, etc. At the conclusion of dinner the committee were unmistakably in the same state of transgression which they had come to reprove, and they left, as soon as they were able to travel, without coming to their errand. At the next church meeting the gratifying report was presented "that the committee had called on Squire H——, and he had given them *full satisfaction*."

One of our naval officers gives us the following illustration of the benefit of having one's picture in *Harper:*

A few days ago I was standing on the steps of one of the hotels of this city, when several boys applied to black my boots, with the well-known cry of "Black yer boots, Sir! Shine them up!" etc. One little fellow had a very dirty face, and I told him if he would wash it he should black my boots. "What will you give me to do it?" was the prompt reply. "Five cents," I said. He hesitated for a moment, and then asked, "Who will stand your security?" I applied to each boy, and all refused with the exception of one little ragged fellow, who, after steadily looking at me for some time, suddenly exclaimed, "I'll stand! I've seen that chap's picter in *Harper!*" The boy's face was washed and my boots cleaned.

The Drawer is indebted to Central Pennsylvania for these two veritable stories:

In the "Bald Eagle Ridges," in Clinton County, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Hers was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown, and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the "young divine" made his appearance, and after some remarks proceeded to read a portion of Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words, "Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words, "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following:

"I ain't agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher; clear out of the house now! I've had *two* chances fer a husband, and will live to have anuther—see ef I don't!"

A scene followed. The preacher "changed his base," the neighbors chuckled, and the old dame "got well."

The little village of Mill Hall, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, was some years since transformed into a borough, and right proudly did she wear her new honors. A chief burgess and town council were duly elected and sworn into office, and the wheels of government began to move. Now, for many years the village of Mill Hall was infested and pestered with dogs. All kinds of dogs, from the growling terrier to the noisy whiffet, could be seen at any time in the town. Dog-fights were "too numerous to mention." The owners of the dogs were remonstrated with by the *better class* of the community, but to no purpose. The matter was finally brought before the "town council." An "Act" imposing a heavy tax on dogs was soon on the statute-book—it read as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc.—That the owners of all dogs of the *canine race*, within the borough limits, shall be subject to a tax of one dollar, *current funds*, for each individual dog of the said *canine race* in their possession: And further, that all dogs of the *canine race* known to be *biters* shall be muzzled," etc.

No dog of the canine race could *live* under that Act.

Here—in Cayuga County, New York—we have a pettifogger who ekes out his income by pouring out his eloquence usually before unappreciative audiences. On one occasion, however, he had at least *one* listener on whom it was not lost. The following clear and happy effort was saved: "Gentlemen of the jury, we hold that, according to the evidence, you are bound to believe that which you consider to be true!"

The truth of the four following is vouched for by a St. Louis correspondent:

The capture of the Confederate General Jeff Thompson has revived many anecdotes of his eccentricities of speech and manner. The General is a great talker, and is bound to tell a good thing, no matter whom it hits. On his arrival at Pilot Knob, Missouri, as a prisoner, recently, he had a long conversation with General Fisk, the commander at that post. Jeff swore on his honor that the Confederacy was a sure thing, bound to succeed, and all that. He continued:

"But confound these fellows in Southeast Missouri! When I was cavorting around Bird's Point two years ago they were all friendly enough; but as I came through the country here as a prisoner, and told a few of them that I supposed they were right yet, hang me if they didn't have to stop and think *which oath of allegiance they took last!*"

The soldiers at Helena, in Arkansas, used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample:

"Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and sea-board Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all were parceled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split; and the war has been going on ever since."

Many months ago the post commander at Cairo was a certain West Point Colonel of a Northwestern regiment, noted for his soldierly qualities and rigid discipline. One day he passed by the barracks and

heard a group of soldiers singing the well-known street piece, "My Mary Ann." An angry shade crossed his brow, and he forthwith ordered the men placed in the guard-house, where they remained all night. The next morning he visited them, when one ventured to ask the cause of their confinement.

"Cause enough," said the rigid Colonel; "you were singing a song in derision of Mrs. Col. B——."

The men replied by roars of laughter, and it was some time before the choler of the Colonel could be sufficiently subdued to understand that the song was an old one, and sung by half the school-boys in the land, or the risibles of the men be calmed down to learn that the Colonel's wife rejoiced in the name of "Mary Ann."

That Colonel is now a Brigadier-General.

The following occurred last summer: A well-known St. Louis physician, while on an Eastern visit, was about leaving Boston one afternoon for New York. A well-dressed lady and an elderly gentleman came up to him, when the stranger held out his hand and said,

"How do you do, Governor M——?"

Our friend replied that he was not the man—a case of mistaken identity.

The gentleman and lady passed through the car and shortly returned, the lady taking a vacant seat in front of our worthy Doctor, the gentleman retiring. The journey was ended, and the parties separated. A few nights after the Doctor was introduced to the same lady in New York, at the house of a mutual friend. The circumstance of the strange meeting in the car was mentioned, when the followlowing conversation occurred:

"Do you know, Doctor," said the lady, "the name of the gentleman with whom you first saw me?"

The Doctor nodded his ignorance.

"Well," responded the lady, "that was ex-President P——. And now do you know why I took that seat in front of you during the trip to New York?"

The Doctor again confessed his ignorance.

"Because," said the lady, "Mr. P—— said he was certain you were a gentleman, and if any thing happened you would be sure to protect me from danger."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and do you ever write to the ex-President?"

"Frequently," suggested the lady.

"Then tell him, if you please, in your next letter, that that is the only speech of his that I ever heard which I can, as a whole, conscientiously indorse!"

From an officer of the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers, Army of the Cumberland, the Drawer has the following:

Joe Jones, of the Fifteenth Indiana, was a "dry customer." When we took Chattanooga Joe got a rebel paper and was reading it to some of his companions. Among the advertisements was one reading thus:

"Five Hundred Dollars Reward.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 9th inst., John, a slave, five feet ten inches high, black, and weighing 150 pounds. The above reward will be paid for his return to John Cocke, on the Ringold Road."

"Five hundred dollars," repeated Joe, "and 150 pounds." Pausing for a few moments, as if in deep thought, he then turned to the company, and, with a face of imperturbable gravity, asked, "Gentlemen, how much a pound is that?"

At the battle of Stone River, Jack, a six-foot-two-inch son of the "sweet isle of Erin," was in the rear rank, loading, firing, and yelling. We were at close quarters with the rebels, and after a rapid ten minutes' firing the rebel line broke, and they commenced falling back. Then "Jack" broke out, "Thrue for you, if you say it, Jack! Give it to 'em, boys! There's an ould hand behint you!"

The State of Vermont prosecuted Mr. M——, an innkeeper, for selling spirits without a license, and sent an officer to summon as a witness a stiff-necked, independent Scotchman, who detested temperance societies. The officer found him and read the summons to him. Sawney listened respectfully, and then, in his slow, grave way, said, "The places where we can get a drap are scarce, and Mr. M—— is a very clever mon; I shall not go near your court!" And he did not.

We are under great obligation to the learned gentleman who favors the Drawer with this and other legal anecdotes:

The following true anecdote of the late Mr. J——, one of the most learned and high-minded lawyers of Central New York, shows how necessary is the ability sometimes to *extemporize*, as well as to quote, the law pertinent to the case. About twenty years since he was engaged in trying an important case before a country justice of the peace, and had for his antagonist a dogged and determined pettifogger by the name of Briggs, who was considered "great" in justices' courts in general, and in that one in particular, as the justice was a neighbor of his, and had been the opposition candidate for the same office, and though Briggs was beaten by a very small majority, yet the court always seemed to regard him as a man *nearly* capable of holding the office, and one whose opinion, therefore, was entitled to more than ordinary weight. Briggs perceived this confidence, and sometimes endeavored to take advantage of it; and accordingly it was not unusual, when he had a desperate case on hand, to manufacture the law to sustain it, and to quote to the court what the decision of the Supreme Court had been in some case which he would cite, always giving the title of the hypothetical case, and the volume and page where it was reported, and the language used by the court in giving its opinion. This was of course all manufactured by Briggs from his fertile and never-failing resources. He tried the same game on the present occasion upon J——. Briggs summed up the case at great length and with considerable ability, and cited at length the case of Frink *v.* Ferguson, as decided in the Supreme Court, and giving the volume and page, as usual, where the case could be found reported. This was a stumper to J——, who knew that no such decision had ever been made, but who knew also that there was not a law library within twenty miles. The case cited covered the one before the court like a confession of judgment, and how to get rid of its effect was the next question.

The court adjourned for dinner immediately after the conclusion of Briggs's speech, and during the interim the witnesses and such neighbors as had been attracted to the tavern by a lawsuit were busily engaged discussing, as is usual on such occasions, and making bets upon, the probable result of the case.

Upon the reassembling of the court J—— commenced his argument for the plaintiff, and the court-room was more completely packed, if possible, than before dinner. After talking some time about the facts of the case he approached the law involved in it, and said, while he admired the ability and ingenuity displayed by his opponent, he thought he had not treated the case or the court with that fairness or frankness which should characterize all legal discussions, whose end should always be to discover truth and apply justice. "With the case of Frink *v.* Ferguson," said he, "upon which my opponent seems to rest his case, and which is perfectly familiar to me, I have no fault to find, as I, too, rely chiefly upon the same case. I freely admit that the Supreme Court decided that case as stated by my learned opponent; but then my friend ought in honesty to have stated to your Honor that the case was afterward *reversed* by the Court for the Correction of Errors," naming the volume and page also where the decision could be found reported, and reading from his brief (which had been prepared during the adjournment) copious extracts from the opinions of the Chancellor and several Senators, showing the law to be such as fitted the plaintiff's case exactly.

The frank admission of J—— completely nonplused the court, and Briggs too, for that matter, and the result was that judgment was given for the plaintiff for the amount claimed; but a knowledge of the joke having got abroad, Briggs was so annoyed at being "hoist by his own petard" that he soon after removed to Arkansas, where he was afterward appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and was making law there on the breaking out of the rebellion.

Judge G——, late of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was as distinguished for his great legal learning as for impetuosity of temper and the celerity with which he discharged business; and being so remarkable for the latter quality that he frequently called through the circuit calendar the first day of term, taking the occasion to do so generally during the evening session, while few lawyers were present and nobody ready, when he would adjourn the court about 11 P.M., *sine die*, and return home, leaving suitors and counsel asleep at their hotels. The Judge was descending the long flight of stairs that led to his office in the city of U—— one day in December, and slipping near the top he tumbled along down the lengthy flight, recording his passage in a distinct bump upon every stair until he reached the bottom, where he had acquired such a degree of momentum that he rolled across the sidewalk. A neighboring merchant, seeing the predicament of the Judge, immediately ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said,

"I hope your Honor is not hurt?"

"No," said the Judge, sternly, "my honor is not hurt, but my head is."

And this comes to the Drawer from Utah:

When the California volunteers were busily engaged in building quarters near Salt Lake City last fall, a lieutenant of infantry had charge of the working parties. One morning the sergeant of police failed to report the strength of his party by three men. The lieutenant demanded information, and was informed that they could not be found.

"Well," said the officer, "hunt them up, and when found send half of them to me and the other half to the stables."

"But, Sir," replied the sergeant, "there are only three missing."

"Never mind that, Sir; do as I tell you; and if you can not find them, send them all to the guard-house."

A Buffalonian sends a capital budget to the Drawer, and will be gladly welcomed again.

After the taking of Winchester, the first time, by General Banks's army, we camped out about two miles on the Berryville Road. For a few days the Seventeenth Indiana regiment did picket duty, but it was soon ordered to proceed to Snicker's Gap and build a pontoon bridge across the Shenandoah. Toward evening of the day of its departure a native called on the captain of our battery (Cothran's New York Battery) and solicited a guard for his property in his house, barn, and mill, stating that he had been guarded by the Seventeenth Indiana, but they having departed he was constrained to apply elsewhere for a guard. The captain informed him that light artillerymen never furnish guards for citizens nor any body else but for their own property, and referred him to Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts. He applied to Gordon, who required him to take the oath of allegiance, and upon refusing which, fearing lest the rebels might return and destroy his property, Colonel Gordon politely showed him from his camp *sans* a guard. On his return he again called on the Captain and plead for a guard, which was promptly refused; but the Captain remarked that if half a dozen men chose to volunteer to go, and be on hand at reveille, they might go. The men were glad enough to go, for the sake of adventure and spoils.

The sentinels were in due time posted, and the old miller's family went to sleep. About 11 o'clock a "relief," or about a dozen more, went over as a foraging party, and made an onslaught on the miller's flock of turkeys with their revolvers. The guard ordered them off, and they not going, the guard began to fire; and both parties fired pretty rapidly, while the officer of the guard (a private) assured the old miller that it was not safe for him to come out, and that his guard was amply sufficient to resist the attack. Under this assurance the old miller remained tremblingly in his house, while between the guard and the relief they succeeded in "changing the base" of forty-two chickens, nineteen turkeys, and six hives of bees.

It is unnecessary to say that the old miller never applied to the Yankees for another guard. And I can assure you that this is a fair specimen of the manner rebel property used to be guarded in the early campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

A short time since an application was made to Judge C——, of the Superior Court of Buffalo, for the appointment of a receiver of a judgment debtor's property, in a proceeding supplementary to the execution.

"Who do you want for receiver?" asked the Judge, a little impatient, as he had other more important business to attend to.

"M'Master," answered the attorney for the moving party.

"I don't know him," said the attorney for the party opposing. "I would rather have Day, whom I know."

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, sharply, "has either of you got a piece of coin?"

The opposing attorney looked knowingly out of

the corner of his eye as he handed the Judge a "copperhead."

The Judge hastily glanced at it and said,

"Head, M'Master; tail, Day;" and up went the coin. As it came down he asked, "What's up?"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the attorney who had furnished the coin; "that cent has got a head on each side of it, and Day don't stand any show at all!"

"Serves you right; and I hope it will teach you for the future to not trifle with the Court. M'Master's receiver."

Amidst a general shout the vanquished attorney withdrew, fully satisfied that he had been beaten at his own game.

The following anecdotes come from the Navy:

A few months ago one of the officers at present attached to our steamer had applied for the appointment he now holds. As usual, permission was granted by the Secretary of the Navy to him to be examined for the position to which he aspired. He presented himself in due form before the Examining Board, and was duly "put through" by the venerable members. At last the final question was put:

"Now, Sir, your vessel being anchored in New York Harbor, how would you proceed if ordered to take her to Key West?"

The aspirant proceeded, by aid of chart, rule, and compass, to show to the attentive Board the courses he would steer, etc.; and, at the end of a long (imaginary) voyage, brought his charge safely into Key West Harbor. The member who had asked the question astonished our would-be ensign by requesting him to recommence his voyage, as he would never get to Key West in the manner he had just tried. The long description was again gone through with, the same as before, and at its close Mr. —— looked triumphantly at the querist, who shook his head, smiled, and said,

"Well, Sir, that is precisely your previous voyage; and again I must say that you could by no possibility arrive at Key West, in the way you describe, *until you had heaved up your anchor in the harbor of New York.*"

Suffice to say, the little omission was overlooked, and Mr. —— is now in full enjoyment of his honors as an Ensign, and often relates the above as a good joke.

Our fleet surgeon—a pompous, hasty old fellow, but good in his way—was one morning, attended by his assistant, examining the sick and prescribing for them. The "sick-bay" was filled with patients, whose hammocks were slung in rows. The Doctor, being a methodical man, would pass up one row and down the other, prescribing as he went, which prescriptions were noted by his attentive junior.

A man with his arms extended on each side of his hammock was caught by one wrist by the Doctor, who, with watch in hand, counted the pulse, and spoke as follows:

"Very sick, *very* sick; typhus icteroides" (yellow-fever) "in its first stages; must have a mustard bath, then twenty grains of calomel, with castor-oil the usual time afterward."

So saying, passed on. He finished that row, and started back on the other side. Getting along quite rapidly, he saw an arm thrust out of a hammock, and immediately seized it; as usual, counted the pulse, then took a look at the man's tongue, asked him a few questions, and broke out with,

"Oh, you lazy, good-for-nothing skulker! Get out of your hammock and go on deck to work! you're no more sick than I am. I'll have you reported for black-list duty immediately." And muttering about skulkers, etc., he was about proceeding, when his attendant horrified him by saying,

"Doctor, this is James Jones, for whom you have prescribed already, *on the other side of his hammock.* You said then he had yellow-fever, and told me to give him a mustard bath and calomel."

"Yes, yes; guess I was wrong the last time; did not examine closely enough. Let's see again; h'm! yes; *has* got yellow-fever indeed. Follow up the first prescription."

Dr. —— tried to hush up the story; but the mistake had been witnessed by too many; and it soon became known throughout the squadron, and the old fellow has often been nettled since by sly allusions to it.

Our regiment, says a correspondent, constitutes part of the defenses of Washington north of the Potomac, and garrisons four military posts. The regimental hospital is at these head-quarters, and all serious cases of sickness are brought from the several camps to the regimental hospital. In one of the detached companies is an old Swiss *militaire*—a faultless soldier, save that he will have his spree once in a while. His last jollification cost him rather severely, for while in a glorious state he fell upon some sharp rocks, as he was crossing a creek, and cut and contused his face very severely. The assistant surgeon, considering his case too bad to treat in camp, ordered him to the hospital, and an ambulance was accordingly sent to Fort De R—— to remove him. I forgot to mention that the old fellow's name was Koppee, and the driver was directed to fetch Koppee back with him. Arrived at the fort, he applied to the lieutenant for Koppee. The lieutenant was ignorant of the accident that had befallen the man. Like Iago, he echoed his interlocutor. "Copy?" he queried—"a copy of what?" The man didn't know; he was sent for Koppee, and that was all he knew of his errand. We had just had inspection and muster, so the idea occurred to the driver that he had been sent for a copy of the muster-roll, and he ventured to ask for that. It was delivered to him. The surgeon had staid in the hospital waiting his patient, in order to dress his wounds, and when the ambulance drove up to the door the driver gravely approached the surgeon and, saluting him, placed the folded document in his hand. "The lieutenant didn't know what copy you wanted, Sir," he explained, "so I have brought you a copy of the muster-roll."

We have had two or three days' amusement out of this ludicrous mistake, and the fun is not all exhausted yet.

In March, 1862, General Banks advanced upon Winchester in two columns—one by way of Martinsburg, and the other by way of Harper's Ferry and Berryville. In the latter column Brigadier-General Abercrombie commanded the first brigade, and Cothran's Battery was with him. Abercrombie was very strict, not allowing his men to forage, or to burn rails to cook with, but compelling them to burn green timber. The next morning after we camped near Berryville he rode around through the different camps to ascertain who had burned rails. When he rode through our battery the captain was in his tent. Approaching it, he discovered the quar-

ters of a fine young beef that the men had "foraged" the night previous, lying against a tree. The old General's brow contracted as he demanded of Sergeant Leander E. Davis,

"Where the d—l did you get that beef? I gave the commissary no orders to issue fresh beef here."

Davis, who was a very polite soldier, removed his cap and saluted the General, and said, in a tone evincing perfect coolness and sincerity,

"General, I was sergeant of the guard last night, and about 10 o'clock I heard a terrible commotion in the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts (Colonel Webster's regiment), across the road. I rushed out to see what was going on, and just as I passed the captain's tent I saw a fine steer coming through the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with about a hundred men after it. The animal appeared very much frightened, General, and true as you live it jumped clear across the road [about two rods], over both stone fences, and as it alighted in this lot it struck its head against this tree, and, being so terribly scared, its head, hide, and legs kept right on running, while the quarters dropped down here, where they have remained ever since. It is very fine, tender beef, General, and I had just come here for the purpose of cutting off and sending you a fine surloin roast for dinner. Will you be so obliging as to accept it?"

"How long have you been a soldier?" demanded the old General.

"About six months, General."

"Well, Sir, I perceive that you thoroughly appreciate the Art of War, and have become a *veteran* in half a year. Were you a green soldier I should order you under arrest and have you court-martialed; but on account of your *veteran* proclivities I shall recommend you for *promotion!*" And putting spurs to his horse he rode away, shaking his sides with laughter.

After that Sergeant Davis foraged as much as he pleased without molestation.

A FRIEND in Medford, Massachusetts, says:

I am not aware that the following epitaph, written, I believe, by Hugh Maxwell, Esq., has of late been published. Many years since—I can not certainly say how many—it found its way into print, both in this country and in Great Britain.

"Cæsar, the Ethiopian," sleeps his last sleep at Attleborough, Massachusetts, in a rural and elm-shaded cemetery, not far from the "old Hatch Tavern," on the Old Road between Boston and Providence. In former years, and when the stages were run between these two places upon this road, and stopped to change horses at Hatch's, many were the passengers who availed themselves of the opportunity to run over and gaze upon the last resting-place of "the best of slaves," and ponder on his fitting and eloquent epitaph:

Here liest the best of slaves,
  Now turning into dust:
Cæsar, the Ethiopian, craves
  A place among the just.
His faithful soul is fled
  To realms of heavenly light;
And by the blood that Jesus shed
  Is changed from black to white.
Jany 15th he quitted the stage,
  In the 77th year of his age.
1780.

THE following is from a correspondent in the Army:

Last winter, as C. S. Beath, quarter-master sergeant of my regiment (117th Illinois), was passing along one of the principal streets in Memphis, he saw a soldier coming toward him struggling with the spirit within him. Just in advance of Sergeant B. was a "freeman of African descent." The soldier saw him coming, and with some difficulty managed to ejaculate "Halt!" Darkey didn't heed his authority, and marched ahead. The soldier squared himself, and as the darkey was passing made a dive at him; but the darkey, aided by the soldier's inward foe, easily dodged the blow, and the soldier plunged over the curbing into the gutter, his head striking first. As soon as he could recover his speech he said, "There, now; lie there. I g-g-guess y-y-you'll h-h-halt the next time I tell you to!"

THE soldier boys are very wild sometimes, and one of them sends us the following specimen:

A year ago our regiment (the Sixty-seventh Ohio) was at Suffolk, Virginia; we had been on a reconnoissance out to the Blackwater. On our return some of the boys that had fallen in the rear thought they would improve the opportunity of getting a warm meal. Coming to a large and rather fine-looking farm-house they called and made inquiries if they could obtain dinner. The mistress of the house, an old lady of about fifty years, informed them she could accommodate them if they could wait fifteen or twenty minutes, which they readily consented to do. In a short time all was ready, and the boys were seated at the table appeasing an appetite made doubly ravenous by a forty-eight hours' march, during which time their rations had consisted of nothing but hard tack and coffee. During this time the old lady took it upon her to gain some information of the doings of our army. Among other things she inquired of the boys "if they knew a man in Suffolk by the name of Uncle Samuel?" They replied to her that they were very well acquainted with him. "Well," said the old lady, "I thought those cavalry fellows [referring to the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry] had cheated me; they came out here about a week ago and bought all my turkeys and chickings, and when they had them put up mounted their horses and told me if I would come to Suffolk Uncle Sam would pay me for them, and rode off." The old lady stated she had been in Suffolk quite a number of times, and had lived within ten miles of there all her life, and she had never heard of that man before. She very innocently inquired if he was not a Yankee. The boys replied that he was; that he was a very generous old gentleman, who supplied the Yankee army with clothing and subsistence, and if she would come to Suffolk he would not only pay her for her poultry, but would also settle with her for their dinners. They then shouldered their muskets and resumed the march, leaving the old lady in perfect amazement at the generosity of Uncle Sam.

THE Drawer gets this from Indiana:

Among the earliest and most noted settlers of Rush County, Indiana, was Conrad Sailors, a man more noted for his integrity of character and physical corporosity — which was about four hundred pounds—than for his book learning.

Coming to the new country with more than ordinary means, he was enabled to purchase a considerable tract of land, start a country store, and build a larger cabin than his neighbors, which made his house a central point for the post-office and Baptist

meetings, and acquired for him the respectful title of *Uncle Conrad*.

These facts culminated in his being elected a member of the first Constitutional Convention of his adopted State, from which he returned improved in flesh, and with such wisdom portrayed in his countenance that his less-favored brethren concluded what he didn't know it was no use to try to learn.

One meeting-day some of the more zealous brethren called into his cozy cabin before the regular hour to enjoy a pleasant chat, and as one of them sat by the window looking over an old book, he came to the word "vocabulary," which being beyond his comprehension, he passed the book to head-quarters, saying, "Uncle Conrad, what is that word called?"

Drawing down his spectacles with great dignity, in a low, deep, stertorous voice, he replied,

"That is voc-a-bul-a-ry."

"What does it mean, Uncle Conrad?"

"Sir, it is something pertaining to the treatment of horned cattle!"

Our neighbor Talkinton was about six feet and a half long, and was familiarly known as *Tallkitten*. His pedal extremities were so well developed that No. 13 boots were too limited for his understanding. He was compelled to furnish a special pair of lasts, and pay an extra price to protect his foundation from inclement weather.

It took several liberal nips of long-range whisky to put "life and metal in his heels;" but one cold day, opportunities being favorable, he succeeded in getting aboard an extra supply, and came home in the night cold and very badly fuddled.

Mrs. T—— and son, a boy of five or six years, had retired for the night. She observed him enter the room, take a seat before the embers, and placing one heel on the other toe settle down to warm and take a quiet nap. After dozing some time he awoke chilly; the embers were completely hid from view, and seeing his feet mistook them for his little boy, when, with a majestic side-wave of the hand, he said, "Stand aside, my little son, and let your poor father warm himself!"

Down in old Eastern Massachusetts (town not mentioned), resides a certain Dr. ——, whose loyalty is commonly reputed as rather "coppery," but who is wonderful in his success in transplanting trees and making them thrive—in fact, has raised a paradise around his fine old mansion. A clerical guest once making the rounds, said, "Doctor, the United States Marshal ought to have an eye to your proceedings."

"How so?" asked the Doctor, a trifle startled, and wondering whether he had spoken out a little too plainly any time.

"Because you have such a happy way of encouraging trees-on."

The Doctor laughed, and "owed him one."

Funny things very often occur in a Provost Marshal's business, but they are generally too personal to publish; yet these two little incidents, sent to the Drawer from Natchez, Miss., will hurt no one:

When Natchez was first occupied by the Feds, the business of daily passes was troublesomely great, so one of the officers of the Provost Marshal's office was sent out to ascertain who would do to trust with ten-day parole passes. Among others he found a very lady-like, pleasant mistress of a household, to whom he stated his business. The lady was very much obliged to him, but said she had that morning obtained a pass that would last her as long as there was any need for one. The officer did not think it possible; so she brought the pass and pointed out the words, "Good until retreat." The officer explained to her that "retreat," in that sense, always meant sunset, as "reveille" means daybreak. "Dear me!" said she, folding up the short-lived pass, "I thought it meant until you *retreated* from Natchez!"

There were two men in Natchez at the breaking out of the rebellion—one named Fowler, who had more money than brains; and the other Cox, who was a hanger-on of Fowler's. Fowler was appointed aid to Governor Pettus, of this State. Their first consultation was in regard to the arms and ammunition stolen from the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge. "Mr. Fowler," said the Governor, "you will have the cannon removed to Vicksburg, and there carefully housed." "O Lord! Governor," broke in Cox, "the old cannon have been lying on the levee these twenty years; they won't spoil." "Silence!" thundered Pettus; "I am the Governor of Mississippi giving orders to my aid." He then proceeded to order that the powder should also be removed to Vicksburg, and there put away in magazines. When the conference was ended and the Governor gone, Fowler said to his henchman, "Cox, what an old fool our Governor is? Every body knows there isn't magazines enough in Vicksburg to wrap that powder in. Why didn't he say to do it up in old newspapers!"

In New Hampshire we have a correspondent who says:

In Belknap is a customer of mine, for whose native good sense and keen judgment I have a great respect, but who, in the use of the English language, makes himself more ludicrous than ever could Mrs. Partington. He has an opinion of his own in religious matters, and a few months since left the Methodist to attend the Baptist church, "because," he said, "he never would go to meeting where the minister preached such *secretary* sermons."

The trial of a man for murder was going on in which he seemed to take a considerable interest, and he was asked whether he thought the accused would be convicted. He replied, "No; from the evidence, so far, I think the man will prove a *lullaby!*"

Here is another of an eccentric old fellow in a neighboring town:

Squire C—— in his old age took to himself a young and enterprising wife, who immediately after being installed as mistress of the household set herself to accomplish the Herculean task of "putting things to rights." Old C—— was absent during the scouring process, and on his return judge of his dismay upon discovering that his lovely reformer had erased from the walls all his "book-accounts," where they had been ciphered in chalk for years past. Her pride at her great achievement was therefore somewhat dampened by his exclamation that she had ruined him, for those were his charges against his customers. She encouraged him, however, to attempt to recommit them to the walls from his memory. After his long and laborious task was completed, evidently with great satisfaction to himself, she ventured timidly to ask him if he thought he had got them all down. He replied, very slowly and deliberately: "No, I don't think I have quite all; but then I think I have got them against better folks!"

From Ohio we get the following Vermont anecdote:

Dr. Oldell, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is not only a man of great learning and skill as a physician, but is fond of a good joke, even though it be on himself.

As he relates it, he had occasion at one time to ride on horseback on a dark and stormy night, to visit a patient in the country. At one point on his way was a river of considerable magnitude, over the bank of which projected numerous trees. As he had frequently noticed on his daylight rides that the road here was quite narrow, and elevated many feet above the water, his mind had been much impressed with the danger that might attend a nocturnal misstep. While making his way slowly, as he supposed in this immediate vicinity, in the almost total darkness his horse had wandered somewhat from the path, and brought him up suddenly against the limb of a tree. Instinctively he seized the limb, and as instinctively his horse went on and left him dangling, but clinging for dear life. He heard the rush of waters apparently quite under him; and to let go would be to fall into the arms of Charon without his boat. With a death-grasp on the limb, he raised the cry of "Help! help! help!" Hanging and shouting till it seemed to him that he could hold on no longer, a man came rushing from a neighboring farm-house. Instantly comprehending the state of things, he cried, "Let go, you fool, you! there is no water under you." Let go he did; but to this day he likes to steer clear of a river-bank on a dark night.



FILIAL AFFECTION.

Clementina.—"Now, Frederick, if my Mamma is a little stout, you need not call her a 'Fat Old Hippopotamus.' I don't like it, and I won't have it in *my* house."
(*Mamma is delighted, of course.*)

In Cuba we have an agreeable correspondent, who wrote from Havana in June last to the Drawer:

Out here in "*La siempre fiel*" Island we take a lively interest in the Drawer, and I have an inclination to add a little to the same. An acquaintance of mine, Don José G——, was agent for a Spanish life insurance company. Going to the town of Holquin, he presented his business to the principal man of the place, and, after eloquently describing, for over half an hour, the great benefits of the insurance principle, and supposing the señor's silence indicated the success of his cause, you can imagine his chop-fallen surprise at this reply: "I have just subscribed fifty cents to help bury Columbus, and I shall not give another cent"—meaning his subscription to the new monument to Columbus.

Our correspondent in that beautiful part of the island which rejoices in the classic name of Tubby-Hook, just below Spuyten Duyvel Creek, writes to the Drawer:

The lower part of New York Island does not contain *all* the conceited children—even Tubby-Hook has *some*.

"Our Katy" (don't laugh) held this conversation with her "maternal parient" the other day:

"Oh, mother! do you know what Mr. Skimhorn has got to sharpen his knives with?"

"No, my dear."

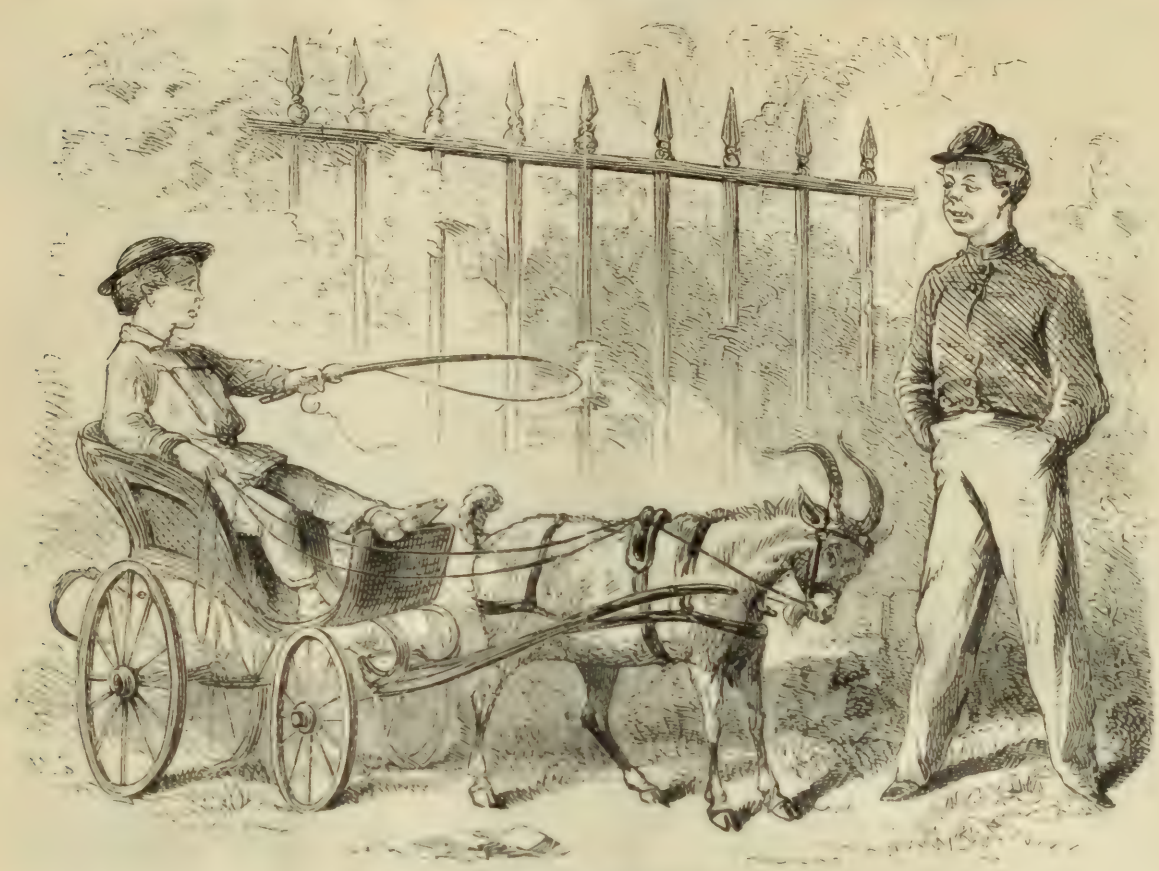
"Well, he's got a *brimstone*."

"A what?"

"A *brimstone*."

"You mean a *grindstone*."

"Well, it's some kind of a *stone*, between two sticks; and he pours water on it, and *winds it up* fifty-two minutes, and then the knife gets *just* so sharp!"



ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

MILITARY STUDENT.—"Why, Daisy, where's the other goat? You used to drive a span."
PRIVATE CITIZEN.—"Oh, didn't you hear? My revolver went off by accident, and shot the poor fellow dead."



"That's a nice little Lady! Won't Tommy kiss her, like a little Gentleman, as he is?"



"Shall Grandma call the naughty old Wolves, and let them eat Baby up?"

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

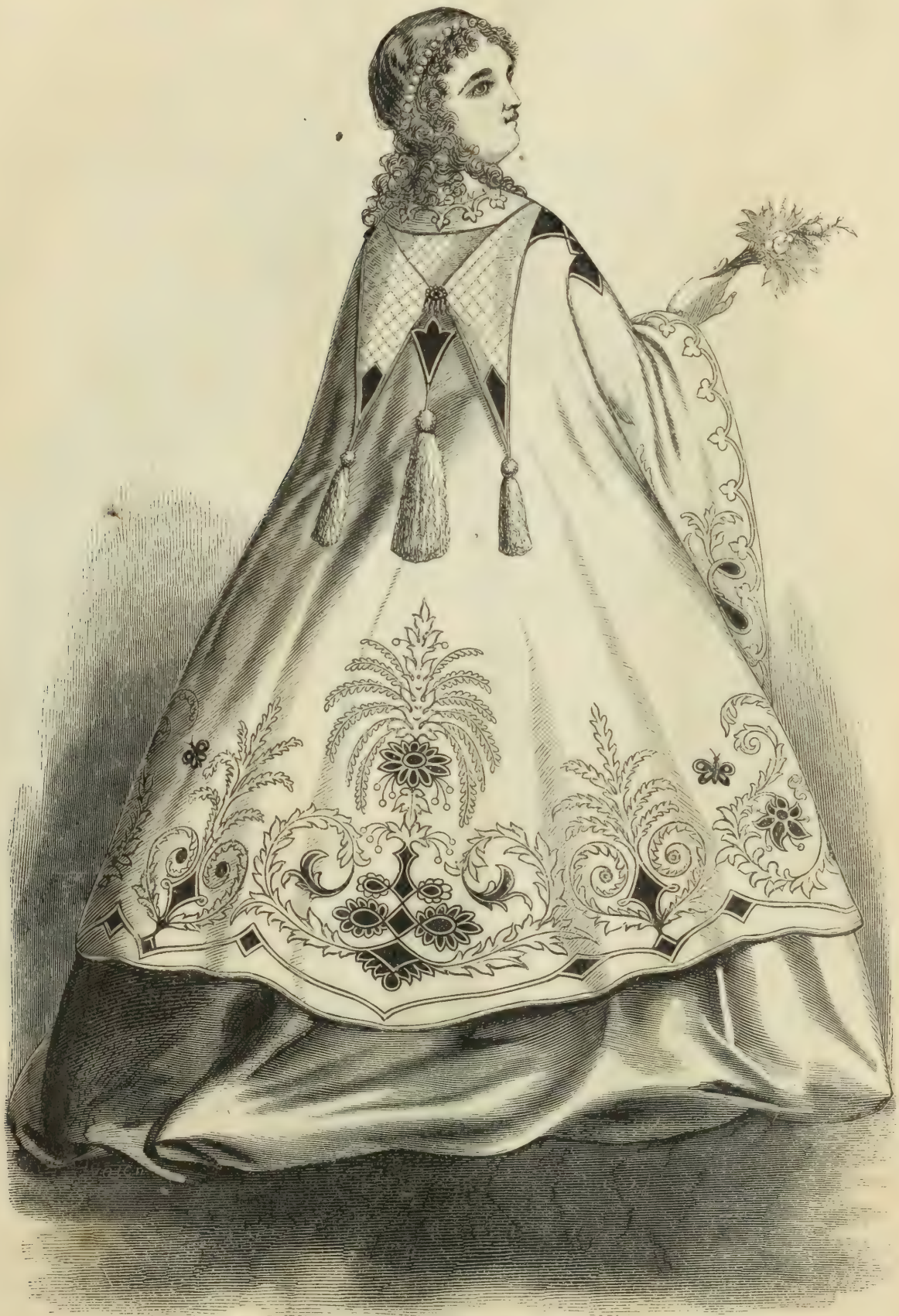


Figure 1.—Opera Cloak.



FIGURE 2.—MORNING RECEPTION TOILET.

THE OPERA CLOAK is in the form of a sacque, with braided ornaments, and velvet *appliqué*. Bright colors are the most appropriate. The one which we illustrate is of blue. For ordinary purposes the same general design may be produced in black cloth.

The MORNING TOILET is of taffeta, with ornaments of ribbon and buttons.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXIV.—JANUARY, 1864.—Vol. XXVIII.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.



VIEW AT LUNDY'S LANE, 1860.

.—CLOSING OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE NORTH.

IE campaign of 1814 was opened on the northern frontier, at the close of March, by competent General Wilkinson, who, as we observed in a former paper, took post with of the Army of the North at Plattsburg he cantonment at French Mills was aban-

e were indications that efforts would be y the British in the spring to gain pos- of Lake Champlain, penetrate the State York to the valley of the Hudson, and a repetition of the scheme of the Brit- usters, unsuccessfully put in practice in securing that river, to separate the land commonwealths from the rest of . To meet and frustrate their efforts iling measures were adopted. Ves- r were constructed at Onion River, der the superintendence of Macdon- Wilkinson sent Captain Totten, of ers, to select a site for a strong bat- se's Point, for the purpose of keep- ritish squadron, then lying at St. John's on the Sorel, within the limits of that river. Before this work could be accomplished the breaking up of the ice earlier than common changed the aspect of affairs materially. Intelligence reached Wilkinson that a British force of twenty-five hundred men was about to be concentrated at La Colle Mill, on La Colle Creek, a small tributary of the Sorel, three or four miles below Rouse's Point.

To confront this force, and for the purpose of preparing to invade Canada again, Wilkinson advanced his army to Champlain, and on the 30th of March crossed the Canada border in full march for La Colle, with about four thousand effective men.

Five miles from Champlain, at a hamlet called Odelltown, the army stopped for refreshments, and on their resuming their march they encountered the enemy's pickets and drove them back. At about three o'clock in the afternoon they came in sight of La Colle Mill—a heavy stone structure, with walls eighteen inches in thickness, and its windows barricaded with heavy timbers, through which were loop-holes for muskets. It stood on the southern bank of the La Colle Creek, at the end of a bridge. On

ording to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District the Southern District of New York.

the opposite bank was a block-house and strong barn, and around them were intrenchments.

For two hundred yards southward from the mill, and half that distance northward from the block-house, was cleared land, surrounded by a thick primeval forest which covered the country in every direction. The flat ground was half inundated by melting snow, and the highway was so obstructed by the enemy with felled trees and other hindrances that the Americans were compelled to diverge some distance to the right of it.

The advance of Wilkinson's army was commanded by Colonel Isaac Clark and Major (at that time Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet) Benjamin Forsyth. These were followed by Captain M'Pherson, with two pieces of artillery, covered by the brigades of Generals Smith and Bissell. General Alexander Macomb commanded the reserves under Colonels Melancthon Smith and George M'Feely. Clark and Forsyth, with portions of their commands, crossed La Colle Creek some distance above the mill, followed by Colonel Mills's regiment of six hundred men, and took post in the rear of the enemy to cut off his retreat.

At this time the British garrison at the mill consisted of only about two hundred men, chiefly regulars, under Major Hancock, of the British Thirteenth. Reinforcements were on the way, and it was important for Wilkinson to dislodge the enemy at the mill before their arrival. Macomb endeavored to send forward an 18-pound cannon to breach the walls, but failed on account of the softness of the ground. Hoping to perform the same service with M'Pherson's heavy guns, which consisted of a 12-pound cannon and a 5½-inch mortar, these were placed in battery at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the mill. They opened fire upon that citadel, but their missiles were harmless. They were responded to by Congreve rockets, and the whole American line, being in open fields, was exposed to the fire of the enemy. M'Pherson was wounded under the chin, but fought on until his thigh-bone was broken by a musket-ball, when he was carried to the rear. Lieutenant Larrabee, his next in command, was shot through the lungs; and Lieutenant Sheldon kept up the fire with gallantry. The conduct of these officers was so conspicuous as to attract the admiration of their brethren in arms.

While this contest was waging two flank companies of the British Thirteenth, under Captains Ellard and Holgate, arrived from *Isle aux Noix*, seven miles distant, and gave much strength to the beleaguered garrison. Major Hancock now determined to storm the American battery, and gave orders for an immediate and vigorous sortie by the two companies just arrived. They made several desperate charges, and were as often repulsed by the infantry supports of the artillery under Smith and Bissell. They were finally driven back across the bridge, and compelled to take refuge in the block-house on the northerly side of the stream. There they were soon joined by some Canadian grenadiers and voltigeurs from Burtonville, only two miles distant. These joined the companies of Ellard and Holgate in another sortie more desperate than the first. This, after a severe struggle, was repulsed by the covering brigades, and the cannonade and bombardment went on. They made no impression upon the walls of the mill. The garrison had been augmented by reinforcements to almost a thousand men; and after a contest of two hours Wilkinson withdrew, having lost thirteen killed, one hundred and twen-



LA COLLE MILL AND BLOCK-HOUSE.

ty-eight wounded, and thirteen missing. The enemy lost eleven killed, two officers and forty-four men wounded, and four missing.

With the discreditable affair at La Colle Mill the military career of General Wilkinson was closed. By an order from the War Department, issued a week previous to that affair, he was relieved of the command of the army in the Department of the North; and his conduct while in command of that district was subsequently committed to the scrutiny of a court-martial. He proved that, during the most important operations of the disastrous campaign which ended at French Mills, the War Department, in the person of Minister Armstrong, was on the northern frontier, and that he acted under the Secretary's immediate instructions; that the failure of Hampton to meet him at St. Regis justified his abandonment of an attack on Montreal; and that his encampment and stay at, and departure from, French Mills were in accordance with the views of the Secretary of War.

These proofs being positive, Wilkinson was acquitted, and the public placed the chief blame, where it seemed to properly belong, on the War Department. Like Harrison, who had felt the baleful effects of the administration of that department, Wilkinson threw up his commission in disgust. Many official changes were necessary. Dearborn was in retirement on account of ill-health; Hampton had left the service in disgrace; and Winchester, Chandler, and Winder were prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy. On the 24th of January Brigadier-Generals Brown and Izard were commissioned Major-Generals; and Colonels Macomb, T. A. Smith, Bissell, Scott, Gaines, and Ripley were appointed Brigadiers. On the retirement of Wilkinson Brown became chief commander in the Northern Department.

General Brown had left French Mills, with a division of the army, for Sackett's Harbor at about the middle of February. He arrived at the Harbor on the 24th, after a rather pleasant march for that season of the year. There he received a letter from the Secretary of War, dated on the 28th, informing him that Colonel Scott, who was a candidate for a Brigadiership, had been ordered, with the accomplished Major Wood of the Engineers, to the Niagara frontier. "The truth is," Armstrong said, "public opinion will not tolerate us in permitting the enemy to keep quiet possession of Fort Niagara. Another motive is the effect which may be expected from the appearance of a large corps on the Niagara in restraining the enemy's enterprise to the westward." After expressing doubts concerning the ability of the force under Scott to recapture Fort Niagara, the Secretary, "by command of the President," as he said, directed Brown to convey, with the least possible delay, the brigades which he brought from French Mills to Batavia, where "other and more detailed orders" would await him. On the same day, by another dispatch, the Secretary directed Brown to cross the ice at the foot of the lake and attack the enemy at Kingston if, on consultation with Chauncey, it should be considered practicable. In that event he was directed to use the instructions in the first letter of that date as a mask.

The two commanders considered the force of four thousand men at the Harbor insufficient for the capture of Kingston under the circumstances; and mistaking the real intentions of the Government, which was to make the movements on Kingston the *main object*, and that toward Niagara a *feint*, Brown put his troops in motion toward the latter at the middle of March. They numbered about two thousand, consisting of the Ninth, Eleventh, Twenty-first, and Twenty-fifth regiments of infantry, the Third regiment of artillery, and Captain Towson's company of the Second Artillery. These troops had reached Salina, in Onondaga County, and Brown was at Geneva, when General Gaines thought he discovered his commander's mistake. Brown acquiesced in his opinion, and resolved to retrace his steps. He hastened back to Sackett's Harbor "the most unhappy man alive." There Chauncey "and other confidential men" convinced him that his first interpretation of the Secretary's instruction was correct. "Happy again" he hastened back to his troops and resumed the march westward. At the close of the month they arrived at Batavia, where they remained about four months, when they moved toward Buffalo.

In the mean time Armstrong had written a soothing letter to the perturbed Brown, saying:

"You have mistaken my meaning.....If you hazard any thing by this mistake correct it promptly by returning to your post. If, on the other hand, you left the Harbor with a competent force for its defense, go on and prosper. Good consequences are sometimes the result of mistakes."

While at Batavia and vicinity Brown was made very uneasy by alarming letters from Chauncey, and also from General Gaines, who had been placed in command at Sackett's Harbor. The British were in motion at Kingston early in April, the ice having broken up; and there were indications of another attack in the Harbor. With this impression, and feeling the responsibility laid upon him by the grant of discretionary power given him by the Secretary of War, Brown hastened back to that post, leaving General Scott in command of the troops on the Niagara frontier during his absence. Observation soon taught him that an attack there was "more to be desired than feared," and that the real point of danger was Oswego, at the mouth of the Oswego River. At the Great Falls of that stream, twelve miles from the lake, where the village of Fulton now stands, a large quantity of naval stores had been collected during the autumn and winter for vessels on the stocks of Sackett's Harbor. These would be very important objects for the British to possess or destroy; and, excepting the partly-finished vessels at Sackett's Harbor, they formed the most at-

tractive prize for Sir James Yeo, the British commander on Lake Ontario. For the protection of this property Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, with a battalion of light artillery, was sent to garrison the fort at Oswego.

At the beginning of May Sir James Yeo sailed out of Kingston Harbor with an effective force of cruising vessels. Chauncey was not quite ready for him. Both parties, one at Kingston and the other at Sackett's Harbor, had been bending all their energies during the preceding winter in making preparations for securing the command of Lake Ontario—an object considered so important by the two Governments, that they withdrew officers and seamen from the ocean to assist in the Lake service. The American Government also added twenty-five per cent. to the pay of those engaged in its service.

In February Henry Eckford, a noted shipbuilder, had laid the keel of three vessels, one a frigate designed to carry fifty guns, and two brigs of five hundred tons each, to carry twenty-two guns. Deserters who came in reported heavy vessels in great forwardness at Kingston; and Chauncey, who returned from the national capital at the close of February, ordered the size of the frigate to be increased so as to carry sixty-six guns. The brigs, named respectively *Jefferson* and *Jones*, were ready for service, excepting some lack of their full armament, at the close of April; and the frigate, which was named the *Superior*, was launched on the 2d of May, just eighty days after her keel was laid. But the naval stores and heavy guns designed for her were yet at Oswego Falls, to which point they had been carried by tedious transportation from Albany up the Mohawk, and through Wood Creek and Oneida Lake, into the Oswego River, the roads across the country from Utica to Sackett's Harbor being impassable with heavy ordnance. They were kept at the Falls for security from the enemy, until schooners, employed by Captain Woolsey for the purpose, could be loaded at and dispatched safely from Oswego.

The ice, as we have remarked, broke up earlier than usual, and the British made attempts to destroy the large frigate at the Harbor. On the night of the 25th of April Lieutenant Dudley, while out with two guard-boats, discovered three others in Black River Bay. Not answering his hail, he fired. They fled. On searching, six barrels of gunpowder were found, each containing a fuse, and strung in pairs by a rope, in a way that a swimmer might convey them under a ship's bottom for the purpose of explosion. A few days afterward the British squadron was seen in sailing trim at Kingston; and on the 4th of May Lieutenant Gregory, in the *Lady of the Lake*, saw six sail of the enemy leave Kingston Harbor and proceed toward Amherst Bay. This was the squadron commanded by Sir James Lucas Yeo, bearing a little more than one thousand land-troops under Lieutenant-General Sir George Gordon Drummond.

The active cruising force of Sir James consisted of eight vessels, ranging from 12 to 62 guns, making in the aggregate 222 pieces of ordnance, besides several gun-boats and other small craft, whose armament, added to the others, gave to the British much superiority in the weight of metal.

When Sir James sailed his squadron was so much superior in strength to the one that Chauncey could then put to sea that the latter prudently remained in Sackett's Harbor, and the enemy moved unimpeded against Oswego on the morning of the 5th of May. His vessels were seen at *réveillé* from that post, and preparations were speedily made to dispute his landing. The village, standing on the west side of the harbor formed by the mouth of the Oswego River, contained less than five hundred inhabitants. Upon a bluff, on the north side of the river, was old Fort Ontario, partly built in colonial times, spacious but not strong. It then mounted only six old guns, three of which were almost useless because they had lost their trunnions. The garrison consisted of Mitchell's battalion of less than three hundred men. The schooner *Growler*, having on board Captain Woolsey and Lieutenant Pearce of the navy, was in the river, for the purpose of conveying guns and naval stores to the Harbor. To prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy she was sunk, and a part of her crew, under Lieutenant Pearce, joined Mitchell, who had sent out messengers to arouse and bring in the neighboring militia.



SIR JAMES LUCAS YEO.

Mitchell had too few troops for the defense of both the village and the fort, so he ordered all the tents in store there to be pitched near the town, while with his whole force he took position at the



ATTACK ON OSWEGO.—(FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

fort. The deception had the designed effect. To the enemy the military array seemed much stronger on the side of the village than at the fort, and the British proceeded to assail the latter position. Leaving the absolutely defenseless village unmolested, the enemy, in fifteen large boats, covered by the gun-boats and small armed vessels, moved toward the shore, near the fort, early in the afternoon, while the cannon in the large vessels opened fire on the fort. Meanwhile Captain James H. Boyle and Lieutenant Thomas C. Legate had been sent down to the shore with an old iron 12-pounder, and as soon as the enemy's boats were within proper distance they opened on them with deadly effect. Some of the boats were badly injured, some were abandoned, and all of the remainder hastily retired to the ships. Just then a heavy breeze sprung up and the entire squadron put to sea. Drummond, in a general order, stated that he did not intend to attack on that day. He was only feeling the position and strength of the Americans.

On the morning of the 6th the fleet again appeared off Oswego, and the large vessels immediately opened a heavy fire on the fort. The *Magnet* took station in front of the village, and the *Star* and *Charwell* were towed in near the mouth of the river, for the purpose of covering the spot selected for the landing of troops. Under this shield were landed the flank companies of De Watteville's regiment under Captain De Bersey, a light company of the Glengarry regiment under Captain M'Millan, a battalion of marines under Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm, and two hundred seamen, armed with pikes, under Captain Mulcaster. The whole force, about twelve hundred in number, was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer. A reserve of the troops was left with the vessels.

The enemy effected a landing early in the afternoon, and were compelled to ascend a long, steep hill in the face of a heavy fire of the Americans in the fort, and of a small body of the militia, who had been hastily summoned and were concealed in a wood. These, however, fled when the enemy had secured a footing on the shore. Finding it impossible to defend the fort with so few men, Mitchell left the works and met the invaders in fair fight, covered only by woods. With the companies of Captain Romeyn and Melvin he gallantly moved forward and attacked the front of the enemy, while the remainder of his command, under Captains M'Intyre and Pierce of the heavy artillery, annoyed them prodigiously on the flank. By desperate fighting the enemy was kept in check for a long time, but overwhelming numbers finally compelled Mitchell to fall back. The British took possession of the fort and all the works and stores in the vicinity. Mitchell retired up the river to a position where he might protect the naval stores, should the enemy attempt to penetrate to the Falls in search of them. In this gallant but hopeless defense the Americans lost the brave Lieutenant Blaney, and five killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-five missing. The British lost nineteen killed, and seventy-five wounded. Among the latter were Captain Mulcaster of the *Princess Charlotte* (severely), and Captain Popham of the *Montreal*.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 7th the invaders withdrew, after having embarked the

guns and few stores found there, dismantled the fort, and burned the barracks. They also raised and carried away the *Growler* and two sunken boats; and under circumstances not at all creditable to Sir James Yeo, as an officer and gentleman, several citizens, who had been promised protection and exemption from all molestation, were abducted and borne away by the squadron. Among these was the now eminent merchant of Oswego, Honorable Alvin Bronson, who was then the Public Store-keeper, and who is still (1863) a resident of that place. After the capture of the post, and while Yeo was personally superintending the loading of his boats with salt and public stores, that officer applied to Mr. Bronson for pilots to conduct the boats out to the squadron. When he replied that all the men had left the place, and that he had none under his control, Sir James angrily growled out with an oath, "Go yourself, and if you get the boat aground I'll shoot you." The gallant and gentlemanly Colonel Harvey, who was standing on the bank above, called out to Sir James, "That, Sir, is the Public Store-keeper, and may be useful to us." Sir James called Mr. Bronson back, and said, "You are my prisoner, and I shall expect you to inform me what stores have recently been forwarded for the army and navy, what remains in the rear of the post, and what, if any, are secreted in its neighborhood." "My books and papers," replied Mr. Bronson, "have been removed for safety, and I can not, therefore, give you the desired information, nor would it be proper for me to do so if I could." Sir James threatened to take him off with him if he withheld the coveted information. "I am ready to go, Sir," was Mr. Bronson's calm reply. This was followed by an order to Captain O'Connor to take him on board the flagship *Prince Regent*. At midnight the naval and military officers came on board the *Regent*. Among them was General Sir George Drummond, who lavished upon the captive Store-keeper such coarse and vulgar abuse that Colonel Harvey, as soon as an opportunity was afforded, apologized for the brutality of his superior officer, of whom he was evidently ashamed. Mr. Bronson was confined a short time in the guard-house at Kingston, and again taken to the squadron when it proceeded to the blockade of Sackett's Harbor. He was well treated, and associated familiarly with the subordinate officers. He was soon afterward released.

The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell in his defense of Oswego received the commendation of his superiors. His prudence and gallantry secured a large amount of ordnance and naval stores at the Falls, and the British derived very little advantage from their attack. With their small booty they returned to Kingston, and Oswego was not again assailed during the war. The dilapidated fort was repaired, the garrison was strengthened, and the enemy was defied. For many years that fort has been a strong and admirably appointed fortress, but without a garrison, in charge of a sergeant.

The British troops were landed at Kingston, and the vessels were thoroughly overhauled during the succeeding fortnight. On the 19th the renovated squadron again weighed anchor, and a few hours afterward drove Chauncey's look-out boat, *Lady of the Lake*, into Sackett's Harbor, and established a strict blockade of that port, to the great discomfort of the American commander, who was making untiring efforts to get his squadron, and especially the *Superior*, ready for sea. Heavy guns and cables destined for her were at the Oswego Falls. The roads were in such condition that they could not be taken to the Harbor by land, and the blockade made a voyage by water extremely perilous. But something must be done, or Sir James Yeo would roam over Ontario, unrestricted lord of the lake. The ever-active and gallant Woolsey was sufficient for the occasion. He declared his willingness to attempt carrying the ordnance and naval stores to Stony Creek, three miles from Sackett's Harbor, when they might be conveyed across a narrow portage to Henderson Harbor and reach Chauncey in safety. The Commodore gave Woolsey permission to attempt the perilous adventure, and before the close of May he had a large number of the heavy guns sent over the Falls in scows, preparatory to an embarkation when the vigilance of the blockading squadron should be relaxed.

At sunset on the 28th of May Woolsey was at Oswego with nineteen boats, heavily laden with twenty-two long 32-pounders, ten 24's, three 42-pound carronades, and twelve cables. One of the latter, destined for the *Superior*, was an immense rope. The flotilla went out of the Harbor at dusk, and bore Major Appling and one hundred and thirty riflemen under his command. About the same number of Oneida Indians were engaged to meet the flotilla at the mouth of the Big Salmon River near the present village of Port Ontario, and traverse the shore abreast of it, to assist in the event of an attack by the British gun-boats.

Woolsey found it unsafe to attempt to reach Stony Creek, for the blockaders were vigilant; so he determined to run up Big Sandy Creek within a few miles of the Harbor, and debark the precious treasures there. The night was very dark, and there was little danger of discovery under its friendly shadows. By dint of hard rowing all the boats reached the Big Salmon Creek at dawn, excepting one which had fallen out of the line during the night, was bewildered in the fog, and was captured by the British at sunrise the next morning. The Oneidas were there; and flotilla and Indians moved on toward the Big Sandy, where they all arrived at noon. Sir James, meanwhile, had gained information of the flotilla from the crew of the lost boat. He immediately sent out two gun-boats, commanded respectively by Captain Popham of the *Montreal* and Captain Spilsbury, also of the royal navy, accompanied by three cutters and a gig, to intercept them. They cruised all day in vain, but at evening learned that Woolsey and



PLACE OF BATTLE AT SANDY CREEK.

his boats had gone up the Big Sandy. Confident of their ability to capture the whole flotilla, and ignorant of the presence of Major Appling and his riflemen, or of the Indians, the British cruisers lay off the mouth of the creek all night, and entered it early in the morning. In the door of a fisherman's house (yet standing when I visited the spot in 1860) Popham saw a woman, and ordered her to have breakfast ready for himself and officers when they should return. She knew how well Woolsey was prepared to receive his pursuers, and said, significantly, "You'll find breakfast ready up the creek." The British passed on in jolly mood up the creek, but soon became very serious.

For two miles or more the Big Sandy winds through a marshy plain, and empties into the lake through a ridge of sand dunes cast up by the winds and waves of Ontario. That plain is now barren of timber; but at the time we are considering the stream was fringed with trees and shrubbery. In these, about forty rods below a bend in the creek seen in the engraving, and half a mile below where the flotilla was moored, Major Appling ambushed his riflemen and the Indians. At the same time a squadron of cavalry under Captain Harris, and a company of light artillery under Captain Melvin, with two 6-pound field-pieces, and some infantry, about three hundred in all, whom General Gaines had sent down from Sackett's Harbor, were stationed near Woolsey's boats.

The confident and jolly Britons approached with very little caution; and when they came in sight of the flotilla they commenced hurling solid shot upon it, but with slight effect. At the same time strong flanking parties were landed and marched up each side of the stream, their way made clear, as they supposed, by discharges of grape and canister shot into the bushes from the gun-boats. This dispersed the cowardly Indians, but the gallant young Appling's sharp-shooters were undisturbed.

It was now ten o'clock when the invaders reached the point within rifle range of the ambuscade. Appling's men opened destructive volleys upon them, and occasional shot came plunging from Melvin's field-pieces, stationed on the bank near the present bridge. So furious and unexpected was the assault on front, flank, and rear, that the British surrendered within ten minutes after the first gun was fired in response to their own. They had lost midshipman Hoare and seventeen men killed, and at least fifty men dangerously wounded. The Americans had one rifleman and one Indian warrior wounded, but lost not a single life. They gained the British squadron; also officers and men as prisoners, in number about one hundred and seventy. A negro on one of the gun-boats, who had been ordered to throw the cannon and small-arms overboard in case of danger, did so when the fight was ended. The Americans called on him to desist or they would shoot him. He paid no attention to them, and with a sense of duty had cast overboard one cannon and many muskets, when he fell dead pierced by twelve bullets.

The wounded British were taken to the house of John Otis, yet standing, and still occupied by the then owner, when I visited the spot in 1860. It was the second house above the bridge. Otis, a venerable man when I saw him, gave Woolsey the first notice of the presence of pursuers. He had been out upon the lake since midnight watching for the enemy, and discovering them at early dawn making for the mouth of the creek, he hastened up the stream with the information. He pointed out to me the place, near a large chestnut-tree in a lot adjoining his garden, where the British dead were buried. He took care of many of the wounded for more

than a fortnight, for which service and expense his country rewarded him after a lapse of forty-three years.

The cannon and cable were landed safely from the flotilla and transported by land, sixteen miles, to the Harbor. The great cable for the *Superior* had occupied, in ponderous coils, one of the boats of ten tons burden. It was twenty-two inches in circumference, and weighed nine thousand and six hundred pounds. No vehicle could be found to convey it over the country to the Harbor, and after a delay of a week men belonging to the militia regiment of Colonel Allen Clark, who had hastened to the creek on hearing the din of battle, volunteered to convey it on their shoulders. About two hundred men were selected for the labor. They left the Big Sandy at noon, and arrived at the Harbor toward evening of the next day. They carried it a mile at a time without resting. Their shoulders were terribly bruised and chafed by the great rope. They were received by loud cheers and martial music. A barrel of whisky was rolled out and tapped for their refreshment, and each man received two dollars extra pay. In less than a fortnight from the time of the battle all the cannon and naval stores were at Sackett's Harbor; but many difficulties had to be overcome, and the fleet was not ready to leave the Harbor on a cruise until the first of August.

The thunder of cannon was again heard on the Niagara frontier early in the summer of 1814. A portion of the Army of the North was there, under Major-General Brown, assisted by Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley, and other young and efficient officers. Brown had received instructions to cross the Niagara River; capture Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo; march on Chippewa, at the mouth of Chippewa Creek, where some fortifications had been thrown up; menace Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River; and, if assured of the co-operation of Chauncey's fleet, and its capability of withstanding that of Sir James Yeo, to seize and fortify Burlington Heights, at the head of Lake Ontario. If these results could be obtained the Americans would not only hold the peninsula in their grasp, but might proceed leisurely to the conquest and occupation of all Upper Canada.

In obedience to his instructions General Brown issued orders on the 2d of July for his troops to cross the Niagara River from Black Rock. His means of transportation were few. The arrangements for embarking and debarking were made with the brigadiers and the senior engineers, M'Ree and Wood. General Scott was to cross with one division, and land about a mile below Fort Erie, and at the same time General Ripley was to cross, and land at the same distance above the fort. This was to be accomplished by the dawn of the 3d, and the fort was to be immediately invested. The boats that conveyed these divisions were to return immediately to Black Rock, and transport the residue of the army, ordnance, and munitions of war to the Canada shore.

Toward the evening of the 2d, when the arrangements were all completed, General Ripley expressed a desire for a change. He believed that his division would have to bear the brunt of battle, should the enemy oppose the crossing, and he asked for a larger number of troops. He complained that he could not cross with sufficient force to promise success; and when General Brown, who knew that delay would be perilous, endeavored to convince him that his force would be adequate, and assured him that no change could then be made in the arrangement, Ripley was angry, and tendered his resignation. It was not accepted, and the movement went on.

General Scott crossed the river while it was yet dark on the morning of the 3d, with the Ninth, Eleventh, part of the Twenty-second, and the Twenty-fifth regiments, and a corps of artillery, and landed below Fort Erie, unmolested. General Brown, with his suite, consisting of his Adjutant-General (the now venerable Colonel Charles K. Gardner, of Washington city), Major Jones, the Assistant Adjutant-General, Majors M'Ree and Wood, of the Engineers, and Captains Austin and Spencer, his aids-de-camp, prepared to follow in a small boat. He would have landed on the Canada shore as early as the rear of Scott's division did, had not Ripley been tardy in his obedience of orders. It was broad daylight before that officer's brigade was embarked. Brown was disappointed. He pushed across the river, leaving orders for Ripley to follow as soon as possible, and join Scott, who by that time had formed his troops on the Canadian beach.

Brown ordered Scott to push forward a battalion nearer the fort, to observe the movements of the garrison. This battalion, consisting of light troops and a few Indians, were under the command of Major Jesup, of the Twenty-fifth. They drove in the enemy's pickets; and so favorable to success was every appearance that Brown resolved to invest the fort with Scott's brigade, without waiting for the landing of Ripley's. Taking with him a corps just formed by Major Gardner, he pushed into the woods, in the rear of the fort, where he seized a resident, and compelled him to act as guide. He then directed Gardner to press forward through the forest to the lake shore above the fort, extend his left so as to connect with Jesup's command, and in that manner inclose the post. This movement was accomplished before Ripley, at a late hour, crossed the river with the Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third regiments, and met at the landing the Adjutant-General with orders for his brigade to take the investing position in connection with Scott's forces. This was promptly done.

No time was lost in crossing the ordnance, and selecting positions for batteries. A long 18-pound cannon was mounted and ready for action, when Brown demanded the surrender of the fort, giving the commander, Major Buck,

two hours for consideration. Very soon afterward a white flag came out; the fort, which was in a very weak condition, was surrendered; and at six o'clock in the evening the British soldiers, almost two hundred in number, including seven officers, came out and stacked their arms, became prisoners of war, were sent across the river, and posted immediately for the Hudson. During the morning the British had fired cannon from the fort, which killed one American and wounded two or three others. When the pickets were driven in the British had one man killed. These were all the casualties attendant upon the capture of Fort Erie.

Prompt measures were taken to secure the advantages there gained by a quick movement. Had Ripley's desire for delay prevailed the prize would not have been won. The British General Riall had been apprised of the danger impending over the fort, and at eight o'clock that morning had sent forward five companies of the Royal Scots to reinforce it. In front of Chippewa they were met and checked by intelligence of the surrender of the fort. To confront and drive back this force of British regulars Scott was sent toward Chippewa with his brigade, accompanied by Captain Towson's artillery corps, on the morning of the 4th. He moved down the Canada shore of the Niagara River to a position on a plain behind Street's Creek, opposite the lower end of Navy Island, and little more than a mile above Chippewa. On the way he met a considerable British force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, and, after a sharp skirmish, he drove them beyond Street's Creek. At evening the main body of Brown's army, embracing Ripley's brigade, a field and battery train, and Major Hindman's artillery corps, came up. With only the small creek between them, the belligerent armies slumbered that hot July night.

On the morning of the 5th Scott was joined by a part of the New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers and a few Indians under General Peter B. Porter. The red men were commanded by Captain Pollard and the famous orator Red Jacket. The British, under General Riall, strongly posted behind intrenchments north of Chippewa Creek, were reinforced during the night by a regiment from York or Toronto: and small parties went out from their line on the beautiful plain between the Chippewa and Street's Creek—a plain then bounded on the west, three-fourths of a mile from the river, by a dense wood. For several hours the belligerents were feeling each other, the pickets and scouts of each keeping up a desultory fire all the morning. Finally the American pickets on the extreme left of Scott's line became so annoyed by a heavy body of British light troops and Indians in the woods, that at four o'clock in the afternoon General Porter was sent with his corps to dislodge them. He was successful. The enemy fled in affright toward Chippewa, dreadfully smitten by the pursuers. There Porter found himself within a few yards of the entire British force, advancing in battle order.

General Brown, who was on the extreme left watching Porter's movements, saw an immense cloud of dust in the direction of Chippewa, and comprehended its meaning. He believed the whole force of the enemy to be advancing, and he at once ordered General Scott to cross Street's Creek at the bridge, with his brigade and Towson's artillery, and meet the foe on the open Chippewa plain. Although Scott declared his belief that not three hundred of the enemy would be found there, he promptly obeyed the order. Meanwhile Porter's command had been driven back in great panic. After delivering two or three musket volleys, the British had charged furiously upon his attenuated line with bayonets, and broke it into fragments. Porter ordered a retreat, and designated Scott's left as a rallying point. The retreat degenerated into a wild and disorderly flight—each man looking out for himself alone.

This disaster exposed Scott's left to great peril, and Ripley was ordered to advance with the Twenty-first regiment, make his way cautiously through the woods, and produce a diversion by falling on the rear of the British right. This order was promptly obeyed, but Ripley labored in vain to execute it.

General Riall had resolved to fall upon the American camp in full force. His army was composed of the One Hundredth regiment, commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale; the First or Royal Scots, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon; a portion of the Eighth or King's regiment; a detachment of the Royal Artillery, and also of the Royal Nineteenth dragoons; a regi-



PETER B. PORTER.



ment of Lincoln militia, and a body of Indians. These were supported by a heavy battery of nine pieces. He advanced from his intrenchments at Chippewa in three columns, his vanguard being composed of light companies of the Royal Scots and of the One Hundredth regiments, and the Second regiment of Lincoln militia. These were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. On his right, in the edge of the woods, were about three hundred Indian warriors. It was these with the vanguard who fell upon Porter. On the road that skirts the Niagara River Riall placed two light 24-pounders and a 5½-inch howitzer.

Scott, in the mean time, had crossed Street's Creek in the face of a heavy cannonade from the enemy and formed in battle order, with the Ninth and part of the Twenty-second regiments, under Major Leavenworth, covered by Towson's artillery on the extreme right, the Eleventh regiment, under Major M'Neil, in the centre, and the Twenty-fifth regiment, commanded by Major Jesup, on the extreme left.

When Porter's corps came flying in confusion from the enemy's right, Jesup, by an oblique movement, covered Scott's left, while Ripley was making unavailing efforts to gain the position to which he was ordered by Brown. Jesup was joined by Porter and his staff, and some of the more courageous volunteers; and as the conflict became general the Major engaged, and held in check, the enemy's right wing. The battle raged with fury along the entire line of both armies. Several times the British line was broken and then closed up again. Scott had continued alternately to advance, halt, and fire, until he was within eighty paces of the enemy, when he perceived that by unskillful manœuvring the British had presented a new flank. He immediately threw the left flank of M'Neil's battalion forward on its right, so that it stood obliquely to the enemy's charge, and flanking him a little. Then he shouted, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but can not stand the cold iron! I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander—*Charge!*" This movement was immediately made with the most decisive effect. A similar charge was made by Leavenworth, who held an oblique position on the American right. At the same time Towson's battery poured in an oblique fire; and presently the whole left and centre of the British broke and fled in confusion.

At this time Jesup, hotly pressed by the British right, and finding his men falling thickly around him, ordered his soldiers to "support arms and advance!" In the face of a deadly and destructive fire this order was obeyed, and a more secure position was soon gained; when Jesup opened such a terrific fire on the enemy that they broke and fled toward their intrenchments beyond the Chippewa. The Americans hotly pursued the fugitives, and halted only when within half musket-shot of Chippewa bridge. They captured many prisoners. The British did not cease their flight until they were fairly behind their breast-works below Chippewa Creek. The plain was strewn with the dead and the dying of both nations. The American loss during the morning skirmishing and



STREET'S CREEK BRIDGE, 1860.

in the evening battle on that long, hot July day was sixty killed, two hundred and fifty-five wounded, and nineteen missing. The British lost two hundred and thirty-six killed, three hundred and twenty-two wounded, and forty-six missing.

At the close of the conflict, when General Scott was about to commence pursuit of the enemy, Porter was ordered forward to his support with two hundred Pennsylvania militia who had been left in camp. These followed Scott, and took post on his left, where they awaited the arrival of Ripley's brigade. The pursuit ceased near Chippewa, when the enemy opened a battery at their intrenchments on the pursuers, and they were recalled. At about sunset the whole American army recrossed Street's Creek, and encamped for the night on the south side of it. The battle had been severely fought and gallantly won; and the chief glory properly rested on the head of General Scott. It was very important in its results, one of the most beneficial of which was the disheartening of the Indians and driving them from the British army. This victory created intense joy throughout the country. The people were so inspirited by it that recruiting became very active. Almost any desired number of men might have been added to the army for another campaign.

Two days after the Battle of Chippewa Major Hindman's corps of artillery, supported by General Ripley's brigade and some newly-arrived New York volunteers, forced a passage across the Chippewa, some distance above its mouth, where Lyon's Creek flows into it. The enemy made some resistance, but in vain. Finding himself flanked, Riall destroyed his works at Chippewa and retreated, first to Queenston, and then to Fort George and lately-erected Fort Mississaga, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Leaving part of his forces in these two forts, he moved westward and took post at Twenty-Mile Creek, not far from the lake shore. General Brown meanwhile moved forward with his army to Queenston, where he halted in expectation of the speedy appearance of Chauncey's fleet. Riall marched toward Burlington Heights, when he was met by reinforcements, and returned to Fifteen-Mile Creek, not more than thirteen miles from Queenston, and encamped.

On the 20th of July the Americans destroyed the works on Queenston Heights, and took position near Fort George to await the arrival of the lake fleet with needed supplies. There General Porter and a corps of volunteers, who had been left to repair the bridge over the Chippewa Creek, joined the army. Word soon came that Chauncey was sick, and his fleet was blockaded in Sackett's Harbor. Expected reinforcements were also detained there. Hopeless of extrane-



INTERIOR OF FORT MISSISSAGA.

ous aid, Brown determined to strike Riall at once, who, he supposed, was at Burlington Heights. He disencumbered his troops of all superfluous baggage for a forced march; and for the purpose of drawing the enemy from his supposed strong position at the head of the lake he made a feigned retreat, and fell back to the battle-ground of Chippewa on the 24th. Had this movement failed to draw Riall from Burlington, Brown intended to rest on the 25th, and on the following day march and attack the enemy wherever he might be.

A part of the 26th was marked by terrible fatigue and woe rather than by the pleasures of rest. In the afternoon of that day General Brown was informed that Riall had pressed forward to the Niagara River, and thrown a thousand men across at Lewiston. It was believed that the American stores at Schlosser were the prime object of this movement; and to recall the invader, Brown resolved to menace the British forts at the mouth of the Niagara. Not twenty minutes had elapsed after the conception of this plan when General Scott's brigade, consisting of four small battalions under Colonel Brady and Majors Jesup, Leavenworth, and M'Neil, were in motion. They were accompanied by Towson's artillery and Captain Harris's detachment of cavalry; in all about thirteen hundred men. It was between five and six o'clock in the evening when this column left Chippewa, and moved down the road toward the great Cataract of Niagara.

A widow named Wilson lived at the great Falls, near Table Rock; and when the van-guard of Scott's command came in sight of her house they discovered a number of British officers there, who mounted their horses and rode hastily away after surveying the approaching column of Americans with their glasses. The widow, with the skill of a diplomat, assured some of the engineer officers in the van that she extremely regretted their tardiness, as they might have captured General Riall and his staff, whom they had seen riding off. She also assured them, with more truthfulness, that eight hundred regulars, full three hundred militia, and two pieces of artillery were just below a small strip of woods near. Scott did not believe her story. Had not the British army been beaten on the 5th? And was there not in the possession of the Commander-in-Chief positive information that a large part of that army had been thrown across the Niagara at Lewiston? He believed that only a *remnant* of it was on his front, and he resolved to obey his instructions to "march rapidly on the forts." He sent a message to his general to inform him of the appearance of the enemy, and then dashed gallantly into the woods to disperse the foe. What was his astonishment on finding the story of the widow literally true? Riall had been reinforced; and there he was, with a larger number of troops than Scott had encountered twenty days earlier, drawn up in battle-order in Lundy's Lane—a highway running from the Niagara River to the head of Lake Ontario. His position was one of extreme peril. To stand still would be fatal; to retreat would be equally hazardous. The latter movement might jeopardize the whole army by the creation of a panic, especially among the reserves under Ripley, who were not in the former battle. There was no time for reflection, for a heavy fire of musketry and cannon had been opened upon him. From that wonderful wealth of resource at the moment of great need which has always distinguished him, Scott drew immediate inspiration, and resolved to fight the overwhelming number of the enemy, and impress Riall with the conviction that the whole American army was at hand. At that moment the remainder of Brown's army had not crossed the Chippewa.

Trusting to rumor instead of actual observation through scouts, Brown was wholly uninformed, or at least misinformed, concerning the movements of the British. Not a soldier of that army had been sent across the Niagara at Lewiston. On the contrary, every man left fit for service since the late battle was with Riall preparing for this advance movement. On the night of the 24th Lieutenant-General Sir George Gordon Drummond had arrived at the mouth of the Niagara River in the British fleet from Kingston with eight hundred men. He had apprised Riall of his intentions; and these officers, with their respective commands, had formed a junction on the Niagara without discovery by General Brown. These united forces, not less than four thousand five hundred strong, with the exception of a portion of the reinforcements, were confronted by Scott and his "twice six hundred men," with two field-pieces. When, forty minutes before sunset, the battle began, the line that opened fire on Scott was full eighteen hundred in number, well posted on the slope and brow of an eminence.

The enemy's line was a little inclined to a crescent form, the wings being thrown forward of the artillery in the centre. Its left rested on the Queenston road, and extended over the hill, on the brow of which was planted a battery of seven guns. Between the British extreme left and the river was a space of two hundred yards covered with brushwood. Scott's quick eye perceived this blank and the advantage it afforded, and he directed Major Jesup to creep cautiously behind the bushes in the twilight, with his command, and attempt to turn the enemy's left flank. Jesup obeyed with alacrity. In the mean time Scott was hotly engaged with the British veterans, some of them from Wellington's army, while the battery on the hill poured destruction upon his men. Towson, with his little field-pieces right gallantly handled, could make but a feeble impression. Brady, and Leavenworth, and M'Neil managed their battalions with skill, and fought bravely themselves, not, however, with the expectation of conquering the enemy, but only of keeping him in check until the reserves should come up. This was done, and more.

The sun had gone down, the twilight had closed, and the darkness of night enveloped the

combatants. Jesup had gallantly turned the British left, greatly to their surprise, and in the gloom he accidentally captured General Riall, several of his staff, and an aid to General Drummond. One of Riall's aids saw one of Jesup's flanking parties, commanded by Captain Ketchum; and, mistaking them for a company of their own troops, called out, "Make room there, men, for General Riall!" Captain Ketchum immediately replied, "Ay, ay, Sir!" allowed the aid to pass by, and then directed a portion of his own men, with fixed bayonets, to surround the General and his officers, seize the bridles of their horses, and make them prisoners. Riall was astonished, but made no resistance. Jesup, at the same moment, perceiving that his own position was not tenable, gallantly charged back through the British line, and took his place in that of the Americans.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening. The British right, which made a furious assault, had been beaten back with a heavy loss; their left had been turned and cut off by Jesup's bold movement, and their centre, on the ridge, supported by the artillery, alone remained firm. The most of Drummond's reinforcements had come up, and the remainder were only a short distance off and pressing forward.

Let us leave the battle-field a moment and turn back to Chippewa. We have seen that a messenger had been sent to apprise General Brown of the presence of the enemy. This messenger was immediately followed by another (Major Jones), who bore the startling intelligence that the whole British army was within two miles, and that General Scott had attacked them, to keep them in check. Already the cannonade and musket-firing had been heard in the camp, and General Brown had ordered Ripley with his brigade and all of the artillery reserve to pass forward to the support of Scott. Mounting his horse and leaving Adjutant-General Gardner to see that the orders were promptly executed, he rode forward and met Major Jones near the Falls, with the exciting message from Scott. General Brown ordered Jones to continue his journey to the camp with directions for Porter and his Volunteers to follow Ripley as speedily as possible.

On his arrival upon the battle-field Brown sought and obtained exact information of the situation of affairs from General Scott himself. By this time Jesup had accomplished his bold manœuvres on the enemy's left, and Ripley's brigade was near. Convinced that the men in action were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely, General Brown determined to form and interpose a new line with the fresh troops, disengage General Scott, and hold his brigade in reserve. Orders to this effect were given to Ripley, and the second brigade advanced in the darkness on the Queenston road toward the enemy's left. It was perceived that the key of the enemy's position was their battery on the hill. To obtain possession of that battery and seize the height was now a prime object of the Commander-in-Chief, and the duty was assigned to the gallant Colonel James Miller, of the Twenty-first regiment. "Sir," said Brown, to the veteran soldier, "can you take that battery?" "I will try, Sir," was his prompt reply. At that moment the First regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas, which had been ordered to draw the fire of the enemy and direct his attention from Miller's movement, gave way. Miller paid no regard to that disaster, but moved steadily forward up the hill, captured the battery (now numbering nine cannon), and secured the first substantial promise of final victory, with shouts that were heard above the din of battle and the roar of the mighty Cataract near. Ripley brought up the Twenty-third regiment to his support, and the British fell back in the gloom. At that moment the last of Drummond's reinforcements came up, when the enemy rallied and attempted to drive the victors from the height and regain their artillery. But the American line remained unshaken.

During this time the First brigade, commanded by Scott, had maintained its position with the greatest pertinacity under terrible assaults. They remained firm when the battle was renewed, after the capture of the battery, with terrible earnestness by both parties. The stake was the battery and victory, and gallantly was it contended for. In this the Second brigade, under Ripley, bore the brunt, but it was nobly supported by the others. Indeed every corps was engaged in the struggle, which continued for two hours in the gloom of night, only the fitful gleams of a clouded moon and the flashes of powder giving light to the combatants.

Generals Brown and Scott were severely wounded, and taken from the field just as victory perched upon their standard. Other gallant officers were killed and wounded. The command devolved on Ripley; and when the absolute repulse of the enemy was made manifest, General Brown ordered the new commander to fall back with the army to Chippewa, there to reorganize the shattered corps, give them a little rest and refreshment, and return to the battle-field by day-dawn so as to secure the fruits of the victory. Unfortunately, for the want of horses, harness, or drag-ropes, the captured British cannon could not be taken away. They were left on the field when, in the "small hours of morning," the army commenced its retrograde movement toward Chippewa. The cannon fell into the hands of the British a few hours afterward.

Thus ended the *Battle of Niagara*, in which the Americans had about two thousand six hundred effective men, and the British about four thousand five hundred. The Americans lost over one hundred and seventy killed, almost six hundred wounded, and more than one hundred missing. The British lost eighty-four killed, more than five hundred wounded, about two hundred missing, and forty-two prisoners.

The loss of each army was about the same.

"The world has seen mightier armies moved over more memorable fields," says a biographer of General Scott, "and followed by louder notes of the far-resounding trumpet of fame; but a bloodier scene for those engaged, a severer trial of courage and of discipline, or one whose action was more closely associated with the sublime and beautiful in nature, the world has not seen. The armies were drawn out near the shores of that rapid river whose current mingles lake with lake. Hard by was that Cataract whose world of waters rushes over the precipice, and, rushing, roars into the gulf below.....It was midnight. The battle is ended. The army, faint and weary, drags itself from the bloody plain. The well sink to their couch to dream of homes far away. The wounded groan in their painful hospitals. The dead rest till the last trumpet shall summon them to the last array.....The war-drum had ceased to beat, the artillery ceased to roll; and now the solemn, sonorous fall of Niagara is to the dead their requiem and to the living their song of glory."

From the beginning of this campaign General Ripley had exhibited such repugnance to obedience of General Brown's orders, and especially so on the morning after the Battle of Niagara, that the latter, too severely wounded to continue in command, dispatched a courier to Sackett's Harbor with orders to General E. P. Gaines to come to the Niagara frontier and take command of the army there. This courier had just been dispatched when intelligence reached Brown at Chippewa that General Drummond, who had assumed the chief command of the British after the capture of Riall, was fast moving up the shore of the Niagara with a heavy column. The Americans at once broke up their encampment and retreated to the Black Rock Ferry.

Brown ordered his engineers to repair Fort Erie and make such impromptu defenses as were expedient, and directed the army to remain there. This was on the 26th of July. He and Scott were conveyed to Batavia for treatment; and on the 5th of August General Gaines arrived and took formal command of the army. Two days previously General Drummond had appeared in the vicinity of Fort Erie with a considerable force, endeavoring to cut off the supplies of the Americans, and to prepare for planting batteries to assail the fort. On the 3d of August he sent an expedition across the river to Black Rock, with the view of capturing General Brown at Buffalo, recapturing General Riall, and destroying the stores. The expedition consisted of twelve hundred men. After a battle of two hours with Major Morgan and a corps of riflemen, the British were repulsed and driven back to the Canada shore, with some loss.

When Drummond appeared before Fort Erie, that work and its ravelins just erected had assumed forms of considerable strength. A strong work for two guns, built of stone (yet in a state of fair preservation), called the Douglass Battery, was erected near the shore of the river, and heavy breast-works were cast up between it and the fort. On the left of the fort a line of entrenchments were thrown up, at the termination of which was a strong embankment on which five guns were mounted, and named Towson's Battery. These were the principal outworks of Fort Erie. The defense of the fort was intrusted to Captain Williams, with Major Trimble's command of the Nineteenth infantry, and the batteries in front were under the charge of Captains Biddle and Fanning.

On the day of his arrival (August 3) Drummond opened fire from some 24-pounders, posted among some bushes; and from that time until the 7th he kept his men busy in casting up earth-works and planting batteries. On the morning of that day he poured a tremendous storm of shot upon the American lines from five heavy pieces. This drew from the assailed a severe response from all their heavy guns, and from that day until the morning of the 13th the siege went on, the garrison behaving most gallantly on all occasions. Having then mounted all his cannon and howitzers, Drummond commenced a cannonade and bombardment which was continued through the day, and renewed on the morning of the 14th. It ceased at seven o'clock in the evening, when very little impression had been made on the American defenses.

Drummond now resolved to make a direct and powerful assault on the American works. His plan was suspected by General Gaines, and he made provisions for the attack. It came like a tornado at two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, when a heavy British column, fifteen hundred strong, fell upon Towson's Battery on the extreme left of the American defenses. Towson's cannon and the small-arms of the Twenty-fifth regiment, under the direction of the brave Major Wood, effectually repulsed them. They rallied, renewed the attack, and were again repulsed. The assault was then made on another point, at the western angle of the fort, but it was equally unsuccessful. They approached every assailable part of the old work, but were always driven away until, at length, Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, under cover of the darkness and a heavy pall of gunpowder smoke, went silently around the ditch, and with scaling-ladders ascended to the parapet and gained a footing there with one hundred of the Royal Artillery. Drummond instantly directed his men to charge upon the garrison with pike and bayonet, and to "show no mercy." Most of the American officers and many of the men received deadly wounds. Among the former was Lieutenant Macdonough. He was severely hurt, and demanded quarter. Drummond drew a pistol and shot the young man dead. A moment afterward, while he was repeating the brutal order to show no mercy, the miscreant was shot through the heart, and fell dead by the side of his own victim.

The main bastion of the old fort was now in possession of the assailants. The battle raged furiously, when suddenly a powder magazine adjoining the bastion was blown up, and all of

the enemy in it were destroyed. The remainder were soon driven out of and beyond the American works, leaving behind them two hundred and twenty-two killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, and one hundred and eighty-six prisoners. To these losses must be added the killed and wounded on the left flank by Wood's infantry and Towson's artillery, estimated at full two hundred. The American loss in all was twenty-six killed, ninety-two wounded, and eleven missing.

The shattered bastion of Fort Erie was immediately repaired by the Americans; and during the comparative quiet that prevailed for more than thirty days after the assault on the 15th both parties were busily engaged in strengthening their positions. General Brown, in the mean time, had so far recovered from his wounds that he assumed command of the army, and General Gaines, who had been hurt by a bomb-shell that fell in his quarters, had gone to Philadelphia to take command of the defenses on the Delaware, and as Commanding General of the Fourth Military District. Both armies had received reinforcements.

General Drummond's main body was encamped in a cleared field, surrounded by woods, two miles from the fort. His infantry was formed into three brigades of twelve hundred men each; and by the middle of September his works were advanced within four hundred yards of the right of the American lines. At this point one of his brigades was stationed, with a detachment of artillery. It was relieved each day by one of the other brigades; and the two always left at the encampment were held in readiness to support the advance in the event of an attack. At the point mentioned the British had completed two batteries, and almost finished a third, from which certain destruction must be hurled upon the fort. Brown saw the impending peril, and took measures to avert it. A sortie was planned, and the time appointed for its execution was the morning of the 17th of September.

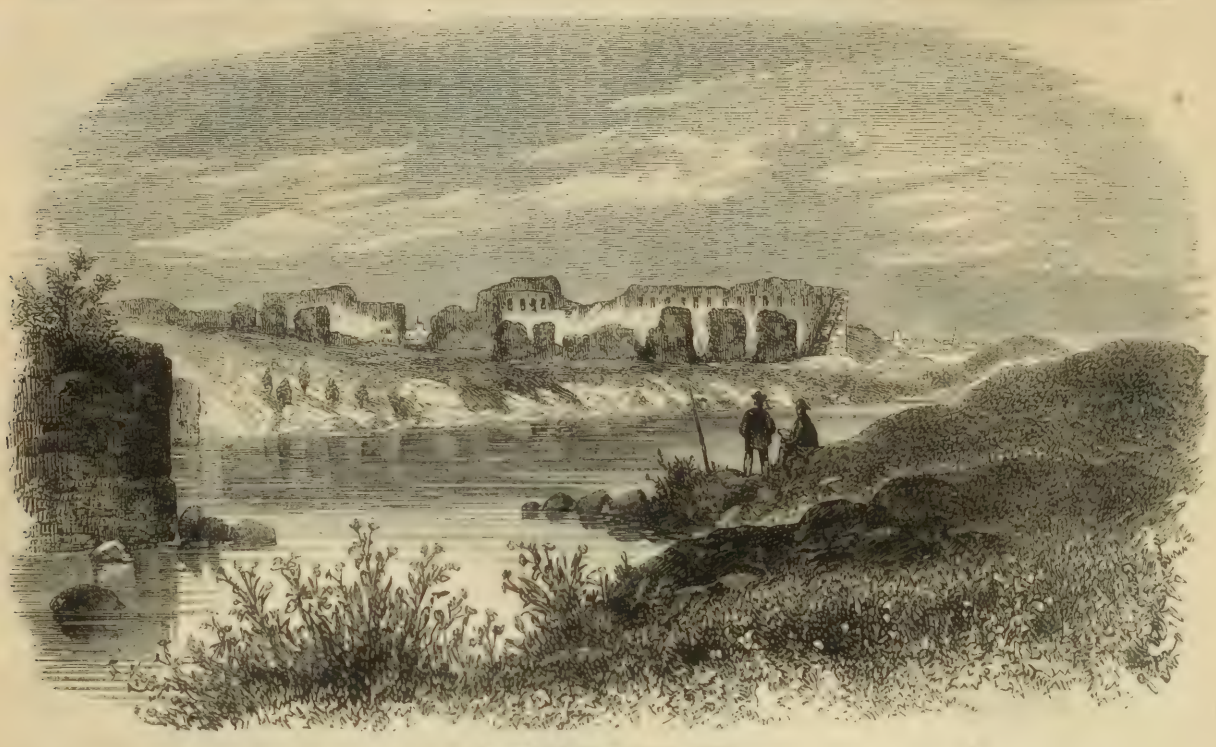
Circumstances were favorable. A heavy fog, with slight showers of rain occasionally, produced sheltering obscurity for the operations of the Americans. The troops that composed the assailing party were divided. One division, under General Porter, was directed to move from the extreme left of the encampment by a circuitous route which had been secretly marked through the woods, and attack the right flank of the enemy. The second division, under Colonel Miller, was directed to move from the right by way of a ravine between Fort Erie and the enemy's batteries, and attack the British centre. The Twenty-first regiment, commanded by General Ripley, was posted near the fort, and out of sight from the enemy's works, as a reserve. Porter's command consisted of the New York and Pennsylvania volunteers; detachments from the First and Fourth Rifle regiments, under Colonel Gibson; others from the First and Twenty-third infantry, under Major Wood; and a corps of dragoons acting as infantry. Miller's consisted of fragments of the Ninth, Eleventh, and Nineteenth regiments of infantry.

General Porter and his command moved from the encampment at noon, and was within a few rods of the rear of the British intrenchments at a quarter before three o'clock before they were discovered. Then they rushed forward, fell heavily upon the enemy's line, and within thirty minutes carried the block-house in rear of Battery No. 3 by storm, made the garrison prisoners, and blew up the magazine. The victory was gained at a fearful cost. The leaders of the three divisions under General Porter, namely, Colonel Gibson, General Davis, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, all fell mortally wounded. At the same time Colonel Miller penetrated between the First and Second batteries, and by the aid of Porter's operations in the rear carried them both. One was abandoned before the assailants reached it. Within forty minutes after the attack commenced three batteries, two block-houses, and the whole line of British intrenchments were in the possession of the Americans. Just at the close of the action General Ripley was ordered up, and was severely wounded in the neck. Notwithstanding strong reinforcements were sent by Drummond from the British camp to the imperiled line, during the action, the object of the sortie was fully accomplished. The British advanced works were destroyed, and Fort Erie was saved.

In this memorable sortie the Americans lost almost eighty killed, and more than four hundred wounded and missing. The loss of the British in killed, wounded, and missing was about five hundred, exclusive of three hundred and eighty-five who were made prisoners. "Thus," says General Brown, in his report, "one thousand regulars and an equal portion of militia, in one hour of close action, blasted the hopes of the enemy, destroyed the fruits of fifty days' labor, and diminished his effective force one thousand men at least."

After hastily collecting his scattered forces Drummond broke up his encampment on the night of the 21st, and retired to Riall's old intrenchments behind the Chippewa Creek. So sudden was his flight that he abandoned some of his stores in front of Fort Erie, and destroyed others at Frenchman's Creek.

Eleven days after the successful sortie from Erie General Izard, who had been in command of forces on Lake Champlain since the departure of Hampton, arrived at Buffalo with reinforcements for the army on the Niagara frontier after a fatiguing march of more than four hundred miles by way of Sackett's Harbor. Being the senior Major-General he took the chief command of the army. General Brown resumed command at his old post at Sackett's Harbor. Izard immediately made a thorough inspection of the position and condition of the American army at Fort Erie and vicinity, and ascertained, as fully as possible, the strength, resources, and offensive means of the enemy. The information thus acquired convinced him that further operations



RUINS OF FORT ERIE, 1860.

against the enemy on the Canadian peninsula during the autumn or winter would be perilous. He was also satisfied that even desolated Buffalo was a better place for winter-quarters than Fort Erie; so he ordered that fort to be laid in ruins, and the army to withdraw from the Canada shore and take shelter for the winter in Buffalo and its neighborhood.

Fort Erie remains in ruins as seen in the engraving, which presents a view from the edge of the ditch on its western angle. With its destruction and the withdrawal of the troops from Canada the campaign of the *Army of the North*, in 1814, was ended. That was its last campaign; for long before the spring blossoms appeared and a new campaign was planned peace was proclaimed and spread joy throughout the land.

Because of his achievements on the Niagara frontier General Brown became the recipient of the praises of the nation and special tokens of approval. The Freedom of the City of New York was given him in a gold box; and the Congress of the United States ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to him. Similar honors were bestowed upon Generals Ripley, Scott, Gaines, and Porter. The thanks of Congress and a gold medal were given to each as testimonials of the public gratitude to faithful servants.

A CRUISE AMONG THE FUEGIANS.

NOT long ago an account was published of an American vessel in the Straits of Magellan having been attacked by natives and several of the crew murdered. Four years ago, as I shall presently relate, a British schooner cruising among the islands south of that locality was also seized, and, with the exception of one man, had the whole of her company massacred. Other ships at various times have been similarly served, and in spite of all precautions similar occurrences are to be feared. To guard against these as much as possible, we should endeavor to get at such facts concerning the wild people committing those outrages as can be obtained through voyagers and others visiting them. My object in the following notes will be to give, in a concise form, what information I gathered during a cruise about Cape Horn and Tierra del Fuego, made in 1855.

In 1854 I left England in command of an eighty-eight ton schooner, engaged on special service. My working crew consisted of two mates, four seamen, and a boy; and in addition we had four landsmen, one of them being a surgeon. Thus the total complement on board was eleven persons, besides myself. I had orders to visit the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and see what could be made of them.

It was a strange place to go to, and a wild sea to sail in; but I had previously been in stranger places far North, and in the same as well as other equally wild seas before. There was a spirit of adventure about the undertaking that delighted me. I was on an independent expedition; I had to use my own judgment, with full powers given me to carry out the object in view; and the schooner was abundantly stored with provisions and all necessary material for twelve months. My cabin was well fitted up, and I had crammed it with almost every conceivable thing that would give food and occupation to the mind, either for use or amusement.

Fire-arms, of course, were not forgotten; nor yet such articles for gifts or barter as might prove serviceable in our intercourse with the wild tribes to be visited.

It must be borne in mind that, except on the sea-board of Tierra del Fuego and outlying islands (and that but rarely), the natives had had intercourse with civilized beings only on two previous occasions some thirty years before. Those occasions were when the American Exploring Expedition, under Captain Wilkes, remained some time about Cape Horn; and when the British Survey, under Captain Fitzroy, penetrated up some of the inlets. While the latter duty was being carried on, four of the natives (three lads and a girl) were obtained from their families, and brought on board the *Beagle*, for transmission to England. These Fuegians were respectively called by our sailors, "York Minster," "Tommy," "Fuegia Basket," and "Jemmy Button." The first, from the fact of his having been found near a cape of land so termed; the second, from mere whim; the third, because she was a pretty feminine sample of the country; and the last from the following incident: Passing in his boat through one of the interior channels behind Cape Horn, Captain Fitzroy encountered a canoe containing a middle-aged couple and a lad, their son. Such conversation as could be carried on ensued, and a question was put as to whether the lad would like to visit the stranger's land—the idea being to take him away, have him educated, and then returned for the purpose of instructing his countrymen. The request was readily answered by the lad's getting into the boat with the parents' consent. But some sort of present was deemed necessary to be given by way of exchange. A button was handed to the father, who appeared quite satisfied; and seeing the small value thus put upon the lad, the sailors immediately nicknamed him "Jemmy Button," a name he ever afterward went by and himself acknowledged.

No one of the four was more than nineteen years old, and the girl Fuegia could not have been over fifteen. In due course of time they reached England, and directly afterward Master Tommy died. The other three were placed under a course of scholastic training, and it was soon discovered that Fuegia and Jemmy were capable of receiving instruction, which was given them in a school near London. York, however, was very dull. For three years they remained in England, during which time King William and Queen Adelaide had a look at them in the palace; and this was followed by similar visits to the houses of the nobility and gentry. They were petted every where, and many presents came into their hands.

At length Captain Fitzroy, having to renew his explorations by a second voyage to Cape Horn, took them back with him; and it would make some persons smile if all the things given by kind people at home to these Fuegians for their supposed good could be enumerated. China and glass ware, fancy articles for the toilet-table, and such like, formed part of the list. Certainly there was something now in Fuegia's and in Jemmy's appearance that might have led the amiable donors astray, for they had become quite showy persons, especially Master Jemmy, who had a particular fancy for well-polished boots. They were landed with all their treasures; a house was erected by the ship's carpenter and men for them to live in; ground was turned up, a garden made, seeds sown, and tools of various kinds left for their use. With them also went on shore a missionary, who thought he could, merely with their aid, begin the conversion of these wild people. But he speedily found himself mistaken.

The riches of Jemmy and the new arrivals, albeit they were Fuegians, tempted the other natives, and an attack speedily commenced which ended in a wholesale robbery of all the white men's gifts. York married Fuegia and took her away; Jemmy was quickly reduced to his original state; and the missionary would have lost his all, with his life, had not the ship, after a week's absence, returned to see how matters were getting on, and taken him on board.

The next heard, through some whalers, of York and Fuegia was that he had turned to be as bad as any of his people, and that she was in the habit of visiting any ship she could when passing the sea-board, to boast of her English tongue, and knowledge of some of those evils of civilized life she had got a glimpse of. As regards Jemmy, when Captain Fitzroy and the missionary left him he expressed a hope to be again visited, and promised never to forget the good that had been taught him. But circumstances prevented any intercourse with him again until the period of my visit in 1855.

But before I enter upon any details of that visit I have yet a circumstance to relate which had a great connection with it.

There was a captain in the British navy by the name of Allen Gardiner. He was a brave and upright man, zealously religious, but wanting in wisdom and prudence. This pious officer deemed himself called upon to go about the world and bring a few of the heathen from darkness into light. He went upon his self-allotted task. Four times did he belt the earth, visiting the Zulus in South Africa, the islanders of the Pacific, the inhabitants of interior South America, and numerous other places. But not one of the people would be converted by him. Neither would the followers of the Romish Church turn at his request from their belief. No man would come under his apostleship. Therefore, again and again did he have to return home without success; and yet again and again did he start off on his task. Twice he was in Patagonia, striving for a day or two with those giant Bedouins of the South; but they would have none of him, though very willing to take his things. Then, in company with some men he had brought from England, he went to the islands of Tierra del Fuego, stopped twenty-four hours, and, finding the inhabitants looking fierce,

came away without doing the good he hoped. At length, in 1850, he again went there in a passing ship, taking two boats, a surgeon, a lay teacher, a carpenter, and four fishermen from Cornwall, with six months' provisions. These were landed at the place he desired, but unfortunately their powder was forgotten, and thus all their dependence had to be upon the stores brought out, besides the hope of another supply (never furnished) coming to them. The first week foreshadowed the terrible result of this singular attempt at converting the Fuegians. Terror took possession of them when the natives came around. In their two small boats they fled from place to place. Here, there, and every where along the outer coast they hurried on, seeking for some shelter where they could rest secure. In vain! That rocky, tempest-riven coast—what long-voyage mariner knows it not by dangerous repute? And yet, upon its outer sea-board, or among its wild islets, did this band of zealous men traverse in their frail skiffs. At length they were obliged to return to the place where they had first landed. But now they were not far from starvation; and still no ship had come to their relief. Accordingly, they wrote upon the rocks, and buried in bottles, under marked trees, a few words telling of their fearful state. "Hasten! haste! We are starving! we are starving!" is what the rocks displayed in letters large and broad. But their agonizing appeal was in vain! No human eye of civilized life beheld their appeal till too late; and the only hope of reaching the more distant dwelling of Jemmy Button's tribe, should he chance to be alive, was frustrated by the damage to their boats and the fear of numerous bodies of fierce natives on the way. Finally, this ill-starred party went to a place called "Spaniard's Harbor," and there, one by one, died from sheer starvation! The journals kept by the captain and doctor were afterward found, and the record disclosed a tale of suffering horrible in the extreme.

For days and weeks did they live upon dead cast-up fish, weed, a few mice discovered (which were a "great luxury"), garden seeds, etc. Leather straps, boots, and such like, were gnawed by the hungry mouths, until at last one after the other gave way. When two had died the rest were so enfeebled as to be hardly capable of burying them. The carpenter scooped out a shallow grave, but it took a day's labor to do it. He died next, and the lay teacher covered him over. Then two more sank to rest, but no one could bury them, and when the place was afterward visited their bodies and bones were found washed about in the sand. Three were now left —the captain, doctor, and lay teacher. But they were not together. Doctor Williams and some of the men had kept in one broken boat on the beach, and Captain Gardiner with the teacher a mile away in the other wrecked boat. Thus, when and how the Doctor died was never known. As for the Captain, it appears that he died in the boat, while the teacher perished in a cave close by. As I went over these places and stood by the fragments then remaining of the



STARVATION BEACH.

boats and of their clothes, while some few bones lay scattered on the beach, I could not help pondering deeply and pityingly on their fate. Nor could I avoid much thought on the strangeness of my own position there in the far south, standing over the remains of men who had perished from starvation, when a year or two before I had done nearly the same thing in the extreme north, over remnants of the Franklin Expedition.

When too late a vessel was sent to see what had become of the party. Singularly it was an American schooner from Monte-Video. Captain Smyley, an old South Sea sealer, had command, and on arriving at Spaniard's Harbor he relates that "the sight was awful in the extreme. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools, strewed along the beach, and on the boat's deck and cuddy, but no sign of any edge tools whatever. The boat was on the beach with one person dead inside, another we found on the beach completely washed to pieces, and another buried." They called the place Starvation Bay.

Captain Smyley did his best in burying the remains, but heavy gales soon compelled him to leave the rocky harbor; and another Captain (of H. M. ship *Dido*) having orders to search for the party performed the same office for poor Captain Gardiner and the teacher.

Thus, in as few words as I could give the account, have I related the fate of a party who preceded me to obtain some knowledge of the wild inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. Now to some short history of my own doings:

The usual occurrences of a southern voyage happened to us, in varying winds, storms, calms, etc., as we wended our way to the east coast of South America, and ran it down with a fair wind nearly to the Rio de la Plata.

I had called at the Cape Verdes, the beautiful island of Fernando de Noronha, and Rio Janeiro, and now was bound for the Falkland Isles. Here we arrived in February, and, after one or two trips to Monte-Video, besides cruising in and out among the Falklands upon duty, I started for the Fuegian shores in October.

My party was now lessened of the landsmen, except a teacher, but increased to the same number by some extra sailors I had deemed it necessary to engage for our visit to the natives. I had taken every precaution against surprise, and as my orders were, if possible, to find the semi-civilized Fuegians, besides looking at the death-spot of the former party. It was no slight thing to go with a small unarmed vessel among the inner channels and bays of such a region with its fierce inhabitants. I say "no small thing" not boastfully, because the hunters of the Far West here, and almost every American has had more or less similar experience; but I mean to call attention to the fact that the vessel was quite alone, our predecessor's fate was a terrible warning if we were cut off from the outer coast; and upon myself individually depended the lives of all on board. No chart of the way, except in rough outline by Captain Fitzroy; and no means of defense (save fire-arms) against ferocious bands if we were attacked.

Away we went, running down to Le Maire Straits with a fair wind and dense fog, until it was almost uncertain whether we should hit Staten Island, the main land, or be in a right position. The latter was the case, and we ran through the Straits enveloped in thick mist all the way. Rounding Cape Good Success, which was sighted just in time, we soon afterward anchored in Starvation Bay. Here we remained long enough to examine for any further records or memorials of our predecessors; and, finding no natives about the locality, next proceeded toward the interior parts.

The incidents of our cruise, if given in detail, would serve to fill a much larger paper than this. Suffice it that we encountered Fuegians in several places, and established friendly relations with them; and whatever may have been the experience of others, for myself, I am bound to say that I afterward came away with the most favorable impressions of these wild beings except where I found Master Jemmy Button, whose tribe had to be carefully watched, and whose people have since my visit massacred the captain and crew of the very vessel I then commanded. But the first place I called at and communicated with the natives was at Picton's Island. Here several canoes came alongside, and then my acquaintance with the Fuegians commenced.

The men were fine, powerful-looking fellows, each in a state of savage nudity; but their wild hair and dirty and repulsive-looking bodies needed some previous acquaintance with such beings to admit of any near approach. The women, throughout that and every after interview, behaved in a manner that struck me as being extraordinary in such savages. The modesty of their conduct was very remarkable, and nothing would induce them to come on deck. One of the women was tolerably good-looking. She had a baby with her, and was most winning in her manner when she asked us to give her baby some present. She was much attached to her child, even as I found all of the Fuegian mothers were, and I feel certain that to attempt taking any of those younger children away on any pretense whatever is wrong in the extreme.

The men, directly they came on deck, were clothed by us, but evidently they did not like such confinement of their limbs. One would insist on changing every thing to exactly the contrary way; another would put a blanket round his shoulders instead of his body. Toys, beads—and especially necklaces—and gilt ornaments were eagerly sought for. They did not like a looking-glass when shown to them, but the music of a concertina delighted them exceedingly. Strange to say, I found all of the Fuegians I met with very honest in *barter*, though arrant thieves in regular stealing. The first visit I paid them on shore was by myself to their wigwams at some distance off among



BANNER COVE, PICTON'S ISLAND.

the trees. I walked toward their dwellings, and was soon seated on a log of wood amidst the whole family, men, women, and children around me. Their ferret-like dogs, however, were very troublesome, but the men, seeing how I was annoyed, drove them away. Then we began one of those scenes I had often before indulged in when visiting wild lands. I talked, I sang, I laughed and danced with them to their hearts' content for inviting me to their wigwam. I was placed at once in a post of honor, and far—so far as could be—from the intolerable smoke of their fire. At no time would they allow any of our party inside their wigwam but myself and a companion. Generally an old woman and some of the men placed themselves at the door to prevent any of my crew from entering.

Inside of this wigwam I found about twenty-two persons squatting round the fire. Some of the women and girls were marked with red and black ochre, and one woman would have been handsome if washed. All the females wore girdles, and some had skins on their shoulders and waists. Their friendly mode of salutation was any thing but agreeable. The men came and gave me a hug very much like the gripe of a bear. I felt as if squeezed in a vice.

In dealing with the Fuegian I looked upon and studied him as I would a curious piece of mechanism or a difficult problem. I soon gained a friendly ascendency with him, and was able to glance at him more closely than I could otherwise have done. I saw that in many respects he was similar to the Esquimaux, whom I had seen in the far north. His general appearance is well known, and has been so accurately described in Fitzroy's work, "Voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*," as also in the work of Commodore Wilkes, that I should be trespassing on their valuable labors were I to go into any minuteness concerning them. One thing, however, struck me as somewhat different from what I had generally understood. The Fuegian did not seem to me so dwarfish as often represented. A few I measured were each over five feet three inches, and I believe some reach five feet seven. I may mention that I had a difficulty in measuring them owing to their constant endeavors to steal the tape out of my hands. Another thing I noticed was that many of the Fuegians on the eastern islands were fine men, and some of them even handsome fellows. This I know to be rather different from what is said of them by Darwin and others, but I can only speak as I found, and thus mention what I saw.

My own opinion was that the Fuegian is a creature of circumstances, even more than most wild men are. The wretchedly moist and cold weather, with the high broken land on which he lives, makes him deficient in those bolder and nobler qualities to be found among savages in more bracing countries. How they live and what they do is much about the same as the Australians. They are cannibals from necessity, but I think not from choice. Their habits are of the most primitive kind; and their dwellings, on the eastern part of Tierra del Fuego, are the conical wigwam built from branches of trees over a hollowed space of ground. On the western parts their habitations are somewhat different. They reside in families; are very fond of their children; subsist principally upon shell-fish, and the *edible fungus*, and are remarkably expert with their slings. I believe they have a sort of property right among them, and I have seen one of the oldest women exercising authority over the rest of her people. On one occasion, wishing to buy a canoe, it was refused me on the ground that it belonged to her and she would not part with it.



A FUEGIAN AND HIS FOOD.

They have a "wizard-man" among them, who also seemed to have some authority. They are loud and furious talkers, and I soon found it was impossible, in any ordinary way, to get myself listened to. Accordingly I would now and then take my speaking-trumpet and shout louder than they. This generally answered. It made them delighted with my supposed skill, and it showed them that the white man could be equal to themselves. In fact it is necessary so to do. In their rude state, wild men often fancy themselves our superiors in many things; and to rightly deal with them we must show that we can hunt, fish, talk, sing, dance, and endure hardship as well as they. That the Fuegians must be hardy, is proved by the fact that they experience so much cold and yet wear no covering to their bodies. The only thing they do to keep warmth is to rub themselves over with grease and ocherous earth. In their wigwams they huddle round the fire, but owing to the smoke their eyes are always sore.

But I must pass on to our meeting with Jemmy Button. As I have already mentioned, this poor fellow had been left by Captain Fitzroy at his native place, known by the name Woollya. This was some distance from the sea-board, amidst wild and romantic scenery. Our way to it was by a long natural canal called the Beagle Channel. As the navigation was all but unknown, and the weather exceedingly tempestuous, doubts were entertained of our reaching the locality. But after several attempts we arrived there at the close of the day. As we approached I ordered the colors to be hoisted, thinking that if Jemmy was alive he would remember it as a friendly signal. It answered: for as we neared an island not far from Woollya, and as some scores of canoes came paddling toward us, one man not far off hailed us to stay. To my astonishment the call was made in broken English, and by the time our ship was thrown up in the wind, Jemmy Button was alongside asking for a ladder to mount by.

When he stepped upon deck what a transformation appeared from the picture of him I had put before me in England. The man I saw before me was a nude, shaggy, half repulsive-looking being, and in all respects like his brethren around him. Yet that poor creature had been the petted idol of titled personages in a highly civilized land, who deemed him sufficiently educated to be returned as a passably finished man. Truly, I could not but pause in amazement as I looked upon him, while in broken words of my own tongue he joyfully addressed me. It was marvelously strange that he not only retained some knowledge of the English language, but had actually taught a portion of it to his own relations. Unfortunately what they best understood was some of our worst words, though they certainly attached no wrong meaning to what was said.

As to Jemmy, at first he was so affected as to be hardly capable of addressing me intelligibly. The sight of various things on board recalled words to his mind, and by degrees he was

able to ask for what he wanted, as also to mention incidents of his wonderful voyage to the white man's land. He would not attempt to go below until he had been properly clothed.

Speaking of what he had seen in England he particularly dwelt upon the beauty of the ladies. "Ah! Ingliss leddies, vary pretty—vary pretty!" He remembered the names of his former tutor, Dr. Wilson of Walthamton; of "Capen Itzoy;" of "Bynoe" (Surgeon of the *Beagle*), and some others. He had two wives, his youngest coming on board and showing great anxiety lest we were going to take her husband away. Two brothers and an uncle, with a grown-up daughter, also came on board. But I allowed only a few of the natives at a time to be on deck.

At night I anchored at a place where, if necessary, we could get quickly away if an attack was made upon us by the savages. There *was* danger, for we were entirely at their mercy, as was shown by what afterward occurred. Therefore I passed an anxious night while in that vicinity. No alarm, however, was given. The natives had all left the ship at sunset, and next morning returned at break of day. But though still friendly under the watchful care we maintained, I soon found that the presents made to Jemmy began to create ill-feeling among them and excite their cupidity. More and more canoes clustered round our little ship, and it was evident that Jemmy had no particular authority over them. At length I deemed it necessary to clear the decks of the numbers that now, in spite of us, got on board. Bad weather, too, as my glass foretold, was fast coming on. A wild narrow gorge between lofty mountains, and rocks all around, boded sadly for us if caught there in a gale, and amidst such men. Consequently, after loading Jemmy with gifts, and promising to renew our visit, the ship, with difficulty, was got under way, and by the time a heavy southwester burst upon us, the schooner was under storm-canvas sailing clear of the danger.

After leaving Jemmy's neighborhood I visited several other places, and finally made my way out to Cape Horn by some previously unknown passages behind it. I then returned to the Falklands, and ultimately came to England.

For my conduct with the natives, and general management while in charge of the vessel, I received the most flattering public and private approbation; but I declined being a party (as was requested of me) to taking away any of the native children on the plea of educating and Christianizing them at home. I was perfectly convinced that such an attempt would end in some serious disaster, and so the result proved about a year after I had left the vessel. It was in this way:

The new director of this undertaking (after appointing three different captains) at last got one willing to do what he wanted. Some of the natives from Jemmy's district were brought away to the Falklands, and after a short time were returned as being "partly" Christianized. The schooner, under charge of a captain, his brother (the mate), a second mate, and crew, with the same "lay teacher" that had accompanied me, proceeded to Woollya, and anchored at a spot not far from the shore, where a beach was found. Here the natives were landed, and at first, to appearance, all things went on well. One circumstance, however, ought to have warned them. Before leaving the ship two of the natives had been struck by the captain when they endeavored to boisterously obtain more of the "white man's" gifts. But, unfortunately, those now in charge were all possessed with the idea that, because they were ostensibly engaged on a mission of Christianity, protection from above would be afforded them although all human precaution on earth was neglected.



JEMMY BUTTON'S SOUND.

Hence, on the Sunday after arrival all hands save the cook left the ship to go and perform Sabbath morning service in a log-hut previously erected on shore; and the vessel was left riding at single anchor in that wild locality I have already mentioned, with thousands of savages around, ready for slaughter on the slightest grounds for offense.

That offense had already been doubly given. No matter what may be urged to the contrary, it is certain, from after facts, that the Fuegians did not like their people, and especially the children, being taken away. Then, too, the blows from the captain were probably remembered; and thus a fearful retaliation took place. While the crew were in the log-house at prayer about 300 of the natives, headed by Jemmy's relatives and friends, if not by himself, assembled round the building, and with wild cries attacked it. The affrighted white men rushed out, but were immediately killed by having their brains dashed out with huge stones. Not one escaped. The captain and his brother fell near the door; the teacher reached the water, and tried to get into the little boat left there, but a heavy blow felled him, and his mangled body lay upon the beach. Some of the rest (there were ten in all) tried to flee away, but in vain, and the massacre was complete.

Of course the only knowledge we had of these particulars was from the lips of the cook. He, as it appears, was attending to his duty in the caboose on deck, when, chancing to look on shore, he saw our countrymen running for the beach, pursued by the natives, as I have described. He did not hesitate long, for the infuriated savages were already entering their canoes to rifle the ship, but taking to the remaining boat, he sculled on shore in a by-place, and, mounting a tree, there hid himself for three days. At the end of that time hunger compelled him to descend, and while searching for shell-fish and berries he was captured. The natives, however, most strangely treated him with every kindness, after divesting him of all apparel and making him as one of themselves. He was with them wandering about for three months, when a chartered vessel, having been sent from the Falklands to seek the schooner, arrived and took him away, as well as Jemmy and some of the principal ringleaders in the massacre.

The schooner had been well plundered and partly burned, but her hull was good, and still holding to her anchor. She was temporarily repaired, and then taken back to the Falklands. The Fuegians were, at first, to have been hung; but as no direct proof of their individual guilt could be obtained, and moreover they were evidently not amenable to our laws, I believe they were sent back to their own land.

PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—III. INSTITUTIONS AND POLICY.



JAPANESE DIVINITY.

THE records of the Japanese begin in fable. They open with five successive "divine rulers," whose reigns lasted just 2,342,467 years. These were followed by a long series of demigods and heroes, in respect to whom it is impossible to draw the line between fable and history, so gradually does the one shade into the other. We can only say that about 600 years before Christ the element of fact had become so far predominant, that this period may be set down as the opening of reliable Japanese history.

We find the Japanese islands at this period populous and far advanced in civilization. The land belonged as it now does, to the Daimios or great nobles, who portioned it out among their dependents and retainers, who constituted the governing and military classes; the great body of the people being peasants, and practically, though not in theory, attached to the soil. At the head of the State was the Mikado, or "Divine Emperor," the reputed descendant of the superhuman sovereigns of the mythical ages. Though nominally supreme over the great nobles, some of them exceeded him in power and revenue, just as in France a Duke of Burgundy might be richer and more powerful than the king. Still, being ruler by divine right, the Mikado possessed an advantage over his feudatories, and by playing one of them against another, was able in the long-run to maintain his supremacy over them.

At length the Mikadoship fell into the hands of a succession of weak princes, and the actual exercise of power was made over to an officer who, under the title of Seogoon, or Commander, absorbed all executive functions. He became to the Mikado what the Mayors of the Palace were to the "Do-Nothing" descendants of Char



THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

lemagne. Yoritomo, the Japanese Pepin d'Heristal, flourished about 1150 A.D. Then followed a period of civil wars, the Daimios one after another rising against the central power. The history of Japan during this period is almost a repetition of that of Europe during the Middle Ages. The turbulent Daimios were finally put down about A.D. 1575, by Faxiba, the Japanese Cromwell, best known as Taiko-Sama, "Great Lord," a title bestowed upon him when he acceded to power. He was a peasant's son, whose occupation in youth had been to cut wood and carry it upon his shoulders to market. He entered the military service, became conspicuous for his talents and energy, rose rapidly, and was finally appointed Seogoon. He strengthened his position by marrying the daughter of the Mikado, put down the insurgent nobles with a strong hand, and carried the Japanese arms into China and Corea. Prop-

erly he should be considered the first Tycoon of Japan.*

Taiko-Sama was a great man. He gathered into his own firm hands the power of the Mikado, put down the revolt of the nobles, and completed their subjection by compelling them to reside half the year under his own eye at Yeddo; and, moreover, inaugurated the policy by which Christianity was crushed out of the country. He shaped the whole course of Japanese history for three centuries.



CROSSING A RIVER.

Two generations before his time Xavier and his followers had introduced Christianity into the Japanese islands. Several princes had embraced the new faith, and Jesuits and friars became a power in the State. Three of the converted potentates dispatched the famous embassy to the Pope, bearing letters, which we suspect to have been written by their teachers. The missive of the Prince of Bungo was addressed "To him who is worthy of worship, who holds the place of King of Heaven, the great and thrice-holy Pope." The Prince of Omura wrote: "With hands raised to Heaven, and with feelings of profound veneration, I worship the thrice-holy Pope, who holds the place of God upon earth." Before this embassy had returned from the long voyage to Rome a change had come over the aspect of affairs in Japan. Taiko, who had at first favored the Christian missionaries, became convinced that they were fomenting discord in the empire, and ordered them to leave the country, though he was too busy in more pressing matters to see to it that his decree was thoroughly carried out.



JAPANESE SOLDIER IN WINTER.

This peasant-Tycoon, though in effect a king, was the father of none. He had married the daughter of the Mikado, and endeavored to make the office hereditary in his family. He died, leaving an infant son in the guardianship of his kinsman Yedai, the Prince of Quanto. When the young prince grew up he endeavored to assume authority. Yedai, who had exercised the Tycoonship, opposed the attempt. A civil war ensued. The young prince was defeated, and shut up in the castle of Osaca, where he died by his own hand. The Prince of Quanto, best known in Japanese history as Gongen-Sama, remained in firm possession of power, and the Tycoonship was made hereditary in the families of his three sons. These families, the Princes of Owari, Ksiou, and Mito, are among the most powerful in the Empire; and the son of one of them, not the reigning Prince, must be appointed to the Tycoonship.*

During the early part of the administration

* The *word* Tycoon is of modern invention, being hardly ten years old. When, in 1854, the first treaty with the United States was to be made, the question came up as to the title which should be given to the Administrator of the Empire. This was referred to a Chinese Professor in the College of Miako, who coined a title from two Chinese words, *tai*, "great," and *kun*, "lord;" being a Chinese equivalent for the title borne by Taiko-Sama. Taikûn in passing through different languages assumed the form Tycoon in the various treaties made with foreign powers.—*Sama* is merely equivalent to "Lord."

* The precise relationship between Gongen-Sama and the unlucky son of Taiko is involved in some obscurity. The old writers, followed by Oliphant, call him his father-in-law. Sir Rutherford Alcock designates him in one place as father-in-law, and in another as uncle. Not improbably both are true. If Gongen was uncle to the son of Taiko it must have been by the mother's side, since Taiko was himself the son of a peasant, and the Prince of Quanto belonged to the old nobility. Now, as Taiko married the daughter of the Mikado, his maternal uncle must have been a brother of that sovereign. If this conjecture is well-founded it throws much light, as we shall have occasion to show in the sequel, upon the positions of the courts of Yeddo and Miako in the government of Japan.



ON DUTY.

of Gongen the Portuguese were the great maritime people of Europe. They had long monopolized almost all of the commerce with the East; that with Japan was wholly in their hands and in those of the Spaniards. But about the year 1600 the Dutch, and soon after the English, appeared upon the scene, and a fierce rivalry ensued. In the minds of the Dutch—sturdy Protestants as they were, with the memories of Alva and Philip fresh in their minds—a Catholic was worse than a heathen. So to commercial rivalry religious hostility was soon added. In the civil war between Gongen and his son-in-law the Christian princes seem to have taken part with the latter. At length the Dutch produced letters purporting to have been written by the Jesuit fathers, revealing a plot entered into by the Portuguese and native Catholics to assassinate the Tycoon. The Portuguese averred — truly, we believe — that these letters were forged by the Dutch. But Gongen believed them to be genuine, and issued his famous decree, banishing all the Portuguese, ordering the imprisonment of all native Christians, prohibiting any Japanese from leaving the country, and denouncing death upon any who, having left, should return. The Christians attempted resistance, and the Dutch aided in suppressing them with all their power. The last remnants of the Catholics finally threw themselves, 37,000 in number, into the fortress of Simabara. This was bombarded by the Dutch, and the Catholics, to the last man, were put to death—some by beheading or crucifixion on the spot, and others by being flung into the sea from the rocky island of Pappenberg. Catholicism was thus trampled out of existence in Japan. But the Dutch, who flattered themselves that they had secured the commerce of Japan, gained little from their ill-won triumph. Their trade was soon confined within the narrowest limits, and fettered with the most humiliating conditions.

Of the reasons which induced Gongen to close Japan to the world, with the single exception of the Dutch prison-house at Simoda, we are ignorant. Not long before he had concluded with the English the most liberal commercial treaty ever entered into by any ruler.* The Company of East India Adventurers might come to any Japanese port, trade there with all nations, stay as long as they pleased, and depart at their pleasure. No duties whatever were to be levied upon their importations, and any articles that the Government might require were to be paid for at current rates, upon the delivery of the goods. Full provision was made for the

* For an excellent resumé of the "Dutch and English intercourse with Japan," see Richard Hildreth, in Harper's Magazine for January, 1854.—It must not be forgotten that in Japanese documents the same person is called by different names. Thus, Gongen-Sama is called by honest Will Adams Ogosho-Sama, and his letter to the King of England is signed, if the translators read it and Purchas has copied it rightly, which we somewhat doubt, "Minna-Montano-Yer-Ye-Yeas." We find him referred to under several other names. The explanation is very simple. These names are titles, and when a Japanese noble is raised to a higher rank he assumes the designation of it instead of his former one; just as the person who at one time was known as Arthur Wellesley, later was designated, both in public and private, as "Wellington;" or the Rev. Charles J. Blomfield, when raised to the bishopric of London, signed his name "C. J. London."



GOING UP HILL.

personal security of the traders, and for the collection of all dues owing to them. This treaty was made in the name of the Tycoon, and by his authority, no reference being made to the Mikado; but it is noticeable that a letter to the King of England was signed by the Tycoon as "the Highest Commander in the Kingdom of Japan."

Be the reasons what they may, from the year 1641 until 1854 Japan was absolutely a sealed country to the rest of the world, with the exception of the Dutch; and they had the smallest means of really knowing any thing of the character of the people, or the nature of their government and institutions. The three or four Dutch physicians who beguiled their long tedium of imprisonment at Simoda by writing what they knew of Japan, did the best they could; but they were misinformed on many points and guessed at more. Their accounts are the basis of all that was written until within the last ten years. Sir Rutherford Alcock, even, not unfrequently repeats their statements as true, although he now and then gives a fact which proves clearly enough that they were erroneous.



STORKS.

We can not learn that any foreigner has ever had any direct communication with the court of the Mikado. All intercourse was with the Tycoon. But the Dutch had heard of the "divine monarch," and so they jumped to the conclusion that he was purely an ecclesiastical functionary, with no authority in temporal matters. This statement was adopted and received without question, until within the last half dozen years. Then a modified form was propounded the theory to which Sir Rutherford Alcock gives his sanction, that the power of the Mikado is merely nominal; that all authority was for a time usurped by the Tycoon; but that of late years the government has practically passed into the hands of the nobles, so that now Japan is a feudal aristocracy. From facts and documents which are scattered here and there through Sir Rutherford's work, we are forced to believe that this view is only partially correct. His work contains two authentic Japanese documents, which, in connection with a series of isolated facts, seem to us to throw great light upon the question of the organization of the Japanese state. The first of these is a map, in which are laid down all the provinces and principalities, the position of the castles of the nobles, and the high-roads of the empire. The second is the official "Red Book" of the Government, giving lists of all the Daimios, with their revenues, and the chief officers of the court of the Tycoon, with their salaries, and brief notes of their functions. From these data we have endeavored to construct a scheme of the Japanese Government, imperfect certainly in many points, and doubtless erroneous in some; but which we believe will be found to be a nearer approximation to the reality than any other which has yet been presented to the Western world.

First comes the Mikado, the titular head of the state, sovereign "by the grace of God," and the ultimate source of all honors and dignities. The office is hereditary, may be held by a female, and as far as we know has come down in direct line from time immemorial. In theory the Mikado has always been supreme, though when he has happened to be a weak or indolent ruler, the actual exercise of power has rested in other hands. Some of them have doubtless been "Rois Fainéants" ruled by a Mayor of the Pal-

ace or General of the Army. We find nothing to show that Sir Rutherford is borne out by actual facts when he says that "the Mikado of the present day is the exact type of the last descendant of Clovis, sitting sad and solitary, effeminate and degenerate, doomed only to wield a barren sceptre, and sigh life away a burdensome and useless existence of mock pageantry, never permitted to pass the gates of his prison-house." On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the court of the Mikado is actually the sovereign power in the empire; no treaty is valid throughout the empire unless approved by him, and no great change can be made in the laws or institutions without his authority. This, however, must be influenced to a great extent by the action of the Daimios, as we shall see.

The Daimios or feudal nobles number in all about 600. They are divided into several orders, with general titles answering in the main to the Princes, Dukes, Counts, Barons, and so on, of Europe. Their respective ranks appear to correspond in a great degree with the amount of their revenue. The first order comprises those who have a revenue of more than 200,000 *kokous* of rice.* Of these there are, according to the Red Book, 23, all of whom are noted as "more or less independent." First of these is the Prince of Kanga, who has a revenue of $5,000,000; he bears a title equivalent to "First Officer of the Court," which, however, is merely honorary, involving no actual office. Next, but at a long distance, is the Prince of Satsuma, who has $3,000,000; then come five Princes with more than $2,000,000; the remainder having from $750,000 to $1,500,000. There are 24 Daimios of the second order, with from $350,000 to $700,000. The whole number, whose revenues exceed $200,000, is put down at 342. This body corresponds, in many respects, with the Parliament of England under the Plantagenets and Tudors. They must be summoned together when any great emergency arises; but unlike Parliament, as now constituted, have no regular periods of assemblage. The Mikado appears to govern, as the Stuarts did, without any regular Parliament. There is, however, clearly a court and council at Miako, his capital; and moreover he has at Yeddo a great council composed of 24 members. This is denominated the Council of the Mikado, and appears to represent the great body of the nobles. This council does not ostensibly appear in governmental transactions, but we imagine that it is really, at present, the ruling power in the State, answering very closely to the English Privy Council as originally established. The whole number of Daimios, great and small, is about 600. In a general way, they may be considered to unite in themselves the functions of the German Princes under the old Empire, or the present confederation, the British Parliament, and our Congress. Within their own dominions they are supreme, with full power of life and death, and when combined, as they now appear to be, are really the dominant power in the State. As in the British Government, the Queen and Cabinet are powerless when opposed to Parliament, so practically, the Mikado and Tycoon are powerless when opposed to the Daimios, when brought together in General Convention, or as represented by the Mikado's council at Yeddo.

The office of the Tycoon, and its relations to the Daimios and the Mikado, are the puzzling points in Japanese polity. He alone appears in negotiations with foreign powers, and apparently in the regular routine of government at home. If we consider him to represent our Cabinet, we shall get some clew to his position. The army and navy, internal administration, foreign affairs, and post-roads are under his immediate control. He is appointed for life by the Mikado; the choice, however, being limited to the scions of the Princes of Owari, Ksiou, and Mito, descendants of the three sons of Gongen-Sama, and designated as Gosankay, or "Brothers of the Tycoon." These Princes rank in revenue as third, fifth, and twelfth in the empire, having respectively 630,000, 555,000, 350,000 *kokous*, or say about $2,500,000, $2,000,000, and $1,200,000. It appears that a son of one of these, not the Prince himself, is appointed Tycoon. We find nothing to show whether a son of the Tycoon has any priority, when an appointment is to be made over a son of any other of the Gosankay. The relations between the dynasties of the Mikado and of the Tycoon will furnish a subject for study to future historians. If our conjecture that Gongen-Sama was the brother of the Mikado of his day is correct, it explains much. It indicates that the movement by which the son of Taiko was superseded was in effect a restoration of the actual power of the State to the hands of the Mikado, and that the two dynasties are now in effect one. Whether or not there is any such actual relation of blood, it is certain that an alliance by marriage has always been kept up. Thus the late Tycoon, who signed the American treaty, had for wife the daughter of the Mikado.

We have little information as to the revenues of the Tycoonat, and the sources from which they are derived. That they must be very considerable is shown by the "Red Book." Thus we find there the names of 26 Daimios, who are "intrusted with the defense of the Tycoon, and are obliged to furnish special military contingents." Their revenues vary from $60,000 to $350,000. Then there are numerous officials, whose salaries are set down, who are not Daimios, but belong to the class styled *Hattamoto*,

* The revenues of the Daimios are derived from the lands which they hold. These are let out to the cultivators, and the rent is paid in kind. This product is paid out to their retainers and dependents in kind, so that there is very little money in circulation. The proportion paid is on an average not far from one half. This is estimated in rice, the staple grain of the country. A *kokou* is 100 pounds. Alcock estimates this at from 13 to 15 shillings sterling. In rendering the revenues into Federal currency we give the sums in round numbers, estimating the kokou of rice at a little less than four dollars.

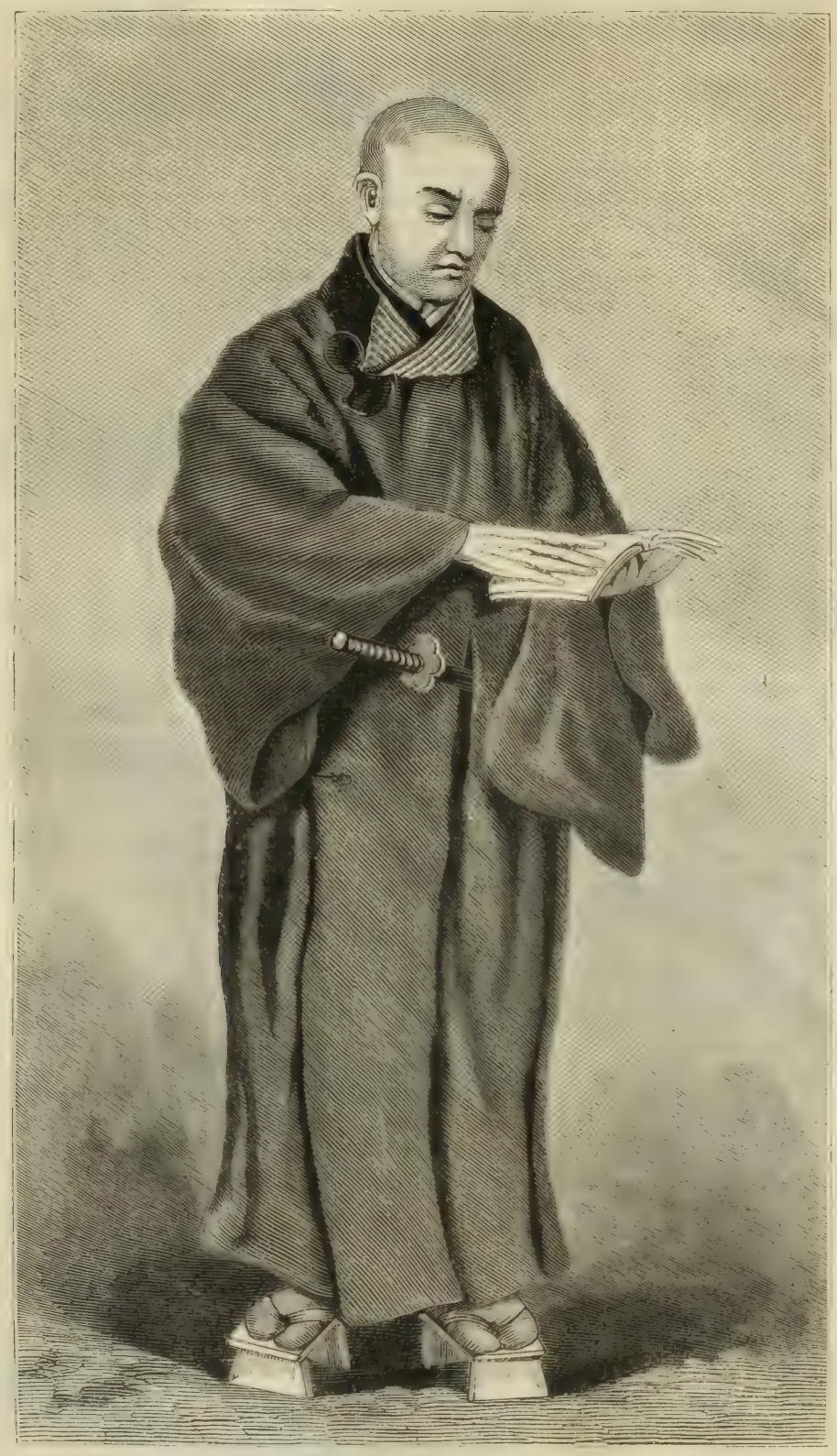
which we interpret as equivalent to "civilians." Among these are 15 or 20 "Governors of Foreign Affairs," with salaries of from $4000 to $8000; 24 "Generals of Musketers," with $4000; an "Inspector of Schools of Musketry," established in 1860, with $20,000; two Governors of Yeddo, with $15,000; and so on, down to "Generals of Swordsmen and Archers," with $2000, and "Governors of the Navy," with $150. Besides these civilians, of whom more than a hundred are enumerated, there are set down about 200 Daimios attached to the Court of the Tycoon, with revenues derived from land, varying from $10,000 to $375,000. It is worthy of note that no Daimio of the first or second class appears to be attached to the Court of the Tycoon, with the exception of his representative at the Court of the Mikado. The great feudal princes seem to hold themselves, or are kept aloof, from the general administration of affairs. There is one apparent exception to this rule in the case of an officer called the *Gotairo*, incorrectly translated "Regent." This office was instituted to make provision for any vacancy in the Tycoonship, whether caused by death or other disability. When this happens the Gotairo assumes the functions of the Tycoon; in no other event has he any official duties. His office is precisely that of the Vice-President of the United States, leaving out the functions of President of the Senate. His appropriate designation would be "Vice-Tycoon." This office is said to be hereditary in the family of Oömi, ranking last but one in the list of the great Daimios, having a revenue of $1,200,000. Prince Ikomo-no-Kami, who had held the nominal dignity for seven years, and actually exercised the authority of the Tycoonat, when the treaty was made with the British, was assassinated in 1860, as we shall have occasion to mention hereafter. The Gotairo is elected by the Council of State and the majority of the Daimios.

There are many questions in respect to the relations of the Tycoon and the Daimios to which we can give no satisfactory answer. Thus we have before quoted without question the assertion found in every author from Kæmpfer to Alcock, that all the Daimios are compelled by the Tycoon to reside for six months in the year at Yeddo, and to leave their families behind them as hostages during the remainder of the year. We now, after careful reflection, doubt the truth of this statement. Some of these nobles certainly exceed the Tycoon in power; as a body they could easily set aside any such arbitrary requisition. The truth of the matter probably is that when Taiko-Sama temporarily crushed the power of the nobles he undertook to prescribe their residence—to direct whether they should live in the capital or upon their estates. This was formerly done to some extent in England, and to a far greater degree in France. That many, perhaps most, of the Japanese nobles keep up a town residence in Yeddo, and fill it with their armed retainers, is certain; but we believe that at present this is a matter of choice and custom. They live a part of the year in Yeddo, just as most of the English nobles live in London during "the season."*

The true statement of the Government of Japan seems to us to be, that in theory it is an autocracy, all power being vested in the Mikado, exercised mainly through his deputy the Tycoon; but that in fact, the great nobles—the aristocracy—are the governing power, controlling directly or indirectly the whole action of the State. Recent events, later than those detailed by Sir Rutherford Alcock, confirm us in our belief in this theory.

There can, moreover, be no reason to doubt that there is also really a middle class, neither nobles nor peasants, who exercise no small influence, though indirectly, upon the Government. The Red-Book gives the names and functions of many officials who are not Daimios. Then again education is widely diffused. The old writers say that education, to a degree, was compulsory upon all classes. Be that as it may, the number of booksellers' shops, and the character of the works for sale, show that education must be widely diffused among the people. Illustrated toy-books for children are a great feature. Not a few of the fac-similes of Japanese pictures which we have given in these papers are taken from this class of books. The picture of the Storks on page 171 of this paper was taken from the cover of one of these. The various pictures in which the snow-capped summit of Fusiyama appears are wholly from popular books. If one will look at the children's toy-books on the counters of a Broadway bookseller, he will find more worse specimens than better ones than these. While penning this paragraph we notice in a California newspaper an account of an illustrated history of the war in America, published in Yeddo. These and many other instances show that there is really an educated middle class in Japan, which must, directly or indirectly, have great influence in the State. This view is confirmed by the incidental mention by Alcock, referred to in our last Number, of the wealthy landed proprietor Agawa Farozayamang, and his refusal to be made a Daimio. We can not suppose such a case to be a solitary one. If promotion to the rank of no-

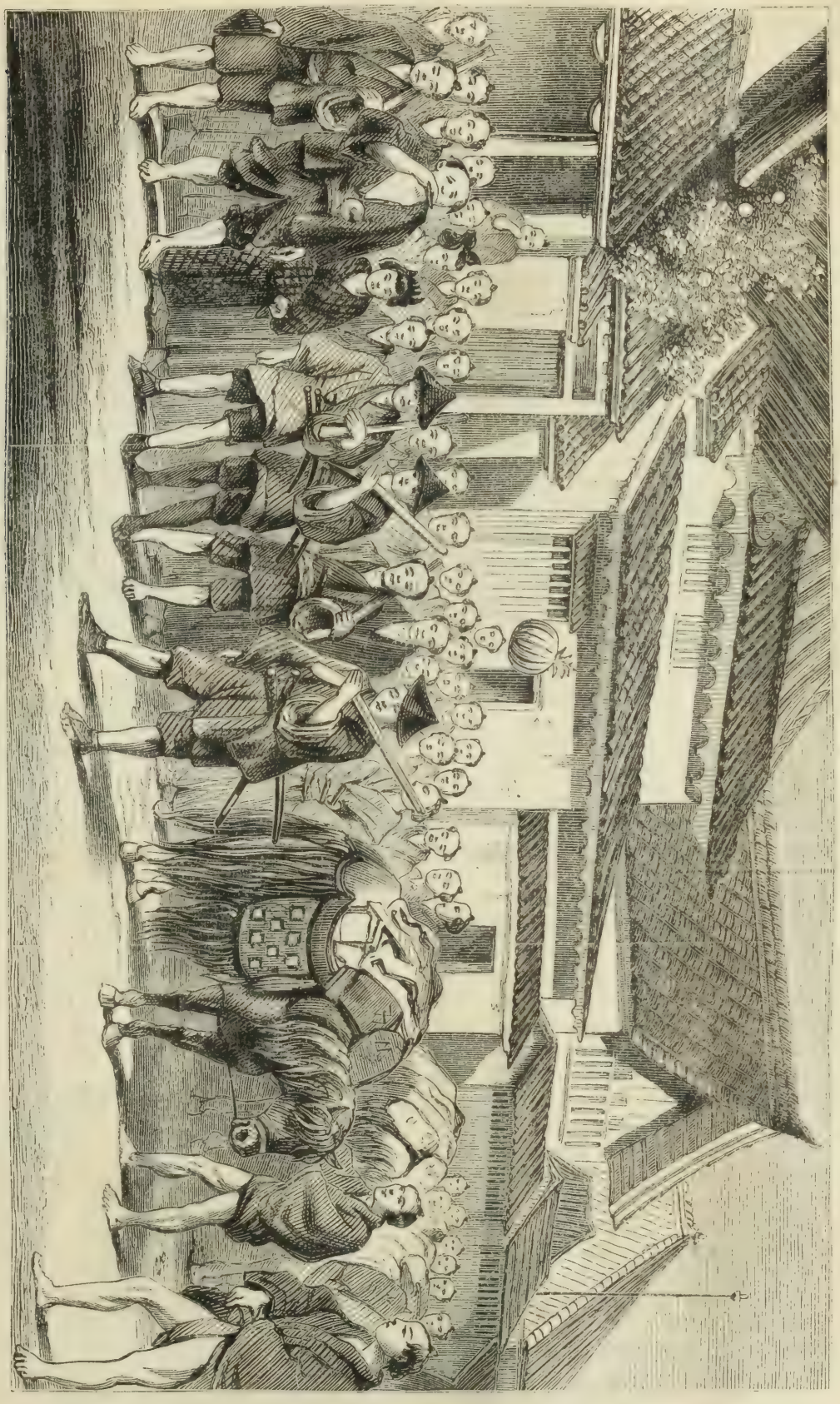
* This view is confirmed by a letter from Japan published in the London *Times* of December 29, 1862. The substance is that on the 19th of October the Tycoon issued an order that all the Daimios, with the exception of the Gosankay and those actually intrusted with the direction of affairs should leave Yeddo, and return to their principalities. The three Gosankay were to reside, by turns, a year each at the capital. The other Daimios would be called to the metropolis once in three years, to remain only for a hundred days.—An article quoted from the *Japan Herald*, issued, we believe at Yokohama, gives a slightly different version of the order. According to this the highest Daimios were to visit the capital only once in seven years; those of the second class once in three years; those of the third class to remain as at present. In either case, the issue of such an order indicates clearly that the residence of the Daimios at Yeddo is not compulsory. Although the Tycoon might be wholly unable to compel the nobles to reside at his capital, he would doubtless have power to banish them from it.



JAPANESE PHYSICIAN.

bility is open to the commoners by virtue either of wealth or talents, it presents a feature hitherto wholly unsuspected in the Japanese polity.

Of the religion of the Japanese our information is but meagre. The old visitors, who had opportunities for full investigation, tell us little. Modern writers have little to tell. The little to be gleaned from both sources can be briefly told. The indigenous faith of the Japanese was the Sintoo. What its tenets are who can tell? Kæmpfer sums up all he could learn by saying, "The more immediate end which it proposes is happiness in this world." That is, it is a system allied to that of Epicurus. There are, moreover, laws of purifying strangely like those of the Mosaic dispensation. The doctrines of a Supreme Being, a future life, and of diabolic influences, are held, though somewhat vaguely. Engrafted upon this original faith are two derived from the intercourse with China: Confucianism, rather a system of philosophy than a religion; and a modification of Buddhism, the



A JAPANESE GROUP.

great faith of the East. Of the relations of these separate beliefs to each other, and of their influence upon the popular faith, no man is as yet qualified to speak. "We can know little," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, "of the religious doctrines or faith of the Japanese until some among the educated Europeans have attained sufficient command of the language, written and spoken, to read all their works, sacred and lay, on the subject, and converse freely, even on abstruse subjects, with various classes of the natives in their own tongue." All that we can now venture to undertake is to present a few pictures of external forms, gleaned from a score of writers.

To judge from the number of temples, the Japanese must be a most religious people. But a visit to one of these, at least in the neighborhood of Yeddo, will show that the religious ele-

ment is not the predominant one in these structures. They are rather huge establishments for popular amusement, fitted up with apartments for the residence of the priests, having merely a chapel attached, in which service is held. Strangers of distinction are quartered in the temples. The residences assigned to the foreign ministers were all in temples, which the ecclesiastical occupants had to vacate without ceremony. One of the largest of these temples is that of Asaxa, in the most populous quarter of Yeddo, dedicated to the god Quanwon, of thirty-six arms and a hundred hands. Sir Rutherford Alcock describes a visit to this famous temple. It is situated in the midst of extensive grounds; between the inner and outer gateway intervenes a long avenue, crowded with booths and stalls for the sale of toys and trinkets; this avenue is thronged with idlers, shoppers, and votaries. The grounds around the temple are laid in gardens, archery booths, and shows. The entrance to the temple is guarded by two immense statues of most demoniacal aspect. Hard by is a stable, in which two sacred white horses stand ready for the exclusive use of the divinity, should he choose to take an airing. Entering the sacred precincts, a stranger might almost fancy himself in a Catholic chapel. Before an altar, upon which was a tiny image, priests in robes and scapulars, with attendant acolytes and choristers, were burning incense and intoning prayers in an unknown tongue. Justin Martyr, if we recollect rightly, was the first to remark upon the strange likeness between the rites and doctrines of Christianity and those of heathenism. He ascribes this to the cunning of demons who stole a few divine truths and perverted them to diabolical uses. Not a few Protestant writers have argued, from the same patent facts, that the Catholic ritual is merely a baptized paganism. We believe that the true explanation of these coincidences is that both are relics of a primeval faith older than either Paganism or Christianity; that Paganism has perverted and corrupted this faith, while Christianity has confirmed, enlarged, and explained it. Around the shrine of the temple are galleries filled with all sorts of shows like our exhibitions of wax-works; but here the figures are carved from wood and colored to the life. There are representations of every variety of Japanese life: taming of horses, barbers' shops, groups of jolly beggars, bathing scenes, men and women at the toilet, travelers on foot or mounted, combats with wild animals—in a word, a perfect panorama of life in Japan in all its phases and aspects. But besides these shows, which, however harmless in themselves, seem strangely out of place in a temple, there was one room, or rather aisle, close by the altar where the bonzes were performing their ceremonies, to which even the negative merit of harmlessness can not be accorded. This contained a large collection of



ROAD-SIDE SHRINE.



JAPANESE PILGRIMS.

pictures of women arrayed in a peculiar garb. These were portraits of the most famous courtesans of the capital. These portraits, if Alcock rightly understood the explanation of his guide, are renewed every year. We may not here go into details upon this point, but may say, in a word, that the "social evil" appears to be the great plague-spot upon the civilization of Japan as it is upon the civilization of countries nearer to us.



COURTESANS IN GALA-COSTUME.

A distinguishing feature of the Buddhist temples is the enormous statues of the divinity attached to them. These appear to be placed in the open air. Mr. Fortune describes and figures one of these at Kamakura, a few miles from Yeddo, now a quiet country village, but which was ages ago the capital city of Japan. The image is of bronze, thirty feet in diameter at the base, and though in a sitting posture is fully forty feet in height. The proportions are admirable, and it required close examination to show that the huge figure had been cast in pieces. The statue was said to be six hundred years old. It is hollow, and a door at one side leads into the interior. This is lighted by windows placed in the back, and is fitted up as a sort of shrine, with altar, little images, and a box for the reception of the offerings of devout visitors; for in Japan, as elsewhere, those who minister at the altar live by the altar.



GIGANTIC STATUE OF BUDDHA.

We have had occasion more than once to notice, by way of illustration, how closely the institutions of Japan resemble those of Europe during the Middle Ages. This is nowhere more striking than in religious matters, as set forth in the pictures of native artists, which as yet form our best means of information as to the habits and customs of the people. We have pictures of bonzes, mendicant monks, and sturdy religious wan-



JAPANESE PRIEST.

derers, which, with slight changes of costume, would be almost exact transcripts of those in the chronicles of medieval Europe. There are wedding processions and christenings wonderfully like those of Western nations. Thirty days after birth the head of an infant is shaved, and he is borne by mother, nurse, and father to a temple, where an offering is made in his name, and he is—to coin a word for the occasion — formally Buddhisted; or, as we should say, christened.

Funeral ceremonies also bear a striking likeness to those with which we are familiar. A Japanese linguist in the service of the British Legation had been murdered by some of the retainers of the hostile Daimios. The Government of the Tycoon professed great horror at the act, and it was determined that the poor fellow should have a solemn funeral. Members of all the foreign legations and two of the Japanese Governors of Foreign Affairs were present. When they arrived at the temple the great bell in the court tolled to announce the commencement of the service. The chief officiating priest was seated on a high chair facing an altar, upon which tapers and incense were burning. A solemn litany was chanted, the voices of the attendant priests being accompanied by the sonorous tones of a drum, the blare of gongs, and the tinkling of a little bell. This lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the superior arose from his chair, and clasping his hands and closing his eyes, offered up a fervent prayer. He then uncovered his head, burned more incense, and consecrated the spade which was to turn the earth by waving it thrice on every side and through the smoke of the incense. Then followed another litany, closing with a double beat of gongs and roll of drums; and the superior rose from his seat, crossed the temple, and bowed reverentially to the British minister, announcing that the ceremony was over. The body was then borne from the temple to the grave. As the procession crossed the threshold two white doves, suddenly liberated, circled for a minute round and round, and then soared far up into the clear blue sky, symbolizing the flight of the soul to the celestial regions. The coffin was then lowered down, while two priests brought a tablet inscribed with the name of the dead man. Four white lanterns were placed at the head and foot of the grave, and the earth shoveled in with the consecrated spade. The whole ceremony was solemn and impressive. Sir Rutherford was puzzled to account for two doves being sent up instead of one to symbolize the flight of the soul, and, though he inquired, was unable to get any satisfactory explanation. To us it seems to be only another manifestation of a peculiarity



A WEDDING PARTY.



A CHRISTENING.

in all the public institutions of the country, that almost every official functionary has an *ometsky*, literally a "shadow" but really a spy. Thus



JAPANESE FRIAR.

one embassador is never sent alone; there are two Governors of Yeddo, two Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and so on.*

The European Powers had long meditated opening Japan to commerce by fair means or foul. But the entering wedge which was to rive asunder the system of tradition and policy was inserted by the Americans, in 1854, when Commodore Perry entered into the first real treaty which had been made with the Japanese for two centuries and a half. The objects secured by this treaty were of very little importance in themselves; it simply guaranteed succor and good treatment to shipwrecked sailors, and allowed us to station a consul at the little port of Simoda. This Magazine, for March and May, 1856, has given the main incidents of Perry's Expedition.

Mr. Townsend Harris, who was sent to Japan with the title of Consul-General, set himself to work, in conjunction with Mr. Donker Curtius, the Dutch Resident, to induce the Japanese Government to enter upon regular commercial and diplomatic relations. The manner in which he finally succeeded forms one of the most amusing chapters in the annals of diplomacy. The first thing was to put himself somehow into direct communication with the Government of the Tycoon. At length,

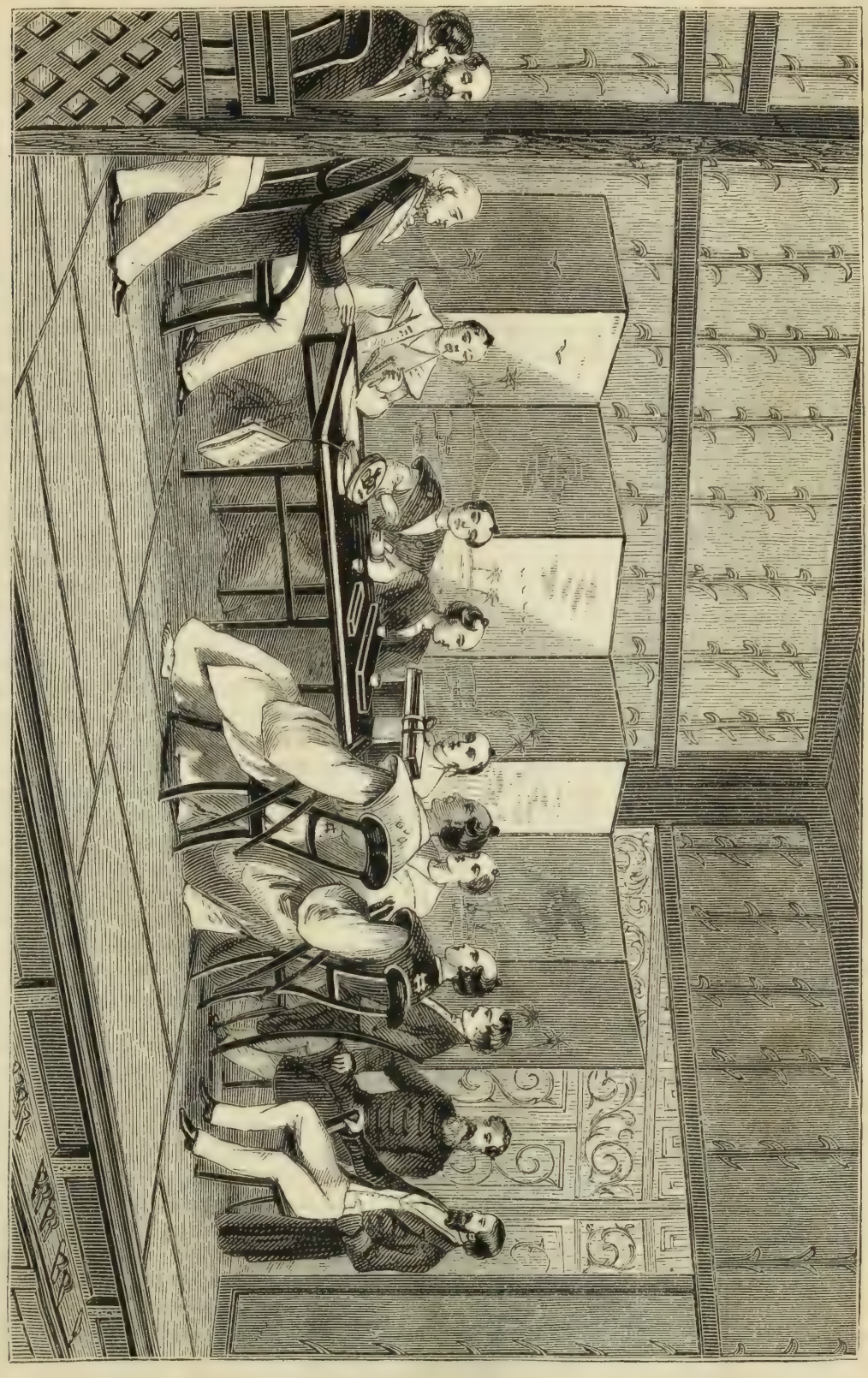
* From the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we abstract the following passages concerning the religions of Japan, based wholly upon early writers.—The ancient religion of the country is called *Sinsyu*, "the Worship of the Gods," and its followers are called *Sintoos*. The chief deity is the Sun-Goddess *Zen-sio-dai-zin*. She is invoked through inferior deities called *Kami*, of whom there are reckoned 492 gods and 2640 deified men, who have temples, priests, and priestesses. The five great duties of the Sintoo religion are: 1. Preservation of fire, as the emblem of purity: 2. Purity of soul and body; 3. Observances of festival days; 4. Pilgrimages; 5. The worship of the Kami, in temples and private dwellings. For pilgrimages there are 22 chief holy places, and many smaller ones. Foremost is the temple of Isye, which is the Japanese Mecca. Ceremonial impurity is contracted very much as in the Mosaic dispensation, by contact with blood, or a corpse, etc. Whoever eats the flesh of any four-footed beast except deer is impure for 34 days. There are properly no idols in their temples, the images of the Kami not being objects of worship. The festivals begin with a visit to the temples. The votary performs his ablutions, then kneels before a window and offers up his prayers, with a sacrifice of rice or fruit, drops a small coin into a box, and retires. Perfect religious toleration appears to have always been the rule, the persecution of the Christians being only an apparent exception; for they were exterminated solely upon political grounds. Some years before that took place the bonzes asked the Emperor to expel the Portuguese monks. He replied by asking how many sects there were in Japan. He was told that there were 35. "Well, then," he replied, "where 35 sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with 36. Leave the strangers in peace."

in 1857, a letter came to him from the President of the United States; and in this he saw the key, which, rightly used, would open to him the gates of Yeddo, so long closed to foreigners. He notified the officials at Simoda that he had an autograph letter from the President which he was commissioned to deliver, and certain important matters to communicate to the Tycoon and his ministers. Officials were sent from the capital to listen to the communications and receive the letter. "Quite impossible," replied Mr. Harris; "it is not usual to deliver an autograph letter from one sovereign to another except by the hand of a representative appointed for that purpose; and the communications are so important that they must be submitted directly to the Tycoon or his ministers."—"Quite impossible," rejoined the officials; "no one can speak or transact business with the Tycoon."—Mr. Harris was "very sorry, for in that case the letter and accompanying message must remain undelivered."—"But if," it was suggested, "a high officer were dispatched especially to represent the Tycoon, and receive the letter from the Consul-General's own hands?"—"Quite unnecessary trouble," replied Mr. Harris; "the letter must be delivered to the Tycoon in person; and the communication is quite as important to the Government of Japan as to that of the United States."

At length, after weeks of parleying, the desired permission was granted, and Mr. Harris set out for Yeddo, and remained there for months until a treaty of commerce had been discussed and agreed upon paragraph by paragraph. The circumstances of the times certainly favored Mr. Harris, and he made the most dextrous use of them. England and France, he said, are gathering large forces to enforce their demands upon China; and it is reported that these Governments, together with Russia, intend soon to send plenipotentiaries to Japan. These plenipotentiaries will be accompanied by a force which you can not resist. Now is it not more honorable for you to do voluntarily what you will otherwise be compelled to do? Here am I alone without a single man-of-war at my command. Make a fair and equitable treaty through me with my Government, and when the other Powers come with their fleets, and very likely with exaggerated demands, you will have an answer ready at hand: "Here is a treaty which we have just concluded of our own free-will with one of the great Western Powers; we are ready to enter into like engagements with you; but we do not wish to have different arrangements with the various foreign nations." It was a thought worthy of a Talleyrand for our Consul to find in his own want of power to compel compliance a valid argument why his wishes should be acceded to by a most unwilling Government. But the Japanese appreciated the force of the argument, and the treaty was formally drawn up and ready for signature in May, 1858.

But a treaty without signatures is of no valid force. And here, upon this essential point, an unexpected difficulty arose. "We are willing," said the ministers; "the Tycoon will yield; but no fundamental change like this can be made without the consent of the Daimios, or, at least, of the Great Council of the Mikado here at Yeddo, confirmed by the Mikado himself. The majority of the Daimios are at present against us; but we have gained over some, and shall in time gain more. We will each of us take a copy of the treaty to show that all the points are settled, and we will pledge ourselves that in September the treaty shall be duly signed. You can not wish, nor can it be for your interest, to plunge the country into a civil war for the sake of gaining a few months in the actual execution of the treaty. Japan," they added, with Oriental figurativeness, "is a little maiden full of promise, but she is not yet matured. If you take her now you will spoil all the beauty into which she will otherwise ripen for your greater happiness and enjoyment."

In a word, Mr. Tycoon-Spenlow was quite ready to sign the treaty, but Mr. Mikado-Jorkins objected. Here, as far as we can learn, was the first intimation which foreigners ever had that the Tycoon was not the foremost power in the state. Sir Rutherford Alcock seems to imagine that this was a mere pretext. We think otherwise, and believe that the objection was really valid, and made in good faith. So also Mr. Harris appears to have thought, for he acquiesced, and took his departure by sea from Yeddo to Simoda. Meanwhile Mr. Donker Curtius, the Dutch Resident, had also been at Yeddo, likewise endeavoring to negotiate a treaty. He also left the capital, and set out overland for Nagasaki, a two months' journey. Hardly had Mr. Harris reached Simoda when he received intelligence that the treaty of Tientsin had been extorted from the Chinese, and that Lord Elgin was coming to Japan. The United States steam-frigates *Mississippi* and *Powhatan* turned up in the Japanese waters at the nick of time. Mr. Harris started for Yeddo in the latter. He was met by Imperial Commissioners at Kanagawa. "What is the great news that you bring?" they inquired.—"The Europeans have destroyed the Chinese forts, and treaties have been signed by the Chinese with the four great Western Powers. In a month their vessels will be before Yeddo. Do you wish to lose all the advantages which you have gained?" replied Mr. Harris.—Clearly the Commissioners did not wish this. "Then," said our Consul, "formally conclude the treaty upon which we have agreed, and thus secure yourselves from the greater demands which the Europeans will surely make." The Japanese Government appreciated the state of affairs, and in three days from the arrival of Mr. Harris the treaty was formally signed on board the *Powhatan*. Mr. Harris steamed back to Simoda, and when the Dutch Resident arrived at the end of his overland journey he found the American Minister quietly at home, resting on his laurels.



EXCHANGE OF FULL POWERS BETWEEN THE EARL OF ELGIN AND THE JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS.

The treaty which he had negotiated is the model upon which have been framed all others with the European Powers. It stipulated in effect, that regular diplomatic relations should be entered upon; that the American Minister might travel all over Japan; that three ports should be opened to commerce by July, 1859, another in 1860, and a fifth in 1863. Besides these there were numerous specifications as to the manner of trade, and the rights of Americans in Japan.

The Japanese soon found treaties raining down upon them. That with the United States was signed early in August. Lord Elgin was even then on his way to Japan. By the 12th he had seen Mr. Harris at Simoda, learned of his treaty, and was on his way to Yeddo. We have already, in this Magazine for August, 1860, given an account of this mission. The result was that a treaty with England was signed on the 26th of August, in virtue of which Sir Rutherford Alcock was sent as Minister to the Court of the Tycoon.

One point in Lord Elgin's experiences must not be omitted. He never had an audience with the Tycoon. All negotiations and official interviews were with Commissioners specially appointed for that purpose. He received, indeed, all sorts of complimentary messages and ingenious excuses from the Tycoon; but no Tycoon was visible at any time; and for a very good reason—there was no Tycoon. He was dead: in Japanese phraseology he had returned to "Xim, which is the principle of every thing." The messages were all pure inventions, and the British never learned the fact until two months after they had left Japan. How he died opens up a curious chapter in Japanese history.

When Commodore Perry first made his appearance in the Japanese waters, Minamotto Jehoshi had reigned for seventeen years as Tycoon. He is represented to have been a man of much force, and to have carried great influence in the Council of the Daimios by his superior intelligence. He demanded a year's delay to assemble the Convention of the Daimios; and so Perry departed, and returned at the appointed time. In the mean time Minamotto died. The Japanese account of the circumstances of his death is this. His Prime Minister was Midzouno Etsisen-no-Kami, a stout defender of old laws and customs. He conspired with other Daimios to put the Tycoon away. A cup of poison was offered to him, but he, suspecting something, dashed it into the face of the attendant, who ran the Tycoon through the body, and killed himself immediately afterward. The Prime Minister was accused of complicity, and also performed the *hara-kiru*.*

The son of Jehoshi, named Mittamotto Yesado, then became Tycoon; but he being a youth of infirm mind, Ikomono-Kami, the hereditary Gotairo, exercised the functions of the Tycoonat. He preserved a neutral position on the question of a treaty with the Americans; but summoned the Great Convention of all Daimios having a revenue of more than 50,000 *kokous*, to deliberate upon the matter. The great Prince of Kago, the most powerful of all, said that rather than consent to enter into a treaty, it would be better to die fighting. The Prince of Mito, one of the *Gosankay*, advised a temporizing policy; and finally the treaty with Perry was decided upon. The weak-minded youth Jehoshi was Tycoon when Mr. Harris's treaty was negotiated and signed. But the Prince of Mito now conspired against him. If Jehoshi was out of the way, his own son would be one of those who must be appointed Tycoon. Between the signing of the American treaty and the arrival of Lord Elgin Jehoshi had ceased to live; and Ikomono, the Gotairo, was officially at the head of affairs. He found proofs implicating the Prince of Mito in the death of Jehoshi, ordered him to retire to his principality, with the understanding that if he obeyed at once nothing should be done; otherwise he would be arraigned on charge of poisoning the Tycoon, and be liable to crucifixion. The Prince of Mito was overawed, and yielded. The elective council was convened, and a son of the Prince of Ksiou was elected Tycoon. But he was a youth of fifteen, and so Ikomono, the Gotairo, kept the reins of government. The Prince of Mito was now deposed in favor of his son, a man of thirty, who had really the best claim to the Tycoonship. Ikomono held his post until March 24, 1860, when he was assassinated in broad daylight while on the point of entering the gateway of the palace of the Tycoon. The whole transaction is dramatic.

It was a rainy morning, when three separate cortéges approached the surrounding moat from different directions. On one side was that of the Prince of Ksiou, on the other that of the Prince of Owari, both of them Gosankay; between them was that of the Gotairo. He himself was in his norimon, around and before and behind him were his armed retainers. A few *Samourai* were near, when suddenly one of them sprang forward directly before the Gotairo's norimon; the attendants rushed ahead, leaving this unguarded. In an instant a score of armed men sprang up as if from the bowels of the earth. A fierce melée ensued; and when it was over, and the assailants had disappeared, the guards of the Gotairo looked for their master. They found only a headless trunk. In the distance was seen a man fleeing with a gory trophy. He was pursued, but not at once overtaken; for two men stopped right before the pursuers and performed the *hara-kiru*. That sacred occupation must not be interfered with even to secure the apprehension of the man who had apparently slain the actual sovereign. Stranger still, closer search showed *two* headless trunks; and when the man who bore the trophy was after a long chase overtaken and killed, the head which he carried was that of a stranger. He had devoted himself to destruction to lead the pursuers upon a wrong track, while the head of the Gotairo was secreted upon the person of another conspirator and carried off. It was said that the head of the Regent was taken to the Prince of Mito, who spat upon it, and then sent it to the Mikado at his capital of Miako, where it was publicly exposed in the place of execution, with a placard, "This is the head of a traitor who has violated the most sacred laws of Japan—those which forbid the admission of foreigners into the country." It was then brought back to Yeddo, and flung in scorn over the outer walls of the palace at Yeddo from which the Gotairo had sallied in pride and power on the morning of his murder. Such, at least, is the story cur-

* The *hara-kiru* (the Japanese phrase is *hara wo kiru*, meaning simply "belly cut") is an institution peculiar to the country, in virtue of which any one accused of a great crime by disemboweling himself relieves himself and his posterity from any taint of crime. So sacred is it regarded, that no man may be interrupted in the performance of it for any cause. It is a kind of *habeas corpus*, superseding all other exercise of the law. The phrase "happy dispatch," by which it is designated in European writings, is, according to Alcock, a pure invention, wholly unknown to the Japanese.

rent in Japan. Whether true or not, no foreigner will probably ever know.

All Yeddo was of course flung into commotion. The gates which separate the wards were closed; the officer in command of the gate where the murder was committed performed the *hara-kiru*. At first it was said that all the assassins had been seized and put to the torture; but subsequently, and for a purpose of their own, the authorities denied this to the foreign Ministers. They said, however, that enough had been brought to light to show that the assassination had been perpetrated at the instigation of the Prince of Mito, who had been put aside in the election for the Tycoonship. There seem, however, not to have been wanting those who insinuated that the other Gosankay, the Princes of Ksiou and Owari, knew more of the matter than they cared to tell; that the Gotairo was really put out of the way by the action of the great Daimios, who were dissatisfied with him for having introduced the foreigners into their country.

Be this as it may, one thing is evident. The great Daimios ever have been, and are now more than ever, bitterly opposed to the recent policy by which, under the actual guidance of the late Gotairo, foreigners have been admitted into the kingdom of the Rising Sun. They opposed it, as we have seen, from the first; and to them and the swashbucklers, who make up their retinues, are to be attributed a long train of outrages upon foreigners to which we can only allude. Those who wish to study the subject will find ample materials in Sir Rutherford Alcock's work, of which they form one of the most interesting portions. First, soon after the arrival of the British Minister, he learned that three of the crew of the Russian Count Mouravief—*Amoorsky*—"Conqueror of the Amoor"—were slain; then Alcock's Japanese linguist was cut down; then Mr. Hewskin, the interpreter to the American mission, was murdered; and at length a violent attack was made upon the British legation at Yeddo, with the apparent design of killing all the members. No one of them lost his life, but several were wounded, among whom was Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, the Secretary of the Legation, and author of the excellent narrative of Lord Elgin's mission. Besides these outrages, directed against persons officially connected with the foreign missions, there were many others against private persons, which had they stood alone might probably have been supposed to be occasioned by the arrogance with which Europeans are wont to conduct themselves when thrown into contact with those whom they consider to belong to an inferior race. But taken altogether, they clearly indicate a settled feeling of hostility on the part of the great Daimios, and consequently of their retainers, to all foreigners.*

The Government of the Tycoon, or rather of the late Gotairo, appear to have had no share in these outrages, and to have done all in their power to detect and punish the perpetrators, but with very indifferent results. In accounting for this, they referred to their want of success in detecting the murderers of Gotairo as a justification of a similar failure in detecting the assailants upon foreigners.

It is as yet quite impossible to pronounce with certainty what are the connections of the three estates of Japan—the Mikado, the Daimios, and the Tycoon—with the recent events which have brought about actual hostilities between several of the foreign Powers and the Japanese. Our belief, however, is that the Daimios have acquired a complete ascendency in the councils of the Mikado, and that the government of the Tycoon is endeavoring to counteract their proceedings. The general facts, as far as we can ascertain them, are as follows:

On the 14th of September, 1862, a party of foreigners, consisting of a lady and three gentlemen, set out for a ride from Yokohama. On the way they encountered a train of a Daimio, who made a fierce onslaught upon them. The lady escaped without serious harm, but all of the gentlemen were severely injured. One of them, Mr. Richardson, an English merchant, was killed, and his body was afterward found horribly mutilated. Reparation was demanded by the British Minister (not Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had some time before left Japan) for this outrage. The Government of the Tycoon agreed to pay nearly half a million dollars by way of indemnity. This was paid, but following the payment was an edict, emanating apparently from the Mikado, ordering all foreigners to leave the country, and directing that the open ports should be closed. During the negotiations came the order of the Tycoon to which we have before referred, banishing the Daimios from the capital. Some of these appear to have entered into hostility against all foreigners upon their own responsibility, the initiative being taken by the Prince of Nagato. From his batteries he fired upon several ships of various nations, among which was an American merchant steamer, the *Pembroke*. To avenge this our steam-sloop *Wyoming* went to the scene of outrage on the 13th of last July, fired upon the shore batteries and the vessels of the Prince; sunk a steamer and damaged a bark, receiving considerable injury, and losing five men killed besides several wounded. The French and Dutch have also undertaken to punish similar outrages upon their vessels, with what success we are as yet uninformed. It is reported also that the English have bombarded Yokohama. But as we close the accounts are only vague.

What the result of the recent transactions will be upon the fate of the Japanese Empire must be left for the future to unfold.

* A writer in the *North China Herald*, quoted by Alcock, endeavors to put an entirely opposite construction upon the whole matter. According to him the great Daimios are anxious that the whole of Japan should be opened to foreign intercourse; and they oppose the treaties because they do not go far enough. They wish to derive benefit from foreign commerce by having all the ports of the empire opened, instead of the few which belong to the Tycoon. If we have at all correctly read the course of events, there is not the slightest reason to accept this theory.

CAP-AND-BELLS.

A NOVEL IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS GOSSIMER'S object in calling just then was to engage her friend the Countess Kreeper in a delightful excursion they were to make in carriages to a neighboring lake. "There is a sweet prospect from there, and really the water presents a very grand spectacle, I am told; and I have no doubt we will all be very harmonious," Miss Charlotte said, simpering, and fanned herself with the sun-shade with which she had tapped upon the panel of the door. She had her suspicions of some one having been recently ejected; indeed, one of Trout's great lemon kids lay sprawling on the floor; but her fear of the little Countess by this time was such that she affected to overlook the circumstantial evidence offered, and kept her own counsel.

"Who are 'We?'" the widow asked.

"Oh, only Florence—Miss van Waddlevurst, you know—and her party; you and myself, with one or two others, we have not yet determined who. And of course you can easily guess what gentlemen."

"Well, don't seat me in the same carriage with Miss van Waddlevurst," her hostess said, with a laugh, "and I will go, and be as agreeable as I can."

With which answer Miss Charlotte presently departed, and communicated the same by note to Clarendon, who was in anxious expectation of the event. "I think I will try my chance to-morrow," he reflected. "She'll jump at the offer, no doubt. I have given my attentions so much the appearance of a lively flirtation that the idea of becoming one of Us will be a pleasing novelty, and melt her into gratitude for once in her life. By Jove! quarter of a million now, and quarter of a million when old Joy closes his account with this life, won't be amiss at the present crisis, especially if the governor is to be believed, that we can't keep our heads above water another six months without a legacy or something of this sort."

"No bad news in your note, eh?" Lieutenant Felt asked, who was present. He had become a sort of hanger-on of Gossimer's for the sister's sake, and that rising politician in consequence did not scruple to make him of use."

"No, there's nothing in it—it merely refers to the jaunt we were talking about," Gos answered. "By-the-way, you can do me a service if you will."

"Of course I will, my dear fellow," Felt said.

"Well, go to the stables and engage the carriages—we will want two, and you and I can ride alongside." By which fine manœuvre—it being certain that the enamored Lieutenant would never permit himself to be repaid otherwise than by thanks, or a smile perhaps from his angel—the cost of the trip may be said to have been carried over to Miss Charlotte's credit.

The gentlemen invited to join the Gossimers were those already known to us—Pawley, Slipper, the Lieutenant, and Rudder. Trout not being asked, staid behind and spent the day in bed smoking, in which occupation the Captain, stopping in on his way to the place of rendezvous, found him engaged early as it was. "I couldn't sleep, old boy," Trout said, by way of apology; "and as I haven't consoled myself much lately, I thought I'd make up for lost time. I intend to keep indoors, and *cool*, to-day. Well, you're all dressed to go—I wish you a pleasant time."

"I thought you one of the seven sleepers," the Captain answered. "I hope nothing's gone wrong—where that cigar-pouch came from, you know?"

"Hold your jaw," Trout returned, sitting up and blushing. "Did you never know a man too happy to sleep much? I wish that fellow Gossimer had had the manners to invite me, though."

He would sooner invite old Nick, the Captain thought; but he kept his opinion of Clarendon's tactics to himself. "I am going to stop for the Countess on my way," he said, "and if you keep a look-out from your window you may have a chance of witnessing a pretty little flirtation between her door and the Gossimer's."

"Hang your impudence!" the worshiper of her ladyship rejoined; "you don't suppose I would trouble myself to look after you!" But when Rudder had gone he slipped out of bed and established himself behind his curtains with an eye to a loophole, through which he saw the bold Captain tap with his riding-whip at a distant door, and the widow come out ready bonneted and take his arm; and—"By Jove!" Trout growled, looking enviously after the pair, "he's as good as his word, and has struck up a flirtation already, and for all day, I suppose!"

But the Captain had other ends in view than a flirtation with the bewitching Countess. Not for her had he buckled in his waist within a span of that of his slim Lieutenant, and it was not to please her eye that he sported a many-colored scarf, which gave his breast the swell of a pouter pigeon's, and carried a pink in the second button-hole of his coat. The Countess was not fond of the small carnations, but Miss van W. was, and perhaps it was this preference which seated Rudder opposite the latter lady on their way to the lake, where he answered to the best of his ability for Pawley's absence to Miss Gossimer. "I don't know what has been the matter with him the few past days," the Captain said; "he has seemed disconsolate about something, and when I stepped in last evening to know if he intended joining us, he was getting ready to leave, and will be gone, I suppose, before we get back."

"Quite a will-o'-the-wisp!" Charlotte exclaimed, and Florence, turning her face momently from the view without, asked, "Where Mr. Pawley thought of going?" But Rudder did not know. "He don't appear to know him-

self," he added, and nothing farther was said of our hero.

Rudder had, however, unintentionally stopped short of the truth in his relation, for it was while the honest sea-lion sat and talked of a subject nearest his heart that his host had fully resolved to leave the watering-place for parts unknown. The Captain on that occasion had spoken more warmly than his wont of the lady in question, for he had just parted from fair Florence. "The most perfect woman I ever encountered," was the burden of his speech. "She has sentiment in her composition which never degenerates into commonplace sentimentality; she is well-read, with rather a desire to keep what she knows out of sight; and she is witty and entertaining without ever being sarcastic or scandalous. The man she comes to look up to will be a lucky one, by the lord Harry!" the Captain said, and sighed. And Pawley did not repeat his former advice to his friend, but puffed his cigar in silence, and finally, flinging it out of window, spoke on a sudden in this wise:

"I am sick of this place and this manner of life, deuced sick of it. I sleep and rise and eat and dance and walk about, and every day cheat myself into the idea that I am accomplishing something, but destroy nightly what I have written by day. I am farther from the end of what I have in hand than when I came here. I write nothing that pleases me, and do nothing. I begin to think my life was intended to weigh nothing in the balance of existence, and to be of concern to no one, either now or hereafter. What good will ever come of this fruitless struggle with Fate? I will fall back into the lethargy in which my kinsfolk have been content to live the past century, and will produce the staple which may best minister to trade and my animal wants. What will it matter to me whether my children, if I have any, inherit a worthier surname than their father did before them; or if simpletons or worse, such as this fellow Gossimer, make the country a laughing-stock, or weaken its hands by feeble legislation? I suppose the thing won't wear threadbare during my days, and those coming after may fight their own battles. I was foolish enough some while back to believe I could mend abuses, and set about it, under the smart of a recent disappointment. I suppose the edge of that has worn off by this time; I certainly feel discontented with myself, my plans, my— No, I won't go to the Gossimer's fête to-morrow. I am becoming morose and unfitted for society, and will take myself to some place where no one may be taxed to endure my ill-humor."

Rudder was confounded by this unlooked-for torrent of words. "Pooh! all you want is somebody to keep you from preying on yourself," he said, after a pause and due consideration. "You're dyspeptic and low-spirited, my boy. And by the lord Harry! if I were asked, I could not point out a young fellow more likely to distinguish himself. But it's not to be done by moping under decks like a lubber when there's duty to be done aloft. If you will excuse my candor, and take the advice of a man who has seen some ups and downs in life, put a little higher valuation on your ability to do, and don't believe every man who *succeeds* necessarily a better man than yourself. And if you must have some one to support you in that opinion, why get married."

"Married!" the other cried, with a burst; then sighed and stole a glance at the strip of crape encircling the hat at his elbow. No other reply made he, but lit a fresh cigar and smoked it out in moody silence; and his friend began to perceive that it was less to repose a confidence in him, Rudder, than to relieve his breast that Pawley had spoken.

The lake mentioned by Miss Gossimer was a pretty enough sheet of pellucid water, as most of us know, of no great compass, and skirted by trim thickets: it also contained a miniature island in its midst, accessible by means of what Miss Charlotte called a "shallop" drawn upon the hither shore; and which her brother unmoored and induced the widow to embark in with himself, when the party had lunched in company, and singly or in couples were following the bent of their various fancies. The Countess took her seat in the bow, as she said, in the confidence of being shipwrecked before they returned; and the opinion she professed of Clarendon's seamanship was borne out not many yards from the bank by Gos's getting entangled with his sculls, and coming near upsetting them—a likelihood which his passenger seemed to think a good joke, and with a hand on either gunnel while the boat was rocking, made the woods re-echo her screams and laughter. Altogether she was in high spirits, and seemed bent on plaguing Gos. "I wish I had the Captain for a crew," she said, on the occasion of their first disaster; but on looking back the Captain was descried already far off, skirting the beach of the lake with Florence on his arm.

"I remember a natural seat among the rocks, where you see that tulip-tree," he had said to the belle. "It holds our party in view, and at the same time is out of ear-shot. Suppose we go there and look over a book together?"

"If it's a pleasant book," Florence had said, and they had walked on talking of indifferent matters.

The Captain's selection was judicious, the branches of the tulip-tree spreading a cool shadow over the rocks which lay half imbedded in moss and close to the water's edge. Our heroine looking across the lake saw Gossimer and his fair freight making for the island, and papa sedately angling from a shaded headland with the Dowager in the back-ground, likewise reflected in the smooth surface. "How still and pleasant it is!" Florence then said; "and now where is your book, Captain?"

"It is not a bound volume, nor a printed one either," Rudder answered, putting his hand in the breast of his coat.

"In manuscript, Captain?" Florence cried, amused.

"Yes, it is written, but not with a pen; and I am not the writer, but yourself, Miss Florence; and—and it's here," the Captain said, with his hand on his heart, which was thumping very strongly. And the color mounted to our heroine's cheek.

"Captain Rudder," she began, not unkindly; but the Captain would not be stayed.

"Hear me out only this once, for the sake of —of our old friendship. I am afraid there's not much truth in Platonics, and I am only a rough sailor. But if you will let me, I'll care for you as the apple of my eye; and if you find me worse than I appear—which I hope won't be—you may be consoled by my being half the year at sea. I saw you step aside just now to save the life of a beetle, and I can not help hoping you will not be more cruel to me, Miss Florence. May I hope?" the Captain asked, tremulously, and wiped his hot brow with his red silk handkerchief.

And what our heroine replied on that momentous occasion Lieutenant Felt learned from the Captain's own mouth next morning, when presenting himself in Rudder's apartment he beheld that gallant commander seated with his back to the door in company of a brandy bottle, and remarkably low in spirits. "Come in!" he called out in answer to the Lieutenant's second tap with his cane; and Felty coming in accordingly, imparted to his junior officer his intention of joining his ship; but he, Lieutenant Felt, might remain if he pleased.

"Why, she ain't out of dock yet!" the Lieutenant returned, wondering. "Something must have happened to bother you, Captain?"

"Pooh! nothing ails me," Rudder replied, and took a pull at his bottle to drown a sigh. But his faithful Lieutenant was not to be put off with a word.

"You know you can trust me; you have done so before, Rudder," he said, almost with tears in his eyes; "and don't throw me over at this juncture. B' George, you are troubled about something, and I'll never forgive you or myself if you don't let me lend a hand to warp you out into deep water, shipmate;" and Rudder was touched, but shook his head despondingly.

"You couldn't help me, Felty," he responded—"you couldn't help me, my lad; but I don't mind making a clean breast to you;" and related his interview with Miss van W. to the point at which the above account ends.

"She showed what a sound heart she has by speaking straight to the end, leaving me nothing to hope," the Captain went on to say, in a voice of melancholy admiration. "She was afraid she had unintentionally encouraged my interest in her, and told me she honored my character and felt grateful for my attentions; but she thought I was mistaken in my estimate of her capacity to make a home cheerful. She was not better than she appeared: she was gay, trifling, and in consequence seldom satisfied with herself, which left her sometimes more out of humor than those who saw her only in society would suppose. And she begged me not to be pained by an imaginary loss, but to repair it in a better choice—as if I could," the unhappy Captain ended, with a sigh like a nor'wester, and gulped down the contents of his tumbler.

"It appears to me," Felt then remarked, after due reflection, "that Miss Blank—we won't mention names—referred only to herself and her own demerits; and don't it strike you, Captain, she might have meant only to act fairly—not to refuse you, as you imagine?"

"Does it strike me? Lud! lud! does the man take me to be a fool?" Rudder cried, rather savagely. "Don't you suppose I had sense enough to hint as much? But she took me up short, and asked whether *all* one's reasons were necessary to be given, with such a color in the glimpse of cheek I caught as she turned her head away that I knew there was nothing more to hope; nothing to hope—somebody else has been before me, Felty," the Captain said, wiping the corners of his eyes. And Felt, in the absence of his guitar, could only raise his eyebrows, purse up his lips, and sit staring out of doors, and meditate how he could best console his friend.

Now, while the Lieutenant sat looking straight ahead, a figure crossed the field of his observation on the farther side of the square, which drew all his thoughts into a widely different channel; that figure was R. Clarendon Gossimer's, and hurrying along in something so like a run that Miss Charlotte's lover was startled by the phenomenon. "Good Heavens! can that angel have fallen ill?" was his instant conjecture; and grasping his cap, all in a tremble, and telling Rudder he would return presently, made off in pursuit of the said angel's brother.

CHAPTER IX.

Rudder had not been the only disappointed gentleman of the preceding day's party. Gossimer had returned from the island in the "shallop," looking particularly glum, and handling the paddle with vengeful effect, although the little widow was still in high spirits, and looked prettier than ever. He had hurried the getting up of the carriages, and damned his especial coachman for his slowness, and chose his seat on the box during the drive back, pleading a headache and the heat of the interior in excuse. Miss Charlotte saw enough, however, prior to taking seats, to divine something had gone wrong, and was, in consequence, not wholly unprepared for the outbreak which ensued on their being alone the same evening. Gos did not even wait until she was unbonneted.

"You will pack your things to-night," he said, without waste of words. "We leave here to-morrow by daylight; do you hear?"

"Indeed!" Miss Charlotte returned, frigidly.

"May I hope to know the reason for your imperial decision?"

"Because I will it, and because," Gos rejoined, pacing the floor and gesticulating, "I have been repulsed—mocked—and—and scorned, Miss, by a woman immeasurably my inferior, but whom you have chosen to irritate by your cursed ill-timed pride."

"And these are the thanks I get for my complaisance," Miss Gossimer said.

"*Complaisance!*" Mr. Clarendon cried, with great scorn. "Thanks. Yes, I have to thank you for the humiliation of having been just now told my design had been sounded by aid of your clumsy condescension. And who is my successful rival—*honest* Trout, as she calls him, forsooth, who no doubt will grin over the garbled account of my unsuccessful suit. By ——!" Gos reiterated, with a big oath, "the same place can not contain us both; and before daybreak to-morrow the carriage will be at your door;" with which words and no more he bounced out.

"We'll see," Miss Charlotte said, aloud, with a peculiar smile, when he had gone; and the smile lasted while she opened her traveling-desk, and wrote off a dainty little note on scented paper, which she then sealed and deposited in the watch-pocket of her evening-dress, and not long after appeared attired in the same to join Florence, who was awaiting her coming to proceed to the ball-room.

"Angel!" whispered Slipper, in an ecstasy, some time in the course of the evening, to Miss Gossimer, on his arm; "I have read your note, and will be waiting with the carriage. But when? You forgot the hour, my adored one."

"H—sh! some one may overhear you," Miss Charlotte said, simpering, and pressing Slipper's arm with her fan. "At three o'clock every body will have retired, and I will be able to slip out unobserved. Go away now; I don't wish to be seen with you, you bad man!" And Slipper retired accordingly, and busied himself in his chamber in packing a portmanteau, and mentally turning over his future prospects. "Huzza!" he could not help crying below his breath, waving overhead a smoking-cap Miss Gossimer had secretly manufactured for his occipital adornment. "No more of the shop and lapboard, demme! I always had a predilection for being a nabob, and now I'm to be the son-in-law of one."

Gossimer—in happy ignorance of these as of all other mundane affairs, and oblivious of the threat made the evening before, of an early start—was still wrapped in slumber next morning, when there came a smart rap at his door, so smart and sudden indeed that it at once awoke him, and after a short interchange of words caused his door to be opened to admit no less a person than Mr. van Waddlevurst. The old gentleman's countenance appeared as grave and unmeaning as ever, but he was remarkably fidgety, and spoke quicker than his wont.

"There, read that," was his first speech to the astonished Gos. "My girl, Florry, found it at the piano-forte this morning. Free agent, you know, not in our charge; old enough to use her own discretion too."

And Gos took the note, ran his eye over the contents, and then tearing it into fragments with a score of incoherent oaths, pulled on what clothes came to hand and dashed out at speed, as the Lieutenant a moment after saw; but not before his unseasonable visitor had added ardor to the pursuit by a further item of intelligence. "Maybe you don't know," he said. "Zooks, I wish I'd heard it earlier and known he was sweet on her. He used to be a journeyman tailor till an old aunt left him a legacy, I can't say how much. Whip and spur man! you mustn't let the rapscallion beat you," the old fellow cried, rubbing up his hair in high excitement and sympathy; and would have gone himself, no doubt, had he been a trifle younger.

The Lieutenant found some difficulty in overtaking his friend. "Stop, stop a moment!" he called out as they neared the stables; and Gossimer stopped, but it was to order out the best saddle-horse with what breath he could command. "What's the matter—I hope nobody—Miss Gossimer is not ill?" the Lieutenant asked agitatedly, coming up.

"Ill, no! I wish she were—I wish she were dead," Gos answered his follower, who stared aghast at the speech. "She's gone and run off with a tailor's apprentice, when I thought she had a liking for you. I will follow and find them though, if they are above ground, and vindicate the family honor. There is my horse; I have no time for talk—will you go with me? I'll wait long enough to have yours saddled—come, be quick, yes or no."

But the Lieutenant, who would have run, or swam, or flown, if he could, to serve Miss Gossimer, or to go for a physician in case she had been ill, now drew back, and felt his heart swelling bigger and bigger with shame and resentment. "Why, she told me I might ask her papa this coming winter," was his thought; and without a word to Gos turned and went to his Captain's chamber; into whose paternal ear he poured the whole of his trouble. Felt was completely unmanned, poor fellow! and shed unbidden tears on the occasion, even while congratulating himself on his escape; and they two passed the day for the most part in hearing and comforting one another, and wound up the evening with a very dismal game of backgammon, not having the heart to go abroad.

Gossimer meanwhile was scouring the country with a pair of pocket-pistols in his pockets, and the indomitable resolution to overtake the fugitives. He had looked a moment in poor Felty's face with a sneer which the latter was too occupied with the shock he had received to notice, and clapping both heels into the flanks of his steed started away, leaving Sam, the hostler's boy, pulling at his frontlock and grinning from ear to ear; the salam was for the piece of money Gos had tossed him in return for certain whispered information, and the grin a trib-

ute to Slipper's immunity in virtue of a higher bribe.

"Here's a go!" Sam remarked, in confidence, to three or four of the stable-boys who gathered round. "He couldn't overtake 'em if he was to ride the mare's huffs off, and old Bess ain't goin' to last long enough for that: she's been spavined this month, and he might have knowed it if he'd looked at her first."

And so Gos found out before many miles were accomplished; but the misfortune, as he first considered, turned out to his advantage, for at a farm-house where he stopped to trade for a better nag, he learned what he had not before suspected, that no carriage had passed that way since last evening; and the farmer, who was also the keeper of an adjoining toll-gate, could of course speak authoritatively on the subject. So Bess was unsaddled and turned into pasture, and, with the help of a deposit in ready money, left in pawn for the safe return of the exchange; and now, well mounted and sure of his route, since but two roads led coastward from the neighboring village, Clarendon retraced a mile or two of his journey, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing news of a barouche which had rattled by at a great rate some time before daylight.

The horse Gossimer bestrode had already performed a portion of his day's work, and had been taken from the plow for his present rider's accommodation, which, added to the unusual pace he was compelled to maintain, made it a part of policy in the rider to effect another barter, if possible; and with this view he drew rein at the door of a roadside tavern. Here again fortune favored him.

"Get me something to eat, and be quick—any thing you have cold in the house will do; and see if you can find a horse, meantime, I can hire in place of mine there," Gos said, and threw himself at length on a settle in the bar.

"There's cold vittles in the pantry," the man returned; "but hadn't you better wait for a reg'lar dinner, Sir, which is this minit on the fire? Leastways you can't do any thing in the way of horse-flesh till the boss comes back."

"Till he comes back!—and when may that be?" Gos asked, impatiently.

"Why, soon as ever they can mend up the carriage so as it'll run home: they say one wheel's smashed."

"A carriage broken!" Clarendon said, sitting up. "Was any one in it?—are the people here?"

"In yonder—*he* is; the lady's up stairs."

"A lady, hey?—what sort of person is she?—how does she look?"

"I dunno as I ought to tell," the man said, fumbling with his hat; but Gos put his hand in his pocket, and he only paused. "She's decent enough to look at," he resumed. "She's got yellowish curls, and eyes summut like yourn."

"And the gentleman has beard here on his upper lip, and a deuce of a big watch-chain?" the new arrival queried; and, receiving a nod in reply, started to his feet, and fluttered a bank-note of moderate figure before the other's eyes, saying, "Take *that*, my friend, and show me this gentleman's room."

"I dunno as I ought," his friend answered, as before, indecisively; but he took hold of the note nevertheless, and while slowly rolling it up and putting it away, his countenance relaxed. "I dunno as I ought," he repeated, shaking his head; "they told me I mustn't, but I kin make a mistake, you know," with a grin, and led the way accordingly.

Now if Gossimer at the start, with two pistols in his pockets, had thought of reparation at six paces, or of staying Slipper's progress in case of need by a flying shot, such hasty purpose had given way to one more consistent with the coolish nature of the Gossimer blood; and it was with his habitual shallow complacency that he presented himself in Slipper's apartment.

"Don't trouble yourself to rise," he said to the latter gentleman, who, with one arm in a sling, had lost no time in gaining his feet, and was looking about him, rather agitatedly, for some weapon of defense. "I wish to converse a few moments with you confidentially and in private, if you will allow me to sit by resuming your own seat."

"Oh, certainly," Slipper responded, and sat down, as his guest had already done.

"Pooh!" Gos said then, speaking much to the point at issue; "there's no use in being formal; we understand each other, in part at least, eh? I dare say you supposed a meeting between ourselves at the present time could only result in violence of one sort or another; and you will be of course surprised to learn that half my purpose in undertaking this impromptu ride has been to serve *you*, or more properly, to disabuse you of an error for which I perhaps have been somewhat to blame. If Charlotte had been the sole person concerned, by Jove! Slipper, you might have carried her off and welcome, for between you and me she's a devilish expense to us at home. The aim of her life seems to be to make people believe us tolerably rich, which, with heavy mortgages on every acre we can lay claim to, Heaven knows we are not; and she keeps up the delusion so well at our expense and through credit of my father's title and all that, that, deuce take me, scarce any one has a suspicion of what goes on behind our scenes. She's a little passée, it is true—perhaps she has told you her front ringlets are false; I paid for them myself—but if you'll take her, of course without expectation of fortune, as I said before, you are heartily welcome; and whatever you decide to do, I think you will owe me your thanks for taking the trouble of placing you in a position to judge for yourself."

"Ahem!—I do thank you, Sir," De la Rue Slipper responded, breathing more freely—the length of Gossimer's speech, which indeed he had been preparing on the way, and recited very glibly, had given him time to recover his equilibrium. "And I hope, Sir, I will show my-

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self equally candid under the circumstances. I have not yet found opportunity to relate my history, and I fear Miss Gossimer, from a word or two she has dropped, has no clear idea of my—my former pursuits. In addition to which, as a man of honor, I would prefer the fact of my inability to support her in a manner becoming her social position out of my unassisted income to be clearly understood by her before taking the irrevocable step."

"Oh, of course," his friend answered, with much suavity. "I will ring this bell with your permission, and you may then send and request an interview with my sister. Excuse the appearance of dictation, but I have left various articles of value exposed in my room, and you will perceive the necessity of dispatch. However, as you can scarce picture more real privations than she experiences at home, I may as well order my horse to be in readiness."

"Stay a moment," Slipper cried, and Gossimer stopped, with his hand on the bell-pull. "Are you acquainted—I may say confidently Miss Gossimer is not as yet—with the character of the pursuit I referred to just now, and to which I may be necessitated to return when a legacy I some time back fell heir to comes to be expended? In pursuance of my purpose of showing candor, let me state it to be an occupation solely mechanical; and in short," Slipper finished, with an effort, "tailoring in its various branches;" and Gos withdrew his hand from the bell-rope and came forward.

"My dear Sir, I trust I am above foolish prejudices, and regard every honest man as my equal," that youthful politician said, lying without a blush. "Indeed, you see for yourself the intelligence causes me no shock, although up to this moment I have never presumed to suspect your birth-right. Pooh! such things to sensible men are mere dross, and if it rested with myself I would beg you to consider it no impediment in your way. But Charlotte, I fear, will view the matter in a widely different light, and may give utterance to her pride in language likely to grate on your finer feelings. I would willingly spare you the trial," Gos added, sympathetically, and the other caught at the bait.

"Will you oblige me by communicating the fact?" he put in, eagerly. "You will confer a lasting obligation on us both, perhaps." And Gos acceded, as he said, out of regard for both. His regard was not remarkably fervent, however, for he broke into a scornful laugh outside of Slipper's door, and indulged in an epithet or two not complimentary to that *ci devant* artisan; and the expression of his face was not pleasant when he seized by the arm the chamber-maid he found in the passage up stairs, and demanded twice, before a reply could be obtained, to be shown the chamber he sought.

The girl screamed, and, pointing it out, made her escape and ran down, frightened out of her wits, to relate to her mistress and the landlord, who was entering his bar, how that a strange man, and in liquor too, or she was much mistaken, had gone, without leave or license, into the new lady's chamber. "And he's killing her now, I do believe," the Abigail cried, wringing her hands as Miss Gossimer went off into hysterics above and made her distress audible through the thin partitions. The door was locked within, but the landlord and his wife, followed by a rabble of helps and idlers, besieged it from the landing.

"I will have it broken in, and charge it in the bill," Boniface said, looking round with a somewhat pale face for counsel and support, after listening and beating on the panel with his fat fist, and listening again. But Gossimer opened it at the moment and came out, shutting it after and looking haughtily about him.

"May I beg to know the cause of this assemblage?" he said, superciliously, as to men who were not likely to be either clients or constituents. "I wish distinctly to warn all intermeddlers in season that I am the legal protector of this lady, and, being a lawyer myself, am prepared to support what I say. Landlord, if a carriage of any kind can be got ready within the hour, let me trouble you to order it," and marched down in the van of his discomfited inquisitors to advise Slipper of the successful end of his conference. But Slipper had already taken himself off, leaving a few lines scrawled on a leaf of his pocket-book, which Gos picked up and read with a sneer. "Pish! as if I did not know it was her fortune, not herself, he wished to marry," was his comment. "But I'll show it to the idiot up stairs, and spoil the rest of *her* romance."

CHAPTER X.

Six weeks at a watering-place carry in their train events and changes quite as numerous, if not so momentous, as the like number of years in the world at large. Mary Jones may not prove what, in the devotedness of our first love, we thought her, and may jilt us as Miss Charlotte Gossimer did the Lieutenant. Or she may to the last appear lovely and lovable in our eyes, but give us to understand in that gentle way she has—which enhances tenfold in our esteem the worth of the prize we are about to lose, even while wounded in our vanity, by the consciousness that it is Smith's good looks, not his superior merits, which have lost us the day—how happy she will be to consider us always her friend, and have us call upon her (as Mrs. Smith, perhaps!) in the city.

Or a more unpardonable but equally unhappy case may arise, in which, in our blindness or folly, we presume to trample on what is altogether priceless, and stubbornly insist on worshiping a myth. Because sweet Mary Jones wears muslin instead of mist, and adorns her pretty hair with a rose-bud instead of a rainbow; because those fair and softly rounded shoulders, visible when she has on ball attire,

are unprovided with wings—we venture to judge her, forsooth, too mundane entirely, and not comparable to the little creature long embalmed in our imagination, who by this time has come to be no more like the living and breathing original than a real angel is like the plates of the last century in the Family Bible. Perhaps you are offended because you find fewer opportunities now offered you to cultivate that charming friendship, which afforded you all the greater pleasure since you perceived that it was more acceptable than the homage of other men whose hearts were undivided. But what do you know or even suspect of the sad night when poor Mary Jones went to sleep with a wet cheek upon her pillow after sounding her own heart to the bottom, and after you had made that generous and, as you thought, unreserved exposé of the preoccupation of yours over the piano which wailed so under the touch of her trembling fingers?

Well, she was gay, brilliant, and fascinating next day, and your conscience was made easy, though your self-love was offended. Your conscience and your self-love! What a coupling together! Yes, she was certainly more bewitching than ever, but not to you; to you she was sarcastic, almost rude in indifference to your friendship; you *must* be kept off by any means, at any sacrifice. In consequence of this, as has been said, you felt yourself aggrieved, or you would willingly have believed yourself so had your conscience allowed; perhaps another conventional member began to have a say in this self-debate. You could not shut your eyes to the fact that her voice, which had pleased at first through its resemblance to another's, pleased now by a sweetness all its own, which had made you sometimes forgetful of certain former passages in your life, of which somehow it had once or twice reminded you. And it was greater folly than even Pawley, under the circumstances, could be guilty of, to ascribe to the brown cheek and black eyes of a mere grisette, however bright and roguish, and however pretty and pouting the little mouth which helped their meaning, the charm and expression of these fine eyes shaded by lashes darker than the brows, and Saxon fairness of face. Altogether our young friend was in a fair way to redeem his character as a man of discrimination, at the expense, perhaps, of his consistency, if it deserve the name—when the contest with himself resulted, unhappily, in a flight from what, in a less abnormal state of mind, would have taken the shape of blissful duty. And it would have been no more than poetical justice, and a fair measure of retribution, had he been followed, and caused a pang—as despite himself he would now have been — by a report of the uninterrupted reign of Florence as a belle; of her conquest and suitors; of her brilliancy, beauty, and charms of conversation, and of how completely she had become oblivious of the existence of such a personage as the hero of this tale.

Oh, ladies, what admirable actresses you all are at a pinch! Why, it would be better than a play could we by-standers appreciate the motives of what we see, and read your real hearts at a glance as you go by. What froth on the surface, disguising depths which few of us ever come to sound, even when mated together—what womanly truth tricked out in the falsehood of court folly! And when the frequent exigency of your position, and the claims of the society you frequent are considered, who can tell whether most to admire or condemn your histrionic skill, and the charming way in which you jangle the sweet bells at the head of this history?

Meanwhile our hero journeyed he scarce cared whither, and took his unhappiness with him by rail, as in Horace's day a horseman carried it behind him on his crupper. It pleased him to pull his cap over his eyes and occupy his seat in the rail-car in gloomy reverie; and perhaps at the time no young gentleman in our Presidency was so miserable, or believed himself so miserable as he. In what his wretchedness consisted it would not have been easy to say. He thought he had done with ambition forever; he had imagined himself capable of something, and found himself, he thought, incompetent at the start. Had he not rewritten his essay six times? Had he not been denied the love of Mademoiselle Rosette (whose memory was embalmed in his breast, and for whom he wore crape around his beaver)? Had he been designed for some good, would not some good have grown out of the earnestness with which he had begun? Had he not had experience of the bitterness of life? Was any reward on earth commensurate with human labor and suffering, even the least? Why a child of three years might answer the question if rightly put; my little man, he might say, a great ogre is coming to eat you up; do you think you will care for that stick of sugar in your hand? No, he would let it fall at the word, and scream with fright. And here am I, our friend thought, with an ogre about to devour me, like all the rest of my kind, and still wedded to my toys; and had no heart, poor fellow! when possessed by such fancies, to finish the cigar with which he might be endeavoring to console himself.

This was the substance of Pawley's repinings, but no lady reader will be for one moment deceived by the young gentleman's attempt at self-deception. Now really! *was* his essay so badly written? *Was* his heart still in sole possession of Mademoiselle, the little brunette? And why did he make no mention in his musings of a certain person?

Indeed he did, but then it was always in the train, not company, of the bitter fancies recorded above. In some way the recollection of our fair heroine tempered the exuberance of these fancies. Altogether she occupied a more elevated if not better defined place in his understanding than when, slighted in his friendship, and his self-love daily wounded, he had accused himself of folly, and the fair Florence of heartlessness, or worse, coquetry toward himself. Re-

moved from these influences, it became both a pleasure and pain to reflect what may have been the issue of an uninterrupted Platonic attachment. He, wedded to the memory of his lost Rosette, would have cared nothing for marriage; and marriage in her case need not have weakened the bond between them. The appreciation and concern she had ever shown in what she knew of his schemes, her praise of his motives, and contentment with what he had written upon the subject in hand, were alone sufficient to have endeared their friendship without other charms of person and voice. The young fellow even fell into the not unusual folly of imagining it quite possible, had antecedent events permitted, that he should have loved and married his Rosette, and maintained a friendship of this sort to the close of their mutual lives. What a delightful idea! Rosette at the head, and brilliant Florence on his right at table. There was but one discrepancy—that the pretty little Frenchisms of Mademoiselle might not seem so pretty and piquant as at first when set over against the more comprehensive intelligence of the friend. If Rosette made them laugh with a *bon mot* occasionally, what Florence said would be better worth remembering. In society together, the address most admired would not be the grisette's, nor hers the larger share of homage. He thought he saw her shrinking from observation in a corner, a foil to handsome, calm, self-poised Florence, whose graces were less dependent on time or place. In which would he feel more pride on such occasions, the wife or the friend? Why look you —something within him asked on a sudden, looking on these two women with no previous bias—which of the two would you choose to *be* your wife? answer me that!

The question came upon him with the stealthiness and purpose of one of the cat kind upon a traveler. To this event his fancies no doubt had tended, without his knowledge, but the demand startled and confounded him. It was not a question to be answered even in his own heart, he thought bitterly, and held his peace. He saw now how fortunate had been the disruption of a friendship whose continuance could have been only more disastrous than its end here. Had it not, as it was, threatened to supersede the sweetest dream he had ever dreamed, and what had it to offer in its place? Not love—she would have been amused by his presumption in asking it. Oh, Rosette! our hero would have cried, regretfully, bowing down his face between his hands; but oh, Florence, Florence, Florence! was what he said thrice over before he well knew whose name he was repeating.

It was Florence who, under the guidance of what passes for blind fortune, three days subsequent to the events related in the last paragraph, came in the usual train of sight-seeing, though rather late in the season, to visit a waterfall much frequented by our fashionable tourists. Too much gayety, mamma the Dowager thought, had made her paler than usual, and perhaps it was only reaction and contrast that gave her fair face a more quiet look than had been its wont in time gone by. And yet no one could have taxed her with want of color when, busy little Van having brought up the register from below, they were looking over its pages together. "Our friends have been before us, and have gone. It will be too lonely here. Suppose we see what is to be seen, and leave tomorrow," Florence had then said, and closed the book smilingly, as has been hinted, with unusual color in her face.

But papa, with his hand between the pages, opened it at the same place. "Halloo! not so fast," he cried. "Thought I saw the name. Here 'tis—here's somebody we know, Florry! Pawley, eh? You remember Pawley—one of your beaux once upon a time. Clever fellow; but rather crotchety, I hear. What made him leave us all in such a hurry though at Saratoga, eh?" Van asked, rubbing up his short hair as usual, and looking about for an answer.

But the Dowager had nothing plausible to suggest. "I have heard he had an unhappy attachment for somebody," mamma said, fanning herself, and sighing; perhaps she thought of an incident in her own life before Van had paid his addresses, and she had given him her hand, plump then, but not so weighty, and accepted his fortune in place of first love—when a certain young gentleman with blue eyes, who had gone to sea in despair (though his despair had been premature), had come back too late to be told of it, and how aghast he had stared in at her carriage window in passing. Ah well! as the children are, so were the parents before them; and we forget our gray hairs and uncomeliness, recalling the happy, happy days that once were ours.

Florence, perhaps, might have answered more to the purpose had she chosen or could she have spoken then and there. "Ah! why did he leave us so suddenly?" she asked herself, her heart beating tumultuously. It was a question she had shunned hitherto, but her guard was down at the moment, and the aimless query, like a foil in like circumstances in an unpracticed hand, had struck straight to the breast; and out of the window she stood gazing, as if the view had been the finest in the world, instead of, as it was, limited to the weather-beaten gable and roof of an office.

It chanced that this same day our hero had set forth, with only his thoughts for companions, to explore the more distant recesses of the ravine through which the river tends to the Fall. This duty of a tourist he had performed, and was returning by the upper path, which all of us who have trodden may remember winds for a space of some fifty feet under the brink of the precipice, and has a dizzy altitude and airiness about its unprotected edge, which renders it unsafe for sight-seers whose heads are easily set swimming. And here it was that our young friends met face to face before either knew of

the other's presence or perhaps anticipated such an event; for Florence, busied with her fancies, and rambling in advance of the guide and the elder Vans, would no doubt have shunned the interview by a timely retreat could she have foreseen it. As it was, something sudden and indefinable in the earnest face confronting her, in the surprise, in his heightened color, perhaps even in the trifling circumstance that the hat he had doffed was no longer encircled by a strip of crape (*she* had learned that secret long since; oh, was there no rival now! she thought, and more roses bloomed in her cheek than had for many a day)—one or all of these, for they were all apparent at a glance, constrained her to remain hesitating a brief moment where she stood. And then—O Heavens! that I should relate it!—whether that the path were slippery; or that the gravelly steep descending from it to the brink of the precipice, and thence overhanging the roaring fall below, made it perilous to a false step; or that the superstructure just there was treacherous, and refused to sustain a weight which might have passed it over in safety—who can say? The earth lapsed from beneath her feet, and there was neither branch, nor root, nor so much as a crevice between the rocks into which slight fingers might be thrust in the desperate hope of averting the death at the base of those three hundred feet of horrible descent.

Did she scream? did she utter a cry of any sort? did she call for unavailing help? No, ladies; remember that this is our heroine, and that some of you are as brave as lions when an emergency requires. Besides, the death was not violent nor overhasty in its approach; in this was its worst feature, perhaps. There was a shelf twenty or more feet in width to be slid over before the final launch into blankness, too steep to suffer ready foothold even had it not sustained a shifting bed of pebbles which the least pressure unsettled, and, as has been said, destitute of all vegetation. Yes, there *was* one shrub—a mullen stalk, I believe—with no depth of root, and not far from the brink; and by this Fair Florence (would she be *Fair* Florence fifty yards down the stream yonder presently?) momently checked her progress.

She was deadly pale; so was our hero: but his lips indicated emotion, while hers were only closed. I think she prayed earnestly in her heart, with no outward sign. But it was the eyes, always beautiful, which now exceeded themselves. They were wonderfully calm, and looked full up into his with that something of holiness love assumes when we stand on the grave's brink. What need of concealment now? Here was her heart, and its last earthly thoughts. Oh, forgive what had gone before! Oh, sweet life! One moment more—*would he take it?*

Pawley, leaning over, had read what is here written in much briefer space, and with what immortal anguish! He had learned to understand, in less time than it needs to relate, the potency of the love in his breast, the worth of the woman he was fast losing, the foolery and sham of the boy's passion preceding this, and last, and strangely blissful even then, that her heart was wholly his. Well, he had sprung to the brink at the first, and reached out his hand, which the fingers only touching were at once and forever out of reach of. I think some of you ladies looking on would have sickened and fainted seeing this, for you are not all heroines. Then followed the last long look of love; and then—and then the grasp upon the frail mullen stalk, which was parting with its root fibre by fibre.

Perhaps Pawley also prayed. Such an act as his is seldom essayed without prayer—or at least success could scarce otherwise attend it. And let us not suppose that he did more than many of us would have done under like influences; for none can tell how much of a martyr or hero may be in him till it come to trial or the stake. Our hero, to be brief, trod down the perilous shelf with the pebbles rolling from under and plunging into the void beyond, as steadily as might be, and gave his hand to his fair Florence—his whatever now might betide—just when the mullen had parted with its last fragment of root. He had hastily, as the event required, attached to a branch *above* the path—can the reader conjecture and not smile at this crisis?—a strip of crape which an hour or so back he had unwound from his hat and thrust into the crown, perhaps from some lingering reluctance to cast it away outright, and this steadied them a moment. Had it slipped or the twig snapped it would have been all over with these our lovers. But the old love befriended the new, and the branch was strong enough to lift them each in turn to the ledge overhead, to life, love, and happiness. And who can say that the strength of either crape or tree was not somehow supernatural? At least Florence thought so in the privacy of her own heart and upon her knees that night.

Ah well, well! "the play is played out," and the curtain is down, and after all it is no tragedy. Yet, my friend from the country, simple soul and unused to these things, is using his handkerchief freely, and says what fools we are, to be sure, to cry over sham troubles when we have so many of our own, and the little boy in the next box is blubbering aloud. Does any one after this care to stay for the farce? If so, it is here in its proper place.

The gallant Captain and his second officer were before the event last recorded on the high seas, and in the enjoyment of their usual good spirits. Rudder, after the lapse of forty-eight hours or so, had piped up all hands, as he said, and cleared the wreck, and was now running under jury-masts; in other words, had parted in the most friendly manner with the lady who had declined being Mrs. Rudder, of the United States brig *Porpoise*. It was not the first time the Captain had found himself jury-masted, and had never lost a friend by the little exchange of sentiment which usually preceded those evidences of disaster. Some—for the Captain aimed high,

and had proposed only to belles—had laughed at his pretensions; others had quietly withdrawn the hand of which he may have possessed himself; none were ever angry or wounded his self-esteem; for he was a general favorite, although the idea of wedding that punchy little figure in uniform may have appeared too ridiculous.

So it chanced that Rudder usually returned from a cruise on the look-out for a new attachment, and went to sea again with one just off his hands.

As for the Lieutenant, poor fellow! we know what sort of attachments his were. He seldom found a late affair of this nature jostling its successor, or likely to prove a barrier to his peace of mind. Perhaps in the present instance he was quite justifiable in forgetting as soon as might be his shameful treatment at the hands of Miss Gossimer in admiration for the pretty little Quakeress from the City of Friends, to whom he afterward sent—their cruise this time lying along the northwest coast of our continent—a hunting-shirt adorned with scalp-locks, a pair of snow-shoes, and a Blackfoot bow and arrow, as appropriate indications of his constancy.

The Gossimers had returned home; but with their follies, vanities, and pride we have no more to do. There was a grand explosion that ensuing winter, the elder Gossimer coming out bankrupt, and young Clarendon, it seemed, being the sole and lawful proprietor, under legal transfer, of all properties whatever held by the family. The thing made some *éclat* at the time, but there are people who still respect old Gos's gray hairs riding about in his son's carriage.

Trout's angel, too, had hastily returned to New York, called home by the illness of the paternal Joy, whose bedside she never quitted but to run down and tell honest Trout—who daily came for that purpose, and to gladden his eyes with the sight of his Janey—with tears on her cheeks, how ill he, Joy, was, and how grateful she felt for his, Trout's, sympathy. The little pariah was grateful on other accounts to her visitor. But for his honest affection and generous disregard of her unhappy past, which had restored her self-esteem, would she ever have felt less bitter toward the world and less at war with all that was best in it? He had trusted her unreservedly, and she felt honored by the confidence, and would repay it by being to him the best of wives. And so she was from and after the forenoon when the proper hero of this story, passing Grace Church, saw from a stage-window a bridal carriage drawn up next the sidewalk, and a small company issuing from the church portals. "Why, it's Trout!" Pawley came near saying aloud, looking in the face of the bridegroom, whose naturally sanguine complexion was greatly heightened by the novelty of his position and its incomparable happiness. "And true enough. Well, I wish you much joy, and a long life, my lady, I'm sure. On his stalwart arm droops—no, not droops, glitters like a bracelet—all over diamonds and orange-flowers, the lovely Countess Kreeper!"

WOMEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN stage-coaches were running in New England, as well as elsewhere in the civilized world, a passenger who sat by the driver on a certain occasion was interested in observing the irregular performances of the off leader, a graceful but vicious mare. She would never start after a pause without dancing for a minute on her hinder legs; if remonstrated with by a gentle crack of the whip she would give a spiteful kick at the world in general, and whisk her tail about in token of excessive internal irritation. Now and then, usually midway of some long hill, she would throw the whole team into confusion by stopping and turning herself almost around in her harness, looking impudently up at the box, and staring superciliously at her more sober-minded fellow-workers. If her example proved infectious, and any other of the four, all of whom were of the opposite sex, showed symptoms of misbehavior, the stern lash of the driver's whip swung down upon the offender with a stinging rebuke, which invariably proved successful; but the mare was generally allowed to play in quiet till she found it convenient to go on with her work. Whereat the passenger, wondering, expressed surprise. The driver replied:

"Darn the critter! I'd *like* t'string her; but 'tain't no use. Ye may lick a horse, an' 't 'll do him good; but the more ye quilt a mar the wuss she'll sling herself round."

The New England stage-driver may have been correct in his theory concerning the universal mare, or he may have generalized too hastily from his individual experience. But it does seem as if coercion and restraint, when applied to the human female, Woman, fail to produce the good results which they doubtless effect when judiciously exercised toward men.

Time and place appear to make but little difference in the motives—sentiments, impulses, fancies—which impel woman in the abstract. Take examples from the ranks of the highly cultivated in the social world, from the steadily-comfortable middle classes, and from the lower orders of respectability, and it will be found that the love of rule, the desire for display, the rivalries, jealousies, nervousness, and all the foibles which women have, in company with their uncounted multitude of excellences and graces of mind and person, are common to every class. The difference consists in the manner of expression, the general rule being that high social culture softens the style. Female prison convicts are recruited in a measure from the various ranks in life, but mainly from the lower orders; consequently, according to the theory just stated, we should expect to find in female prisons extreme expressions of feelings which are common to all feminine humanity. This we do find. And whereas men are naturally sullen and self-contained under calamity, we should expect to find them, when brought by crime under restraint, much more like machines than wo-

men could possibly be made. This also we find to be the case. A man, put in the penitentiary, becomes simply a convict with a certain number attached; and special evidences of his man nature are not looked for or often obtained. On the other hand, however, an erring sister in confinement, be the rules as mechanical as you please to make them, remains a "Woman in Prison," and can not be reduced to simple classification as "Prisoner No. 19."

The class crystallization which marks the structure of English society, especially in the great metropolis, giving a finished surface and clearly-cut outline to the various ranks, affects the criminal world there also. The English convict, whether male or female, has a professional air and a polish of rascality, if we may so say, which among us is seen only in individual instances. In looking at female prison life and manners it will, therefore, be interesting to take a place inside of an English penitentiary; and we select Millbank Prison, one of the London institutions, situated on the banks of the Thames. We are accompanied in our tour of inspection by one of the matrons, which is rather an official than a descriptive word; for she wants some years of thirty, and has the attractiveness of youth. In justice to a hard-working, poorly-paid, and most valuable class of women, some words should be said of them and their duties.

The person holding the office of matron in this and some other English prisons for female convicts is supposed to have been at least twenty-five years old when she was received as an "assistant matron on probation." There are at Millbank forty-two matrons in the various stages of promotion. They are intelligent, well educated, and chiefly from the sad class of those who have seen "better days;" and in many cases, away in the suburbs of the great city, a mother and young sisters are living upon the wages earned by the prison matron. They work, on an average, *fourteen hours a day*, and the nature of their duties will appear presently, when we refer to the daily routine of the convict life. They have a "Sunday out" occasionally, and are allowed fourteen days per annum as a vacation, out of which, however, any days of sickness that may befall them are carefully deducted. As all will see, it would not be difficult for one of these matrons to expend in a tedious illness the holidays of several years. For their services the ladies mentioned receive from $175 to $200 a year, except in the rare event of the highest promotion, when the munificent annual sum of $250 is reached. It should be said that after ten years' service a life-pension of a small amount awaits the matron; unless, however, she is wonderfully strong in body and powerful of will she can hardly officially survive till the eleventh year.

Before alluding to individual traits and convict peculiarities, it will be well to give an outline of a day's routine. At a quarter before six the female prisoners—of whom there are about four hundred and seventy-five at Millbank—are aroused by the ringing of a bell; the most elaborate toilet possible to them can easily be completed in fifteen minutes, and at six o'clock all are supposed to be ready for the visit of the matron. The cells are arranged with two doors—an outer one of grating, and an inner one which is close; the matron walks rapidly along her ward, passes her hand through the grating of the outer door, unlocks and throws back the inner, takes a look at the prisoner, and goes on thus to the termination of her task. By half past seven each occupant of a cell has cleaned it, scrubbed the stones, made the bed, and performed all her domestic offices. A few of the most trust-worthy women have been let out to clean up the ward and to act as chamber-maids to the matrons. Breakfast is then served. It consists of a pint of cocoa and a four-ounce loaf of bread. As soon as this meal is over the work begins; this is carried on by each prisoner alone in her cell, the silent system being adopted at the prison under notice. The work may be roughly divided into coir-picking, sewing, and laundry-work: perhaps it may be necessary to say that "coir" is the fibre of the cocoa-nut, and that the name is applied as well to ropes made of that material. The reprehensible practice of making shirts, sheets, caps, bags, etc., by contract, for city firms, and of doing washing for private persons in the prison laundry, is in vogue here. At Millbank prison, in one year, there were made more than fifty-three thousand shirts; mended more than ninety-six thousand bags; and washed an almost incredible quantity of clothes. At the same time the streets and garrets of London were full of starving women who could get no employment, or of dying women who were forced by such horrible competition to work for almost nothing.

At half past nine o'clock the chapel bell rings for the morning service, which commences at a quarter before ten; the prisoners attend this service in charge of the matrons, each one of whom is responsible for the safe return of those belonging to her ward. At a quarter before one o'clock dinner is served. For this meal each woman has four ounces of stewed meat, half a pound of potatoes, and a six-ounce loaf of bread. Then work is resumed and silently carried on. One hour in each day is allowed for exercise, which is taken by a ward at a time, the prisoners marching in single file, and in the nearest approach to silence possible to the sex, around and around the yard. Tedium and monotony are skillfully combined to make this one of the most dismal performances ever heard of or imagined. At half past five in the afternoon the supper—a pint of gruel—is served; after her own tea is over the matron reads prayers from the centre of her ward; then each woman answers to her name, and work is resumed till a quarter before eight, when it ceases finally. Reading is allowed till half past eight, when the signal for retiring is given, and at a quarter before nine the gas is turned off, and all are supposed to be at rest. Over these slumbers, of

what sort soever they be, a night-matron presides, passing each cell once in every hour, with all her senses on the alert for signs of illness or ugliness.

The first sentiment that gains expression when a female convict finds herself in the reception-room of the penitentiary is that of regard for her personal appearance. It happens thus: By the rules of the prison the hair of the inmates is cut to the regulation length, and this operation calls forth from the unfortunate woman curses and prayers, tears and wheedling entreaties, sometimes even the fiercest resistance. She may have plotted murder, may have poisoned her own child, or committed any other crime without the quiver of an eyelid; but she can not submit to the indignity of having her locks reduced by the shears of the penitentiary. Less painful, and often amusing instances of vanity are seen later in the woman's prison-life; and the matron who accompanies us assures us that it is one of the most serious duties of her class to check the love of display which shows itself even here. One woman, for instance, appeared on a certain day with brilliantly-painted cheeks; the whole ward was at once restless with envy and curiosity; the embellishment was a decided success, and the secret irritated the feminine mind almost beyond endurance. The prison authorities were at fault also; there was no coloring matter in the woman's cell, or about the building at any point to which she had access. At last, after the closest watching for some time, the secret of the art was laid open. The woman was at work, in common with the other convicts, upon blue cotton shirts, through which a red stripe ran; she was accustomed to pull out, here and there, a thread of this last-mentioned color, and when a sufficient quantity had accumulated she would soak them in water, and thus obtain the substitute for rouge. Other women scrape the whiting from the walls, and grind it fine enough to use as powder for the face.

"Mary Ann Ball," says the matron, "was one of the most troublesome of our charges, and as much, perhaps, through her inordinate love of display as from her bad disposition. There are certain governmental errors of construction, as developed in the dresses provided for the female convicts, which render them highly distasteful to the wearers; for instance, the waist is placed immediately under the arms, and there is any thing but a fullness of outline to the skirts. Mary Ann Ball knew this well enough, and her devices to remedy these defects were remarkable, and invariably successful. She would take the ropes of her bedstead to give stiffness to her skirts, or would, in a single night, fashion her sheets into a full petticoat; she would have a new prison dress at night, and the next morning she would appear in a long-waisted, flowing robe, positively setting beautifully over *a pair of stays*, when every body knows that stay-bones are not allowed under any circumstances."

We perhaps express some curiosity with regard to the matter of corsets. The matron resumes, explaining:

"The windows of certain cells had wire netting before them; from these Ball would abstract stiffeners to serve as substitutes for bones. The wires being withdrawn with discretion, here and there, their absence was not discovered. One Sunday, however, the ingenious woman fainted away in church, a victim to tight lacing; and so the trick was detected."

This same woman was the inventor of a favorite kind of pomade, made from an occasional candle, or from the grease of her dinners, and with the aid of this she would turn out in the morning with her hair rolled in the highest style of flash art. Her prison bonnets would be refashioned in the darkness of night into shapes totally unlike their original form; and she was the leader of the *ton* in the matter of the caps furnished as a part of the regular costume. All the women, indeed, show a high degree of ingenuity in making the ugly articles last mentioned into presentable affairs. The matron tells us that there is quite a series of fashions during the year with them. One woman will start a new border, or new tucks and plaits behind, or introduce a piece of wire to give the thing a semblance of comeliness; if the new idea meets the approval of the other women it becomes "the style," and is at once adopted with more or less success.

No savage could value a piece of glass more highly than does the average female convict. She will break her window—the cells at Millbank have glazed apertures for light—lament over the "accident" with well-acted grief, and most cunningly secrete a bit of the glass where the closest search fails to discover it; then smoking one side over her lamp, or making a back of black cloth, she will exult in secret over the miserable apology for a mirror, and, as the matron says, will behave with propriety for weeks, only because she has this well-spring of joy in her cell.

One anecdote, showing how a matron was "sold," must conclude our illustrations of feminine vanity under difficulties. The officer who tells the story was passing along a corridor one evening after the retiring hour, with a candle in her hand. One of the cells had its inner door open by direction of the physician, the inmate being in slender health. The matron was startled by the appearance at the outer grating of a delicate woman, who begged the favor of a word with the officer, having something on her mind, as she said. The matron drew near and listened to the word of the prisoner. The latter began in a mournful strain, in order to fix the attention of the other, and then suddenly darted forth through the grating a skinny arm, and snatched some of the melted tallow from the candle.

"It's on'y jist a scrap of tallow for my hair, Miss," said she, applying it to her head very rapidly with both hands; "it do get awful rough

without fat, to be sure! And I'm very much obliged to you, Miss. God bless you!" And she went chuckling to her bed.

There is one very curious development of the female character—as seen at Millbank—which is worthy of notice at some length. If the remark may be made without seeming abusive of the sex, it would appear that nearly all women positively demand, now and then, a tempest of some sort, in order to throw off their surplus of electricity, as we will say. Sometimes this outbreak takes the form of a breeze at home; sometimes of a quarrel with a neighbor; now of a downright "blowing up" of a delinquent tradesman; again of hysterics; among the most cultivated perhaps a red-hot epistolary communication to some one may relieve the highly-charged battery. If the women themselves would give candid testimony, would they not acknowledge that they feel at times as if they would give a year of life for the privilege of smashing crockery at pleasure for just two minutes?

The female convicts have this feeling, and act upon it. The result in each case is what at Millbank is called a "Breaking out." The operation is simple, and usually the same in all cases, varied somewhat in the manner of performance, according to the peculiar temper of the operator. The time selected is almost invariably night; the woman begins by smashing all the glass in her cell window, follows that by breaking such of her furniture as is frangible, and then tearing her bedding to pieces, all the while swearing at the top of her voice, and winding up her portion of the entertainment by a demoniac dance among the ruins. The night-guard of men arrive with more or less promptness, carry her off, swearing and plunging, to the dark cell where such characters are sent for extreme punishment; and so ends the "breaking out" for that time with that woman.

With that woman, we say; because the example is so infectious that one outbreak of this sort is pretty sure to be followed immediately by others, till sometimes it seems as if Pandemonium had been suddenly discharged of its tenantry. The extent to which this irregularity is carried is shown by the fact that in one year one hundred and fifty-four cases of "breaking out" occurred at Millbank Prison. One instance of wholesale smashing was for years a favorite tradition among the prisoners. Two desperate women had cunningly matured a plan, and waited only for a favorable opportunity to carry it into operation. One day they were lugging water through their ward just at the time the one adjacent was ventilating, all the prisoners being out of it and the cells open. A matron was here and there about the ward examining cells. The two women sped into this ward, suddenly closed the door of the cell into which the officer had gone, thus making her a prisoner, and then dashed at every window within reach, darting hither and thither on their exciting errand, while the imprisoned matron rattled her door and unavailingly screamed. The noise of the breaking glass, however, called assistance, and the marauders were caught by the same trick they had played on the matron; they were locked in the cells where they were doing their smashing business, and thus the riot was quelled. Three hundred and fifty panes of glass had been destroyed, nevertheless.

The almost universal cause of these "breakings out" is the nervous irritability attending long-continued restraint, amounting, perhaps, in most cases to temporary madness. Our earliest Latin maxim declares that anger is a brief insanity; and its truth finds vivid illustration among the female prisoners at Millbank. There are, however, minor causes which suffice to set on fire the ready train; a reproof from the matron; a refusal of the same officer to accede to some request; a fancied slight on the part of the higher authorities of the prison to whom she has appealed for redress of a grievance; jealousy of some "pal" among her fellow-convicts who seems inclined to look with more favor upon another than on herself—these are some of the provocatives. There are others more sad. The receipt of a letter from home, the matron tells us, is very likely to be followed by a "breaking out." At Christmas time, too, the women seem driven by the busy devil, Memory, to commit excesses which they would not think of at other seasons. Singularly enough, too, the most trying days to female prisoners are those approaching the time when they are to be released. The hour for which they have pined and fretted, and of which they have so long dreamed, is close upon them; and while all are more or less affected by the coming boon, some will grow so nervously excitable as to "break out" even on the eve of leaving the prison. One woman begs the superintendent for extra work. "I'm thinking too much," she says; "every thing comes to my mind to worrit me and persuade me to break the windows. Give me something extra to keep me from thinking, or I'm sure to make a smash of it."

One woman whose time of release was almost at hand, but who, in the event of misbehavior, would have had some additional months of confinement to undergo, was our friend, Mary Ann Ball, the ingenious prisoner mentioned above. She had really, for what must have seemed to her a long time, been straining every nerve to act properly; as the days intervening between restraint and freedom grew fewer she betrayed an unusual degree of nervousness. She said one day—"If I could only have one more break out before I go. I can't stand this quietness. I'm sure I shall make a smash of it before the ticket comes." Sometimes she would feel so convinced that a catastrophe impended that she would implore the matron to lock her up for an hour or two. "Lock me up," she would say; "lock me up! It's a coming if you don't! Just an hour or two, just to get me cool like." And so Ball was locked up and cooled. We are happy to say that she was safely engineered through her term, and that she afterward came

to America under very favorable auspices. As she was but nineteen or twenty years of age, she has by this time, it may be hoped, become a steady woman, perhaps a good wife and mother.

Some women will quietly and systematically arrange for a smashing of windows and tearing of blankets. They will address the matron thus:

"Miss G——, I'm going to break out to-night."

"Oh, nonsense! You won't think of any such folly, I'm sure."

"I'm sure I shall then."

"What for?"

"Well, I've made up my mind, that's what for. I shall break out to-night. See if I don't. It's so dull here, I'm sure to break out."

And the breaking out often occurs as promised. A cell furniture is reduced to fragments, and the usual punishment is administered.

"Tib" was one of the most troublesome of all the Millbank prisoners, the matron said. Her name was given her by some of her fellows, and by it, as above, she was always known. After being in the penitentiary for some time, and smashing an unconscionable amount of glass and furniture, she contracted a strange affection for one of the matrons, which helped materially to keep her in good order. This regard had its drawbacks, however; for Tib became so jealous of all the other prisoners that if Miss —— made but a single remark to one of them, or gave a pleasant look, the infuriated woman threatened to "break out." The matron fell sick, and then Tib broke out with a vengeance; but when the officer returned to her post the poor creature became comparatively docile once more. By-and-by it was proposed to remove Tib to a milder prison, in consideration of her good conduct; this step she rebelled against, because it would take her from her friend. So she "broke out" that night with unusual force, and tore every thing to bits. The cause of the misbehavior being reported together with the principal fact, the authorities thought it well to send her off notwithstanding her vicious performance.

"Never mind," said Tib. "If they won't let me stop with my dear friend Miss —— now, I'll find my way back. They can take me there, but the devil's in me if they can make me stop." Accordingly, she had no sooner reached her new quarters than she began breaking windows, tearing blankets, indulging in the most blasphemous language, fighting with all the convicts with whom she came in contact, and winding up by flinging a pewter pint at the head of the chief matron. So back she was sent to Millbank, and when she came in sight of her favorite matron she burst into tears, exclaiming, "I said I'd come back."

Jane Dunbabin was another prisoner who "took a fancy" for a certain matron. To that officer she would privately communicate her intention of making a smash at night. The matron would remonstrate; Jane would reply: "If you say it'll put you out—that your head can't stand it—I'll wait a little while, Miss." The matron fell ill, and it was a sure method of quieting Jane's nerves to say, "If you break out Miss —— will be very sorry to hear of it, and the news may make her worse." It is believed that this attachment was a powerful instrument in the reformation of the woman.

Punishment immediately follows the breaking out in the form of close confinement in dark cells, popularly called in the prison "the dark." They are not entirely without daylight, but the refractory who are therein confined are not allowed gas or candles. The furniture is simple, consisting of a slanting series of boards for a bedstead, a block of wood for a pillow, two blankets and a rug for bedding. As soon as a prisoner begins her smash, and the noise of the breaking glass reaches the ear of the watchful matron, she summons the guard of men from the male prison, and the offender is taken away, usually by main force. These guards have a hard time of it often, though they deserve some rough usage for the fierce manner in which they occasionally perform their task. Our acquaintance, Mary Ann Ball, must be once more referred to here. She was one of the strongest women in the prison, and after one of her outbreaks her passage to the "dark" would be marked by shreds and patches of her own dress, by tufts of hair from the heads and beards of her male captors, and by buttons from their uniforms. She had a wonderful facility in slipping off the handcuffs which her violence rendered necessary, and these she would summarily fling at the head of the first person who opened the door.

The doors of the dark cells are arranged differently from those of the ordinary ward apartments. In the former case the inner door is grated, and the outer one close, having a thick pad also drawn over it, to deaden the sound of the fearful yells in which the infuriated women indulge. There is a rule which obliges the matron on night duty to visit the dark cell each time in her rounds—that is, once every hour—in order to see that the inmate neither suffers from illness nor inflicts violent injuries upon her body in an attempt to commit suicide. If the woman were singing or shouting, or flinging herself about, as is often the case, that would be evidence enough of her vitality. If she is quiet, however, and will not answer when the matron taps outside, then the officer is forced to slide back the pad, open the heavy door, and look in through the grating. Mary Ann Ball was always delighted to give this trouble to the officer; and though she had been singing fearfully not ten minutes before she would be silent as a mouse at every call of the matron; so the latter would be forced to go again through the exertion of sliding the pad and opening the door only to find the wild-beast woman standing bolt upright against the grating with an awful expression of countenance, or lying at length

among the shreds of her bedding, shrieking with satanic laughter.

The testimony of the prison officers is almost unanimous on one point: they declare that they have known hardly an instance of any salutary effect produced upon a woman by confinement in the dark cells. Every precaution is taken to prevent injury of body, and the inmate of the cell is visited often, day and night. The woman, however, usually continues defiant to the last; she knows that this is the extreme mode of punishment, and that this has its limits; so she braces herself to endure doggedly, or else expends her energies in raving and screaming, tearing her blankets in strips, and flinging in the matron's face the water which that officer brings. The length of the confinement varies, some women receiving only two days, even for a grave offense, while others will bear twenty-eight days with perfect indifference. It is certainly difficult to invent any mode of punishment quite adapted to women; but this method is a relic of barbarous ages, which is not only cruel but useless.

Of its uselessness in one case here is an instance: Honor Matthews once refused to leave the "dark" when her time had expired, flung herself on the floor and announced her intention of remaining there. She swore she would "break out" again at once, or assault some one if she were moved. So the door of the dark cell was again closed on her, and week after week passed without producing any signs of feebleness in her purpose. She was fed with the usual prison rations instead of the dark cell bread and water, and even extra food was given her. One day a favorite kitten of the matron strayed into the cell unperceived by its mistress; the woman deliberately suffocated the poor little animal, and when search was made for the missing pet she flung its dead body out, muttering, "That's how I should like to serve the whole of you." By-and-by, in an easy, unconstrained way, she signified her intention of going back to her own cell, and back she went, as stubbornly hard as ever.

In referring to the friendships, and consequent jealousies of female prisoners, it becomes necessary to mention the means of correspondence adopted; for, as was said before, Millbank Penitentiary is conducted on what is called the "silent system," though, of course, perfect abstinence from conversation can not be achieved by women as at present constructed. The female inmates of the prison, as a general rule, have what they call "pals" in the flash dialect of their order. A "pal" is a comrade, and the act of acquaintanceship is called "palling in." When a woman has made a mental selection of a "pal" she proceeds to court the mate chosen by the various methods of correspondence invented in prison. The chief of these is the commonplace mode of pen, ink, and paper; but the difficulties under which the operation is performed raise it almost to the height of a fine art. Paper is procured sometimes thus: On Monday morning each prisoner receives seven gas papers, or, as we should call them, lamp-lighters, one for each day in the week. The matron turns on the gas at night, then passes down the ward and calls out "gas paper:" one of these is at once put through the inspection hole in the inner door, and is lighted at the candle of the officer. The prisoner then complains that there is wind in the pipe and it will not light, that the paper has gone out or burned out; meanwhile the gas is escaping, the matron's work is hurrying her, and there is no time for argument; so the prisoner obtains her extra paper, and this is one method of procuring what the women call a "stiff," that being the invariable slang name for a bit of paper.

Then an occasional leaf is torn out of a library book, or the blank portion of a page at the end of a chapter is slyly abstracted, or even the margins of the leaves are cut off. The copy-books used in teaching writing are sometimes levied on without detection. A stump of a lead-pencil, and, once in a while, a pen is secreted during the school hour, which occurs twice a week. At the same time a woman manages to steal a thimbleful of ink; how shall she hide it from the eyes of the matron who makes careful inspection of the cells after dinner? When that meal is served she pretends to have a slender appetite, and obtains leave to put away half her loaf till tea-time; whereupon she sinks in it her thimbleful of ink, cunningly covers it over, and then she has "only a bit of my bread, Miss," to show the inspector.

The means having thus been procured, the letter is written. It contains often messages of friendship, and, rarely, of affection; often remonstrances against a fancied slight: the person addressed has been seen looking kindly on some other than her own "pal," the writer. Frequently the message is one of jealousy and revenge; a change of "pals" is threatened, and the threat is accompanied by abuse of the person addressed, the reception of this sort of a missive being frequently followed by a general smash up in the cell of the injured woman. Arrangements for a simultaneous "breaking out" often form the subject of these letters.

But how to send the communication when written? For, be it observed, the genuinely plucky prisoner disdains to hold elaborate correspondence with any one but a remote comrade. The "pals," as a general rule, are in different wings of the prison, and the transmission of a note becomes to all parties a most agreeable excitement. The means of transit are ingenious, and in the majority of cases baffling to the matron. Prisoners are obliging one to another; and a "stiff" will sometimes pass through twenty hands before reaching the one for whom it is intended. Sometimes, in chapel, a paper is thrown so skillfully that the matron remains in ignorance of the transaction till the excitement of the recipient betrays to the experienced official eye the fact that A, B, or C, has received a note. Another way is this: the writer of the

letter knows which cell her "pal" occupies; on the way to chapel the little procession passes that cell, and into it is cunningly thrown the bit of paper, tightly screwed up, and a wink or a nod suffices in chapel to inform the other side of the fact. Some who can not read or write, or who have not been lucky enough to secure a "stiff," indulge in *silent conversation* in chapel, in the laundry, the exercising yard, or any other place where they may be thrown together; a woman looks fixedly at her "pal," then her lips move slowly and *distinctly*, but no sound is heard. The prisoner addressed is skillful enough to read from the motion of the mouth as clearly as others would read from a written paper.

Thus in some way a constant correspondence is kept up; the news of the prison will circulate with marvelous rapidity; various bits of gossip float about as readily as in a country village; but the short-lived, passionate, jealous friendships of the prison-world form the staple of the communications. The women, however, are not faithful in their regard for each other; they are deceitful, treacherous, horribly jealous, uttering fearful threats against the unfaithful "pal," which come to naught, and the whole affair is soon forgotten. The "dearest friend" of to-day becomes the "abominable creature" of next week, then drops entirely out of the notice of her old "pal," and both parties occupy themselves with new ties and are satisfied.

That well-known and universal peculiarity of women, which leads them to the most reckless disregard of consequences when their passions are excited, finds ample illustration in prison. There was Towers, a hideous cripple and a convict. Her skin was as that of a corpse in hue, and she closely resembled a white-faced ape. She had quite lost the use of her legs, and was forced to wriggle herself about in a manner unlike any thing human. Her disposition was worse than her form; she would lie for days in her cell, refusing to rise, declaring with awful blasphemies her inability to move, and praying still more blasphemously that all calamities might fall on her, and the leprosy, blindness, and the plague seize on those around her. She had a morbid pleasure in making herself ill; to do this she would go without food till she came near actual starvation; she deliberately swallowed the needles given her with her work, and if by any cunning she could get possession of a piece of broken glass she would quietly open a vein with it, and lie bleeding till her growing faintness called attention to her. Again and again was she removed to a fresh cell, where it was supposed she could not have taken any thing dangerous with her; but no sooner was she in bed than, with a scream of horrid triumph, she would produce from among her back-hair, or from some other mysterious hiding-place, the jagged glass, with which at once, and with the quickness of a cat, she would inflict the terrible gash. When taken to the infirmary she resorted to every device to make her neighbors and attendants miserable. She would lie in bed and scream for help till assistance was close upon her, when she would work herself into a sitting posture, and with unerring aim fling at the person's head every thing which her long arms could reach. Again she would drop suddenly out of bed, and with an eel-like writhe make for the bedside of the other prisoners, and there smash basins, bottles, furniture—any thing she saw. Meanwhile most of her time was passed in singing flash songs, in which she would incorporate the grossest obscenities, till at last a special cell had to be constructed for her, in order that the lives of the other prisoners might not be endangered by her freaks.

Maria Copes was another of the astonishing instances of what women can do when they determine to make themselves formidable. Hers was so remarkable a case that special mention of it was made in a Parliamentary paper. She was a giantess in proportions, and of a strength incredible. She seemed to have no regard for herself, not a thought of fear of the handcuffs, dark cells, and strait-waistcoats to which she made herself liable. The "dark" was of little use, however; for when she had broken up all things in her own cell, torn down her gas-pipe, and had at last been carried by sheer force to the place of punishment, she at once invented and put in operation some method of self-injury which alarmed the authorities for her life, and caused her speedy release. For instance, on some occasions she would leap from end to end of her cell, striking head foremost against the wall; at other times, crouching in an angle of the apartment, she would violently rock herself to and fro, knocking her head in that way against each wall with a sound positively sickening to all who heard it. Canvas-jackets were of no use; she would tear them to bits with her teeth, then, perhaps, pull up the very planks of the floor, and arouse the whole prison with her yells. She was once put in a padded room, herself inclosed in a strait-waistcoat; she tore herself clear, then actually pulled down with her teeth and hands all the strongly-fixed canvas paddings, and, piling up the fragments in the middle of the cell, sat down in triumph on the top of the heap. Copes at last fought her way through her term, and disappeared from Millbank, to the delight of officers and convicts alike.

The odd tricks and various humors of the women would fill a volume. There is one prisoner, nicknamed by her comrades "Crying Jarvis." She is remarkable, among other things, for putting her head through every aperture where head could go, but from which hers can be brought back only by the most careful management. In the door of the dark cells there is a trap through which food is passed; Jarvis's head would go through this, and, accordingly, whenever—she being shut up there—the trap was opened to give her dinner out would pop her silly countenance, and no persuasion would induce her to take it in again till she was ready

to do so of her own accord. Then there are women who have the faculty of feigning death. The matron, well as she knows the trick, is often really frightened, and the doctor is sent for; he orders a pint of water to be dashed in the corpse's face, when it usually starts up and utters a torrent of oaths.

These tricks appear to be performed mainly from pure love of mischief, but others are used for the purpose of gaining access to the infirmary. Pricking the gums with a needle is a common practice; this produces what the would-be patient declares is bleeding of the lungs. Soap pills for frothing at the mouth in the course of a sham fit are in much request. One of the Millbank prisoners possessed a remarkable capacity for self-inflation; she managed to deceive for a time even the medical attendant. She would expand herself astoundingly, her size becoming greater every instant; being removed to the infirmary, she would lie in bed a few days, then gradually recover, sit up for a short time, then expand again, and betake herself once more to bed. At last chloroform was suddenly administered, and a collapse followed as soon as the power of inhalation was suspended. Still another woman could throw herself into a state of seeming trance. She lay rigid and inflexible on one occasion for two days, taking only beef tea, and that through the medium of a spoon; at the end of the time mentioned she received a little asafœtida with the tea, at which insult she sprang up in bed, and poured forth the richest stream of invective that even prison officials ever listened to.

But are there not, even here, some evidences of a better nature, of something a trifle more womanly and gentle? Certainly. The matron assures us that there are at this time in the prison a number of women, well behaved and orderly, who refrain from window smashing, and fulfill all their duties with regularity and neatness, having self-command enough to resign themselves to the dismal monotony of penitentiary life, and prudence enough to see that they gain in comfort by decent behavior. Among a few of them there are little fancies and tastes that tell very plainly of a thoughtful mind and an affectionate disposition. Strictly speaking, the rules of the prison forbid the convicts all indulgence in fancy needle-work; but the judicious matron, especially if she is not too recent an appointment, has the good sense to see that the spirit of the law can sometimes be better preserved by in a measure disregarding the letter; and she is accordingly quietly blind to various minor infractions of the code.

An ingenuity almost beyond belief is shown by the "good-conduct women," as the decent ones are called, in the manufacture of the articles with which they beguile the dull hours of their captivity. The making of tiny boots and shoes is a favorite pastime; these are formed from bits of rag picked up here and there, and have a grace of outline and neatness of finish wonderful indeed. Rag dolls are also made, though with only limited success; materials are scarce, and the female convict's idea of anatomy is peculiar; the consequence is a long-waisted, long-necked monster, with features stitched in colored thread on the white nob representing a head. One woman works crochet; her needle is formed of a hair-pin, and she steals cotton wherever she can find it, her manufactory stopping now and then for days and weeks on account of the scarceness of stock. Pin-cushions are made by the peck almost; and the matron remarks that this is strange, because they can not be given away, they are difficult of hiding, and they entail much extra work in their construction.

Then there are the good-tempered but unimaginative prisoners who turn their attention to fancy cooking, having a positive passion for making cakes. They conceal their dinner loaf, soak the bread in the water which is three times each day furnished them, and then mix it with fat skimmed from their stewed meat; the whole is kneaded into some remote likeness to a cake, and is then baked in a tin can over the gaslight. When the woman has no tin can she holds the cake over the gas in her fingers, changing it rapidly from one hand to the other, meanwhile blowing her fingers to cool them. The cake baked, it is eaten in the dead of night like a delicious morsel, a part of it perhaps being reserved for transmission to the prisoner's "pal" the next day.

More poetical, and certainly much sadder, is the eagerness with which these poor women seize upon the smallest flower within their reach. In one of the prison yards there grow a few very common daisies; occasionally one of the convicts, eluding for an instant the eye of the matron, will snatch one of these, and hide it as if it were a priceless gem; sometimes she will lend it, and instances have been known of its passing from hand to hand on many short visits; oftener its possession is made the subject of a quarrel, which results only in betraying the presence of the contraband article. Some years ago a matron, making her round of inspection, saw one of the rudest and most repulsive of her charges sitting, with her elbows on her table, staring at one of these common flowers. The woman was not conscious of the official presence, and was for a time herself—her old self of years ago, when she played among the daisies and laughed with the sunshine. She looked long at the flower with a wistful gaze, then dropped her head upon the table before her, and wept till the tears forced themselves through her fingers interlocked. The daisy had spoken with a voice too eloquent for the woman's heart. Six months afterward the same matron found it carefully pressed between two leaves of her prison Bible, and when the doors opened for the poor creature's release, her daisy went with her, her choicest, almost her only treasure.

We must leave various topics quite untouched, and forbear recording very numerous instances of feminine peculiarities as seen at Mill-

bank. The dislike of the women to attend school; the ease with which they acquire the art of pattering glibly a series of religious phrases to deceive the simple-minded chaplains; the devoutness of some in chapel, and the dreadful levity of others; the light-heartedness of the deeply-dyed criminals, and the remorse of those confined for petty offenses—all these things and a hundred more are to be found here in this London penitentiary. Wise heads and kindly hearts are planning model prisons, hoping sometime to discover the philosopher's stone of reformatory punishment. But when we remember the English jails of old time we need not be discouraged even at the often unsatisfactory working of modern improvements; there may come a prison which shall be to Millbank what Millbank is to the Bridewell of the past.

THE LEADSMAN'S SONG.

'TWAS a seaman bold on the ship's lee side,
When the green waves rollicked far and wide—
When keen winds whistled through ragged sails
With a dreary gamut of shrieks and wails—
When cloudy masses obscured the sun
With a tangled vapor, dark and dun—
When the stout ship reeled with the tempest's blows,
And the voice of prayer 'mid the storm arose
As the jagged line of the dread lee-shore
Came dim to herald the breakers' roar!—
'Twas then that the seaman swung the lead
With a circling sweep round his rain-beat head,
And launching it down in the troubled sea,
Sang loudly and clear this song to me:

I.

"Quarter less four!—Quarter less four!
Hark! how the breakers roar a-lee,
Chanting aloud, in devilish glee,
Chorusing ever, '*One ship more!*'
Wrecks ashore I can plainly see;
Corpses are lying there—corpses four:
There, alack! we shall shortly be—
Three fathoms only!—*Quarter less three!*

II.

"Three and a half! It deepens at last!
Quarter less four! There's a channel here,
Courage, pilot, and take good cheer.
Five!—the danger is overpast!
Six!—huzza! for it deepens fast.
Quarter less eight!—Quarter less eight!
Now may the breakers lie in wait,
Dragging the shoals with their foamy net:
Others may meet with the sailor's fate,
We shall be snared—not yet, not yet!
Nine fathoms clear!—Nine and a half!
Now, in sooth, we can bravely laugh;
For the distant breakers, I wot, confess,
With their sullen roaring, 'One ship less!'"

And his song to me as I swayed the wheel
(For the good ship's woe, or the good ship's weal!)
With the nervous grasp of a trained athlete,
Had a melody in its close most sweet;
For I thought, as the keel passed the fearful shoal
And I held our course to the open sea,
That another pilot had stood by me,
Keeping the ship toward the rocky goal!
A shadowy helmsman, stern and dark,
Terribly steering my fated bark;
A spectre pilot, of fleshless bone,
With icy fingers upon mine own,
With hollow eyes fixed on the corse-strewn shore,
And jaws ever grinning—"*One ship more!*"

ON BOARD U. S. BARK "VOLTIGEUR."

OUT OF NAZARETH.

A QUEER little town among hills and streams, where, under the thrifty, painstaking New England farming, the very rocks had blossomed into gardens, and every little brook had to turn a big mill-wheel. A place that might have been poetical, if it had not been so severely useful; with skies blue as Italy, and peaks which made you think of Switzerland; and yet a place where no tourists went, and which nobody ever thought of talking about.

The site for the little red school-house on the hill-side had been chosen because the land was rocky and therefore cheap, as well as because it was near the centre of the district. By the merest accident it was the most picturesque nook in the whole town. At its back a wood crowned the hill—a pleasant wood, where there was little underbrush, and the school-boys kept all the snakes killed, so that timid girls could go there and gather flowers in spring and summer, and fill their dinner baskets with chestnuts when the early frosts opened the burs. The meadow, stretching out green and level at the eastward, was a capital place for strawberries and playing "gool;" and the hill, sloping so steeply from the school-house door — what royal coasting there was down it in winter! All the juveniles appreciated these points of attraction; and Miss Amber, the teacher, appreciated what the rest forgot, the picturesqueness of a landscape which would have enchanted a painter—if you could fancy a painter ever going to Nazareth—and so all were satisfied.

Miss Amber had taught school in Nazareth, summer and winter, for five years; but then she began when she was seventeen—so she was not very old. She was an orphan; but the townsfolks had loved her father, and she did not lack for friends. Parson Amber had been for thirty years their minister, and when he died, and his fair invalid wife, whom he had married late, laid her head down on his dead heart, and died in time to be buried in the same grave, every home in the little country town was open to his only child, and every heart was ready to give her welcome. But she chose independence, and asked for the post of teacher of the district school.

She retained the small but pleasant cottage which her father owned, and the woman who had been at once housekeeper and maid of all work for her parents; and so pleased herself with the semblance of a home to go to when her day's work was over, though the cherishing love, which had made those lowly walls so dear, was gone from the earth.

Miss Amber made a good teacher. I do not mean by this that she liked it. I do not hold to the creed that to teach well one must be in love with their work. One must have ability to impart knowledge, and a respectable fund of knowledge to impart. Beyond these it only wants self-control and a conscience—two things which Miss Amber had. So she did her duty in the fear of God, and did it well. It was not in the nature of things that she should particularly enjoy it. Her father had been a man of literary tastes and thorough culture, and after she had mastered the tedious first rudiments of knowledge he had been her teacher. To one who had walked among the stars, dreamed through the classics, was familiar with the daily lives and ways of the poets as with the faces of her neighbors—one whose soul was full of subtle perceptions of beauty, undeveloped powers of imagination, longings, all the stronger because unspoken, after the glory, and romance, and fervor, of a full life, there could be little attractive in the task of thumping A B C's into naughty curly heads, or kindling torches of illumination to guide benighted intellects through the Rule of Three. All the more glory to her, I say, therefore, because she did her work well. All heroes do not lead regiments. She always passed her "mornings" at school, and staid at night to mend pens and prepare copy-books—so for eight hours of every day she was not her own. Her moments and her thoughts were paid for, and she gave them every one faithfully. Then she went home and washed her hands, combed her dark hair, put on her home dress and her home face, and was her own mistress.

Did I say that Miss Amber had many friends in Nazareth? I should have been nearer the truth to say she had but one. All cared for her. Partly for her father's sake, and partly for her own, the minister's little girl was dear to each and all. But if friendship means something more than liking; if it means companionship in pursuits, exchange of ideas, community of thoughts, she had one sole friend—Adam Russell. And even on him she secretly looked down a little, though nothing in her manner ever gave a suggestion of it. She was exquisitely refined. Her mother had been faultlessly bred—her father was a gentleman of the old school. To a dweller in Nazareth such refinement, inherited and cultivated, was no blessing. It was hard sometimes to conceal her annoyance at neighborly familiarities, awkward country ways. But her kind heart carried her safely through, and she wounded no mortal's self-love.

Still she wished—she could not help wishing it every night when he sat by her side—that Adam Russell was less rugged; less noisy in step and voice; had more softness, more social adroitness. She liked him heartily, nevertheless.

He had been her father's pupil. For three years before Parson Amber died he had taught the two together, girl and boy. After his death they had kept on with their studies. It would have been so solitary to give up all old habits. After the first wild spasm of grief was over, and Grace had begun to grow familiar with her loneliness and sorrow, and recognize it as something that was not to be confronted or shaken off—a quiet guest rather, to sit with her at board and fireside until her own death day—she began to feel the need of keeping up old ways. When

Adam Russell came, timidly enough, not dreaming of books or study, but only to bring her a late flower or two which the autumn blasts had spared, and show her in his sad eyes and mutely sympathizing face how sorry he was for her, she brought out the last book they had been reading, and asked him quietly if he would stay and study with her a while. When he went away she said, struggling with something that rose up in her throat and seemed to choke her,

"Perhaps you had better come every night as you used, and we will try how we can get on together without a teacher. I think papa would have wished it."

Then she shut the door hurriedly, almost in his face; for she felt a storm of sobs and tears bursting forth which he must not see. How grief shook her! What bitter, bitter cries smote the very heavens from those orphan lips! With what unavailing anguish she called for voices to answer her, to bless her, which must be silent evermore, until she, too, should learn the secret password which opens the portal of eternity. How, at last, came merciful exhaustion, and then, through the stillness, a whisper faint and sweet as of a ministering angel—

"He is a father of the fatherless—even God in his holy habitation."

Little she knew, little she would ever know, how her sorrow was shared even then—how he stood outside, that simple country-bred boy, not daring to seek admittance again, or proffer any comfort; and yet longing, with a passion of grief, and tender, loving pain, to bear it all for her—to shield that graceful head from every storm of life. He did not go away until the moans, that had penetrated faintly to his ear, were still, and the glow of a just-lighted lamp shone out softly from Miss Amber's window.

He was only sixteen then, and she was seventeen. He did not think about love. No dream of possible possession, no longing to call her his, blent with the humble sincerity of his worship. He only felt that to have died to make her happy would have been easier than to stand outside and know her shaken with a sorrow he was powerless to soothe.

Since that night five years had passed. Miss Amber had taught the village school. Adam Russell had worked through the days upon his father's farm, serving with faithful hands, but heart and mind often far enough away. Evenings they had met almost daily. In the summer they took their books out of doors, or sat, when it was stormy, in the old window-seat; in winter at the fireside, with Aunt Prudence Fairly, the housekeeper, in the other corner nodding over her knitting. No one ever gossiped about Miss Amber; perhaps because she was open and frank as daylight in all her ways. Then, too, she held herself grandly above gossip, and, doing what she knew was right, would never have thought or cared what speech it might provoke. Moreover, there was an atmosphere of womanly dignity about her which would have forbidden foolish jesting with her name. If any one speculated, country fashion, that it would be a match some day between her and young Russell, she never knew it, and the thought of it had never entered her head.

She was twenty-two now, and he twenty-one in the summer gone by. She remembered his age as she sat waiting for him in the early autumn evening, and thought with a real regret that he would soon be going away to try his fortune elsewhere, as he had always said he should after he was of age. The books they were reading lay beside her in the old-fashioned window-seat; but she would not open them until he came. She sat with still face and wide eyes looking out toward the sunset.

She was beautiful just then. Ordinarily she was only distinguished-looking: I should say stylish, but the word has a hollow sound which makes me hate it. She was tall and well-made. Her face was pale usually; clear and healthy, but colorless. There was character enough in her proud features, and a look of resolution and self-will about the corners of her mouth and in her dark-gray eyes. But there were moments, as now, when her soul looked out through those eyes as through open windows, and they grew luminous with the inner light; when roses flamed on her cheeks and rivaled the bright bloom of her lips. These moments of transfiguration were when she looked at sunsets, or read poetry, or heard music. I think the sea would have wrought the same miracle; but her home was inland among the hills, and she had never seen it.

Adam Russell came in before the spell had ceased to work, while still the sunset's brightness was reflected in her changeful face. He had a love for the beautiful as quick and keen as her own; and, though neither of them knew it then, he had more power and more genius. Indeed, of genius, strictly speaking, she had not a bit. She was intensely appreciative, not creative.

Yet his face told no tales. He was not handsome, but he looked strong and in earnest: true Saxon—large of limb, tough of muscle, with brown hair and blue, resolute eyes; Roundhead rather than Cavalier. Miss Amber turned and took up a book as he entered.

"Not to-night, Grace," he said, putting it away; "at least, not now. Give me a little time to talk."

His accent touched her; for there was in it a certain pleading inflection, unconscious and tender.

"I don't know when, after to-night, I shall be here again," he went on, half-sadly, half-expectantly, as if he longed yet scarcely hoped to move her regret. "Shall you miss me at all?"

"I shall miss you more than you guess. What a lonely five years these last would have been but for our evenings together! I am not of a temperament to relish solitude without some one to whom I can say how sweet it is. But are you really going? When do you go, and where?"

"I *am* really going. I staid this long only because they needed me at home. Father must make his next year's arrangements without me. You know I never thought farming would suit me for a permanent thing—or New England either, for that matter."

"And yet she is a good mother."

"Yes;" and the slow blue eyes kindled a little, and then softened. "I hope you are not thinking I don't love home. If I were rich I think I would live and die here; but I must have room to grow. I must make money faster; for I want what it will bring. Why should I weary you with reasons? I think you've heard them all before. You knew my purpose, and now the time is come. I shall go to-morrow; where, I don't know yet, but out toward the sunset. I have three thousand dollars, which my grandmother gave me when she died. When I have made them ten times three, I think I shall be ready to come back. Simple people could live well enough on thirty thousand, couldn't they, Grace?"

He asked this question, and then he bit his lip with vexation. He had meant to ask her for her love, and here he was talking about money. Still he wanted so much to know what sum she would think enough for comfort—when he might venture to come back. He had outgrown a little in these five years his boyish ignorance and simplicity of heart. He was no longer content to worship without the thought of return. He loved Grace Amber, and he *wanted* her—to be his own; to meet him, with those proud, sweet eyes of hers, when he came in; to belong to him, with her red lips, and her dark shining hair, and her proud, pure woman's heart. But he had not outgrown his boyish shyness; and his very sense of her goodness and grace made him awkward. He had longing enough, but little hope. I am not sure that women do not like a self-confident wooer better. He started from his thoughts as if from a trance, when, after a moment's silence, her sweet voice broke upon his ear:

"I don't know much about money, but I should think thirty thousand dollars, eighteen hundred a year, enough for luxury. We never had more than half that income in my father's life, and we surely lived in comfort."

"And when I have that much may I come back for you? Could you love me? Oh, Grace, Grace, I don't know how to tell you, but you must have seen that you are all I care for in this world! Your sorrow pierces me to the heart. Your smiles make me glad. I would give every moment of my life for your happiness. I know I'm not good enough or polished enough for you. I know I'm not half what you deserve; but oh, who will ever love you so well? Who *could* love you so well as I who have loved you all my life? If I grow better, nobler, worthier, will you promise to love me, to keep your heart for me?"

"Let me think—wait—give me time to tell you."

The silence that fell between them only lasted five minutes. It seemed to Adam Russell like a cycle of eternity.

Grace Amber's brain reeled a moment, and then grew steady. His declaration had been the greatest surprise of her life. During all the hours they had passed together she had never thought of his loving her. *Could* she give him what he asked? She stole a stealthy look at him as he sat with his eyes turned away. It was not the face or form of her ideal. She loved softness, gentleness, poetry of motion, grace of aspect. She *needed* most of all something to rely on—strength, courage, truth, but she did not know her own needs as yet. Her quiet life had developed her so slowly that she had not learned to understand herself. What she fancied now she would not love five years hence. Still she could only answer from present knowledge. She cared more for Adam Russell than for any one else in the world. She would feel the pain she must give him to her own heart's core, but he did not satisfy her taste. She could not feel for him one throb of the soft, sweet tumult of passion which she supposed love was. She noticed the square, ungraceful shape of his stalwart figure in his ill-fitting country-made clothes. She looked at his hard, rough hands, browned with the summer's work in plow-field and hay-field. What hands were those to toy with silken tresses? She did not see in him one thing to please her fancy. Plenty of good, sterling qualities to make her honor and trust in him—but not the eloquence of dark eyes and silver tongue—not the magical charm, the persuasive witchery which could win her love.

She spoke at length, tenderly, deprecatingly, pitifully, with tears in her voice and her eyes:

"I can't, Adam, I can't. I have tried, but it is of no use. I do love you, I love you dearly; but, oh! forgive me, it is not in that way."

"Forgive you! Forgive you for not loving me, Grace! Did you think I could blame you? I hardly hoped at all. I knew I was not good enough—I said so. Forgive me for troubling you. I have pained you, made you cry. Don't, Grace! you will break my heart," for, moved to the depths by his words, she was sobbing passionately.

"I don't wonder you couldn't love me. I only wonder I could have been so mad as to think it possible. God bless you! God make you happy! I know you are my friend, my true, good friend, and that is enough. It must be enough. You will be my friend still when I come back, won't you; wherever you are, married or single?"

A great, gulping sob shook him in spite of himself as he said that—he was not strong enough to bear the thought of finding her married to some one else. She could not answer him, for her tears were falling fast; but she put out her hand, and he took it and held it in a close pressure. After a moment he let it go, and for her sake forced himself to self-control and calmness.

"I brought you a book," he said; "one you

like, and I want you should keep it to make you think of me sometimes when I can read with you no more."

He laid it in her hand, an edition of Shelley, bound as Shelley should be, in leather the color of the sea, and printed on fair, creamy pages, in type it would be a luxury to read. It was an English edition. He had been to Boston and back for it the day before. He said nothing of another gift he had purchased for her there—a ring with a pearl white as milk, faintly flashing—he had given up all hope that she would wear that now.

He received her thanks with a sad smile, and soon after he went away. He turned back on the threshold to say, looking at her with tender, sorrowful eyes:

"If ever you want a friend, Grace—if ever there is any thing a brother could do for you—let me know. Promise me. My father can always tell you where I am, so it will be easy to send me word. No matter how far it is I will not fail you."

When he was gone Grace Amber went back into the room where she had received her first offer. She had it to herself. Aunt Prudence was doing fortnightly duty at a sewing-society, and there was no one to notice her mood. She tried to read a little in her Shelley. Then she shut it and fell to thinking. She could not turn her mind all at once from the true, honest love that had been laid at her feet. She thought it all over—what he had said—how he had looked at her—how generous and patient and earnest he was. If she could have loved him she knew he would never have failed her. She could have looked forward to a future fixed and safe and sheltered. But of what avail all this when she could not give him her heart?—that willful, fluttering thing, waited for the voice of another charmer. Some one there must be in the world who would look at her with the eyes of which she had dreamed—whose tones silver-sweet to her ears would woo in poet phrases—a lover after her own heart.

But she pitied Adam Russell, her old playfellow, her fellow-student, her one friend for so many years. She went to bed, at last, with a heartache for his sake; and his familiar, kindly face blended strangely in her dreams with the dark eyes, and smile half-sad, half-tender of the true Prince who was to come some day.

That was autumn; and the winter which followed was insupportably long and tedious. She had never thought that she could miss her old friend so much. Her school duties seemed harder and more monotonous—the children more hopelessly stupid and the days longer. Then the evenings—those still, dreary times, with no one to read to her, or hear her read, and the silence broken only by the steady, drowsy click of Aunt Prudence's knitting-needles. There was no one to notice the bit of scarlet ribbon with which she brightened her winter-dress, or the new ways she did her hair. She was not one whit more in love with Adam Russell than ever; but his going away and leaving no one to take his place made a terrible blank in her life. She grew thin. She looked not only pale but listless. She found her solitude and the dull monotony of her days insupportable. She resolved to change it. She began searching the papers. In some of them, she thought, she would be sure to see the opening she waited for. Her evenings, devoted to advertising columns, became a little more interesting.

At length she chanced upon an advertisement for a governess which seemed to promise something. All the wisdom of Solomon was not, for a wonder, required of the applicant. She was not expected to sing like Patti, play like Gottschalk, and dance like Mademoiselle Cubas. The accomplishments, so called, were to be taught by masters engaged for the purpose—the governess was expected to train her pupils in the ordinary branches of an English education, to direct their reading, and criticise their manners. Miss Amber had no fear but that she was qualified. The only trouble was the references required. To whom could she refer—whose indorsement, of all she knew, would establish her credentials?

She was frank by nature, and she solved the question in the directest way. She wrote a letter to the address given in the advertisement, in which, with straightforward simplicity, she set forth the details of her birth, breeding, and acquirements—all her past life, in short. Perhaps nine advertisers for governesses out of ten would have passed such a letter by unheeded. Fortunately she had chanced upon the tenth one, who appreciated it, and understood her at once. She received in reply a communication nearly as frank as her own.

Mrs. St. Clair, the lady who desired her services, was a widow with two daughters to educate, of whom the younger was ten, and the elder twelve. She resided in New York in the winter, in summer upon the Hudson; and she wished a governess who would be no less a companion for herself than an instructress for her daughters. If Miss Amber chose to accept the engagement she would be treated in all respects, social and domestic, as one of themselves. She concluded by naming a salary which sounded munificent to one accustomed to the wages of a district school-teacher in the country.

Miss Amber answered the letter by return mail, accepting the situation, and agreeing, as had been proposed, to join the family at Riverdale the second week in May.

This done she dispatched a note to the school-committee of Nazareth, informing them that she must resign her post at the end of the winter term.

Her next task was to settle matters with Aunt Prudence. The little cottage where they lived, with the books and furniture it contained, was her inheritance from her father. She could not have borne to have it pass into other hands, or to see it shut up. She proposed to her house-

keeper to remain there and keep a home always open for her return—promising to send her from each quarter's salary a remittance sufficient to keep her in comfort. The proposal was accepted with thanks after a few vain remonstrances on the evils of young girls going to strange places, the dangers of city life, and sundry kindred topics.

So all was settled, and then Miss Amber had a pleasant employment for her leisure in making her preparations. It was marvelous how far her money went, aided by the contrivances of her deft fingers, for she was her own dress-maker.

School closed, and she parted from the children, the last day, with more real regret than she could have imagined it possible to feel for them. They were a link to her past life; and the future, now she was drawing near it, seemed so dim, so vague, so untried, that she shrank from it a little, and turned to the past with a strange tenderness. She shed not a few tears for the days gone by, as she roamed again over her old haunts, and went round among all her old, kind friends to bid them farewell.

Still, when she had fairly left Nazareth behind her, and started on her way to Riverdale, her spirits rose. The prospect of change exhilarated her. She seemed to breathe freer. Her pulses thrilled at the thought of new scenes and new faces—perhaps, who knew, the real story-book lover at last. It was time, she said to herself, with a smile and a blush—she was almost twenty-three, and if he did not make haste, "the invisible, unknown he," she would be old and faded before he came for her.

That night she passed on the Sound. The next forenoon she reached Riverdale station. The other passengers who got out there marched away, as if each one knew where he was going. She was left nearly alone, when a respectable-looking coachman asked if it was Miss Amber, and conducted her to a carriage where a middle-aged lady and two little girls sat waiting. It was kind of them, she thought, to meet her. She went forward with a pleased smile on her face that made her lovely. Mrs. St. Clair looked at her critically. She liked the graceful figure in simple, lady-like traveling garb; the pale, high-bred face; the simple yet elegant manner. She congratulated herself. She had not done ill in trusting to her intuitions. She welcomed her governess cordially, and introduced Helen and May, her daughters.

In the mean time Miss Amber's cool eyes had taken her measure also. They saw in her a shrewd, reasonable, kindly woman—no enthusiast, yet not without impulse—a true lady—a mother who would be judicious and faithful, but one whose affection would never be idolatrous or unreasonable—a person whose whole character was well-regulated and consistent; whom she should like sincerely, and get on with serenely, but about whom she could never be enthusiastic.

They were satisfied mutually.

That was a pleasant summer. Mrs. St. Clair had notions of her own about governesses, and recognized a lady when she saw one. Miss Amber fell into the ways of the household without difficulty. She had quite as much time to herself as was good for her. She found Mrs. St. Clair a pleasant friend; and the children, if no better than other children, were no worse, and had been trained to be obedient and not exacting.

Gradually she became familiar with the family history. Mrs. St. Clair, not more than thirty-five now, had been her husband's second wife. Besides her own two little girls there was a son of the first Mrs. St. Clair; a young gentleman of twenty-five, who had been living for several years in Italy, and was expected home by-and-by. About this absentee, "brother Paul," as they called him, the children were very enthusiastic. He was so handsome, so generous—above all, he painted so beautifully. He must paint Miss Amber's portrait when he came home.

Mrs. St. Clair spoke of him with a certain kind of affection. That he was her husband's son was a claim on her regard which she would never have thought of ignoring. Still there was no difficulty in perceiving that he was not to her taste. A very real woman, she had not much sympathy with the ideal. She was just the kind of person to look coldly on artists, and distrust poets. So her curt and slightly sarcastic comments on the children's rhapsodies only amused their governess.

Unconsciously to herself Miss Amber was beginning to make a hero of this unknown "brother Paul." It would have shocked her if she had realized how much she thought about him—how much reference she had in her choice of books and studies to the probability of their future meeting, and the subjects she should want to discuss with him. She would have laughed at the idea of the rich Mr. St. Clair falling in love with his sisters' governess; and yet, underneath her acknowledgments that such dreams would be impossible of fulfillment, and absurd of conception, I am not sure that there did not lurk a hidden something, not vivid enough to be called a hope, less tangible than a fancy, which pointed to him as the true Prince.

After a quiet, pleasant summer the family went back to New York. Miss Amber was more than ever charmed with her situation, as indeed she had reason. Mrs. St. Clair had taken a hearty and honest liking to her, and meant to afford her every enjoyment and advantage in her power. If she had been a daughter of the house her position could hardly have been more agreeable or independent. She had, to be sure, her hours for lessons, when she taught with zeal and thoroughness—but she might have done as much had May and Helen been her own young sisters. Outside these hours they were quite as much in their mother's charge as in hers. She enjoyed this luxurious life. She delighted in the ease and elegance of her surroundings—handsome furniture, spacious rooms,

attentive servants. When she thought of Nazareth, in those days, it was almost with a shiver of self-pity. How had she lived so long with such commonplace associations? What would tempt her ever to go back to that rugged life, so bare of all luxury and grace?

In New York Mrs. St. Clair introduced her in society as her friend. Probably few guessed at her position; or, if they did, they politely ignored it, perceiving that they were expected to receive her on the footing of one of the family. At first she remonstrated against giving up so much time to society; but when she saw it was really Mrs. St. Clair's wish she yielded to the natural, girlish enjoyment it gave her, only taking most conscientious care that her pupils should never be neglected, or their hours for study set aside.

She met with admiration enough to have turned some heads. Not that she was called a beauty. The women, indeed, could see nothing to admire in "that pale girl;" but the men seemed to find something. Perhaps it was partly the oddity of a woman who did not sing or play or dance, in a circle where every one else at least attempted these accomplishments. Then her style was so peculiar. She dressed so simply, yet with a taste so faultless. Her conversation was so piquant, so fresh; her moods so independent; her bearing so quietly regal. It was the difference between a nature pure, inexperienced, unhackneyed, and one which an artificial life had warped out of all originality; cramped remorselessly down to conventional standards. Mrs. St. Clair smiled to herself now and then to see how her protégée was becoming the fashion.

Her smiles changed to half-vexed astonishment when two offers of marriage came from two of the best matches in the city, and were successively rejected.

"I do not think you know your own mind, or have any true idea of your own requirements," she said, in a provoked tone, on the second of these occasions.

"Why? Because I do not love Mr. Desmond or Mr. Vanderpool? I know no harm of them; but I can not help it if they do not touch my heart. It bores me and tires me out to talk with either of them an hour at a time: what would it be to see their faces opposite me forever? Are you in haste to look out for a new governess?"

"I should be sorry to part with you—I need not tell you that—but I am not selfish enough to wish you to forget your own interests, and lose your chances in life for the sake of being my governess. However, you must gang your ain gait."

"Waiting for Paul, I know it!" Mrs. St. Clair soliloquized in an annoyed tone, as the door closed upon Miss Amber. "She is romantic, and those children have made him out such a wonder! A selfish, luxurious dreamer; he isn't half good enough for her."

It was just about that time that one of Aunt Prudence's occasional letters came, with an item of Nazareth news in it of more than usual interest. Adam Russell's mother had died suddenly. He had been sent for, but only arrived in time to stand over her grave. He had seemed very much overcome, but had only staid in Nazareth a few days. The night before he went away he had called at the old parsonage. It must have been to ask after Grace, for he had not talked of any thing else, and spoke little even of her. He took down some of the books, and went and sat in the old window-seat, and turned them over; and after he had sat there a while he got up and went away.

This letter touched Miss Amber's heart strangely. She had been Adam Russell's true friend too many years not to feel his sorrow. She knew by her own memories of anguish what it must be to him to lose his mother. It would seem to sever his connection with Nazareth; for between him and his father—a stern, rigid man—there was no great attachment. Perhaps she should never see him again. How strange it would be, after all those years of friendship! How good he had been to her! how much he had loved her! She wanted to write to him and try to comfort him a little; she thought she would if she had known where he was. But she did not know. There was no way but to send the letter to his father for him; and then it would be speculated about, and grow old and cold before it reached him. So she gave it up. Perhaps something whispered that since she could not give him what he had asked her for, any thing else which she could give him would be worth little. The thought of his lonely heart, his unshared sorrow, haunted and saddened her for days—until, in fact, it was banished by a new and most potent excitement.

"Brother Paul" was coming. He had started in the *Arago*. She was nearly due. He might be there any day. May and Helen were wild with the eager excitement of children. Miss Amber's expectation was quieter, but not less intense. The daily lessons were hard work for both teacher and pupils.

At last, one day, in the very midst of study hours, there was the bustle of an arrival in the hall. The girls sprang up and tossed their books to the ceiling. The governess attempted no restraint. She, too, would have liked to join the wild rush down the stairs. She retreated, instead, to her own room, and, like a sensible young woman, improved the time to make her toilet. It cost her more study than all the parties at which she had assisted that winter. She did not acknowledge to herself the half her real interest. She wanted to have him for a friend, she thought—to hear him talk about Italy; she must not shock his fastidious taste by her first appearance. She tried half a dozen things, and ended with a plain but rich black silk, which fitted her figure exquisitely, finished with soft laces at wrists and throat. Black became her. It seemed a sort of continuation, in effect, of her soft, dark hair. It made

her pale face look clear. Still, when all was done, she was not satisfied. She did not like the slight, pale girl she saw in the mirror. Something seemed wanting of grace and sparkle—some charm she lacked in her own eyes that she knew not where to borrow. I do not know but she would have dressed over again if Helen, at the door, had not saved her the trouble.

"Mamma wants you to come down. Paul has been asking for you. He laughed at May and me for writing so much about you, and he says he wants to see the paragon."

Indiscreet tongue of childhood! Miss Amber's cheeks blazed—her eyes glittered. They had been making her ridiculous. Well, she would be indifferent enough. One thing, her excitement had supplied the lacking charm. If she had looked in the glass now she would have seen no want of life and sparkle.

She went into the drawing-room haughtily. Haughtily she received Mr. St. Clair's salutations. Silently and coolly she took her place at the window. He was enchanted. Surely the half had not been told him. None of them had written of her as handsome. What else did they call this radiant creature, with the wide, luminous eyes, the dusky, soft-falling hair, the pale brow, and the rose tint on cheek and lip?

You perceive there was a certain exaggerative romance in his manner of thinking. He was both poet and painter—not great in either art, but with enough of an artist's soul to color his conceptions.

Miss Amber, on her part, despite her vexation and her cool ways, lost not an inflection of his voice, not a shade of his expression. It thrilled her with a new emotion when he looked at her or spoke to her. Here were the dark, eloquent eyes of which she had dreamed—here the silver tongue, the high-bred, faultlessly elegant manner. Of course he was nothing to her; but with such a man in the world for a standard of comparison, what chance was there for the Desmonds and Vanderpools of society? She was cool and self-possessed as a veteran, however. No one could have guessed from her manner the new, overpowering fascination which swayed her heart. Even Mrs. St. Clair gloried in her quiet dignity, and began to hope that she was not going to be foolish enough, after all, to fall in love with Paul.

Is there any need to tell how the days and weeks of their acquaintance went on? how the spell of those unaccustomed charms stole over Miss Amber's dreaming heart, innocent, child-like, and almost as susceptible at twenty-three as in early girlhood? She lost her power to criticise, and believed in Paul St. Clair's genius as he believed in it himself. She listened to him with pulses that kept time to the melody of his voice as he lay on an ottoman at her feet, and said his own rhymes to her, looking up now and then into her face with the dangerous sweetness of his dark eyes. She grew to find every hour spiceless, insipid, that was not passed in his presence. And yet she kept up to herself the pretty fiction that he did not, and never would, love her; that it was only his genius which charmed her, and so blinded her eyes as to whither she was drifting.

As for him, he had had fancies many and loves many; but he felt in her presence that he had never loved before. I know not how real his passion was. His own faith in it was profound.

Mrs. St. Clair looked on with a certain degree of such patience as one has with the vagaries and petulance of a sick child. She thought that the flame would consume all its oil and go out after a while, at least in Miss Amber's heart. For her step-son she was not much concerned; she believed thoroughly in his power of recuperation.

Before they left town in the spring she found, to her dismay, that affairs were assuming a more serious character than she had anticipated.

Miss Amber waited on her one morning with a cool announcement of her wish to resign her situation. A question or two elicited the cause. Mr. St. Clair had proposed to her, and she had promised to be his wife. Of course she could not with propriety continue to teach there; and probably Mrs. St. Clair would not wish it—this speech, with a curious look and an air at once deprecating and defiant.

Mrs. St. Clair considered a moment. Matters had certainly gone farther and faster than she expected. She had judged Paul by his past flames, and so failed to do him justice. She had not given him credit for so much direct resolution and energy. Her chief concern was for Miss Amber, for whom she entertained a true, practical, common-sense, yet most earnest friendship, more real and tangible, as well as more judicious, than one woman in ten is capable of feeling for another. She appreciated the girl's intense, affluent nature; she thought it too rich a freight to be wrecked on the lee-shore of an unhappy marriage. Still, if it were possible that the marriage would not be unhappy; if she herself had not done Paul justice; if they indeed belonged together; then, in Heaven's name, let them marry! It would be giving her a daughter-in-law after her own heart. But, at any rate, they should have time to know whether they really and thoroughly suited each other. She spoke, after her silent consideration, deliberately:

"I am not willing to release you. I want you should stay with me through the summer, as much for your own sake as for mine. Do not suspect me of being opposed to this marriage. If *you* could be happy in it, it would give me undisguised satisfaction. Paul has no occasion to marry for money; it needs only that his wife should be a gentlewoman. All my concern is that you should not make a mistake. A man can bear an unhappy or an unsatisfying marriage better—the world offers him so many resources. To a woman, such a woman as you, it would be fatal. Stay here, therefore. Learn

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to know him well; and when you are satisfied by a fair trial that he fulfills all the demands of your nature, marry him. I believe if I were your mother I should hardly feel for you more anxiously, and I could not counsel you differently than I do now."

Miss Amber's eyes overflowed. For the first time she took Mrs. St. Clair's hand, and pressed her lips upon it with heart-felt tenderness. Then she lifted her face with a smile and a blush.

"What will *he* think? I told him I must positively leave—that it would not be right for me to stay."

"I will settle it with him. You shall not be compromised; and I assure you he will be only too glad."

In her secret heart Miss Amber was glad also. She had dreaded to go back to Nazareth, even for a time—to her dull, ungenial life there; the rude ways, the work-a-day habits. She had dreaded yet more to leave Paul St. Clair. In that stage of her love-malady his presence was the one charm of the universe. Take that away, and sun, moon, and stars would refuse to give their light.

So they all went up to Riverdale, and she basked in that marvelous brightness morning, noon, and night. He had the freedom of the school-room now, and he haunted it incessantly during lesson hours. Indeed, when the warm weather came he persuaded his mother that both his sisters and their teacher were in need of a vacation; and for the months of July and August lessons were interdicted altogether.

Then, of course, he must paint her portrait—the natural pastime of an artist in love. There were long sittings, in which he painted little and made love much. He sketched her in every attitude, every costume—never able to decide in which she was most charming.

At last she grew tired. She thought it was the warm weather, or the long, fruitless sittings. Mrs. St. Clair smiled shrewdly, and said something to herself about a surfeit of sweetmeats. If Paul would but have let her have her own way his power over her would have lasted longer. She longed to go off by herself and rest; to think her own thoughts, and have a few free breaths out of his atmosphere. But he could not understand it. He drew strength and refreshment and constant pleasure from her larger, deeper, stronger nature. How was he to know that this, and not the weather, was exhausting her, wearing her out?

She bore it as long as she could. The very effort to keep up the spell weakened it. Trying to delude herself into thinking that she was as happy as ever, as much entranced in his presence, only made her real discontent and weariness more tangible. Then, too, her nature was, as I have said, singularly honest—honest to herself as well as to others. She had never been accustomed to self-deception, or to tampering with the truth. When she found that she was tired of Paul, of his dark eyes and soft tones, his poetry, his painting, his Italy, she was too truthful to wear a mask and wonder at herself. He was certainly her ideal. She ought to have been satisfied forever in his presence—only she wasn't. She had taken more real comfort with Adam Russell in the old window-seat at Nazareth, fagging at Virgil and Cicero, than she seemed ever likely to find sitting in the perfumed air of Paul St. Clair's studio, and listening to his honeyed words and soft rhymes. The wine had been too sweet. Was she to blame because it palled on her taste?

Still she did blame herself intensely. It well-nigh broke her heart. She almost resolved to bear on in silence forever. How could she tell him when he loved her so; when he had said so often it would be death to part with her? Perhaps she would even have gone to such length of self-martyrdom as to smother for his sake the remonstrance of her own soul, and go on with the fiction of love when the reality was dead, if it had not been for Mrs. St. Clair.

That lady found her crying one morning, and made use of the opportunity to wrench the truth from her. Indeed, after the first pang which it gave her pride to confess that she had been mistaken, it came easily enough. It was such a relief to tell the whole truth; to lean a little on the strength and judgment of another. When she had said all that was in her heart she smiled with a little touch of self-scorn.

"How weak you will think me—how weak I am! I don't know as I understand myself. Perhaps I love Paul as much as ever. Perhaps it is only this oppressive weather that makes me feel tired of every thing, and when a cool, fresh day comes I shall be myself again."

Mrs. St. Clair looked at her kindly, but with a shrewd comprehension, as she answered her:

"I think you do love Paul just as much as ever, because I do not think it was ever love which you felt for him. You had an ideal, and you thought he fulfilled it. His dark eyes and soft words, his poetry and painting, and dreaming, bewitched you—but the back-bone of love was not there. It was impossible that it should be, for you were the stronger spirit of the two; and I think no real woman loves where she can not lean. With you he would have become like a parasite. He would have drawn all the life out of you. You talked of how tired you would be of Desmond and Vanderpool. I tell you either of them would be rest itself compared with Paul. The mind can not dwell forever in an artificial atmosphere. One must touch bottom sometimes. I am only thankful that you found out the truth in season."

"But I can not break my word. I know Paul loves me. I am not bad enough to requite love with cruel wrong."

"Humph! To my thinking the cruel wrong would be in marrying him when you don't want him. He would find out soon enough how you felt. The very selfishness of his nature would make him keenly sensitive to any coldness; and you know you are no hypocrite. Trust me, even if you loved him, he would be better off without

you. He would lean on you till the little strength nature gave him would have died of inaction. He will be twice the man married to a woman weaker than himself—one who looks up to him—whom he must sustain. If you dread telling him, let me."

"No; if it is right to tell him I must do it. I will not delegate my duties. I will go now; but I seem to myself like Judas when he betrayed his Lord. To have received his love, four months ago, with joy and pride beyond words, and now to scorn it and reject it! Let me go this instant, or I shall never have enough courage."

How she got through the interview she never knew. When she went into his studio he was retouching the outlines of her portrait, looking at it with lingering, loving eyes. He sprang, when he heard her step, to meet her, radiant with welcome. She almost thought again that she loved him, as she met the ardent gaze of the dark eyes, and listened to the voice's music. She felt guilty and hopeless as the strong Roman when he met the glazing, reproachful eye of the master he had murdered. But she plunged desperately on and told him the truth.

His burst of passionate grief, his upbraiding, his despair, pierced her heart. She sat very still; but she grew terribly pale, and her breath seemed to forsake her. When he paused she said—it was all she could do to speak, and her tones were so low he thought them icy cold—

"If you wish it, if you say so, I will marry you; but I do not love you in that way at all."

"You are mad, Grace, my darling—my darling! You could not so have deceived yourself and me. You have told me you loved me so often!"

Low and clear fell the slow, controlled tones:

"I am not mad. I know my own heart now. I know it was not love. I am not deceived, though I was then."

He thought her pitiless, her tones fell so evenly, her eyes were so cold and dry. He little knew how near her heart seemed to breaking. It roused his anger. He asked, bitterly,

"What is my crime? What have I done?"

"Nothing; only I have found out that I do not love you."

If she had felt less she would have shown more emotion, been more tender; but she could not trust her voice for an unnecessary word. At her icy stillness his passion burst all bounds. He forgot himself, and overwhelmed her with reproaches; pierced her with arrows of scorn that quivered in her very heart. She rose at last and looked at him with sad, imploring eyes.

"After so many happy hours, I hoped we could have parted friends."

"A man forgives his murderer sometimes," he sneered, "who shoots him in fair duel. I never heard of one who shook hands, at parting, with a masked assassin."

With these words for the end of so much loving she went out of the room. She went up stairs, still firmly and tearlessly, and packed her trunks. She could not trust herself to rest or pause. When she had arranged all her possessions, and dressed herself for a journey, she went to Mrs. St. Clair.

"The next train leaves in half an hour. My trunks are all ready. Can I be sent to the station?"

Mrs. St. Clair saw a resolution in her face which it would be useless to oppose. Indeed she did not wish to oppose it; for she knew her well enough to recognize her need of change and solitude. She only asked, after she had ordered the carriage,

"Will you come back to me when we go to town again in the fall?"

A shudder shook Miss Amber's frame; she answered, with almost a groan,

"No, Mrs. St. Clair, never! I love you, and I love the children; but I am done with governessing for life. I am going home. If there is less to interest there, less to please, God knows how much less pain there is. Mere safety is something."

"I understand your feeling so now. If you ever change your mind your place here will never be so filled that it will not be open to you to return."

When the cars whirled Miss Amber away she gave no look backward. She had but one longing—to get home. She had been out into the world, and gathered herself apples of Sodom. The fair hues which looked so bright in the distance had all faded. In the pleasure-gardens stones had goaded, thorns had pricked her. She asked now only rest. Nazareth was rough, and rugged, and commonplace as ever, doubtless; but no paradise of promised delights could have seduced her from it. During all the journey she allowed herself no backward thoughts. She would suffer her self-control to run no risks till she should be beyond the reach of curious eyes, within the chamber where she had dreamed all her childish dreams, before her world's work and world's trouble came.

The next day she reached Nazareth. Drawing her thick veil down to escape notice she walked home across the fields, leaving her trunks to be sent for. Just past her twenty-fourth birthday, and done with life—so she thought.

Aunt Prudence Fairly was a kindly soul, and, thanks to the silent influence of her residence in Parson Amber's family, not curious. She welcomed Grace with genuine delight, and in the next breath told her how pale she looked—"dead beat out."

"I know it. I am sick."

"Well, you just go to bed, and I'll make you a nice bowl of penny-r'yal, and put some draughts to your feet, and have you round as chipper as can be in a couple of days."

Miss Amber smiled faintly at the thought of such medicine for her pain. But she felt too desolate not to value the kindness of the intention. She laid her fingers on Aunt Prudence's withered hand with a gentle touch.

"That would not help me," she said, kindly.

"I am not ill of any thing but weariness. If you will let me go to my room and not come out of it for the next three days I shall be all right. I want a thorough rest before I can bear to see or speak to any one, even you."

The good old soul had the grace to submit, though it was about the hardest task Miss Amber could have imposed. She longed to ask and answer questions—at least to look at the returned wanderer, and tend her—but she took her disappointment patiently.

For three days Miss Amber staid quite alone, only taking in periodical cups of tea, and slices of toast, which she ate and drank mechanically, because they were brought, but which did her much good nevertheless.

In those three days she grew better acquainted with her own heart. She thought a great deal about Paul St. Clair; and she began to understand how imaginary had been her love for him, even while it was most entrancing—how little it would have been capable of withstanding the rude buffetings of actual life in this world. She pitied him with all the compassion of her heart in his present pain; but she had faith, after all, that it would be a wholesome tonic—that the bitter draught would give him strength. Involuntarily she recalled the past of two years ago, and contrasted it with the present. How boyish, undisciplined, unworthy, seemed Paul's anger, his rage at the truth, his refusal to part friends, when compared with Adam Russell's unselfish patience. She could not help seeing where was the finer fibre of manhood.

She thought of the hard, rough hands, and ungraceful air which had seemed so intolerable to her then. Of how much less moment they seemed now! She was learning to look beyond externals, to that which can alone endure the heat of the furnace. She began to see Adam Russell as he was—strong and faithful and self-denying—the true gentleman. She wondered that, in those old days, she had not loved him; perhaps she was not so very far from loving him now, if she had only known it. The very thought of him was like the fresh cool wind blowing over the hills.

She looked out of the window at the rugged, beautiful landscape. She longed to climb the steep paths; to feel the free, life-giving air. She felt as if she had been surfeited with flowers and sweetness and luxury. She liked better this simple life, which lay before her now, in the town where her father and mother had died. She thought of the past with no regret, save for the pain she had given Paul. Her own share of suffering did not pay too dearly for the knowledge she had won. She dressed herself carefully—it was the evening of the third day—and went down stairs.

"I am well, now," she said, with a smile which made Aunt Prudence think of sunshine after a long storm.

"You won't go back for a week or two, I reckon?" asked the old lady, looking at her with fond eyes.

"No, I'm not going back. When the school is vacant again I shall take it."

"Will you be contented?"—with a shrewd, questioning glance.

"Yes, never fear. There will be no relapse into that restless mood which drove me away. I have seen the world, and it is no better than Nazareth."

"Well, then, I guess you can have the school by asking for it. Sally Perkins has been teaching, and she's goin' to be married this fall. School was out the day you came home."

Miss Amber had sat down in the window-seat, and was looking at the sunset fires burning beyond the hills. She wanted to inquire for the old friend who used to sit there with her, and she felt a singular diffidence. She did not look at Aunt Prudence when she spoke.

"This window-seat makes me think of Adam. It seems a long time since we used to study here together. Do you know where he is now?"

"Not rightly. Somewhere out West. He hasn't been home since his mother died, but they say he's making a power of money. He has something to do with railroads, and he's a great politician. He sent home some of his speeches, and I got 'em to read after they'd done with 'em over to his father's. I don't believe but what they're here now."

She bustled round to find them, and Miss Amber went on with her own thoughts. She did not read the speeches till the next morning, when Aunt Prudence was busy, and she could have them all to herself. She did not care much for politics; but if their subject had been the Government of Timbuctoo they would have interested her, for they made her better acquainted with her old friend. She felt, as she read, that she was in presence of an intellect more subtle and clear and powerful than her own. She recognized now and then touches of genius; and she saw how a fancy was held in leash by the subject, that might be full of exquisite grace. She began to wonder how he could ever have loved her; and to think it was because in those old days he had not learned to appreciate himself. I think she was not far from in love with him, only she was judicious enough not to see it, and only to think of him as her best friend. Her past experience was her security against being morbid or sentimental.

The first of November she began again her old work. It tasked her energies. It was a very different thing from teaching May and Helen, her quick, graceful pupils. These untrained imps were stolid some of them, roguish some of them, stupid some of them, uncultured and undisciplined all. Still she was not discouraged, and seldom vexed. She seemed to have acquired some of Adam Russell's patience. She was as forbearing with error and stupidity as he would have been; and so, in brief space, she won love, and conquered all disposition to offend.

Her life went on monotonously enough until

the next summer, when it was varied a little by a visitor. Mrs. St. Clair came to see her, and staid a week. She brought her a letter from Paul. Having outlived his despair, his natural good-nature made him penitent for having parted with Miss Amber in anger. He wrote to tell her so. Moreover, he had something else to communicate which he knew she would be glad to hear. He was engaged, with every prospect of a happy future. His betrothed was charming as any of his dreams, and she loved him without doubt or question. He believed that they suited each other utterly; and, dear as Miss Amber had been, sad for him as their parting had been, he was constrained to confess that she had, questionless, decided rightly for him as well as for herself.

When she had read it through she raised her eyes to meet Mrs. St. Clair's smile.

"I told you I had no fears for him. I never thought you were the one it would be best for him to marry, any more than I was deluded into believing he could make you permanently happy. His Lily is just to his taste. She will look up to him, and lean on him, and think him the first of created beings. They will be married this fall, and then I want you to come back to me."

This was the true object of the visit. Probably Mrs. St. Clair had not a doubt of success. But Miss Amber was firm. No persuasions moved her. She found herself best and happiest in Nazareth, and there she would stay. Her friend left her behind reluctantly, but *was* her friend too truly to indulge in any pique.

How little would Grace Amber have believed, two years before, that she could have refused such an offer without regret—chosen Nazareth before the world! Now it must be some other lure than luxury and ease and a city life which would wile her from those rugged hills.

Living there, teaching still, the years went by her and changed her little. Spring violets bloomed, summer roses blushed and faded, autumn fruits ripened, and winter snows whitened the fields, bringing her little variety. Still she was content. She smiled as she looked at herself in the mirror on her twenty-ninth birthday, tying on her bonnet, to think that when the next year came round they would call her an old maid. There were no silver threads in her soft dusky hair, for the years had been kind to her. You would scarcely have known she was older than at twenty-two, save by the deeper meaning of her face.

It was Sunday. She had staid at home in the morning to nurse Aunt Prudence through an unwonted attack of sick headache; but in the afternoon she went to church as usual. It was September. The fields were green still, and the skies bright. But there was the breath of autumn in the air, and it braced her nerves and quickened her footsteps. She walked on cheerily, and there was a bright glow on her cheek as she took her seat in church. It deepened a little when some unconscious magnetism drew her eyes to the Russell pew, and she saw sitting there an old friend.

Time had changed Adam Russell. He looked fully his years; indeed, at twenty-eight he might well have been taken for thirty-five. His face was calm and kindly, but with a look of thought and power—a masterful look, as of one who had struggled with the world and conquered it. He had lost nothing of his old friendly honesty, but he had gained that indescribable something which the world recognizes as the badge of a gentleman.

It was no wonder that Miss Amber heard little of the sermon. Try as she would her thoughts proved rebels. She stole no more glances after the first look; but more than once she felt that his eyes were on her face. She hurried out when the service was over, but fast as she walked it was not long before his free, firm steps overtook her. There was no awkwardness or embarrassment in his manner. He took her books from her hand as quietly as if a week, and not seven years, had lain between their last meeting and this. He even called her Grace, with the pleasant freedom of their old, long-continued friendship. At first he did most of the talking; but soon they were chatting together as of old. When they reached the gate she asked if he could come in to tea, or would they wait for him at home?

"Come in!" he answered. "Surely I can, if you are good enough to ask me. The only one who would have missed me at home is waiting for me in another home now."

Then they talked about his mother, and his sorrow and her sympathy drew them still more into the old manner of intimate friendliness.

After tea was over Aunt Prudence, worthy for once of her name, found her head getting to be more troublesome, and judiciously made her exit. So it chanced that they sat down together at the west window, where lay the Shelley, in its sea-green covers, just as the sun was setting.

"It makes the years seem short," he said, "to sit here again; and yet they were long enough in passing. But I did my task. I have brought home the thirty thousand dollars, Grace. I know I did not suit you then—you thought you could not love me. I meant to grow fitter for you with the years—more worthy; for I had always one fixed purpose—to come home and, if I found you free, ask you the question I asked you that night over again. Would there be any more hope for me now?"

"It is I who am not good enough for you now," she answered, faintly.

Then she told him the story of her year and a half away from Nazareth—the story of Paul.

"Did you think that could trouble me?" he asked when she paused. "If you are left to me, do I care for the dreams which never proved themselves real? Can I be too thankful for any thing which taught you self-knowledge? I have never lost hope, or ceased striving that I

might grow fit to be your choice at last. See, this is what I had for you that night; it has never left me. Will you wear it now?"

He drew the ring from his breast—its pure pearl faintly flashing—and Miss Amber held out her hand. And so, with the ring upon her finger, and her hand in his, the twilight found them, and folded its soft shadows round them like a blessing.

She had won her life's rest at last.

"Do you love Nazareth too well to leave it?"

This question came the next day, when they had grown familiar with their joy.

"We will live where you choose," he went on, seeing that she hesitated in her reply. "It will be no sacrifice for me to live here, if you like it best. I have left my work behind me: it is for you to say whether I go back to it or begin a new life here."

She thought a little, silently. Nazareth was dear—dearer than ever now. All the pure joy of her life had found her there; but *he* was dearer—his interest the first thought. She would like to see him in his true sphere; to cheer him on in his work for God and man. There was little for him to do in the quiet New England town. He wanted more room, she knew. So she put her hand in his and answered him,

"Let us go back to your work. I shall have no regrets. Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

So, three weeks after, true husband and true wife, they went hand in hand out of Nazareth.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG.

AGAIN our skies are overcast;
Again we hear the battle-blast
Of God's own trumpet, and the song
Of God's own reapers, on their way
To the great harvest of the day,
Three hundred thousand strong!

The land is all astir once more,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore;
From every hill-top, and along,
Through all our valleys, lo! they come,
With neigh of steeds and roll of drum,
Three hundred thousand strong!

With banners blazing to the sky,
With foreheads lifted calm and high,
To battle with a giant wrong;
They're treading as their fathers trod,
Under the leadership of God,
Three hundred thousand strong!

PORTLAND, MAINE, *Nov.* 9, 1863. J. N.

THE VISIT OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A ROUGH hut crouching alone upon a hill in the forest, half hidden in a thicket of naked boughs. Before it, a hemlock-tree, almost black in the cold, gray light, standing out in the early dawn and pointing with hundreds of white frozen fingers to the sombre earth.

Presently the one door of the hut opens slowly, and an old man comes forth clothed in dingy rags. Barely glancing at the sky and shivering with cold, he totters down the slope of the hill and, bending, gathers one by one the dry sticks that lie about his feet.

No one witnessing the scene would suppose that holiday thoughts could ever reach the spot, or that before many hours the merry Christmas bells would startle the echoes from their hiding-places around that dismal abode.

There is no glow of expectation upon the old man's face as, mechanically, his jagged armful is borne into the hut and laid upon the rough hearth-stone; and when, afterward, a stream of smoke issued from a long rusty pipe, projecting from the walls, it creeps languidly to the earth, as if even her frozen bosom were warmer and more genial than the fire it has left within.

Sometimes—when on clear, bright days the smoke curled hurriedly up from this same pipe, eager to escape into the sunshine—the village children, looking up from the valley, would shout to each other that "Old Pop" was awake, and the bravest of them would propose a visit to his mysterious dwelling. The expedition once resolved upon, boys and girls by dozens would soon join the ranks, and with many a whisper and startled laugh the procession would wend its way up and down the forest hills until the forbidden eminence was reached, where "Old Pop" reigned supreme. Here their unwilling host would quickly appear, and, with angry frown and furious shout, scatter his uninvited guests at the first flourish of his huge stick, though the little scamperers would often halt at a safe distance and rend the air with merry shouts, expressive of any thing but love for the grim old man.

Many stories were current in the village concerning the "Hermit of the Hills," as he was called by the people of the place, though among the children he invariably bore the undignified title of "Old Pop." Sour and grim the little folks well knew him to be, but his violence had always expended itself in angry words and a ferocious shaking of his stick; never had a blow fallen from his hand upon a single pair of little shoulders, though more than once he had caught a stray invader near his very threshold.

"He won't hurt us, never fear!" the boldest of their leaders would sometimes say, by way of encouragement, "though he hates us awfully. They say the very sight of a child makes him furious."

"They Say" was a power in this village, as it

has proved elsewhere, as unquestioned and despotic as any of the Gossipic Dynasty. So, of course, as "They" said it, not a man, woman, or child in the place ventured to doubt the assertion. The other rumors circulated by the great "They Say" were that the old man was a miser, and had heaps of gold buried under the roots of his chestnuts and maples; that he was some great criminal skulking from justice; that before the village was settled the old hermit had already taken his abode in the dreary hut, and that the mound near it was a grave—the grave of one whom the old man had, years before, carried there at night, dying or dead. Again, that he was not an old man at all, but one still in the vigor of manhood. Many a boy and girl testified to having seen his bent figure straighten in his wrath until he had towered like a very Orson. Some of the villagers believed him to be a lunatic, and thanked their lucky stars that he chose to keep aloof from their sunny lanes; and others even went so far as to hint that he was a "weird one," gifted with strange powers, and that his very donkey, lean and weak-jointed as it was, had a "wrong" look out of its hollow eyes. None had ever seen the donkey except at nightfall, when, on very rare occasions, they chanced to meet the old hermit riding slowly in an opposite direction from the village; but all asserted there was no mistaking the look in that donkey's eyes.

However all this may have been, some points were quite certain. "Old Pop" was not at all like other men. He lived alone and uncared-for in his broken-down hut; sought no company—never speaking to any of the villagers, excepting very rarely to the schoolmaster, or even returning their salutations, when they crossed his path, but by a low sound, half mutter, half growl; and never by any chance having a kind word or pleasant greeting for boy or girl. Unloved he knew himself to be, and he evidently had resolved to balance his account with humanity by being himself unloving to the last.

It happened that on the very morning with which my history opens—December 23—one of the biggest boys of the village had an idea. No one, seeing him seated upon the edge of the bed, his carroty locks disheveled, his freckled face unwashed, to say nothing of a chronic swelling of lips and eyelids, would have deemed the thing possible; yet the fact is on record. Will Ripley (called William Augustus by his parents and aunts), albeit not a bright boy, hid under his unprepossessing exterior a jewel that on this particular morning had succeeded in flashing a ray of light into his dull head, and the consequence was an idea which, if successfully carried out, would secure glory for himself and infinite fun for a host of young adventurers.

This idea was nothing less than a project to form a large party of boys, who at noon that day should march in a body to "Old Pop's" domain, and, in spite of his certain wrath, beg from him the beautiful young hemlock before his hut as a Christmas-tree for Jennie Todd, the juvenile belle of the village. The jewel that inspired the exploit was a warm heart under Will's jacket, beating just now solely for that same Jennie Todd, a blooming damsel of twelve summers.

No sooner was the idea conceived than Will set about carrying it to completion. His tight jacket and outgrown trowsers being hastily donned, and sundry huge mouthfuls of mush and molasses disposed of, our hero commenced his labors as recruiting officer. It was just two days before Christmas, and the first morning of a fortnight's holiday; the children were consequently in a highly receptive condition as far as fun or adventure were concerned. Numerous volunteers quickly enrolled themselves under the banner of William Augustus. In the general enthusiasm even the petticoat uniform was admitted upon equal terms, until finally their brilliant commander sulked out that he wasn't "going to have more gals than boys, or the game would be all up."

Before starting on their witless expedition, the party agreed that six of their number, three boys and three girls, should advance nearest the citadel, and under an imaginary flag of truce confer with the glum commander thereof concerning the desired hemlock; not that they had any possible expectation of a favorable reply, but, as Will had said, the thing was worth trying for at any rate.

This potent argument inspired all requisite strength and courage as the children hurried on in boisterous groups toward the forest. Soon their steps became more stealthy, their voices subdued, as they marched on, up and down, through the undulating wood. Now and then a faint shriek from some startled girl, who felt "sure" that she saw Old Pop rushing down upon them, called forth the stifled reproaches of her companions; or the reckless laugh of some very small youngster who had insisted upon joining the expedition, brought terrible hints of future retribution from the big boys. Save these little episodes the invaders pressed on in stealthy concert until the hermit's hill was reached.

Halting here, the main body settled in anxious expectation, while three boys and three girls, after the manner of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their wives (as represented in sixpenny arks), walked in pairs hand in hand up the ascent.

"What shall we say to him?" whispered Elsie Brown, the head girl, to her companion.

"Say?" was the lucid response, "why, nothing; only tell him we want it."

"Oh, Will, that won't do at all. I do believe the poor old man hasn't heard a loving word for years and years. It won't hurt us, I'm sure, to talk kindly with him even if he refuses to give us the tree."

"Humph! Lucky for us if he gives us a chance," grunted Will, as he shuffled on. "I'm gettin' a little skeery of this business, though I

started it myself. They say the old feller's got a pair of double-barreled pistols to use at a pinch, and I, for—"

"Blazes!" cried the boy behind them, "there he is! Now for it!"

Instinctively the deputation compacted itself as it neared the mute figure standing, stick in hand, at the crown of the hill. Stern, almost savage, not a gleam of encouragement in the strange eyes.

Will spoke first, out of breath as he was, looking up to where the old man stood.

"We come to ask you, Old Pop—I mean, Mr. Hermit—for that air hemlock of yourn to—"

The old man raised his stick.

"If you please, Sir," put in Elsie, "for a Christmas-tree?"

"We'll cut it down ourselves, Sir," added the rest, laughing between terror and fun, "if you'll—"

"If I'll," echoed the cross old fellow with an ugly squeak—"go along with you, or I'll break every bone in your rascally little bodies," and, suiting the action to the word, Old Pop brandished his stick and rushed furiously toward them.

By this time curiosity or anxiety had brought all the rest of the party close in the rear, and when the *enfants perdus* precipitately beat a retreat, the entire *corps d'armée* wisely fell in with the movement, and, laughing and screaming, performed a brilliant "double-quick" across the hills.

In an instant one of the rear-guard, looking back, screamed out:

"There! He's fallen—good for him!"

"Hi! good for him!" echoed nearly all the children, abating their speed not a whit, from sheer love of excitement.

Elsie Brown heard their cry, and, tender-hearted creature that she was, would have paused from sympathy had it been even a bear that had fallen, and not a friendless old man.

"Girls—Will!" she cried; "see! he's hurt. He doesn't get up. Oh, do come back!"

But the panting crowd had by this time nearly forgotten the old man's mishap, and amidst the din of so many voices Elsie's appeal for help was unheard.

Will, whose inclination during the stampede had drawn him closer and closer to the coquettish Jennie Todd, was quite out of hearing, and when Elsie, by a sudden impulse, turned toward the still prostrate man, none heeded her or dreamed that she was not foremost among the scamperers.

Without a thought of danger our sweet little Samaritan hurried back to the spot where Old Pop was lying; no stick in his listless hand now.

"Are you hurt?" whispered Elsie, bending over him, but starting back with a shudder as she saw his white lips and the blood trickling down over his furrowed cheek and long gray beard.

There was no answer.

Recovering her self-possession in an instant the noble-hearted child rushed into the hut for water. Finding none, she seized an old earthen pitcher, lacking both handle and spout, and ran to the stream near by. Around it ice lay in the hollows, holding with a firm clutch the yellow leaves that had fallen there in the soft Indian Summer days. Elsie sprang over them never pausing, as at any other time she would have done, to indulge in those blessed little six-inch "slides" so dear to school-girls; ere a moment had passed she was bearing the icy water back to the injured man.

His senses had returned, and he was trying to rise as Elsie approached.

"Ah! you little ragamuffin," he growled, looking drearily at her, "wait until I get at you!—you shall feel my big stick!"

"I am sorry, Sir," said Elsie, never pausing, but hurrying toward him, and even laying her hand upon his shoulder—"I am very sorry you fell, indeed I am. See, here is water; let me bathe your head—you have cut it badly."

"Here! none of your tricks!" with a savage scowl; "be off with you, or I'll pitch you down the hill!"

Elsie answered, resolutely,

"No, you will not hurt a little girl like me, I am sure. Come into the hut, and when I have bathed your wound and bound up your head then I'll go. It is cold out here, even in the sunshine."

He regarded her fixedly for a moment, and muttered, "It is cold in there too. Go back—go to your home, and let the old man die."

"But you are not going to die!" laughed Elsie, shaking her head at him, though she trembled all over at his strange manner. "You have only a cut upon your temple, and you couldn't die of that, even if you wanted to;" and she began busily to gather the pieces of broken branches that lay scattered on the side of the hill.

"Here! let that wood alone!" cried the old man, now fairly upon his feet, yet looking at her like one in a dream.

"Yes, in a moment," was Elsie's good-natured reply, as she bustled into the hut with her apronful. Old Pop lost not an instant in stumbling in after her.

Ah, little Elsie!—kind little Elsie!—you have dared too far! No: he does not harm her. He has sunk upon a rough-board bench near the hearth-stone, and watches her movements in silence.

There were a few smouldering embers left. Elsie scraped them together with a stick, heaped first a few dried leaves, then the twigs upon them, and kneeling lower, blew with all her little might into their midst, shutting her eyes very tightly, for the ashes were flying into her face.

Snap! crack!—the wood was in a blaze! Placing two or three larger sticks upon the top, Elsie rose with a solemn, business-like air.

"Ah, you are very pale and faint yet; you must wear my cloak until the room is warm, if

it ever can get warm with all these cracks in the roof"—and she wrapped a coarse but bright garment about his shoulders.

He pushed it uneasily away—no anger in his manner now; no kindness either. "I am not cold; go home."

"Very soon I will," said the child, cheerily, running out for the pitcher of water and breaking its thin film of ice as she came in again, the ruddy gleam of the fire playing upon her face.

"Oh, you haven't any rag here, have you? Well, my apron will do." And she dipped a corner into the water. "Now you must let me wash away that ugly blood."

Either the wound was smarting sorely, or Old Pop was stupefied by his fall, for he made no resistance. Softly and tenderly as snow-flakes fell the touches of Elsie's hands upon that bowed head. "It is not much," she said, when at last the blood was all carefully washed away; "you should hold cold water to the bump—that's what mother always does for me; and now, if I only had a cobweb!"

This humble aspiration was easily met in the rickety hut, almost by the reaching of her hand, for spiders had woven there unmolested for many a day. The blood was soon stanched to Elsie's full content.

"Now I'll go," said the child, quietly, as with nimble hands she placed fresh sticks upon the fire. "Do you feel any better, Sir?"

"Hey?"—very gruffly.

"You feel better, I hope? Does your head hurt you now, Sir?"

"No; go home."

Elsie moved sadly toward the door, and then—child that she was—a sudden impulse caused her to go back to him.

"Poor old man!" she almost whispered, "your heart has been broken."

His start frightened her. She believed he would strike her on the spot; but he only lifted his head and looked wearily into her face.

"Why, child?"

"Because—because you are so very cross; and you can not be cheered even in these merry Christmas times. Why, it comes day after to-morrow! You surely will not be the only person in the whole world who does not keep Christmas?" And Elsie stared at him in innocent dismay.

"Christmas!" echoed Old Pop, gloomily; "I have almost forgotten what that is."

"Forgotten Christmas! Why, I think if I were to grow twice as old as you are I could never forget *that!* It's the dear Christ's birthday, you know; and every one, even the most miserable, can not help being happier on that day."

"Happy?" whispered Old Pop under his breath, and looking absently at Elsie as she seated herself at his feet—"Happy? happy?"

"Yes, happy," repeated Elsie, gently. "Shall I tell you all about it?"

The old man nodded, never taking his eyes from hers.

"Why it is Christ's birthday—and was He not a good, a holy child?"

A gleam like something from the past shot across the furrowed face, and Elsie read her answer.

"Oh, He was so pure, so noble! Never did He hold one harsh or wicked thought—mother has told me this often. He could not, you know; never had the slightest quarrel; never did any thing the least bit wrong, and was always making every body about him happy—just completely good and wise. Oh! He was a blessed, blessed child I am sure, and his days must have been like pure sunshine, with none of the dreadful trials that came to him afterward. You've heard all about it, haven't you?—how they persecuted and tortured him, and all for no harm He had done whatever."

The gleam of memory again, as with troubled eyes he gazed into that tearful, upturned face.

"But it is all over now," resumed Elsie, brightening. "The saints in heaven are never sad, and surely He is gladdest of all; and whenever his birthday comes, oh! I am certain all his childish thoughts must come back to him. Then He visits earth as the Christ-child—comes to see all of us little children. We can not see him, but I know He comes and He blesses us, and makes us, oh! so happy. Mother says He enters every body's heart and whispers, 'Love the children for my sake,' and He makes them feel just like giving all the boys and girls a holiday, and having lovely green trees for them hung with toys and all kinds of beautiful things; and the rich give to one another and to the poor, and the poor are loving and gentle to each other, for He tells them how He loves them and every body. Yes, I am sure He does," cried Elsie, clasping her hands.

"No, He does not—not always," sighed the old man. "He has not crept into my heart, little girl; I am lonely, lonely."

"Ah, but He *will* though," insisted Elsie, looking brightly into his eyes and shaking her sunny curls against his breast. "He will; it is not too late yet."

The old man shook his head, gazing wistfully into her upturned face.

"Yes, He will; I am sure of it. Why, the wood has nearly burned away. Poor old man! how many, many cold days you must sit here shivering, while we are warm and comfortable down in the village. Why don't you come and live there, and get nice clothes and—"

The hermit glared at her so wildly that, in very fear, Elsie moved toward the door. Standing outside, she looked in to say,

"Good-by! Be sure to keep that bump wet. May some of us children come soon and gather wood for you?"

"No, no, little girl. Here, wait a moment." And with a half-troubled, half-pleased expression on his worn face, Old Pop picked a large dry maple leaf from the floor and proceeded to take something from a rough box in the corner of his cabin.

Elsie was only a child, and a girl-child too; who can blame her that she raised on tip-toe with curiosity?

"Here, child, take this."

A leaf full of coarse maple sugar. Elsie felt disappointed, scarcely knowing why, but no duchess could have received it with a truer instinct of politeness than she.

"Thank you, Sir."

The mute figure, as it stood watching Elsie tripping back over the hills, was different in its aspect from that which two hours before had forbidden her approach. The same form and face, but with no anger in its gesture, no fierceness in its look. The noonday sun lay warmly upon the ground, shining through a net-work of shadows, the pines seemed whispering softly among themselves, and the icicles upon the hemlock branches were melting slowly away.

Turning at last with a long sigh, the old man moved toward his cabin, but, instead of entering, walked around it to where his donkey stood in a rough boarded-up shed, filled at one end with poor hay mingled thickly with dried leaves, and in its remaining portion with a provident supply of fagots. These latter were generally sacred to stormy days; but the hermit seemed anxious not to let Elsie's fire-light die away, and he felt scarcely strong enough to collect wood, as usual, from the hills. Lifting an armful from his store, he moved slowly into the hut.

That night the moonlight shone through the cracks of the cabin roof, falling in silvery lines across the bed of dried leaves upon which Old Pop was lying. Poor old man! what terrible anguish possessed his soul? Moan after moan escaped him, and his strained eyes stared into the darkness with all the wildness of delirium.

"O God!" he cried again and again, "is it too late? Is it too late? Oh, my girl, my poor lost girl! forgive me. I am broken-hearted, I am all alone!"

How the wind moaned among the pines! The old man had often before shaped whimsical thoughts from their weird whisperings, but now they seemed to respond with almost human anguish. He raised his head and listened. The rush of mingled voices settled into a cry—"Alone! Alone!"

He could hear the words distinctly, though he knew it was but the pines that spoke; yet there was comfort in them for him—a something akin to sympathy in their despairing cry—in its very truthfulness—and he fell asleep listening to their plaintive wail growing fainter and fainter as it floated off into the night: "Alone! Alone!"

Of all the tender, beautiful dreams stealing by myriads into the souls of God's children on that glorious night none were more tender, more beautiful, than that sent to the lonely sleeper among the pines. He thought there came to him, as he lay upon his bed, a gentle child, radiant with light. In his misery he would have repulsed it; but the little one clung to him so closely, and nestled its head so lovingly upon his bosom, he could not force it away. Resting there softly, it lingered even while in his dream he slept a sweet, peaceful slumber, smiling upon him, when he awoke, with an angelic lustre in its loving, human eyes.

"Do not be lonely," said the child; "the world is rich for thee even now. Why not do thy part?"

Clasping the little one closer and closer, while his tears fell upon its golden hair, "What can I do?" he whispered.

"Love us, love all little children," answered the sweet voice. "Bless those that come to thee, make them happier for my sake."

"I will! I will!" he cried, joyfully, and he awoke—to find himself alone in the silent hut, the undried tears still coursing down his cheek. Gleams of gold and crimson were flashing through the openings of the roof, and the pines were silent in the pure morning air. With an almost boyish leap the hermit rose from his couch, busy thoughts crowding upon him, long-buried memories springing into a confused life within his heart.

After an hour of busy preparation, during which Old Pop was forced to stand still many times to collect his ideas, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth, lighting the face of the old man as he sat enjoying his very singular bachelor breakfast. Next the donkey was permitted to indulge in his own peculiar repast, turning his head as he ate in sheer surprise at the gentle strokes falling upon his lean sides.

"We are going to town to-day, my friend, and you shall have oats for Christmas."

The donkey, notwithstanding his superfluity of ear, did not seem to hear the remark, but crunched away as unconcerned as possible.

It was strange to see the old man draw from a dusty box something that had once been a handsome fur-trimmed cloak, faded and moth-eaten now, and throw it with old-time grace about his shoulders; very strange to mark him, after looking warily from his cabin door, lift a plank from the broken flooring and take from beneath it a pouch well-filled with silver pieces; and stranger still to see him, soon afterward, mounted upon his donkey, a long, empty sack hung across the time-stained saddle, his cloak flapping in the keen morning air, and a smile of something like joy upon his face.

Was it really Old Pop, or was it the shade of Santa Claus bound on an errand for the Christ-child?

"What did she say?" he muttered to himself as he rode along toward the distant city. "Ah yes, that was it—'lovely green Christmas-trees hung with toys and all kinds of beautiful things.'"

Jog-jog went the donkey, shambling on a little more quickly, for habit's sake, whenever a stray team or wagon (and there were more of them that morning than usual) passed along the road. Into the bustling city at last, and straight, in spite of contrary jerks from the seat of government, to the shabby corner where, at

long intervals, the hermit's supplies were generally procured.

"Not here, old friend," pleaded his master, with a gentle application of the stick; "g'long!"

Glad to stop any where after this outrage to his better judgment, the donkey obeyed with sullen grace when his rider "pulled up" at a showy store, whose windows had within a day or two blossomed into a very paradise of toys for the Christ-child's sake.

"Here they are," said Old Pop, "'toys and all kinds of beautiful things.'" And, sack in hand, he slid down from his sullen friend, and hastened through the gayly-decked doorway.

It was a sight worth seeing—the light in Old Pop's eye as, with trembling hands, toy after toy was dropped tenderly into the sack.

"Give me what the boys like. Now give me something for girls," he repeated over and over again, until he had nearly as much as the donkey could carry. After paying for his treasures with the scrupulous care of one unused to spending, the old man went into an adjoining candy-shop. He soon came out, chuckling softly to himself. Spying a book-store directly opposite, he hurried across the street, heedless of the staring eyes bent from every quarter upon him. The bookseller stared no less when he saw an outlandish-looking old man enter his store, and, settling a huge sack upon the counter, accost him with—

"Give me picture-books for the babies—blue pictures, red pictures. 'Hey diddle-diddle, the Cats and the Fiddle'—'Old Mother in a Shoe'—here, put them in this sack; I'll pay for them—'Bean-stalks and Giant-killers—'"

Was Memory taking him back to his own boyhood, or was she busy with later years?

That night—it was Christmas-eve—the Christ-child sought the sleeper again, still with the same holy radiance, the same human love beaming from its eyes.

"I have come to play with thee," said the silvery voice.

The old man felt his infirmities fall away as, with a bounding heart, he sported with the child, and, in a shower of golden light, chased it round and round the hemlock-tree before his door. When at last he clasped it in his arms the little one nestled in his bosom, saying:

"Thou knowest me now—peace be thine!"

With these sweet words still lingering in his ear the sleeper awoke, a new life flowing in his veins, and the glorious Christmas dawn flooding the eastern sky with splendor.

It was to be a busy day with Old Pop; for he had much to do at home (yes, *home* now, since love hallowed it), and he must be in the village betimes to confer with his only male acquaintance, the schoolmaster.

A notice, in great, dazzling letters, was stuck upon the school-room door:

"The Hermit of the Hills invites his Friends, the Children, One and All, to visit him To-day, on the Ringing of the School-house Bell, at Noon."

Such news as this was not long in flying through the village. The children, whose hearts had danced to the tune of "Merry Christmas" since before daylight, were half wild with expectation.

"Why, what can it mean?" they asked each other, with wondering eyes. "'His *friends*, the children'—why that's the queerest part of it!"

Even the grown people were filled with astonishment and vague uneasiness. In fact, they would have put their fiat against proceeding in the affair at all, but for the open sanction and approval of the schoolmaster; though how they would have "pacified" the children under a denial I can not imagine.

At last the familiar dingdong from the schoolhouse roof—sweeter to the expectant ears than all other Christmas bells—sounded forth its welcome summons. The children, wrapped in their thick coats and warm shawls, poured forth from every lane in the village—some in laughing groups, some alone, and some with arms lovingly entwined; while the schoolmaster trudged on in their midst, intending to form them into line at the foot of the hermit's hill.

This tremendous feat of drill-sergeantry finally accomplished, the procession commenced its ascent.

"Three cheers for Old Pop!" cried half a dozen voices, as his familiar form, arrayed in the unfamiliar cloak, advanced to meet them. A startled, half-way response was the result. Most of the children were too surprised, too expectant, to take up a new idea suddenly; but when the top was fairly reached, and their host received them with a hearty welcome and extended arms; and when, above all, they saw what had been prepared for them, shout after shout rent the air.

"Oh what a beautiful tree! Hurrah! Three cheers for Old Pop! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Dozens of the frantic little creatures rushed up to where Old Pop had seated himself, and threw their arms about his neck. Elsie was foremost among them.

"Poor Old Pop! dear Old Pop!" she whispered, pressing her rosy cheek close to his sunken face, "why, you're crying, and there you've made us all so happy!"

After a moment the old man walked forward, trembling with newly-found happiness.

"Mr. Schoolmaster," said he, "you know the wants of these little creatures better than I do; will you give them each something from the tree in Old Pop's name?"

It was beautiful to see the merry crowd sobered in a moment by their new friend's emotion, and the almost reverence with which they regarded him as he stood there holding Elsie's hand.

As the schoolmaster approached the tree all eyes were turned upon it with renewed interest; and well they might be, for never was Christmas-tree more generously laden. It was the same hemlock that had stood, phantom-like, in the early dawn like the shadow in the old man's

heart. Now, in the pure daylight, every delicate fibre quivered with its fullness of life even in the frost of mid-winter, and from Heaven's own fountain the riched sunshine poured upon it, tipping every branch with molten light. No need of waxen candles there. Glowing and sparkling in the sunlight hung "toys and all kinds of beautiful things" in abundance; not a color of the rainbow but peeped out from the labyrinth of green. Not a branch but was heavy with "things that boys or girls would like;" and I do believe that, with clearer than mortal eyes, all might have seen a sweet image of the Christ-child hovering above the tree.

The silence was broken by the schoolmaster, who, true to his calling, shouted in a brave, class-day tone,

"Take your places! Boys on this side of the open space, girls on the other!"

It is useless to dwell further upon the scene, or to attempt to describe the delight of each young heart when, in the name of Old Pop, the gifts were distributed one by one. We must hasten to the moment when, after many a hearty "Thank you, Sir!" and round after round of "Cheers for Old Pop!" shouted in every possible treble note, the joyous little folk ran down the hill laughing, chatting, congratulating each other upon their pretty gifts and the blessed change in Old Pop; while the trembling old man stood near the hemlock, between Elsie and the schoolmaster, watching them until fairly out of sight.

"We must go now, my friend," said the schoolmaster, extending his hand; "for I promised this little girl's mother to take her home before sundown."

Elsie clung to Old Pop's hand.

"Come with us," she urged; "do come: we can not go and leave you here alone on these cold hills."

"But I am not alone any more, my child," said the old man, gently, stroking Elsie's curls as he spoke.

"Oh! I am so glad. I shall love the dear Christ-child more than ever now!" cried Elsie. "I knew he would come to you on Christmas-eve. But you won't surely stay here by yourself now that every body will love you?"

"Every body, child?"

"Yes, every body; why not? But why do you always call me 'child?' My name is Elsie."

The hermit gave a sharp cry, and would have fallen had not the schoolmaster held him with his strong arm.

"Elsie," he repeated, in a whining voice, as they led him into the warm hut, "I—I had a little girl called Elsie once; where is she? Oh! she is gone, gone!"

Raising his head, he looked yearningly into the child's face. He shook his head.

"No, no—not like my Elsie—she was taller—her eyes were darker—black hair—she was all I had—but she left me. She did come back once, but I drove her away; and then, then," he continued, raising his voice almost to a scream, "she died; died alone and uncared for; no friend, not one to—"

He stopped short, glaring wildly upon them.

"Oh!" cried Elsie, shuddering, "do not look so. Speak to me—speak to me—for the dear Christ-child's sake do not look so!"

The schoolmaster bent over him soothingly. "My friend, God is good: there is some balm for this trouble if you will wait his time. Come with us; come!"

The old man bowed his head upon Elsie's shoulder, sobbing like a little child.

"Poor Old Pop!" she murmured, patting his arm softly. "There now, you will come; I know you will. Mother will be so good, so kind to you—she is to every body, though she has never seen you. Say you'll come: it's too lone."

"Elsie!" shouted the schoolmaster, who had walked to the door for an instant, "there is your mother coming up the hill; your long absence has alarmed her."

Elsie gave a joyous cry. "Oh! I am glad she is coming. Now you will see mother," she whispered to the old man, in a tone that implied that "seeing mother" was a balm for every earthly ill.

"Come in," said the schoolmaster, holding wide the door. "Elsie is here, safe with her friends; forgive me for not taking her to you long ago. But how did you find us?"

"The village boys showed me the way," panted the mother as, flushed with her rapid walk over the hills, she walked up to Elsie, throwing a quick look of curiosity upon the old man as she spoke.

He raised his head suddenly at the voice.

"Elsie!" screamed the mother, "who is this?"

"Who? mother. Why Old Pop that used to chase us children you know, but he's real good now. I love him ever so m—"

Even while she was speaking the old man, after staring fixedly at the comely woman like one in a puzzled dream, staggered toward her with outstretched arms.

"Elsie! Elsie!"

"Father!"

Locked in each other's arms, laughing and crying by turns, they could not see the look of wonderment in the child's eyes, or even hear the schoolmaster's solemn ejaculation,

"God is good!"

That night father, daughter, and grandchild sat together by a cheerful hearth in the village—Elsie's home, where for the past four months she had lived alone with her mother.

It would require a volume to detail all the circumstances that had caused the long separation and final meeting of father and daughter. It must suffice to say that Old Pop's real name was Robert Hall; that, years ago, his wife had died, soon after the birth of their only child, Elsie, who had grown up a motherless girl, willful, but warm-hearted and generous. In time she had loved and married against her father's wishes, and was forbidden to enter his

doors again. Once after her marriage she had tried to win his forgiveness, and was repulsed in bitterness. This was her last attempt. All the pride of her nature aroused, her married life but a mockery of the love that had been promised her, she went forth into the world with her husband, without an anchorage in the old home where she had passed her happy girlhood. New interests had led her uncongenial husband hundreds of miles away into the Western country; and when, in a few years, he died, leaving his young widow alone with her infant, she had drifted about, lifted above want, yet feeling that not a spot on earth was her rightful home.

Meanwhile the poor father, with that blindness which sometimes falls upon noble natures, had resolutely closed his heart against his child. When, at last, he tried to learn her fate, all he could gather were vague accounts tending to show that she had died childless in the Far West, in sorrow and in want. The rest may be readily conjectured.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hall," said the schoolmaster, walking into Dame Elsie's cozy parlor with the air of a privileged friend. "Why, how well you are looking! and so spruce too! Why, I declare you are twenty years younger than you were last winter."

"Yes, yes; younger, stronger in every way. There is nothing like happiness for working these changes, my friend," replied the glad-eyed old man, shaking his neighbor's hand warmly while he was speaking. "Ha! ha! and Elsie too—she does not look very miserable either, if I see aright."

Dame Elsie laughed and blushed at this direct assault, while the schoolmaster answered the mischievous twinkle in the father's eye with,

"No, indeed, Sir; and she never shall be miserable if you and I can help it."

There seemed more to be said upon this point; but as the schoolmaster whispered it rather softly, and did not say it either to us or to our old friend, perhaps it does not concern us.

Grandfather might possibly have fallen into a doze by the open window if a sunny-haired little lassie had not run into the room just then, and taken her accustomed seat upon his footstool.

"Oh, grandfather!" she began, "such a time as the boys had to find him! But they caught him at last; and where do you think he had strayed to?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear; but I felt sure enough of him, with every boy in the village on the look-out."

"Well, grandfather, you'll never guess. Why, they found him on the top of Hemlock Hill, where the dear old hut is, you know (I gave it that name, grandfather). Yes, there he was, browsing away, just as happy as you please."

"You must thank the boys for me, Elsie—God bless them!"

"I will," she answered. "And now, grandfather, tell me something."

"Well, Elsie, I'll tell you a fine compliment Henry has paid me.

"A compliment!" clapping her hands. "What was it, grandfather?"

"He says I am looking twenty years younger than I did last winter. What do you say to that—hey?"

"I say it's no compliment at all," returned the petted child, with a pretty pout. "You were just right always."

"No, no, not always; not before you came to me, darling, in my desolation and sinfulness—came to cheer a lonely, cross old man. What blessed Providence, my little girl, brought us together?"

"It was the Christ-child, grandfather," cried Elsie, earnestly. "Oh, it was the Christ-child!"

DRIFTING APART.

OUT of sight of the heated land,
Over the breezy sea;
Into the reach of the solemn mist,
Quietly drifted we.

The sky was blue as a baby's eye
When it falleth apart in sleep,
And soft as the touch of its wandering hand
The swell of the peaceful deep.

Hovered all day in our sluggish wake
The wonderful petrel's wing—
Following, following, ever afar,
Like the love of a human thing.

The day crept out at the purple west,
Dowered with glories rare;
Never a sight and never a sound
To startle the dreamy air.

The mist behind and the mist before,
But light in the purple west,
Until we wearied to turn aside
And drift to its haunted rest.

But the mist was behind; and the mist before
Rose up, like a changeless fate;
And we turned our faces toward the dark,
And drearily said, "Too late!"

So, with foreheads fronting the far-off south,
We drifted into the mist,
Turning away from the glorious west's
Purple and amethyst.

For the sea and the sky met every where,
Like the strength of an evil hate,
And a thunder-cloud came out of the west,
And guarded the sunset gate.

Thou art in the royal, radiant land
That stretcheth across the sea,
And the drifting hours of each weary day
Take thee further from me!

A MEMORY.

"BEHOLD! your house is left unto you desolate."
Sad words to write above a home so fair and sweet!
For still the autumn moonlight struggles through the gate
That opens with wide welcome no more to my feet.

Like giant sentinels the lofty locusts stand,
And on the leaf-strewn lawn their spectral shadows fling.
Below, the silver brook, by arch of moonbeams spanned,
Still ripples on as erst, in willful wandering.

Great sycamores beyond reach far their stalwart arms,
And make a cool green darkness on the grass beneath.
Around, a flood of light—oh, light that never warms!
Lies like a halo o'er a brow still fair in death.

I stand upon the bridge above the rippling brook.
Yonder the boat lies moored beside the lakelet's brink.
I cast a pebble in the depths below, and look
Far down where broken moonbeams seem to dive and sink.

Earth's brightest gleams are only shadows of heaven's light;
A drop may type the sea—a hill-top, Sion's crest;
And angels sing from day-dawn through the starry night,
"Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

The Eden curse is written on our fairest things;
They vanish like a sunbeam in an infant's grasp.
We know our angels when we see their fluttering wings,
And feel them slipping surely from our human clasp.

And hearts must ache. I know I need not turn to-night
With wistful longings toward the house that crowns the knoll.
The darkened windows show no gleam of inner light:
It is the "earthly house," without the deathless soul.

And yet I can not choose but sadly stand and watch,
Though vainly, as the watcher o'er a friend that's dead;
As if, beguiled by vague, unspoken hope, to catch
A glimpse, as brief as precious, of the spirit fled.

By memory's might once more the ruddy fire-light streams
From out the cheerful windows of the southward room.
But, ah! to be so sure that never but in dreams
That sweet home fire-light shall disperse the twilight gloom!

Oh, for one moment's glimpse of unforgotten years!
And yet I would not bring the dead Past back again.
Slowly we learn to suffer without many tears,
And with a trustful front to meet the passing pain.

A smile like God's own peace lies over all to-night—
A holy silence that should make earth's sorrows mute:
But while our vanished loved ones walk in cloudless light
Our heart-strings thrill and quiver like a storm-swept lute.

Ah, desolate Sweet Home! most precious still to me
For memories too sacred and too sad to die!
God's blessing ever rest upon our old roof-tree!
And holy angels guard our childhood's home for aye!

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XLIII.

FIE, FIE!

WILL any reader remember the loves—no, not the loves; that word is so decidedly ill applied as to be incapable of awakening the remembrance of any reader; but the flirtations—of Lady Dumbello and Mr. Plantagenet Palliser? Those flirtations, as they had been carried on at Courcy Castle, were laid bare in all their enormities to the eye of the public; and it must be confessed that if the eye of the public was shocked that eye must be shocked very easily.

But the eye of the public was shocked, and people who were particular as to their morals said very strange things. Lady De Courcy herself said very strange things indeed, shaking her head, and dropping mysterious words; whereas Lady Clandidlem spoke much more openly, declaring her opinion that Lady Dumbello would be off before May. They both agreed that it would not be altogether bad for Lord Dumbello that he should lose his wife, but shook their heads very sadly when they spoke of poor Plantagenet Palliser. As to the lady's fate—that lady whom they had both almost worshiped during the days at Courcy Castle—they did not seem to trouble themselves about that.

And it must be admitted that Mr. Palliser had been a little imprudent—imprudent, that is, if he knew any thing about the rumors afloat—seeing that soon after his visit at Courcy Castle he had gone down to Lady Hartletop's place in Shropshire, at which the Dumbellos intended to spend the winter, and on leaving it had expressed his intention of returning in February. The Hartletop people had pressed him very much—the pressure having come with peculiar force from Lord Dumbello. Therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the Hartletop people had, at any rate, not heard of the rumor.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser spent his Christmas with his uncle, the Duke of Omnium, at Gatherum Castle. That is to say, he reached the castle in time for dinner on Christmas-eve, and left it on the morning after Christmas-day. This was in accordance with the usual practice of his life; and the tenants, dependents, and followers of the Omnium interest were always delighted to see this manifestation of a healthy English domestic family feeling between the duke and his nephew. But the amount of intercourse on such occasions between them was generally trifling. The duke would smile as he put out his right hand to his nephew, and say,

"Well, Plantagenet—very busy, I suppose?"

The duke was the only living being who called him Plantagenet to his face, though there were some scores of men who talked of Planty Pal behind his back. The duke had been the only living being so to call him. Let us hope that it still was so, and that there had arisen no feminine exception, dangerous in its nature and improper in its circumstances.

"Well, Plantagenet," said the duke on the present occasion—"very busy, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed, duke," said Mr. Palliser. "When a man gets the harness on him he does not easily get quit of it."

The duke remembered that his nephew had made almost the same remark at his last Christmas visit.

"By-the-by," said the duke, "I want to say a word or two to you before you go."

Such a proposition on the duke's part was a great departure from his usual practice; but the nephew, of course, undertook to obey his uncle's behests.

"I'll see you before dinner to-morrow," said Plantagenet.

"Ah! do," said the duke. "I'll not keep you five minutes." And at six o'clock on the following afternoon the two were closeted together in the duke's private room.

"I don't suppose there is much in it," began the duke, "but people are talking about you and Lady Dumbello."

"Upon my word people are very kind." And Mr. Palliser bethought himself of the fact—for it certainly was a fact—that people for a great many years had talked about his uncle and Lady Dumbello's mother-in-law.

"Yes, kind enough; are they not? You've just come from Hartlebury, I believe." Hartle-

bury was the Marquis of Hartletop's seat in Shropshire.

"Yes, I have. And I'm going there again in February."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that. Not that I mean, of course, to interfere with your arrangements. You will acknowledge that I have not often done so in any matter whatever."

"No; you have not," said the nephew, comforting himself with an inward assurance that no such interference on his uncle's part could have been possible.

"But in this instance it would suit me, and I really think it would suit you too, that you should be as little at Hartlebury as possible. You have said you would go there, and of course you will go. But if I were you, I would not stay above a day or two."

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser received every thing he had in the world from his uncle. He sat in Parliament through his uncle's interest, and received an allowance of ever so many thousand a year, which his uncle could stop to-morrow by his mere word. He was his uncle's heir, and the dukedom, with certain entailed properties, must ultimately fall to him, unless his uncle should marry and have a son. But by far the greater portion of the duke's property was unentailed; the duke might probably live for the next twenty years or more; and it was quite possible that, if offended, he might marry and become a father. It may be said that no man could well be more dependent on another than Plantagenet Palliser was upon his uncle; and it may be said also that no father or uncle ever troubled his heir with less interference. Nevertheless, the nephew immediately felt himself aggrieved by this allusion to his private life, and resolved at once that he would not submit to such surveillance.

"I don't know how long I shall stay," said he; "but I can not say that my visit will be influenced one way or the other by such a rumor as that."

"No; probably not. But it may perhaps be influenced by my request." And the duke, as he spoke, looked a little savage.

"You wouldn't ask me to regard a report that has no foundation."

"I am not asking about its foundation. Nor do I in the least wish to interfere with your manner in life." By which last observation the duke intended his nephew to understand that he was quite at liberty to take away any other gentleman's wife, but that he was not at liberty to give occasion even for a surmise that he wanted to take Lord Dumbello's wife. "The fact is this, Plantagenet. I have for many years been intimate with that family. I have not many intimacies, and shall probably never increase them. Such friends as I have I wish to keep, and you will easily perceive that any such report as that which I have mentioned might make it unpleasant for me to go to Hartlebury, or for the Hartlebury people to come here." The duke certainly could not have spoken plainer, and Mr. Palliser understood him thoroughly. Two such alliances between the two families could not be expected to run pleasantly together, and even the rumor of any such second alliance might interfere with the pleasantness of the former one.

"That's all," said the duke.

"It's a most absurd slander," said Mr. Palliser.

"I dare say. Those slanders always are absurd; but what can we do? We can't tie up people's tongues." And the duke looked as though he wished to have the subject considered as finished, and to be left alone.

"But we can disregard them," said the nephew, indiscreetly.

"You may. I have never been able to do so. And yet, I believe, I have not earned for myself the reputation of being subject to the voices of men. You think that I am asking much of you; but you should remember that hitherto I have given much and have asked nothing. I expect you to oblige me in this matter."

Then Mr. Plantagenet Palliser left the room, knowing that he had been threatened. What the duke had said amounted to this—If you go on dangling after Lady Dumbello I'll stop the seven thousand a year which I give you. I'll oppose your next return at Silverbridge, and I'll make a will and leave away from you Matching and the Horns—a beautiful little place in Surrey, the use of which had been already offered to Mr. Palliser in the event of his marriage; all the Littlebury estate in Yorkshire, and the enormous Scotch property. Of my personal goods, and money invested in loans, shares, and funds, you shall never touch a shilling, or the value of a shilling. And, if I find that I can suit myself, it may be that I'll leave you plain Mr. Plantagenet Palliser, with a little first cousin for the head of your family.

The full amount of this threat Mr. Palliser understood, and, as he thought of it, he acknowledged to himself that he had never felt for Lady Dumbello any thing like love. No conversation between them had ever been warmer than that of which the reader has seen a sample. Lady Dumbello had been nothing to him. But now—now that the matter had been put before him in this way, might it not become him, as a gentleman, to fall in love with so very beautiful a woman, whose name had already been linked with his own? We all know that story of the priest, who, by his question in the confessional, taught the hostler to grease the horses' teeth. "I never did yet," said the hostler, "but I'll have a try at it." In this case the duke had acted the part of the priest, and Mr. Palliser, before the night was over, had almost become as ready a pupil as the hostler. As to the threat, it would ill become him, as a Palliser and a Plantagenet, to regard it. The duke would not marry. Of all men in the world he was the least likely to spite his own face by cutting off his own nose; and for the rest of it Mr. Palliser would take his chance. Therefore he went down to Hartlebury early in February, having fully

determined to be very particular in his attentions to Lady Dumbello.

Among a houseful of people at Hartlebury he found Lord Porlock, a slight, sickly, worn-out looking man, who had something about his eye of his father's hardness, but nothing in his mouth of his father's ferocity.

"So your sister's going to be married?" said Mr. Palliser.

"Yes. One has no right to be surprised at any thing they do, when one remembers the life their father leads them."

"I was going to congratulate you."

"Don't do that."

"I met him at Courcy, and rather liked him."

Mr. Palliser had barely spoken to Mr. Crosbie at Courcy, but then in the usual course of his social life he seldom did more than barely speak to any body.

"Did you?" said Lord Porlock. "For the poor girl's sake I hope he's not a ruffian. How any man should propose to my father to marry a daughter out of his house is more than I can understand. How was my mother looking?"

"I didn't see any thing amiss about her."

"I expect that he'll murder her some day." Then that conversation came to an end.

Mr. Palliser himself perceived—as he looked at her he could not but perceive—that a certain amount of social energy seemed to enliven Lady Dumbello when he approached her. She was given to smile when addressed, but her usual smile was meaningless, almost leaden, and never in any degree flattering to the person to whom it was accorded. Very many women smile as they answer the words which are spoken to them, and most who do so flatter by their smile. The thing is so common that no one thinks of it. The flattering pleases, but means nothing. The impression unconsciously taken simply conveys a feeling that the woman has made herself agreeable, as it was her duty to do—agreeable, as far as that smile went, in some very infinitesimal degree. But she has thereby made her little contribution to society. She will make the same contribution a hundred times in the same evening. No one knows that she has flattered any body; she does not know it herself; and the world calls her an agreeable woman. But Lady Dumbello put no flattery into her customary smiles. They were cold, unmeaning, accompanied by no special glance of the eye, and seldom addressed to the individual. They were given to the room at large; and the room at large, acknowledging her great pretensions, accepted them as sufficient. But when Mr. Palliser came near to her she would turn herself slightly, ever so slightly, on her seat, and would allow her eyes to rest for a moment upon his face. Then when he remarked that it had been rather cold, she would smile actually upon him as she acknowledged the truth of his observation. All this Mr. Palliser taught himself to observe, having been instructed by his foolish uncle in that lesson as to the greasing of the horses' teeth.

But, nevertheless, during the first week of his stay at Hartlebury he did not say a word to her more tender than his observation about the weather. It is true that he was very busy. He had undertaken to speak upon the address, and as Parliament was now about to be opened, and as his speech was to be based upon statistics, he was full of figures and papers. His correspondence was pressing, and the day was seldom long enough for his purposes. He felt that the intimacy to which he aspired was hindered by the laborious routine of his life; but, nevertheless, he would do something before he left Hartlebury to show the special nature of his regard. He would say something to her that should open to her view the secret of—shall we say his heart? Such was his resolve, day after day. And yet day after day went by, and nothing was said. He fancied that Lord Dumbello was somewhat less friendly in his manner than he had been, that he put himself in the way and looked cross; but, as he declared to himself, he cared very little for Lord Dumbello's looks.

"When do you go to town?" he said to her one evening.

"Probably in April. We certainly shall not leave Hartlebury before that."

"Ah, yes. You stay for the hunting."

"Yes; Lord Dumbello always remains here through March. He may run up to town for a day or two."

"How comfortable! I must be in London on Thursday, you know."

"When Parliament meets, I suppose?"

"Exactly. It is such a bore; but one has to do it."

"When a man makes a business of it, I suppose he must."

"Oh dear, yes; it's quite imperative." Then Mr. Palliser looked round the room and thought he saw Lord Dumbello's eye fixed upon him. It was really very hard work. If the truth must be told, he did not know how to begin. What was he to say to her? How was he to commence a conversation that should end by being tender? She was very handsome, certainly, and for him she could look interesting; but for his very life he did not know how to begin to say any thing special to her. A liaison with such a woman as Lady Dumbello—Platonic, innocent, but, nevertheless, very intimate—would certainly lend a grace to his life, which, under its present circumstances, was rather dry. He was told—told by public rumor which had reached him through his uncle—that the lady was willing. She certainly looked as though she liked him; but how was he to begin? The art of startling the House of Commons and frightening the British public by the voluminous accuracy of his statistics he had already learned; but what was he to say to a pretty woman?

"You'll be sure to be in London in April?" This was on another occasion.

"Oh yes; I think so."

"In Carlton Gardens, I suppose?"

"Yes; Lord Dumbello has got a lease of the house now."

"Has he, indeed? Ah, it's an excellent house! I hope I shall be allowed to call there sometimes."

"Certainly—only I know you must be so busy."

"Not on Saturdays and Sundays."

"I always receive on Sundays," said Lady Dumbello. Mr. Palliser felt that there was nothing peculiarly gracious in this. A permission to call when all her other acquaintances would be there, was not much; but still, perhaps, it was as much as he could expect to obtain on that occasion. He looked up and saw that Lord Dumbello's eyes were again upon him, and that Lord Dumbello's brow was black. He began to doubt whether a country-house, where all the people were thrown together, was the best place in the world for such manœuvring. Lady Dumbello was very handsome, and he liked to look at her, but he could not find any subject on which to interest her in that drawing-room at Hartlebury. Later in the evening he found himself saying something to her about the sugar duties, and then he knew that he had better give it up. He had only one day more, and that was required imperatively for his speech. The matter would go much easier in London, and he would postpone it till then. In the crowded rooms of London private conversation would be much easier, and Lord Dumbello wouldn't stand over and look at him. Lady Dumbello had taken his remarks about the sugar very kindly, and had asked for a definition of an ad valorem duty. It was a nearer approach to a real conversation than he had ever before made; but the subject had been unlucky, and could not, in his hands, be brought round to any thing tender; so he resolved to postpone his gallantry till the London spring should make it easy, and felt as he did so that he was relieved for the time from a heavy weight.

"Good-by, Lady Dumbello," he said, on the next evening. "I start early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by, Mr. Palliser."

As she spoke she smiled ever so sweetly, but she certainly had not learned to call him Plantagenet as yet. He went up to London and immediately got himself to work. The accurate and voluminous speech came off with considerable credit to himself—credit of that quiet, enduring kind which is accorded to such men. The speech was respectable, dull, and correct. Men listened to it, or sat with their hats over their eyes, asleep, pretending to do so; and the *Daily Jupiter* in the morning had a leading article about it, which, however, left the reader at its close altogether in doubt whether Mr. Palliser might be supposed to be a great financial pundit or no. Mr. Palliser might become a shining light to the moneyed world, and a glory to the banking interests; he might be a future Chancellor of the Exchequer. But then again, it might turn out that, in these affairs, he was a mere ignis fatuus, a blind guide—a man to be laid aside as very respectable, but of no depth. Who, then, at the present time, could judiciously risk his credit by declaring whether Mr. Palliser understood his subject or did not understand it? We are not content in looking to our newspapers for all the information that earth and human intellect can afford; but we demand from them what we might demand if a daily sheet could come to us from the world of spirits. The result, of course, is this—that the papers do pretend that they have come daily from the world of spirits; but the oracles are very doubtful, as were those of old.

Plantagenet Palliser, though he was contented with this article, felt, as he sat in his chambers in the Albany, that something else was wanting to his happiness. This sort of life was all very well. Ambition was a grand thing, and it became him, as a Palliser and a future peer, to make politics his profession. But might he not spare an hour or two for Amaryllis in the shade? Was it not hard, this life of his? Since he had been told that Lady Dumbello smiled upon him, he had certainly thought more about her smiles than had been good for his statistics. It seemed as though a new vein in his body had been brought into use, and that blood was running where blood had never run before. If he had seen Lady Dumbello before Dumbello had seen her, might he not have married her? Ah! in such case as that, had she been simply Miss Grantly, or Lady Griselda Grantly, as the case might have been, he thought he might have been able to speak to her with more ease. As it was, he certainly had found the task difficult, down in the country—though he had heard of men of his class doing the same sort of thing all his life. For my own part, I believe, that the reputed sinners are much more numerous than the sinners.

As he sat there, a certain Mr. Fothergill came in upon him. Mr. Fothergill was a gentleman who managed most of his uncle's ordinary affairs—a clever fellow, who knew on which side his bread was buttered. Mr. Fothergill was naturally anxious to stand well with the heir; but to stand well with the owner was his business in life, and with that business he never allowed any thing to interfere. On this occasion Mr. Fothergill was very civil, complimenting his future possible patron on his very powerful speech, and predicting for him political power with much more certainty than the newspapers which had, or had not, come from the world of spirits. Mr. Fothergill had come in to say a word or two about some matter of business. As all Mr. Palliser's money passed through Mr. Fothergill's hands, and as his electioneering interests were managed by Mr. Fothergill, Mr. Fothergill not unfrequently called to say a necessary word or two. When this was done he said another word or two, which might be necessary or not, as the case might be.

"Mr. Palliser," said he, "I wonder you don't think of marrying. I hope you'll excuse me."

Mr. Palliser was by no means sure that he would excuse him, and sat himself suddenly upright in his chair in a manner that was intended to exhibit a first symptom of outraged dignity. But, singularly enough, he had himself been thinking of marriage at that moment. How would it have been with him had he known the beautiful Griselda before the Dumbello alliance had been arranged? Would he have married her? Would he have been comfortable if he had married her? Of course he could not marry now, seeing that he was in love with Lady Dumbello, and that the lady in question, unfortunately, had a husband of her own; but though he had been thinking of marrying, he did not like to have the subject thus roughly thrust before his eyes, and, as it were, into his very lap by his uncle's agent. Mr. Fothergill, no doubt, saw the first symptom of outraged dignity, for he was a clever, sharp man. But, perhaps, he did not in truth much regard it. Perhaps he had received instructions which he was bound to regard above all other matters.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Palliser, I do, indeed; but I say it because I am half afraid of some—some—some diminution of good feeling, perhaps, I had better call it, between you and your uncle. Any thing of that kind would be such a monstrous pity."

"I am not aware of any such probability." This Mr. Palliser said, with considerable dignity; but when the words were spoken he bethought himself whether he had not told a fib.

"No, perhaps not. I trust there is no such probability. But the duke is a very determined man if he takes any thing into his head; and then he has so much in his power."

"He has not me in his power, Mr. Fothergill."

"No, no, no. One man does not have another in his power in this country—not in that way; but then, you know, Mr. Palliser, it would hardly do to offend him; would it?"

"I would rather not offend him, as is natural. Indeed, I do not wish to offend any one."

"Exactly so; and least of all the duke, who has the whole property in his own hands. We may say the whole, for he can marry to-morrow if he pleases. And then his life is so good. I don't know a stouter man of his age any where."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

"I'm sure you are, Mr. Palliser. But if he were to take offense, you know?"

"I should put up with it."

"Yes, exactly; that's what you would do. But it would be worth while to avoid it, seeing how much he has in his power."

"Has the duke sent you to me now, Mr. Fothergill?"

"No, no, no—nothing of the sort. But he dropped words the other day which made me fancy that he was not quite—quite—quite at ease about you. I have long known that he would be very glad indeed to see an heir born to the property. The other morning—I don't know whether there was any thing in it—but I fancied he was going to make some change in the present arrangements. He did not do it, and it might have been fancy. Only think, Mr. Palliser, what one word of his might do! If he says a word, he never goes back from it." Then, having said so much, Mr. Fothergill went his way.

Mr. Palliser understood the meaning of all this very well. It was not the first occasion on which Mr. Fothergill had given him advice—advice such as Mr. Fothergill himself had no right to give him. He always received such counsel with an air of half-injured dignity, intending thereby to explain to Mr. Fothergill that he was intruding. But he knew well whence the advice came; and though, in all such cases, he had made up his mind not to follow such counsel, it had generally come to pass that Mr. Palliser's conduct had more or less accurately conformed itself to Mr. Fothergill's advice. A word from the duke might certainly do a great deal! Mr. Palliser resolved that in that affair of Lady Dumbello he would follow his own devices. But, nevertheless, it was undoubtedly true that a word from the duke might do a great deal!

We, who are in the secret, know how far Mr. Palliser had already progressed in his iniquitous passion before he left Hartlebury. Others, who were perhaps not so well informed, gave him credit for a much more advanced success. Lady Clandidlem, in her letter to Lady de Courcy, written immediately after the departure of Mr. Palliser, declared that, having heard of that gentleman's intended matutinal departure, she had confidently expected to learn at the breakfast-table that Lady Dumbello had flown with him. From the tone of her ladyship's language, it seemed as though she had been robbed of an anticipated pleasure by Lady Dumbello's prolonged sojourn in the halls of her husband's ancestors. "I feel, however, quite convinced," said Lady Clandidlem, "that it can not go on longer than the spring. I never yet saw a man so infatuated as Mr. Palliser. He did not leave her for one moment all the time he was here. No one but Lady Hartletop would have permitted it. But, you know, there is nothing so pleasant as good old family friendships."

CHAPTER XLIV.

VALENTINE'S DAY AT ALLINGTON.

Lily had exacted a promise from her mother before her illness, and during the period of her convalescence often referred to it, reminding her mother that that promise had been made, and must be kept. Lily was to be told the day on which Crosbie was to be married. It had come to the knowledge of them all that the marriage was to take place in February. But this was not sufficient for Lily. She must know the day.

And as the time drew nearer—Lily becom-

ing stronger the while, and less subject to medical authority—the marriage of Crosbie and Alexandrina was spoken of much more frequently at the Small House. It was not a subject which Mrs. Dale or Bell would have chosen for conversation; but Lily would refer to it. She would begin by doing so almost in a drolling strain, alluding to herself as a forlorn damsel in a play-book; and then she would go on to speak of his interests as a matter which was still of great moment to her. But in the course of such talking she would too often break down, showing by some sad word or melancholy tone how great was the burden on her heart. Mrs. Dale and Bell would willingly have avoided the subject, but Lily would not have it avoided. For them it was a very difficult matter on which to speak in her hearing. It was not permitted to them to say a word of abuse against Crosbie, as to whom they thought that no word of condemnation could be sufficiently severe; and they were forced to listen to such excuses for his conduct as Lily chose to manufacture, never daring to point out how vain those excuses were.

Indeed, in those days Lily reigned as a queen at the Small House. Ill-usage and illness together falling into her hands had given her such power that none of the other women were able to withstand it. Nothing was said about it; but it was understood by them all, Jane and the cook included, that Lily was for the time paramount. She was a dear, gracious, loving, brave queen, and no one was anxious to rebel; only that those praises of Crosbie were so very bitter in the ears of her subjects. The day was named soon enough, and the tidings came down to Allington. On the fourteenth of February Crosbie was to be made a happy man. This was not known to the Dales till the twelfth, and they would willingly have spared the knowledge then, had it been possible to spare it. But it was not so, and on that evening Lily was told.

During these days Bell used to see her uncle daily. Her visits were made with the pretense of taking to him information as to Lily's health; but there was perhaps at the bottom of them a feeling that, as the family intended to leave the Small House at the end of March, it would be well to let the squire know that there was no enmity in their hearts against him. Nothing more had been said about their moving—nothing, that is, from them to him. But the matter was going on, and he knew it. Dr. Crofts was already in treaty on their behalf for a small furnished house at Guestwick. The squire was very sad about it—very sad indeed. When Hopkins spoke to him on the subject he sharply desired that faithful gardener to hold his tongue, giving it to be understood that such things were not to be made matter of talk by the Allington dependents till they had been officially announced. With Bell during these visits he never alluded to the matter. She was the chief sinner, in that she had refused to marry her cousin, and had declined even to listen to rational counsel upon the matter. But the squire felt that he could not discuss the subject with her, seeing that he had been specially informed by Mrs. Dale that his interference would not be permitted; and then he was perhaps aware that if he did discuss the subject with Bell, he would not gain much by such discussion. Their conversation, therefore, generally fell upon Crosbie, and the tone in which he was mentioned in the Great House was very different from that assumed in Lily's presence.

"He'll be a wretched man," said the squire, when he told Bell of the day that had been fixed.

"I don't want him to be wretched," said Bell. "But I can hardly think that he can act as he has done without being punished."

"He will be a wretched man. He gets no fortune with her, and she will expect every thing that fortune can give. I believe, too, that she is older than he is. I can not understand it. Upon my word, I can not understand how a man can be such a knave and such a fool. Give my love to Lily. I'll see her to-morrow or the next day. She's well rid of him; I'm sure of that; though I suppose it would not do to tell her so."

The morning of the fourteenth came upon them at the Small House as comes the morning of those special days which have been long considered, and which are to be long remembered. It brought with it a hard, bitter frost—a black, biting frost—such a frost as breaks the water-pipes, and binds the ground to the hardness of granite. Lily, queen as she was, had not yet been allowed to go back to her own chamber, but occupied the larger bed in her mother's room, her mother sleeping on a smaller one.

"Mamma," she said, "how cold they'll be!" Her mother had announced to her the fact of the black frost, and these were the first words she spoke.

"I fear their hearts will be cold also," said Mrs. Dale. She ought not to have said so. She was transgressing the acknowledged rule of the house in saying any word that could be construed as being inimical to Crosbie or his bride. But her feeling on the matter was too strong, and she could not restrain herself.

"Why should their hearts be cold? Oh, mamma, that is a terrible thing to say. Why should their hearts be cold?"

"I hope it may not be so."

"Of course you do; of course we all hope it. He was not cold-hearted, at any rate. A man is not cold-hearted because he does not know himself. Mamma, I want you to wish for their happiness."

Mrs. Dale was silent for a minute or two before she answered this, but then she did answer it. "I think I do," said she. "I think I do wish for it."

"I am very sure that I do," said Lily.

At this time Lily had her breakfast up stairs, but went down into the drawing-room in the course of the morning.

"You must be very careful in wrapping your-

self as you go down stairs," said Bell, who stood by the tray on which she had brought up the toast and tea. "The cold is what you would call awful."

"I should call it jolly," said Lily, "if I could get up and go out. Do you remember lecturing me about talking slang the day that he first came?"

"Did I, my pet?"

"Don't you remember, when I called him a swell? Ah, dear! so he was. That was the mistake, and it was all my own fault, as I had seen it from the first."

Bell for a moment turned her face away, and beat with her foot against the ground. Her anger was more difficult of restraint than was even her mother's—and now, not restraining it, but wishing to hide it, she gave it vent in this way.

"I understand, Bell. I know what your foot means when it goes in that way; and you sha'n't do it. Come here, Bell, and let me teach you Christianity. I'm a fine sort of teacher, am I not? And I did not quite mean that."

"I wish I could learn it from some one," said Bell. "There are circumstances in which what we call Christianity seems to me to be hardly possible."

"When your foot goes in that way it is a very unchristian foot, and you ought to keep it still. It means anger against him, because he discovered before it was too late that he would not be happy—that is, that he and I would not be happy together if we were married."

"Don't scrutinize my foot too closely, Lily."

"But your foot must bear scrutiny, and your eyes, and your voice. He was very foolish to fall in love with me. And so was I very foolish to let him love me, at a moment's notice—without a thought as it were. I was so proud of having him, that I gave myself up to him all at once, without giving him a chance of thinking of it. In a week or two it was done. Who could expect that such an engagement should be lasting?"

"And why not? That is nonsense, Lily. But we will not talk about it."

"Ah, but I want to talk about it. It was as I have said, and if so, you shouldn't hate him because he did the only thing which he honestly could do when he found out his mistake."

"What; become engaged again within a week!"

"There had been a very old friendship, Bell; you must remember that. But I was speaking of his conduct to me, and not of his conduct to—" And then she remembered that that other lady might at this very moment possess the name which she had once been so proud to think that she would bear herself. "Bell," she said, stopping her other speech suddenly, "at what o'clock do people get married in London?"

"Oh, at all manner of hours—any time before twelve. They will be fashionable, and will be married late."

"You don't think she's Mrs. Crosbie yet, then?"

"Lady Alexandrina Crosbie," said Bell, shuddering.

"Yes, of course; I forgot. I should so like to see her. I feel such an interest about her. I wonder what colored hair she has. I suppose she is a sort of Juno of a woman—very tall and handsome. I'm sure she has not got a pug-nose like me. Do you know what I should really like, only of course it's not possible—to be godmother to his first child."

"Oh, Lily!"

"I should. Don't you hear me say that I know it's not possible? I'm not going up to London to ask her. She'll have all manner of grandees for her godfathers and godmothers. I wonder what those grand people are really like."

"I don't think there's any difference. Look at Lady Julia."

"Oh, she's not a grand person. It isn't merely having a title. Don't you remember that he told us that Mr. Palliser is about the grandest grandee of them all. I suppose people do learn to like them. He always used to say that he had been so long among people of that sort that it would be very difficult for him to divide himself off from them. I should never have done for that kind of thing; should I?"

"There is nothing I despise so much as what you call that kind of thing."

"Do you? I don't. After all, think how much work they do. He used to tell me of that. They have all the governing in their hands, and get very little money for doing it."

"Worse luck for the country."

"The country seems to do pretty well. But you're a radical, Bell. My belief is, you wouldn't be a lady if you could help it."

"I'd sooner be an honest woman."

"And so you are—my own dear, dearest, honest Bell—and the fairest lady that I know. If I were a man, Bell, you are just the girl that I should worship."

"But you are not a man; so it's no good."

"But you mustn't let your foot go astray in that way; you mustn't, indeed. Somebody said that whatever is is right, and I declare I believe it."

"I'm sometimes inclined to think that whatever is is wrong."

"That's because you're a radical. I think I'll get up now, Bell; only it's so frightfully cold that I'm afraid."

"There's a beautiful fire," said Bell.

"Yes; I see. But the fire won't go all around me, like the bed does. I wish I could know the very moment when they're at the altar. It's only half past ten yet."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it's over."

"Over! What a word that is! A thing like that is over, and then all the world can not put it back again. What if he should be unhappy after all?"

"He must take his chance," said Bell, thinking within her own mind that that chance would be a very bad one.

"Of course he must take his chance. Well



"MAMMA," SHE SAID AT LAST, "IT IS OVER NOW, I'M SURE."

—I'll get up now." And then she took her first step out into the cold world beyond her bed. "We must all take our chance. I have made up my mind that it will be at half past eleven."

When half past eleven came, she was seated in a large easy-chair over the drawing-room fire, with a little table by her side, on which a novel was lying. She had not opened her book that morning, and had been sitting for some time perfectly silent, with her eyes closed, and her watch in her hand.

"Mamma," she said at last, "it is over now, I'm sure."

"What is over, my dear?"

"He has made that lady his wife. I hope God will bless them, and I pray that they may be happy."

As she spoke these words there was an unwonted solemnity in her tone which startled Mrs. Dale and Bell.

"I also will hope so," said Mrs. Dale. "And now, Lily, will it not be well that you should

turn your mind away from the subject, and endeavor to think of other things?"

"But I can't, mamma. It is so easy to say that; but people can't choose their own thoughts."

"They can usually direct them as they will, if they make the effort."

"But I can't make the effort. Indeed, I don't know why I should. It seems natural to me to think about him, and I don't suppose it can be very wrong. When you have had so deep an interest in a person, you can't drop him all of a sudden." Then there was again silence, and after a while Lily took up her novel. She made that effort of which her mother had spoken, but she made it altogether in vain. "I declare, Bell," she said, "it's the greatest rubbish I ever attempted to read." This was specially ungrateful, because Bell had recommended the book. "All the books have got to be so stupid! I think I'll read Pilgrim's Progress again."

"What do you say to Robinson Crusoe?" said Bell.

"Or Paul and Virginia?" said Lily. "But I believe I'll have Pilgrim's Progress. I never can understand it, but I rather think that makes it nicer."

"I hate books I can't understand," said Bell. "I like a book to be clear as running water, so that the whole meaning may be seen at once."

"The quick seeing of the meaning must depend a little on the reader, must it not?" said Mrs. Dale.

"The reader mustn't be a fool, of course," said Bell.

"But then so many readers are fools," said Lily. "And yet they get something out of their reading. Mrs. Crump is always poring over the Revelations, and nearly knows them by heart. I don't think she could interpret a single image, but she has a hazy, misty idea of the truth. That's why she likes it—because it's too beautiful to be understood; and that's why I like Pilgrim's Progress." After which Bell offered to get the book in question.

"No, not now," said Lily. "I'll go on with this, as you say it's so grand. The personages are always in their tantrums, and go on as though they were mad. Mamma, do you know where they're going for the honey-moon?"

"No, my dear."

"He used to talk to me about going to the lakes." And then there was another pause, during which Bell observed that her mother's face became clouded with anxiety. "But I won't think of it any more," continued Lily; "I will fix my mind to something." And then she got up from her chair. "I don't think it would have been so difficult if I had not been ill?"

"Of course it would not, my darling."

"And I'm going to be well again now, immediately. Let me see: I was told to read Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, and I think I'll begin now." It was Crosbie who had told her to read the book, as both Bell and Mrs. Dale were well aware. "But I must put it off till I can get it down from the other house."

"Jane shall fetch it if you really want it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Bell shall get it, when she goes up in the afternoon; will you, Bell? And I'll try to get on with this stuff in the mean time." Then again she sat with her eyes fixed upon the pages of the book. "I'll tell you what, mamma—you may have some comfort in this: that when to-day's gone by, I sha'n't make a fuss about any other day."

"Nobody thinks that you are making a fuss, Lily."

"Yes, but I am. Isn't it odd, Bell, that it should take place on Valentine's day? I wonder whether it was so settled on purpose, because of the day. Oh dear, I used to think so often of the letter that I should get from him on this day, when he would tell me that I was his valentine. Well; he's got another—valen—tine—now." So much she said with articulate voice, and then she broke down, bursting out into convulsive sobs, and crying in her mother's arms as though she would break her heart. And yet her heart was not broken, and she was still strong in that resolve which she had made, that her grief should not overpower her. As she had herself said, the thing would not have been so difficult, had she not been weakened by illness.

"Lily, my darling; my poor, ill-used darling."

"No, mamma, I won't be that." And she struggled grievously to get the better of the hysterical attack which had overpowered her. "I won't be regarded as ill-used; not as specially ill-used. But I am your darling, your own darling. Only I wish you'd beat me and thump me when I'm such a fool, instead of pitying me. It's a great mistake being soft to people when they make fools of themselves. There, Bell; there's your stupid book, and I won't have any more of it. I believe it was that that did it." And she pushed the book away from her.

After this little scene she said no further word about Crosbie and his bride on that day, but turned the conversation toward the prospect of their new house at Guestwick.

"It will be a great comfort to be nearer Dr. Crofts; won't it, Bell?"

"I don't know," said Bell.

"Because if we are ill, he won't have such a terrible distance to come?"

"That will be a comfort for him, I should think," said Bell, very demurely.

In the evening the first volume of the French Revolution had been procured, and Lily stuck to her reading with laudable perseverance; till at eight her mother insisted on her going to bed, queen as she was.

"I don't believe a bit, you know, that the king was such a bad man as that," she said.

"I do," said Bell.

"Ah, that's because you're a radical. I never will believe that kings are so much worse than

other people. As for Charles the First, he was about the best man in history."

This was an old subject of dispute; but Lily on the present occasion was allowed her own way, as being an invalid.

CHAPTER XLV.

VALENTINE'S DAY IN LONDON.

THE fourteenth of February in London was quite as black, and cold, and as wintersome as it was at Allington, and was, perhaps, somewhat more melancholy in its coldness. Nevertheless, Lady Alexandrina De Courcy looked as bright as bridal finery could make her, when she got out of her carriage and walked into St. James's Church at eleven o'clock on that morning.

It had been finally arranged that the marriage should take place in London. There were certainly many reasons which would have made a marriage from Courcy Castle more convenient. The De Courcy family were all assembled at their country family residence, and could therefore have been present at the ceremony without cost or trouble. The castle too was warm with the warmth of life, and the pleasantness of home would have lent a grace to the departure of one of the daughters of the house. The retainers and servants were there, and something of the rich mellowness of a noble alliance might have been felt, at any rate by Crosbie, at a marriage so celebrated. And it must have been acknowledged, even by Lady De Courcy, that the house in Portman Square was very cold—that a marriage from thence would be cold—that there could be no hope of attaching to it any honor and glory, or of making it resound with fashionable éclat in the columns of the *Morning Post*. But then, had they been married in the country, the earl would have been there; whereas there was no probability of his traveling up to London for the purpose of being present on such an occasion.

The earl was very terrible in these days, and Alexandrina, as she became confidential in her communications with her future husband, spoke of him as of an ogre, who could not by any means be avoided in all the concerns of life, but whom one might shun now and again by some subtle device and careful arrangement of favorable circumstances. Crosbie had more than once taken upon himself to hint that he did not specially regard the ogre, seeing that for the future he could keep himself altogether apart from the malicious monster's dominions.

"He will not come to me in our new home," he had said to his love, with some little touch of affection. But to this view of the case Lady Alexandrina had demurred. The ogre in question was not only her parent, but was also a noble peer, and she could not agree to any arrangement by which their future connection with the earl, and with nobility in general, might be endangered. Her parent, doubtless, was an ogre, and in his ogreship could make himself very terrible to those near him; but then might it not be better for them to be near to an earl who was an ogre than not to be near to any earl at all? She had therefore signified to Crosbie that the ogre must be endured.

But, nevertheless, it was a great thing to be rid of him on that happy occasion. He would have said very dreadful things—things so dreadful that there might have been a question whether the bridegroom could have borne them. Since he had heard of Crosbie's accident at the railway station he had constantly talked with fiendish glee of the beating which had been administered to his son-in-law. Lady De Courcy, in taking Crosbie's part and maintaining that the match was fitting for her daughter, had ventured to declare before her husband that Crosbie was a man of fashion; and the earl would now ask, with a loathsome grin, whether the bridegroom's fashion had been improved by his little adventure at Paddington. Crosbie, to whom all this was not repeated, would have preferred a wedding in the country. But the countess and Lady Alexandrina knew better.

The earl had strictly interdicted any expenditure, and the countess had of necessity construed this as forbidding any unnecessary expense. "To marry a girl without any immediate cost was a thing which nobody could understand," as the countess remarked to her eldest daughter.

"I would really spend as little as possible," Lady Amelia had answered. "You see, mamma, there are circumstances about it which one doesn't wish to have talked about just at present. There's the story of that girl; and then that fracas at the station. I really think it ought to be as quiet as possible." The good sense of Lady Amelia was not to be disputed, as her mother acknowledged. But then if the marriage were managed in any notoriously quiet way, the very notoriety of that quiet would be as dangerous as an attempt at loud glory. "But it won't cost as much," said Amelia. And thus it had been resolved that the wedding should be very quiet.

To this Crosbie had assented very willingly, though he had not relished the manner in which the countess had explained to him her views.

"I need not tell you, Adolphus," she had said, "how thoroughly satisfied I am with this marriage. My dear girl feels that she can be happy as your wife, and what more can I want? I declared to her and to Amelia that I was not ambitious, for their sakes, and have allowed them both to please themselves."

"I hope they have pleased themselves," said Crosbie.

"I trust so; but nevertheless—I don't know whether I make myself understood?"

"Quite so, Lady De Courcy. If Alexandrina were going to marry the eldest son of a marquis you would have a longer procession to church than will be necessary when she marries me."

"You put it in such an odd way, Adolphus."

"It's all right so long as we understand each

other. I can assure you I don't want any procession at all. I should be quite contented to go down with Alexandrina, arm in arm, like Darby and Joan, and let the clerk give her away."

We may say that he would have been much better contented could he have been allowed to go down the street without any encumbrance on his arm. But there was no possibility now for such deliverance as that.

Both Lady Amelia and Mr. Gazebee had long since discovered the bitterness of his heart and the fact of his repentance; and Gazebee had ventured to suggest to his wife that his noble sister-in-law was preparing for herself a life of misery.

"He'll become quiet and happy when he's used to it," Lady Amelia had replied, thinking, perhaps, of her own experiences.

"I don't know, my dear; he's not a quiet man. There's something in his eye which tells me that he could be very hard to a woman."

"It has gone too far now for any change," Lady Amelia had answered.

"Well, perhaps it has."

"And I know my sister so well: she would not hear of it. I really think they will do very well when they become used to each other."

Mr. Gazebee, who also had had his own experiences, hardly dared to hope so much. His home had been satisfactory to him, because he had been a calculating man; and having made his calculation correctly was willing to take the net result. He had done so all his life with success. In his house his wife was paramount—as he very well knew. But no effort on his wife's part, had she wished to make such effort, could have forced him to spend more than two-thirds of his income. Of this she also was aware, and had trimmed her sails accordingly, likening herself to him in this respect. But of such wisdom, and such trimmings, and such adaptability, what likelihood was there with Mr. Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina?

"At any rate, it is too late now," said Lady Amelia, thus concluding the conversation.

But, nevertheless, when the last moment came, there was some little attempt at glory. Who does not know the way in which a lately-married couple's little dinner-party stretches itself out from the pure simplicity of a fried sole and a leg of mutton to the attempt at clear soup, the unfortunately cold dish of round balls which is handed about after the sole, and the brightly red jelly, and beautifully pink cream, which are ordered, in the last agony of ambition, from the next pastry-cook's shop.

"We can not give a dinner, my dear, with only cook and Sarah."

It has thus begun, and the husband has declared that he has no such idea. "If Phipps and Dowdney can come here and eat a bit of mutton, they are very welcome; if not, let them stay away. And you might as well ask Phipps's sister; just to have some one to go with you into the drawing-room."

"I'd much rather go alone, because then I can read"—or sleep, we may say.

But her husband has explained that she would look friendless in this solitary state, and therefore Phipps's sister has been asked. Then the dinner has progressed, down to those costly jellies which have been ordered in a last agony. There has been a conviction on the minds of both of them that the simple leg of mutton would have been more jolly for them all. Had those round balls not been carried about by a hired man; had simple mutton with hot potatoes been handed to Miss Phipps by Sarah Miss Phipps would not have simpered with such unmeaning stiffness when young Dowdney spoke to her. They would have been much more jolly. "Have a bit more mutton, Phipps; and where do you like it?" How pleasant it sounds! But we all know that it is impossible. My young friend had intended this, but his dinner had run itself away to cold round balls and colored forms from the pastry-cook. And so it was with the Crosbie marriage.

The bride must leave the church in a properly appointed carriage, and the postboys must have wedding favors. So the thing grew; not into noble proportions; not into proportions of true glory, justifying the attempt and making good the gala. A well-cooked rissole, brought pleasantly to you, is good eating. A gala marriage, when every thing is in keeping, is excellent sport. Heaven forbid that we should have no gala marriages! But the small spasmodic attempt, made in opposition to manifest propriety, made with an inner conviction of failure—that surely should be avoided in marriages, in dinners, and in all affairs of life.

There were bridemaids and there was a breakfast. Both Margaretta and Rosina came up to London for the occasion, as did also a first cousin of theirs, one Miss Gresham, a lady whose father lived in the same county. Mr. Gresham had married a sister of Lord De Courcy's, and his services were also called into requisition. He was brought up to give away the bride, because the earl—as the paragraph in the newspaper declared—was confined at Courcy Castle by his old hereditary enemy, the gout. A fourth bridemaid also was procured, and thus there was a bevy, though not so large a bevy as is now generally thought to be desirable. There were only three or four carriages at the church; but even three or four were something. The weather was so frightfully cold that the light-colored silks of the ladies carried with them a show of discomfort. Girls should be very young to look nice in light dresses on a frosty morning, and the bridemaids at Lady Alexandrina's wedding were not very young. Lady Rosina's nose was decidedly red. Lady Margaretta was very wintry, and apparently very cross. Miss Gresham was dull, tame, and insipid; and the Honorable Miss O'Flaherty, who filled the fourth place, was sulky at finding that she had been invited to take a share in so very lame a performance.

But the marriage was made good, and Crosbie bore up against his misfortunes like a man. Montgomerie Dobbs and Fowler Pratt both stood by him, giving him, let us hope, some assurance that he was not absolutely deserted by all the world—that he had not given himself up, bound hand and foot, to the De Courcys, to be dealt with in all matters as they might please. It was that feeling which had been so grievous to him, and that other feeling, cognate to it, that if he should ultimately succeed in rebelling against the De Courcys he would find himself a solitary man.

"Yes; I shall go," Fowler Pratt had said to Montgomerie Dobbs. "I always stick to a fellow if I can. Crosbie has behaved like a blackguard, and like a fool also; and he knows that I think so. But I don't see why I should drop him on that account. I shall go as he has asked me."

"So shall I," said Montgomerie Dobbs, who considered that he would be safe in doing whatever Fowler Pratt did; and who remarked to himself that, after all, Crosbie was marrying the daughter of an earl.

Then, after the marriage came the breakfast, at which the countess presided with much noble magnificence. She had not gone to church, thinking, no doubt, that she would be better able to maintain her good humor at the feast if she did not subject herself to the chance of lumbago in the church. At the foot of the table sat Mr. Gresham, her brother-in-law, who had undertaken to give the necessary toast and make the necessary speech. The Honorable John was there, saying all manner of ill-natured things about his sister and new brother-in-law, because he had been excluded from his proper position at the foot of the table. But Alexandrina had declared that she would not have the matter intrusted to her brother. The Honorable George would not come, because the countess had not asked his wife.

"Maria may be slow, and all that sort of thing," George had said; "but she is my wife. And she had got what they haven't. Love me, love my dog, you know." So he had staid down at Courcy—very properly, as I think.

Alexandrina had wished to go away before breakfast, and Crosbie would not have cared how early an escape had been provided for him; but the countess had told her daughter that if she would not wait for the breakfast, there should be no breakfast at all, and, in fact, no wedding; nothing but a simple marriage. Had there been a grand party, that going away of the bride and bridegroom might be very well; but the countess felt that on such an occasion as this nothing but the presence of the body of the sacrifice could give any reality to the festivity. So Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina Crosbie heard Mr. Gresham's speech, in which he prophesied for the young couple an amount of happiness and prosperity almost greater than is compatible with the circumstances of humanity. His young friend Crosbie, whose acquaintance he had been delighted to make, was well known as one of the rising pillars of the State. Whether his future career might be parliamentary, or devoted to the permanent Civil Service of the country, it would be alike great, noble, and prosperous. As to his dear niece, who was now filling that position in life which was most beautiful and glorious for a young woman, she could not have done better. She had preferred genius to wealth—so said Mr. Gresham—and she would find her fitting reward. As to her finding her fitting reward, whatever her preferences may have been, there Mr. Gresham was no doubt quite right. On that head I myself have no doubt whatever. After that Crosbie returned thanks, making a much better speech than nine men do out of ten on such occasions, and then the thing was over. No other speaking was allowed, and within half an hour from that time he and his bride were in the post-chaise, being carried away to the Folkestone railway station; for that place had been chosen as the scene of their honey-moon. It had been at one time intended that the journey to Folkestone should be made simply as the first stage to Paris, but Paris and all foreign traveling had been given up by degrees.

"I don't care a bit about France, we have been there so often," Alexandrina said.

She had wished to be taken to Naples, but Crosbie had made her understand, at the first whispering of the word, that Naples was quite out of the question. He must look now in all things to money. From the very first outset of his career he must save a shilling wherever a shilling could be saved. To this view of life no opposition was made by the De Courcy interest. Lady Amelia had explained to her sister that they ought so to do their honey-mooning that it should not cost more than if they began keeping house at once. Certain things must be done which, no doubt, were costly in their nature. The bride must take with her a well-dressed lady's-maid. The rooms at the Folkstone hotel must be large, and on the first floor. A carriage must be hired for her use while she remained; but every shilling must be saved the spending of which would not make itself apparent to the outer world. Oh, deliver us from the poverty of those who, with small means, affect a show of wealth! There is no whitening equal to that of sepulchres whited as they are whited!

By the proper administration of a slight bribe Crosbie secured for himself and his wife a compartment in the railway carriage to themselves. And as he seated himself opposite to Alexandrina, having properly tucked her up with all her bright-colored trappings, he remembered that he had never in truth been alone with her before. He had danced with her frequently, and been left with her for a few minutes between the figures. He had flirted with her in crowded drawing-rooms, and had once found a moment at Courcy Castle to tell her that he was willing to marry her in spite of his engagement with Lilian Dale. But he had never walked with her for

hours together as he had walked with Lily. He had never talked to her about government, and politics, and books; nor had she talked to him of poetry, of religion, and of the little duties and comforts of life. He had known the Lady Alexandrina for the last six or seven years; but he had never known her—perhaps never would know her—as he had learned to know Lily Dale within the space of two months.

And now that she was his wife, what was he to say to her? They two had commenced a partnership which was to make of them for the remaining term of their lives one body and one flesh. They were to be all in all to each other. But how was he to begin this all-in-all partnership? Had the priest, with his blessing, done it so sufficiently that no other doing on Crosbie's own part was necessary? There she was, opposite to him, his very actual wife—bone of his bone; and what was he to say to her? As he settled himself on his seat, taking over his own knees a part of a fine fur rug trimmed with scarlet with which he had covered her other mufflings, he bethought himself how much easier it would have been to talk to Lily. And Lily would have been ready with all her ears, and all her mind, and all her wit, to enter quickly upon whatever thoughts had occurred to him. In that respect Lily would have been a wife indeed—a wife that would have transferred herself with quick mental activity into her husband's mental sphere. Had he begun about his office Lily would have been ready for him, but Alexandrina had never yet asked him a single question about his official life. Had he been prepared with a plan for to-morrow's happiness Lily would have taken it up eagerly, but Alexandrina never cared for such trifles.

"Are you quite comfortable?" he said, at last.

"Oh yes, quite, thank you. By-the-by, what did you do with my dressing-case?"

And that question she did ask with some energy.

"It is under you. You can have it as footstool if you like it."

"Oh no; I should scratch it. I was afraid that if Hannah had it it might be lost." Then again there was silence, and Crosbie again considered as to what he would next say to his wife.

We all know the advice given us of old as to what we should do under such circumstances; and who can be so thoroughly justified in following that advice as a newly-married husband? So he put out his hand for hers and drew her closer to him.

"Take care of my bonnet," she said, as she felt the motion of the railway carriage when he kissed her. I don't think he kissed her again till he had landed her and her bonnet safely at Folkestone. How often would he have kissed Lily, and how pretty would her bonnet have been when she reached the end of her journey, and how delightfully happy would she have looked when she scolded him for bending it! But Alexandrina was quite in earnest about her bonnet; by far too much in earnest for any appearance of happiness.

So he sat without speaking till the train came to the tunnel.

"I do so hate tunnels," said Alexandrina.

He had half intended to put out his hand again, under some mistaken idea that the tunnel afforded him an opportunity. The whole journey was one long opportunity had he desired it; but his wife hated tunnels, and so he drew his hand back again. Lily's little fingers would have been ready for his touch. He thought of this, and could not help thinking of it.

He had *The Times* newspaper in his dressing-bag. She also had a novel with her. Would she be offended if he took out the paper and read it? The miles seemed to pass by very slowly, and there was still another hour down to Folkestone. He longed for his *Times*, but resolved, at last, that he would not read unless she read first. She also had remembered her novel; but by nature she was more patient than he, and she thought that on such a journey any reading might perhaps be almost improper. So she sat tranquilly, with her eyes fixed on the netting over her husband's head.

At last he could stand it no longer, and he dashed off into a conversation intended to be most affectionate and serious.

"Alexandrina," he said, and his voice was well tuned for the tender, serious manner, had her ears been alive to such tuning. "Alexandrina, this is a very important step that you and I have taken to-day."

"Yes; it is, indeed," said she.

"I trust we shall succeed in making each other happy."

"Yes; I hope we shall."

"If we both think seriously of it, and remember that that is our chief duty, we shall do so."

"Yes; I suppose we shall. I only hope we sha'n't find the house very cold. It is so new, and I am so subject to colds in my head. Amelia says we shall find it very cold; but then she was always against our going there."

"The house will do very well," said Crosbie. And Alexandrina could perceive that there was something of the master in his tone as he spoke.

"I am only telling you what Amelia said," she replied.

Had Lily been his bride, and had he spoken to her of their future life and mutual duties, how she would have kindled to the theme! She would have knelt at his feet on the floor of the carriage, and, looking up into his face, would have promised him to do her best—her best—her very best. And with what an eagerness of inward resolution would she have determined to keep her promise! He thought of all this now, but he knew that he ought not to think of it. Then, for some quarter of an hour, he did take out his newspaper, and she, when she saw him do so, did take out her novel.

He took out his newspaper, but he could not fix his mind upon the politics of the day. Had

he not made a terrible mistake? Of what use to him in life would be that thing of a woman that sat opposite to him? Had not a great punishment come upon him, and had he not deserved the punishment? In truth, a great punishment had come upon him. It was not only that he had married a woman incapable of understanding the higher duties of married life, but that he himself would have been capable of appreciating the value of a woman who did understand them. He would have been happy with Lily Dale; and therefore we may surmise that his unhappiness with Lady Alexandrina would be the greater. There are men who, in marrying such as Lady Alexandrina De Courcy, would get the article best suited to them, as Mortimer Gazebee had done in marrying her sister. Miss Griselda Grantly, who had become Lady Dumbello, though somewhat colder and somewhat cleverer than Lady Alexandrina, had been of the same sort. But in marrying her Lord Dumbello had got the article best suited to him; if only the ill-natured world would allow him to keep the article. It was in this that Crosbie's failure had been so grievous—that he had seen and approved the better course, but had chosen for himself to walk in that which was worse. During that week at Courcy Castle—the week which he passed there immediately after his second visit to Allington—he had deliberately made up his mind that he was more fit for the bad course than for the good one. The course was now before him, and he had no choice but to walk in it.

It was very cold when they got to Folkestone, and Lady Alexandrina shivered as she stepped into the private-looking carriage which had been sent to the station for her use.

"We shall find a good fire in the parlor at the hotel," said Crosbie.

"Oh, I hope so," said Alexandrina, "and in the bedroom too."

The young husband felt himself to be offended, but he hardly knew why. He felt himself to be offended, and with difficulty induced himself to go through all those little ceremonies the absence of which would have been remarked by every body. He did his work, however, seeing to all her shawls and wrappings, speaking with good-nature to Hannah, and paying special attention to the dressing-case.

"What time would you like to dine?" he asked, as he prepared to leave her alone with Hannah in the bedroom.

"Whenever you please; only I should like some tea and bread-and-butter presently."

Crosbie went into the sitting-room, ordered the tea and bread-and-butter, ordered also the dinner, and then stood himself up with his back to the fire, in order that he might think a little of his future career.

He was a man who had long since resolved that his life should be a success. It would seem that all men would so resolve, if the matter were simply one of resolution. But the majority of men, as I take it, make no such resolution, and very many men resolve that they will be unsuccessful. Crosbie, however, had resolved on success, and had done much toward carrying out his purpose. He had made a name for himself, and had acquired a certain fame. That, however, was, as he acknowledged to himself, departing from him. He looked the matter straight in the face, and told himself that his fashion must be abandoned; but the office remained to him. He might still rule over Mr. Optimist, and make a subservient slave of Butterwell. That must be his line in life now, and to that line he would endeavor to be true. As to his wife and his home, he would look to them for his breakfast, and perhaps his dinner. He would have a comfortable arm-chair, and if Alexandrina should become a mother, he would endeavor to love his children; but above all things he would never think of Lily. After that he stood and thought of her for half an hour.

"If you please, Sir, my lady wants to know at what time you have ordered dinner?"

"At seven, Hannah."

"My lady says she is very tired, and will lay down till dinner-time."

"Very well, Hannah. I will go into her room when it is time to dress. I hope they are making you comfortable down stairs?"

Then Crosbie strolled out on the pier in the dusk of the cold winter evening.

A SACRIFICE CONSUMED.

A LOW room, scanty but neat furniture, a small stove shooting red beams into the growing shadows; a slight, stooping figure at the window, using up the lingering light for her busy needle. The fingers, pricked and thin they were, moved with a nervous rapidity, now and then pushing away impatiently the stray locks of brown hair that would wave and ripple down on her forehead in a pretty, girlish way, strangely in contrast with the face that looked so old and careworn. A shrinking mouth and eyes that looked —well, they *might* have power, you would say, after watching them a while; to-night they were only dull. This was the picture. She stitched ceaselessly on a silk robe, whose richness seemed to laugh at the meagre room and its poorly-draped occupant. Very fast she sewed, the work must be done to-night; but the thoughtless western light crept away to its home in the hills, and left her. She laid down her sewing, put her hands to her strained eyes a moment, and sighed wearily. But there was no time for rest, and in a moment her lamp was burning and her face bent again over her work. When it was finished she tied on her bonnet, folded the costly silk with care, and started to go out. She turned round, however, before she blew out her lamp, to glance over the room; it looked bare and lonely: no voice to speak to her out of the stillness, no kind eyes to pity her weariness.

By one of those sudden surges of feeling which rush upon us when the physical strength

is overtaxed, the long pent-up suffering that her toil and desolation had made burst into a wail. These constant drudging days—for what were they? To warm, and clothe, and feed herself, and herself only—to work, eat, sleep, and work again, alone. Was *this* life? As in a picture the dragging years came before her, and loomed up in the future mercilessly.

Oh, these hours of dark prophecy!—sterner than the sorrowful Past, more bitter than the troubled Present, what wonder is it that when their cold hand touches us we shrink and faint beneath it? The pale woman bowed her face in her hands and cried out, sharply,

"Alone, all alone! No home, no love—always, always! O Christ!"

I think He heard her, for He knew she loved Him. The word seemed to give her strength, and the spasm passed away in a few moments. Some thought seemed to strike her which she repelled—a picture of some face perhaps it was, which she ought not to see just then. She put her pain back, down deep into her heart, to go on with her life and trust to Him.

It was almost dark when she reached the street door; but her errand must be done, and drawing her veil closely about her face, the seamstress stepped out hurriedly on the pavements.

I am giving you no sickly sentimentalism when I let you into the secret of her moment of pain. The heart of every woman calls to God out of its own solitude, in such a life as hers, with a bitterness He only can fathom. You shall not blame her nor pronounce her weak, that she beats her wings against the prison door and cries for her mate to open the cage and sing to her. And, I am sure, the humblest birds can make melody which God loves to hear. They may build their nests among the low grasses and daisies; but perhaps the song is sweeter then, for it has so far to rise.

This woman took her loneliness as God-sent, and bore it, for the most part, healthfully. He must have some object for her existence; she would work out the problem with tireless faith. This night, as she passed by brightly-lighted houses in her walk, and saw the home groups, like distant fairy pictures, through the windows, the happy mothers' faces, and little children climbing on their fathers' knees—she could not help it, the remembrance of that desolate room was fresh—she choked and clasped her hands tightly together, then wiping away the tears, angrily hurried on faster than before. The errand accomplished, holding fast the scanty price of her labor, she turned to go home.

It grew darker. People peered curiously under her bonnet as she passed the shop windows. One man stopped when he saw her, turned, and followed. She walked faster, so did he; she turned a sudden corner, but started and screamed slightly, as she heard his step behind her and a hand touched her shoulder.

"Ruth!"

"Oh, John! Mr. John! I didn't know it was you."

"Did I frighten you? I am sorry. I will make up for it now by seeing you safe home, if you will let me."

He drew her trembling hand through his arm quietly, and walked on with her.

"Why are you out so late?" he asked.

"I had to take back Mrs. Alden's dress, and it wasn't finished till dark," said Ruth; and as a vision of the lonely room came up again at this she hurried to change the subject.

"Are you just out of the store?" she asked.

"Yes; as I'm the only clerk, you know, I can not be spared early. I get tired."

"Do you?" said the seamstress, quickly, with a smothered tenderness. "I am very sorry."

They were passing a street lamp just then, and the light fell full upon her face. You would hardly have known it for the same that bent over the ceaseless needle in the darkening room. Her cheeks were rosy with exercise and excitement, her eyes black and intense with feeling, as her companion turned to look at her.

"*Are* you sorry?" he said, simply. "I am very glad."

They walked on in silence a few moments.

"This is a hard life for you," he said, at length, "and I don't like to have you out so evenings. I wish I could take care of you."

She made no answer.

"Ruth," he said, stopping under the shadow of the steps as they reached the house, and looking down into her eyes with his own honest blue ones, "*could* you love me? Could you let me take care of you always?"

She did not understand him at first. How should she? She had never known since she kissed her dead mother long years ago what it was to hear words of love. She looked up half frightened into his face. He repeated it slowly, surely. She saw it all.

"Oh, John, can you want *me?*"

"I want you to be my wife, Ruth. Why, little woman, don't look so scared. Your eyes are on fire. Tell me. How is it?"

She gave him her hands, her poor, toil-worn hands, and while he grasped them fast she hid her face and cried. A quaint way it was of telling him she loved him, but the young man understood it; and when a moment after she raised her head and looked up at him the plain face seemed to him beautiful as an angel's.

Just before he left her he opened his wallet, and took from it a bit of yellow paper, unfolded it, and held up a ring; it was of old-fashioned gold-work, with a strange red stone in the shape of an anchor.

"It was my mother's wedding-ring," he said. "I've kept it as if it were holy. No woman has ever touched it or seen it since she died. She would like to have you wear it, Ruth."

Ruth took it, kissed it reverently, then handed it back for him to place it upon her finger, looking up with a sort of worship into the manly face, and wondering that he thought her worthy to wear it.

After he had gone she went up stairs blindly,

and stumbled over one of her fellow-boarders on the landing. The woman looked at the seamstress in amazement.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Why don't you walk straight? Your cheeks are so red I didn't know you."

Ruth only smiled in answer, went in to her own room, and shut the door. Then this little woman did a most unpoetic thing. She sat down on the floor by the stove, put her head on a chair, and cried again. I doubt if even John would have understood these tears. A wanderer suddenly finding home; a discord swelling up quickly into unimagined harmony. Do you wonder that when she saw herself and her life so the joy should be too much for her? The dreariness was dreary no longer, because away in another such room she knew he thought of her. The loneliness was lonely no longer, for she remembered the sound of his voice when he told her he loved her. "He loved her!" She said it over, kissing the quaint ring.

But I shall tell you no more of this. I can not let you into that hidden sanctuary of her heart—a heart which thirsted like a desert for the water-brooks, and found them all at once in a burst of sunshine.

A new world opened to the little seamstress. Her day's toil seemed short and easy. The light and air were strangely fresh and beautiful. Her own dwarfed house-plants grew green and blushed into tiny flowers. She bent over them in wonder, and thought they had never bloomed so before. A bit of chick-weed crept up through the pavement by the door; she stooped one day and touched it caressingly, thinking it sprang up for her. On her long walks—a little longer, perhaps, that she might pass John's store and look through the open door, or step modestly in to buy a spool of thread—on these walks she watched the gay ladies with their haughty lips and discontented eyes, and pitied them that they had no such joy as hers, thinking, poor simple heart, that since those matchless days in Eden no woman was ever so happy. Then, when the work must be carried home at night, John kept his promise to "take care of her." With her hand upon his arm, and his cheerful voice in her ear, the dark crowded streets became like corridors of arching trees, and marble pillars, with low winds, and the song of a nightingale.

One evening she stood before the glass in the little closet which she used for a bedroom, and looking at herself, wondered at the happy face she saw there. She dressed with care, for John was coming to see her. A dark-brown *de laine* was the best her scanty wardrobe contained; it would have been ugly on some women, but it seemed to suit the quiet little figure perfectly. You would not wish to see her in a brighter dress. The room which served her as parlor, kitchen, and work-room looked less bare and meagre to-night than formerly. She took off the cover of her little cooking-stove, and the ruddy light brightened the dingy carpet, and softened the sharp outlines of the furniture, and danced among the leaves of the plants on the window-sill. Among them was one geranium of a pure pink, which had budded on the day of that memorable walk with John. She loved it for that reason. Coming out from the closet she stopped to look around her room; it was pleasant, she thought. She went to the geranium and bent over it tenderly. There were several blossoms on the stalk, and she held one up against her dark dress. A thought struck her as she looked at it. John loved flowers: would he think her *very* silly if she, with her pale, pinched face, should wear it? She hesitated, then broke it off quickly and stole back to the glass like a guilty child.

I doubt if you can imagine how shy the little seamstress was about so simple a thing, how she took the flower up, then put it down, then looked at her face and sighed; then glanced timidly around, as if some one were watching her; and finally laid the delicate blossoms in the folds of her hair, and with only a momentary look at herself hurried away from the glass, shut the door hard, and stood blushing like a culprit. A quick knock caught her in the midst of the blush, and deepened it.

She formed a pleasant picture, with her face made almost young by the tint of the flower, and the rippling of her hair, though these were in strong contrast with the stooping figure in its dull dress, and her odd, old-fashioned little ways of greeting John. Perhaps he thought her handsome. Why shouldn't he? She was all his own, you know, and loved him.

"I like it," he said, touching with his finger the flower in her hair. "I want you to wear some bit of color oftener; it makes you so pretty, Ruth."

Her face for the moment, as she turned it up to him, was really girlish. The tired heart was bewildered with the rest of this new love. She listened to him dreamily, and fancied she had slipped back through the years—the wretched, toiling years—and was playing among the butter-cups and daisies at her mother's door. All happiness, real or imaginary, took, to her, this far-off likeness. Is there not with all of us some such simple thing which weaves itself into our ideal joys? The gleam of a sunset—the lull of a drowsy wind—the chime of a distant bell—a something which we catch and lose again, but without which our vision was imperfect?

"I brought you a ribbon," John said; "it's just this same color. I wanted to make my little woman look as well as any of them."

He unfolded a paper and held up a rose-colored neck-tie. With the quick eye of a dry-goods clerk he had chosen the latest style, and rich silk. Ruth looked at it a moment without saying a word: then,

"Oh, John! I'm too homely for so beautiful a thing."

"I guess I know best about that," he said, with a smile, and laid it upon her lap. Her look was thanks.

"Oh dear!" she said, in a little restful tone:

"I thought every one would always think I was old and homely; and I thought the room would always be lonely and dark, and I'd never have any one to love me."

He held out his hand to her; she took it, and crept up to him timidly. The room seemed all in a glow of heat and dancing lights; the broken chairs, and patched curtains, and faded chintz were bright as the tapestry of a palace. She hid her face and felt his hand stroking her hair.

"Oh, John! John!"

She knew she was never to be tired again; she knew she was never more to be alone.

In a truthful story of such a life as hers you must not expect excitement or change of scene. I can give you no whispering winds and deep skies, no wild flowers or clinging mosses about this quiet figure. I must show her to you in the little room where such as she—God help them!—must always live, and love, and suffer.

The happy months flew by quickly. Ruth wondered, as she waited one evening for John, and thought over the summer, to find that July was drawing to its golden close. She wondered also if all of life would be as bright—looking forward, it dazzled her.

The soft summer twilight had not yet crept into the room when John came. Ruth was sitting by the window. She wore a dress of purple muslin, printed with a delicate spray of white—an extravagance she had indulged in to please John. The pink ribbon, too, was tied at her throat. The sunlight, by some strange mistake, had happened to slip into the dark street on its way to the west, and fell through the window on the little seamstress's brown hair, and made her eyes very happy as she turned them toward the opening door. John stopped an instant with a choking in his throat when he saw her.

"You are early," she said, coming up to him. "I am afraid I shall have to send you back." Her smile faded, however, when she saw his face distinctly; it looked pale and sad.

"What is it, John?"

He answered her anxious inquiry by holding her tightly in his arms a moment, and kissing her forehead. Then he said, "Nothing;" and sat down by her. Ruth began to talk in her quiet way, and he listened.

"It is so strange," she said, at length, "to know I have you always to come to. Life is so happy now."

To her surprise he did not answer for a moment, then covered his face with his hands. She thought she had troubled him in some way, and looked grieved.

"Ruth," he said, suddenly, "could you get along without me for a while?"

"*Without you?*"

"I mean—I mean, if I went into the army."

"Into the army, John!"

"I've been thinking a great deal lately," he said, in a firm but tender voice, "of our brave soldiers, and I don't think it's right to stay at home—I don't think it's *right*. Our country needs me—ours, yours and mine, Ruth—and so I've come to you to know if you can let me go."

She shivered, and dropped her hands in his with a bitter cry. For some moments neither spoke. Then he said, in a reverent tone:

"I want to please God in this thing. I think He wishes it."

"I can't, I can not give you up, John!"

"Not for the country, Ruth?"

"No one needs you as much as I; how *could* I be alone again?"

He took her gently to him as if she had been a child, and they talked a long time in the twilight. I can not tell you all John said, but his words at last aroused her. It *was* a brave heart, though it was a woman's. Her face grew calm, and she lifted it to his with a smile.

"You may go."

"God bless you for this, my darling!"

They looked into each other's eyes a moment—a long look; his were intense with a love that could not be uttered, hers were tender, liquid, filled with no vain regret, but pure as those of a martyr.

So John enlisted and went to camp, but several furloughs were granted him before the time for departure. Ruth had cheerful words, and a trusting face to meet him with always. I do not think he knew what they cost her, though his whole heart blessed her for them. Why should I linger over the parting? Thousands of pale women know its sacredness, and need no picture of that which "entereth within the vail." It may be months or years since, but still they hear at nightfall the echo and re-echo of the low "good-by"—the last sound of a distant step—the death-like stillness that shall never more be broken.

It was in August that he went, and her life with its tenfold loneliness went on as in the old days before they were engaged. Only his letters came—full of love and courage. She would sit up till late every night, and cramp her already tired fingers to answer them; writing in her timid, loving way, putting in few words of endearment, except his name. She loved to write that often, and sometimes she would kiss it shyly, or drop a tear on it perhaps, and then try to wipe it off so he should not see the mark. It was curious to see her, when she took out his little picture and looked at it with her large, reverent eyes; and when a distant step was heard in the house she would start as if guilty, and with burning cheeks hide it away. Yet you could not laugh at her. You would have felt more like crying, perhaps.

As the pile of John's cheerful letters increased, and still he was safe and perfectly well, she herself grew more trusting, and began to sing a little at her work. Perhaps he would come home after all.

One night she heard the newsboys' shout of a great battle, and saw an unusual crowd around the bulletins. She stopped to read the rumors

of the Maryland battles with a sharp pain at her heart. But John's regiment had not drill enough yet to fight; she would not be anxious. Yet her lips were compressed, and her eyes feverishly bright all day.

Then came the news which stirred the North with glad surprise—of a victory at Antietam. The seamstress thanked God for it as heartily as the gladdest; but every morning she searched the list of killed and wounded; and every day, as no letter came for her, she grew paler, and the lines of her face sharper with pain. At last she saw that John's regiment had been in the fight, but nothing more.

Still the golden days fled away, and the skies were warm and hazy, over that far-off Southern river, but the pale faces turned toward them saw them not. The birds sang with a willful merriment, and the gay autumn flowers grew and smiled in soil that was soaked with human blood. The sparkling hours would pause in their sport to sing no dirge for the dead and to pity no mourner.

Ruth waited, and the mornings brightened, and the evenings faded, but the columns of the papers, though full for others, brought nothing to her.

One day she sat sewing in her room in the afternoon warmth. The sound of carriage-wheels without grew less and less; there were no voices about the house; a strange, oppressive stillness fell suddenly about her. She laid down her work and clasped her hands, straining every nerve to listen for she knew not what.

A step on the stairs, and some one knocked. She said "Come in," for she could not rise. A man entered and touched his hat respectfully. Ruth recognized him as one of John's company; she had seen him at camp.

"Is this Miss Mason?"

She bowed her head, and pointed to a chair; then clenched her fingers again, and sat looking at him with a sort of fierce courage that surprised the man.

"I've just come home on furlough to git my arm cured up," and he pointed to the sling he wore; "thought mother could do it better than those doctors. Now it's better, and—and I come to tell you that—to tell you—well, he's gone. John Rogers's gone; he got shot at Antietam on Wednesday, just two weeks ago, poor fellow!"

She uttered a long, low cry, and pressed her hand to her heart. Then she sank on the floor, and hid her face in the chair in a crouching, helpless way, moaning plaintively.

The man passed his rough hand over his eyes, and moved uneasily in his chair. "Poor creetur! she's hurt pretty bad. Hard work this; rather be under fire any time," he muttered to himself.

There was an innate sense of delicacy in the man, coarse looking as he was, which forbade him to speak; he only sat looking at her in a puzzled way, waiting for her to look up. She did so at last. Her face was very white; she shed no tears; but there was such a beseeching look in her dry eyes, such a crushed, hopeless pressure of her lips as was pitiful to see.

"Tell me about it," stretching out her hands in a pleading way.

"Why, you see, Miss," began the man, "he was 'long with Burnside down by the bridge, in the thick of the fight, when a shot hit him in the breast, and he dropped down just by a great tree that's nigh the bridge, and lay there pretty nigh three hours, I reckon, afore they could get to him. When I'd been off the field myself with this 'ere arm a while some one brought him up, and the surgeon he laid him by me, and says he, 'Poor fellow! he won't never get well;' and when John heard that he just shut his eyes a minute, and I heerd him say, 'Ruth, Ruth!' I didn't quite understand him at first, and thought he was talkin' about the pain: so I called out and told him 'twouldn't last long, and he kinder smiled and said 'twarn't that, 'but,' said he, 'it's Ruth Mason; and if you get better, as the doctor says you will, when you go home tell her how I died praying for her, and take her back her letters, and tell her I'll love her just the same in the other world, and that it's for the country, and God will help her make the sacrifice.' Them's the very words, Miss, and after that he didn't say much, only his mind wandered a bit, and he talked about a room with flowers in it, and something about a pink ribbon too; then he died, and they buried him down by the river, and the boys sorrowed for him, for he was a brave soldier and a kind one, and had a pleasant word for every body."

Ruth listened to it all; and still she sat with that dumb, entreating face just the same, only the lips quivered now.

In a few moments the man rose awkwardly and said he must go, placing the package of letters on the table. He stopped a moment at the door and looked back, hesitatingly.

"The day afore I come," he said, "I went to find where they'd laid him, and I see a little blue flower, starry-like, had blowed out close by the grave, and I thought maybe you'd like to know it."

Ruth put up her hand to take his, and thanked him in a broken voice. Then he went, and she was alone. She took up her letters and kissed them hotly—they were the last thing John had held—staggered to the bed, and buried her face in the pillows.

"Oh, my God!" crying out, sharply, "I loved him so; I loved him so!" repeating it over and over again, as if she would touch infinite mercy by her pleading, to bring back her dead from that far-off heaven where no one *could* need him as much as she did.

So the night came, and she was alone with it.

At last one of the lodgers came in softly and made her a cup of tea. Ruth thanked her in the same broken way she had thanked the soldier, but she could not drink it.

"She lay so still," the woman said afterward, "kind o' moaning, and the tears running so fast down her cheeks, and she never wipin' them off,

nor nothin', and she didn't touch that tea, for it came down cold next mornin'."

Well, how can I tell you of the bitter coming back to life, of the dreary days and wakeful nights, and the lonely evenings when the bent form rocked to and fro in the stillness—of the heavy work, and tired fingers, and tears dropping fast on the hand with a ring?

In her mourning dress, with her sad eyes filled with dark questionings, her patient mouth and her forehead drawn by pain, she looked ten years older. The frost of her life had melted into a few late, golden days, but even those were gone and the winter was cold. There was now no future; all her days "read backward;" for what should she live?

There were still hours at night when she called beseechingly to Death; but he would not hear, and passed her by. John had said this was to be a sacrifice, and that God would help her: so her life should be His, to do with as He pleased, and she would bear it courageously, and love her country all the more for what it had cost her.

There are heroes who take their lives in their hands—their young, happy lives, all bright with dreams of an unknown success, and joyous with tender loves, and calm amidst the roar of musketry, cool amidst the flaming heats, quiet amidst the shrieks of wounded and dying—face death with a smile, and we do them honor. But there are martyrs at humble firesides, who give up more than this. "They empty heart and home of life's life-love;" who yet go back to their desolate days from which all the beauty, all the fragrance, all the song, has departed, and take them up bravely, working in lowly trust till the Rest comes. On their pale brows also the crown shall glitter.

But Ruth was no philosopher, and she could not always see how it *could* be right—thinking, you know, that she loved her soldier so; and when she gave him up, after all, what did he do for that proud, beautiful flag that could be worth all this suffering? And, groping in the dark, One met her who had himself wept and struggled alone on the hill-sides of Judea for her, and she was still.

Could He be unkind or unfaithful? Could she not watch with Him one hour?

So she lived very patiently at the foot of the altar where the ashes of her sacrifice lay, and knew that God had accepted it for the blessing of her country, herself, and John.

OUR ARTISTS.

WE are glad to write this word now in a generous and popular sense, and to speak of "Our Artists" as if our people knew whom we mean, and wished to know more about them. We can remember the time when Art had no public position among us, and there was no very sharp line of distinction between a painter of signs or houses and a painter of portraits or landscapes; and very likely, if the merits of the two classes had been tested by general vote, the former would be the winning side, because appealing to the more universal want and covering the more surface. The change is now quite decided, although not as emphatic and universal as it ought to be; and there is often an ugly proximity of popular association between art and artifice, or the artist and the mere showman, the close student and faithful workman, who takes the truth of nature for his standard, and the mere trickster whose aim is, by some cunning sleight of hand, to make things appear what they are not, and to leave nature to the dogs. Undoubtedly real artists still suffer keenly from the stings and arrows of the rude and ignorant, and many a gifted and well-trained painter finds his very excellences set against him by the superficial observer, and hideous patches of green, and yellow, and scarlet preferred to his modest tints, and really brilliant, yet wisely subdued climax of tones. But we must all suffer if we aspire, and artists must not think that they are the only people against whom the world has a spite, and whose toes were born to be trod upon. All men who have fine natures, and who do fine work, are in the same box, and often chide their stars that they were not born on a more celestial planet than this mother earth. So far as sensitiveness is concerned, a large number of us all are of the artistic temperament, and most of us must suffer from the world's coldness without having any original genius to carry its fire into the enemy's country, and to keep our feet warm at their hearth-stones. This experience should give us more of a fellow-feeling for artists, and make us rejoice in their having fair play dealt out to them for our sakes as well as theirs, or in the hope that all sensitive natures may in the end have better appreciation under the wings of art and its genial muses.

Many signs encourage us to believe that the day of Art, as a high intellectual, social, and moral interest, has already dawned upon our country. The word itself is its own introduction and proof. The time has been when people started at its three mystical letters, and did not know what under the sun they meant, whether the art of printing, or baking, or cooking, or farming, or what not; and even when they learned to recognize the several classes of artists, they were not prepared to accept the truth that embraces them all, and salute *Art* itself as master of all the separate beautiful arts. Even now there is not so full an understanding of its meaning as there should be, and the fact of art is more obvious to most people than its philosophy. They see clearly that a large number of persons of widely various tastes and pursuits associate together congenially in the love of beautiful arts, and that an important body of literature is rising up to illustrate and reward their affinities. Our young children, moreover, in their way get some idea of the new and purer tastes that are showing themselves in their school songs and lessons, and even in their plays; and there are few of our bright girls and boys who do

not find out while in their teens, that the Beautiful in the method of God himself has a place between the Good and the True, and that the study of the beautiful, or æsthetics, is a part of all generous education. Kind Heaven itself bountifully helps out the illustration not only by so flooding the earth, and waters, and skies with scenes and elements of loveliness, but by liberally bestowing more interior gifts, and endowing a considerable portion of the young with decided tastes and talents for the beautiful arts. Every year some new spark of genius is flashing out from the spirit of some unobtrusive girl or boy, who hardly dares to believe the truth that great Nature whispers into the ear; and there is no more encouraging view of the future of our artists than the prospect of their being constantly the educators of a new and susceptible generation who can generally enjoy, and in time study and rival in part the master-pieces set before them.

We are not indeed satisfied with the present position of Art among our people, but we are sure that it is now put upon the right way. No pursuit amounts to much of any thing until it is made a regular profession, and as such is respected by its own members. Even genius needs its own circle of fellowship for its defense and comfort; and although its great productions may at last challenge the world and fight their way to fame, there are long and weary periods of preparation and experiment, in which friendly and judicious association is invaluable, and genius is consoled and strengthened, while common talent is educated and almost formed under the kindly auspices. We need only ask what the learned professions would be without fellow-feeling and common usages, in order to show how desolate and limited must be the path of our artists without professional association. We rejoice to see so many proofs of their growing respect for their work and for each other. No corner-stone has been laid within our remembrance that has cheered us more than that under the foundation of that noble temple of the beautiful arts, the National Academy of Design, now erecting in this city. The readiness with which the requisite funds have been subscribed is an encouraging sign of the state of social opinion as to the claims of Art, as well as an honorable tribute to the worth of our artists. In one sense, indeed, they are luckier than most other professions, for there is no open split in their conventicle, no schools of practice at swords' points with each other, as among the doctors, nor rival sects, as among the clergy. Into this new gate, called Beautiful, the whole tribe will go, and no shibboleth will be spoken to divide the votaries in two. That artists are indeed wholly without envyings and strifes we do not believe; for we have taken it for granted that Paradise was lost a great while ago, and we have known some who could make the old Eden bloom anew beneath their magic pencil, who yet could not exorcise from their own heart and home and social walk the hissing serpent who brought discord into that first garden of celestial innocence and love. It is something, however, that these strifes do not break fellowship, and the guild of Art is one in form and name.

We confess to being very desirous to have our artists recognized by our people at large as an essential profession, and to have Art itself ranked among the substantial interests of life. It is not enough that their best works are to a certain extent appreciated, and do not go begging for purchasers. Their work, or calling, ought to be esteemed like that of the great professions, and generous place should be given to it in society, patriotism, and religion. We are not satisfied to have any true man estimated merely by a fortunate hit or two before the public; and any lawyer, physician, clergyman, or merchant would be aggrieved at having no standing accorded to him except what he wins by striking or exceptional successes, or even by any conspicuous works, without regard to the habits, tastes, and convictions that they imply. We are all of us most happy when we are treated as good for something in ourselves, as belonging of right to worthy society, without being obliged constantly to show our ticket of admission, and to confess thus that we were let in by purchase or favor, and do not of ourselves make one of the circle. Nothing is more mortifying than to find that we are prized merely for some artificial act or casual accomplishment, and not for the culture and experience that have cost us so many years of careful study and thought. What can be more insulting, for example, to a cultivated and high-minded clergyman than to be treated as if he were intended merely to say grace at table, or help out the stateliness of a funeral or the elegance of a wedding by his pleasing elocution and graceful gesture and attitude. He is not at ease until he is received among gentlemen as one of them, and his place is recognized and honored, whether he happens to have any thing official to do or not. Now in precisely this way, or according to this principle, our best artists ought to be recognized; and not merely for their conspicuous works, but for the culture from which they emanate, the tastes and associations which they imply, they are to be sought and respected. As a class, we need them in society, and the ideas and principles of study and practice which they follow ought to be carefully cherished in conversation and instruction.

We are confident that both parties will be gainers by giving to our artists more to do with the education of our children. The rules and laws of æsthetics are as important as any branch of liberal study, and there is no good reason for limiting them merely to the art of rhetoric, when the other beautiful arts are so much more winning to the young eye and ear. Drawing is the true art of seeing, and the hand is as flexible in childhood as the tongue, and may learn to make form as easily as the tongue makes speech. How many of us who are fair linguists and good arithmeticians have cause to lament that our fingers are so ignorant of the pencil; and we are puzzled

to give the slightest sketch of a landscape, house, or tree, or even to draw a rock or a gate well enough to give a stranger a tolerable idea of the original. Hardly any accomplishment do we more envy our children than this—the power to take nature upon the wing, and bring home from their rides and rambles little sketches of the pretty things they have seen. If color is added to drawing the greater the charm; and undoubtedly a judicious teacher will find some taste for the beautiful in most of our young people, and can help parents much in deciding the aptitudes of their children for useful and ornamental arts.

In this way the range of employment might be much extended among artists themselves, and a vastly wider scope be secured to school education. There are a great many excellent men, of good literary gifts, who could very profitably vary their labor and enlarge their resources by teaching, without in the least interfering with their professional standing. Nay, why may not the teaching of Art be of itself a vocation; and thus the title Doctor of Arts, as well as of Medicine, Divinity, and Laws, find its way into our Academics? We are confident that the tone of education and society would be vastly elevated by such influence, and taste would gain delicacy and sentiment upon all matters of life. We are often in a very bad way because we do not know what the beautiful really is; and every little city in the land wastes in a single year in miserable shams, poor artifices of showy dress and unmeaning furniture, wealth enough to build a stately hall of the beautiful arts, and fill it with fitting paintings, if not statuary. Our whole standard needs reforming, and the sooner our children begin to note the difference between art and artificiality, the substance of the beautiful and the mere show, our purses and our principles will be much the better for the change.

True it is that all fine tastes are costly, but not nearly so costly as the mock tastes that are usually called *superfine;* and Miss Flora M'Flimsey is a far more expensive companion for our girls than any of the old Muses or their votaries. If dress is the ruling love, and if the dress must be in the height of the reigning mode, each costume must cost a tolerable picture or marble, and becomes worthless almost as soon as it is worn; while the appetite that it feeds, unlike the taste for beautiful art, becomes more and more impatient of the simplicity of nature, and more and more ravenous for extravagance and ostentation. It would certainly be a great gain every way if we could apply the true æsthetics to our houses, dress, tables, and way of living in general. We could then seek the things that are best, and often prefer what is very cheap and simple as being most beautiful, while the vulgar rich rush after folly and ugliness, thinking it must be charming because it is so very dear. In fact, the really beautiful is cheap in comparison with the merely showy; and a truly artistic eye will find untold riches in every landscape, water, and wood, and may teach the skillful hand to cull or to copy rare charms of color or proportion on every side, and adorn the home with a *naïve* simplicity that wealth itself might covet. No homes are more winning to us than those pretty little nests that are so bird-like, with all their rustic adornings of colored leaves, and airy grasses, and trailing vines, and the like natural gems of art. When the pencil adds its skill, and a gifted son or daughter enriches the walls with a few spirited drawings or paintings the charm is complete, and Art and Nature help each other out delightfully. The culture implied in such tastes is a valuable part of education, and the homes where our best artists are intimate win from them a kind of atmosphere of refinement that favors all beautiful growths of thought and sentiment. What better can we do for a bright girl, next to forming her religious principles, than to open her vision to the loveliness with which God has been pleased to fill creation, and make fact of what the poet says:

> "To her there's a story in every breeze,
> And a picture in every wave?"

When ample means allow, the home may welcome the artist in more substantial shape, and set up his choicest works among the household treasures. It is not as expensive a luxury, relatively, as it is often thought to be, to indulge in this taste; for a picture of high merit can be had for a less sum than is often given for a mirror or a set of curtains, and the picture is for all time, while the furniture may be worth little or nothing when the mode changes. Good pictures are a legacy from father to son—or, to use a more financial figure, they are a good investment; and a really first-rate collection of paintings is as good as silver and gold for time of need, and less liable to the thieves that break through and steal. We have friends who have tried this experiment to the astonishment of their acquaintance, and found that, after being laughed at for extravagance in spending fifteen or twenty thousand dollars upon choice pictures, they could get their money back, and even more, after the dark day had come upon them; while the mere modists, who had spent all they could spare in dress, furniture, and feasting, found that little was left, and they could not have their cake and eat it too.

We often wonder that our men of wealth do not give more subjects of native interest to our artists, and try to fill their walls with more of the riches of our own rivers, lakes, vales, and mountains. Every man who has lived in the country and made his fortune in the city must be haunted by charming scenes about the old homestead that he would gladly keep before him in his more artificial life. What would you or I give, dear reader, to get hold of Kensett, Hart, Colman, Inness, Haseltine, Cropsey, Casilear, Gignoux, Bierstadt, or Church for a month or two, so as to have them take suitable sketches of the charmed spots about the old country home, and in due season enshrine them in gems of choice art that would make great Nature our household friend, and carry into the shady side of life all the sunshine and witchery of our early

days. Human life, too, how rich it is in subjects, exacting though they be; and too few of our artists may be able to put a merry girl or boy, or a lovely wife or daughter, upon canvas and make them altogether at home there, in speaking form and attitude. Yet some can do it, and those homes are happy who can have the work of their hands and embalm the dying years in unfading beauty—nay, rather keep the passing years alive, so that no hue nor trait nor smell of death shall be upon them. We know that all this care and cost will be called needless by some, and the photographer will be raised to the place before held by the painter. All honor to the photograph; but it is no substitute for high art; and saying nothing of the fact that it takes an artist to make a good photographer, we must have an artist to complete the work, and virtually take the portrait over again, since the camera is bound by its own nature to distort and falsify in respect to proportion and foreshortening. Art only, original art, can hold the mirror up to nature, and bring into play not only the form but the life of beings and things. The fact is certainly so, whatever may be its philosophy; and the photograph of any living thing, whether flower or face, is tame and dead compared with the sketch of a true artist. Upon stone-walls the camera is mighty as it is minute, but upon living things it insists upon putting something of that same look of stone. No photograph can give the real man, as Carpenter, Baker, Hicks, Elliott, and others can do in portraits, and Lang, Gray, Huntington, Leutze, and their peers in ideal and historic pieces.

We are for opening to our artists a wider range in our households, alike as teachers and workers, and what we say especially of painters we would say of the whole craft. We would be as hospitable to them in our national and public edifices; and we are by no means so strait-laced as to look upon religion as wholly outside of their province. The wonder often is that we have not more of true national art, and we allow that there is some room for the wonder, respectable as are our galleries at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. The answer probably is that we have had no great national enthusiasm since the recent great progress of art-culture among us; and that now we have resolved to be a nation we may look for something of the patriotic fire in the pencil and the chisel. Great things must be done before they can be carved and painted; and the sculptor and painter are now called for to immortalize valor and public spirit on hundreds of battle-fields and in thousands of villages and towns. There will be no dearth of material now, and the artist and photographer have sketched our heroes and their deeds at first sight, so as to put all the needed materials before the eye of the genius that is to come or has come. There is nothing in our native sculpture, in a modest way, finer than the groups of statuettes by our gifted young friend Rogers, and his "Union Refugees," his "Scouts," "Recruits," and others, are a cheering promise of what his chisel, with others, will do for us when the new generation catches the rising inspiration, and marble as well as canvas plays the historian and poet to ages yet to be. Some of our artists, such as Gifford, Colyer, and the like, have themselves mingled in the strife, and not only their hand but their spirit will do much to animate the whole craft. As a craft they are evidently very patriotic, and some of the best things that they have lately done have been done in honor of the country and the flag.

Religion in America is no stranger to art, yet, ecclesiastically speaking, there has not been much relation between the two except in architecture. A very few churches, indeed, have some fine statuary, but these, for the most part, are almost apologized for by being made to serve a sepulchral use. We think highly of memorial art, whether in the chapel or the cemetery; and since our gifted young friend Gambrill designed for us a memorial of a dear sister that enshrined her saintly life in stone we have loved the whole craft of architects and sculptors, and prayed for the time when they may show their taste and genius in monumental marble. A mural tablet or a modest tombstone may be a speaking biography, a sculptured poem, and may be worth more to the heart than a costly pile of soulless stone-cutting. It would be well if, even in this way, the sculptor, and with him the architect, could find entrance and larger liberty in our churches, as the emancipation from the old thralldom, once begun, would not end there, and it would soon be thought as proper to put a historic or ideal head on the porch or by the side of the altar as upon a tomb. Pictures are very rarely introduced into our sanctuaries, except in stained glass, which are, after all, more glaring and ostentatious than any of the masterpieces of the pencil, either ancient or modern. Yet we have never seen any offense taken at a modest altar-piece over a Protestant chancel, and have no doubt that a church that would fitly present a few choice Scripture paintings upon its walls, in the vein of our best Christian art, would meet a positive want in any of our great cities. We should hope to be saved the infliction of worshiping in constant presence of many of the customary ecclesiastical monstrosities that cover cathedral walls. Broiling saints, pinched and starved hermits, grim inquisitors, ghostly monks and nuns, are not to us the best impersonations of the Christian religion; and we like much better the humanity which God made and His grace has redeemed and consecrated all around us. If our best Christian faith and life could be fitly translated into art our churches would need no better adorning. Childhood and womanhood and manhood could be presented in an ideal truth as well as beauty that would edify the affections as well as educate the taste; and the good old Scriptures, both the Old Testament and the New, could come out of the ancient parchment and look us in the face, and talk to us again in very spirit

and life. The better study of the Bible has made it virtually a new book, restored its freshness without impairing its essential sanctity; and when Art will do for the church walls what criticism and travel and thought have done for the minister's homily, it will be a new day for lovers of the beautiful in our hallowed shrines.

Probably most thoughtful people are ready to allow sacred art a place in the education of their children; and Bible pictures and statuettes are marked and abounding features of our time. It is surely no great stretch of liberality to assign a suitable place for the collection, and already the Sunday school-room is in many cases becoming a rich repository of art. Some of our toughest old Puritans have made up their minds to this innovation; and, while they would perhaps be horrified at the sight of a picture or statue in church, they take positive delight in worshiping with their girls and boys in a pretty chapel, where the fountain plays, and the roses bloom, and fair scenes and faces look out from the canvas on every side of the walls, as if to ask why should any thing that God has cleansed be called common or unclean? We believe in a new day of Christian Art, and are quite sure that it will come as soon as the ban is taken off from its works that has already been lifted from the head of Nature, and the soul is as free to enjoy the worthy works of men's hands as it is now free to enjoy the handiwork of God.

It might be well for both parties if Art and Religion could be brought into closer personal relations, and our artists and clergy could see and know more of each other. Some wit, in one of our late morning papers, makes fun of the odd juxtaposition of the two at some of the late art réunions, and seems to think it the absurdest thing imaginable. We are not of this mind, and we presume that the painters would not ask the parsons to chat and make speeches if the company was not to their liking. In two respects the professions are somewhat alike. They are neither of them in danger of accumulating surplus wealth or given to the world's sharp ways. The greater part of both professions seem to us to be what are called capital fellows, and able to enjoy genial and instructive conversation together. Each can help out the other's culture vastly. Every fair-minded preacher would at once allow that many of his figures of speech would be greatly tested and corrected by having them tried by the painter's pencil to show whether they were made of wood, stone, fish, or flesh, or all together, and every writer may get grand hints from the thoroughness of a painter's study and the freedom and breadth of his handling. The artist may, perhaps, learn to think more deeply from the theologian, and win a seriousness and earnestness that the profession much needs. We are not about to mount the pulpit and call Art into the conventicle, much less decree that every day shall be Sunday; but we are sure it would not hurt the whole tribe of the easel to hear a good sermon at least once a week, and stay out of their studio one day in seven, and give its hours to the better affections of the family and the altar. Such fine spirits as abound among us would be sure to come under a higher motive, to take hold of a better class of subjects, and draw far nearer the home life and devout sentiment of the people. The free and easy method may be carried too far; and true geniality would gain instead of losing, if our artists generally were in the way of more thoughtful and devout associations, and in harmony with their own best exemplars. All the inspirations are surely akin to each other, and he who seeks the spirit of beauty in nature and society does well to seek it at the fountain-head of Him whose being is the perfect loveliness, and whose work is the perfect art. In fact we have of late inclined, in our way of philosophizing, to number all the arts among the virtues, and rank them as skilled powers of the will in their several degrees and kinds. According to this view a noble manhood, gentle, wise, and loyal, is the highest of arts, and shapes all that it touches according to its own divine ideal. Each of the beautiful arts is a form of the educated will, a power of well-doing after its own kind. To paint a good picture is to do a good thing, and not merely to dream of doing it; and the mere sense of beauty, without the power of producing it, is no more true art than the sentiment of right is active virtue, or he is a charitable man who says be warm and clothed and lifts no finger to help the poor. We do not say that fine art is of itself complete morality, or perfect virtue; but it is virtue as far as it goes, or virtue in the æsthetic order, and having the same relation of active service to good taste that moral rectitude has to good feeling. Great gain will come from a better study of all the virtue which flows from the supreme good through the human will, and we shall thus correct the error of denying a moral quality to artistic excellence. Why had not Fra Angelico's pictures as much sanctity as the prayers with which he ever initiated the work of his pencil? And if the painter's sanctity exalts his art into virtue, why should not his truthfulness and fidelity, his courage, humanity, friendship, patriotism, or whatever worthy trait puts power into his pictures, have place among the virtues? For ourselves, we believe that the true artist, like the orator, must be the good man, and his work it is to present things good and true in the forms that are beautiful and sublime. His art is the virtue of true taste in its active energy, the excellence of the æsthetic faculty in its force as well as its sensibility. He surely is a favored man in this, for he works in God's school and is one of his favored children. He makes his wares after the divine pattern; and if he makes them well, each little flower, or rock, or tree, or face from beneath his pencil is worthy of a place in that creation upon which the Maker looked with favor and saw that it was good. We do not deny moral excellence indeed to the useful arts, and have respect for every rake and spade, every chair and table, that honest industry turns out. But obviously every work rises

in the spiritual scale as it implies a higher range of the intellect, will, and affections, and the art that moves in the light of universal ideas, inspirations, and fellowship, ranks above the mechanism that looks only to special ends and rests in individual instincts and appetites.

One great glory of Art is the universality of its power as a principle of association or assimilation. When men come together they must have something to keep them together, and the first thing always is to occupy their minds. In barbarous times this is done by games, often of cruel spirit; and not only savages, but people nominally civilized, like the Romans, liked nothing better than to see a wrestling-match or a sword-fight, *secundem artem;* and fair women were in glee when an adroit fling was made or a scientific thrust was given, no matter how limb or life suffered. The Spanish bull-fight is a specimen of the same monstrous art of amusing; and our own fairs and elections are apt to turn up something of the same temper, in a milder or coarser sort of fracas. We have learned, however, generally to keep our hold on the animal man without sacrifice of his intellect and heart, by setting the grinders to work; and the probable cause of the almost universal custom of social eating and drinking is not for the sake of the things themselves, but for the sake of enjoying them together. We are made one in sympathy by any sort of social activity, and the ice is broken as soon as all mouths are opened, if only by a bit of cake and a cup of tea or glass of wine. We will not quarrel with these creature comforts, but we may well rejoice that we are finding and using a higher order of assimilatives, and making our artists provide them for us. The beautiful is the fairy-land of good-fellowship, and where Art opens her lists and lifts her pennon all the Graces are ready at once to dance and sing and make merry. The beautiful is the play-ground of the fancy and affections, and all gentle hearts are opened and quickened by the arts of beauty, whether architecture, sculpture, painting, the drama, music, poetry, or, what is perhaps master of them all, and fit companion of them all—eloquence. How powerful as an assimilant or socializer is our noble Central Park! Fifty thousand people there are met as quiet as a family under the charm of the landscape and the spell of the music. How cheap and lasting is that banquet of the beautiful! The band may cease to play when night comes on, but the melodies still haunt the ear, and return in dreams by day and night. Darkness comes down upon grove and water and meadow and hill, but the landscape is there still, and will reappear with the dawn, a perpetual feast of inexhaustible loveliness to the end of all time! Change the entertainment into coarser materials, and try to feast that multitude with food and drink, and how much lower the plane of fellowship, and more frequent the outbreak of rudeness, to say nothing of the vast cost of loading the tables with the good cheer, and repeating it with every réunion. But where beautiful Art holds her feasts her guests are humanized while they are pleased and assimilated; and however many come the marvel always holds, and the table is always brimming with plenty, as if none had seen or tasted those sweets.

How rare is that privilege of high art—the privilege of always being enjoyed and never lost by fruition. The old monks in the refectory that rejoiced in Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper might well say, "We are the shadow, and they—those figures on the wall—are the substance." Much more might they have said that the painted table was the most abounding one, for it was spread with unfailing stores, and surrounded with undying life, while the convent board had to be supplied anew after every meal. Every picture surely is a lordly dish that thousands taste without exhausting, and every fine sculpture is a rich goblet whose juices ages do not drain nor dry.

We like to meet once in a while with our artist friends, and chat with them over the social table about the pictures that line the walls; and as we last had this pleasure, at the Artist Fund Exhibition, an occasion of unusual enjoyment and encouragement, we could not but compare the evanescence of the good cheer on the table with that which glowed on the canvas. The sparkling glass was soon empty in the hand, but when shall that brimming cup of beauty be exhausted in the grasp of high art? How many have drunk inspiration from that prophet soul of Allston's creating, and how many shall drink it still! Yet the glow of that eye is not dimmed, nor is that force abated. And look at that other and still more marvelous canvas, in which Rosa Bonheur's touch has put all the dash and fun and fire of the whole horse tribe; who shall exhaust that world of overflowing animal life, or what death shall strike down those prancing steeds and frolicsome ponies? Rosa herself in art is unfading, whatever time may do with her striking face and fingers. Her muse always grasps that same pencil, and looks out from that eye, and speaks from that lip. He who sips the dew from a maiden's lip may take away something of its freshness; but multitudes sip the nectar from the lip of the muse, and the inspiration remains. Muse and Madonna are to the devotee in this respect alike—always fresh and pure. *Ars semper virgo*, the old poets ought to have said, whether they did or not.

We must all be gainers by giving our artists more to do with our social and public festivities, and enabling them to bring their tastes and talents to bear more effectually upon the popular heart and mind. We spend enough surely in trying to give beauty to our private and public amusements, but the confectioner, the wine merchant, the dress-maker, the upholsterer, and the pyrotechnist get far more than their share. We rejoice in all those social occasions with which the hand of art has a leading part, even if it be merely in the grouping and the color and light of shade of *tableaux vivans*, as we sometimes see them. We delight still more in those

charming réunions, which are increasing in our great cities, especially in New York, in which artists gather at once their friends and their works, and open studios, and fair women and accomplished men throw around the passing hours the magic spell of art. Would that there were far more of such things, and that our people of culture, position, and wealth would take counsel of the artist as much as they now do of the florist and confectioner.

We know no sociality more charming than that which is largely leavened by art, and our authors and artists and best specimens of the merchant mingle freely and enjoy each other's gifts and graces. The Century Club has much of this merit, and not only in number but in visible works the artists seem to bear the palm; and while the other members are allowed to range over the whole building at will, with no especial abiding place, art has its own favored hall of exhibition for its sons, where its freshest fruits may be seen, without losing its liberty to put its canvas and marble and crayon in any vacant spot throughout the edifice. Some of the festivals held there in past years give valuable hints of what good society might every where be by a little infusion of taste and genius. A Twelfth Night Ball or a Shakspeare's Birth-night Banquet was poetry and romance as well as festivity; and if the times are not too dark very likely the third centennial of Shakspeare's birth and the sixth centennial of Dante's that are near at hand, will evoke something of the same good fellowship and genial intellect. The more of such things the better, and they can often be done on a modest scale of expense in a way to charm and instruct greatly. Any bevy of bright girls have grace and talent enough to follow any good artist's lead, and to impress their more awkward brothers and beaux into the work of improvising romance or reviving history or the drama. In fact, if the priest has his breviary, in which he notes the scenes, events, and characters of the year according to his church rites, the artist, whether poet or painter or sculptor, may have his breviary too, in which he notes those aspects of nature, those facts of history, and characters of art and letters, that make out the ritual of the temple whose gate is called Beautiful. We shall be glad to see some attempt in this direction; and as we are quite ready to allow to the artist his right to a priesthood of his own and a shrine of his own, with a goodly following of devotees, we are also for extending his social sphere, and allowing him a large pastoral walk through fields green and fresh and varied, with plenty of lambs about him. Here, in our Magazine, we have been quick to welcome him to our nook, and introduce him to our great company of friends. We like to go and see him, and are glad that he is not unwilling to come and see us. We have been pretty free with him in this off-hand chat, but it has been the freedom of a grateful and loving friend, who is willing to be done by as he has done.

CRACKTHORPE AND WEEKS.

To the Editor of Harper's Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—At the special request of my generous benefactor, esteemed friend, and honored partner, I have arranged the following papers relating to the affair between our Mr. Weeks and Mr. Crackthorpe, of which Mr. Weeks has before given you some account. Permit me to add that I am not wholly unaccustomed to literary labor, having been for more than a year a regular and appreciated, though unpaid, correspondent of two papers, one published in this city, the other in the retired though beautiful village of my nativity. I trust that my *nom de plume*, J. AUG. SNIKTIP, may not be wholly unfamiliar to you. Permit me to add that I should like to become a regular contributor to your Magazine. I have nearly completed a novel which I think might be published in that periodical, and afterward issued in a book. It may be well, by way of introducing me to your readers, to republish in your Magazine the articles which I have contributed to the papers to which I have referred. A young lady, a friend of mine, employed in the large and magnificent establishment of our esteemed friends, Purker and Fogg, authorizes me to say that she would undertake to write for you a series of stories of fashionable life, and an occasional poem. I inclose also a few hundred circulars of our firm, "PITKINS AND WEEKS, 1920 *Whortleberry Street*." If you will put these in your Magazines sent to Philadelphia you will confer a favor upon the firm, and especially upon

Yours, etc., J. AUGUSTUS PITKINS.

P.S.—I have, as you will see, made some additions [inclosed in brackets] to the MS. of our Mr. Weeks, which I think add greatly to its force and beauty. J. AUG. P.

I.

BY A. JACKSON WEEKS.

I AM under a doom. [I use this expression because I have read of persons suffering from a doom—such as the wheel of Ixion, the stone of Sisyphus, and others.] My doom is Crackthorpe.

It is rather usual, I believe, for people to have presentiments. I never had one in my life, however, till now. [But *now* I *have* a strong one, and it isn't at all a comfortable thing to have, upon my word!] My presentiment is, that that madman is going to exercise a malign influence on my whole life.

There is a [feeble] consolation in knowing [positively and fully] that he *is* a madman, and that [however cunning he may be] he can never deceive me into believing him sane again. A very feeble consolation, however. Looked at in connection with the recent past and the possible future, it really ceases to be a consolation worth mentioning. When I say the recent past, I refer, in fact, to the events of the day of which this is the evening, or rather night, for it is after ten. It was just six weeks yesterday since the [memorable] morning on which I quitted the Asylum, leaving Anthony Crackthorpe an unwilling inmate of that [excellent] Institution.

Mr. Pitkins [who has a great memory for dates] called my attention to the fact, wondering, at the same time, "how that queer old codger was getting along."

Too soon, alas! was his curiosity to be gratified! But let me proceed regularly and calmly while I can. [Calmly, indeed, is not the word; for though I may endeavor to write clearly and with method, and may succeed, yet my mind is exceedingly agitated, and my feelings gloomy and fearful. Judge if they are not so with rea-

son.] Mr. Pitkins, who is [at present] a bachelor, occupies a chamber in this house, and we breakfast together every morning. He is a correct young man, and expects to become my partner next year. But who knows if I—excuse me; I will not digress further.

This morning we—Mr. P. and myself—were seated at breakfast in the room back of the store, the entrance into which of a customer could be easily seen through the ground-glass door separating the two. It was, however, too early for customers, and Mr. Pitkins [who is of a literary turn of mind] was reading the morning paper, sometimes aloud to me, sometimes silently, according to the nature of the article.

After having gone over the war news, stocks, other markets, editorials, and amusements, in this way, he conned the journal in silence for some minutes, and I supposed him engaged in a [critical] perusal of the poetical advertisements, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Hello! I'll be hanged if this isn't the strangest— Just listen to this, Mr. Weeks!" and immediately read as follows:

CAUTION.—TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Escaped, last night, from the —— Insane Asylum, a patient named ANTHONY CRACKTHORPE. As he has never disguised his name, it is thought he may give his correct one still. He is about fifty years of age, tall, strongly-built, with high forehead, Roman nose, and very bright blue eyes. Is generally harmless and apparently sane in manner, but becomes violent and dangerous if he suspects treachery, or if any force is attempted in trying to secure him. The above reward will be paid to any person who shall succeed in detaining him until word can be sent to the Asylum, and proper assistance dispatched to take charge of the unfortunate gentleman.

I gazed at Mr. Pitkins in such consternation and alarm that he exclaimed,

"What's the matter [my dear], Sir? Are you ill?"

"Ill!" I cried, finding speech at last; "you've read enough to make me ill, I'm sure! Why, good Heavens! Pitkins, that—that madman is loose again!"

"Pooh! they'll soon catch him," said Mr. Pitkins [calmly].

"Catch him! But before they catch him he—he may come here! he may burst into the store at any moment, Sir! And, this time, he may not come to play a comparatively harmless, though very disagreeable and malicious trick upon me. No, Sir! he may come in his dangerous mood! He may commit arson, or murder—yes, murder! Murder me—murder us both, Mr. Pitkins! God bless me! he may be on his way here now! he may be within sight! he—"

"Hadn't I better go for an officer?" said Mr. Pitkins, in a very altered tone, and springing hastily up [but in the most cool and collected manner].

I was about to answer Yes, but an instant's reflection convinced me of the danger of such a proceeding.

"No! Mr. Pitkins. By no means. The presence of an officer would be certain to excite the very violence we dread. We should have a struggle, perhaps bloodshed, perhaps—"

"And the goods," interrupted my assistant, with an eye to business [characteristic of that excellent young man, even in the most momentous crisis]—"the goods would be terribly damaged! What had we better do?"

"I'll tell you, Pitkins," I replied, a happy thought occurring to me at the moment; "I—I will go out, and leave you in charge. This madman has no grudge, real or fancied, against you. You are comparatively a stranger to him. It is only me that he will seek. And when he finds me absent I hope and believe he will go away. You can tell him I've gone to the country, to remain all day, and possibly longer—you don't know exactly how soon I shall return. Then he won't wait."

"But he may call again," suggested Mr. P.

"Yes, but I sha'n't come back till night. I'll go—let me see—yes, I'll go and spend the day with Purker. He helped me out of the madman's clutches, you know, by testifying for me at the asylum. I can tell Purker all about it, and stay with him till after tea. And perhaps he'll have something to suggest."

"There's somebody at the door!" exclaimed Mr. Pitkins, turning very white [with resolution, not with apprehension].

"If—if—" I murmured, but could not add another word. My heart seemed struggling up into my throat, and a cold sweat broke out all over me. For an instant we both sat very still.

"Is there no one here?" said a gentle voice.

Thank Heaven! it was a woman's. A mere customer, probably.

I felt a sense of ineffable relief as Mr. Pitkins, after a moment's pause to collect himself, went [calmly, nay, resolutely] into the store. But I resolved not to await another trial of my nerves. Every minute was of importance. The next, the very next shadow that darkened the door might be that of the madman Crackthorpe!

I seized my hat and coat, and passing hastily through the store—when I found that the lady whose entrance had so startled us only wanted to consult our Directory—cautiously opened the door, and looked out in all directions to see if the coast was clear. It was; and I was just about to make a bolt for Purker's, whose [admirably-furnished] store was but a few doors off, on the opposite side of the way (he deals in auction goods), when Mr. Pitkins touched me on the shoulder, and whispered,

"I really think, Mr. Weeks, you had better let me have an officer here, in case of—a— I can put him in the back room, you know, and he needn't appear, unless—"

"Well, well; do as you please, Mr. Pitkins," said I, hurriedly [having always felt great confidence in his sagacity], slipping through the doorway.

And in another minute I was safe in Purker's.

The store was quite full, even at that early hour. But Purker and Fogg do a large business, and keep several [decent] salesmen and [*some* very beautiful] women. Purker was in the of-

fice, back. I went in, and just told him how matters stood.

"Of course you're welcome, Weeks," said he; "but if I were you I'd have two or three stout policemen, and simply nab the fellow and let them hand him over to the asylum people. That's what *I'd* do!"

Purker is a big, burly, hearty man, without a nerve in his body, to all appearance; certainly without ever being troubled by them, if he has any. Doubtless *he* would have done as he said. But I couldn't nor wouldn't do any thing of the sort. All I wanted was peace, and to be let alone.

So I told him I'd rather stay there.

"All right," said he. "Sit down and make yourself at home."

"But can't you give me something to do?" I asked; for I felt that if I sat there idle I should fall to thinking about Crackthorpe and his probable visit to my store, until my mind would get worked up into a state bordering on the malady with which he was afflicted.

"Something to do, eh? Let's see. Yes; how'd you like to go over these bills of sale with the book? I don't mind your seeing the tricks of the trade. You're one of us, you know."

He handed me the book and papers, and I went to work. But I must conscientiously say that if Purker had no other verification of the sales-book and bills than mine this morning, there might be discrepancies of a thousand dollars between the two, and he none the wiser—at least, I am sure *I* wasn't. However, I muddled on somehow, in a dual state of mind, between the accounts and Crackthorpe, with occasional fits of nervous foreboding, as time progressed and I heard nothing from [my esteemed friend] Pitkins. A little after twelve, however, he made his appearance in person.

"I have left the boy in charge, to run in here for a minute," said Mr. P., in a stage-whisper; then sinking his voice still deeper, he continued, "*He* has been there! He came at twenty-five minutes after eleven. He looked [weird and] haggard, and his manner was slightly agitated. He asked for you!" (I involuntarily shuddered, and cast my eye toward the door.) "I told him [in the most collected manner that] you were in the country, and would not return for a day or two, very likely. He appeared much disappointed, and then his eyes became very uncomfortably fixed on mine, as if he suspected a trick. I really began to feel very uneasy, Sir [upon your account], and to think seriously of calling the officer—"

"Ha! you had an officer, then. Where was he?"

"In the back-room, Sir—asleep, as I found when the madman was gone."

"A-h! he did go?" murmured I, drawing a long breath of relief.

"Yes, he went away after a while."

"Did he say any thing about coming back?" I asked.

"He seemed flurried and troubled when he finally was convinced you were away. He walked rapidly up and down the store; there was no one there at the moment. I had just sold eight pair English merino half-hose, No. 9½, to a young lady, for her brother, a minute before he entered. After two or three turns he stopped short, muttered something about 'blood-hounds on his track,' 'accursed tyranny,' 'law of the land;' then, with his hand on the door-knob, he said, 'Tell Mr. Weeks I called, young man, to—No matter! I'll see him yet myself; yes, yes! I'll see him myself!' He spoke very rapidly, and was gone almost before the last word was uttered. That's all the circumstances of his visit."

"See me himself! But that means he *is* coming back, Pitkins!" I cried, as that plain inference flashed upon me. "Good Heaven! am I to be kept out of my own house by a—"

"He won't come to day, Sir," interrupted my assistant; "that you may be sure of. He knows you won't be back—ha! ha! ha!—from the country before to-morrow. You're all safe to-day, and can return to the store whenever you please."

It was not, however, with a perfectly tranquil mind that I did return here with Mr. Pitkins. I may, without exaggeration, say that my mind was the reverse of serene. I found the officer still asleep on my sofa, with one foot on the table, and a strong odor of whisky and pipe in the room.

"I forgot to mention," remarked Mr. Pitkins, "that the officer invited me several times, very kindly, to 'step out and take a nip;' and on my declining was obliged to go alone, which, he said, was hard, especially as the money came out of the store."

"Out of the store? What did he mean?" I asked.

"Why, he hadn't any change, and said he'd just take fifty cents on account of what we would give him for protecting the property."

The officer awoke at this juncture, and expressed a wish for dinner—"grub," he called it. On reflection [by the advice of Mr. Pitkins], I dismissed him, with the price of his protection, resolving to employ a friend of my own in "the Force" to-morrow, who was to be depended on.

I have passed a miserable afternoon. [In spite of Mr. Pitkins's comforting assurance,] I have trembled at every opening of the door, and have felt a strange impulse to hide under the counter whenever a tall shadow has halted for a moment outside the store-entrance. And my nervousness has increased rather than diminished as the evening drew on. I have quite a fever at present. Really I should be abed. And as I have nothing more to—Oh! what's that? Those cats? Hush! No, it can't be cats. Oh Lord! What *can* it be? There! it's on the arbor! I *must* g—" * * * * * *

II.

By Anthony Crackthorpe.

Madman! madman! I am denounced as a madman by the man I have befriended, pro-

tected, saved! Ay, saved from actual death, as he well knows! This is his return for my benevolence, my sympathy, my friendship!

I have read these preceding pages.

Pursued by the hired minions of a petty despotism, I come hither for refuge—I fly to him who owes me a life; and I am met with a lie, I am flung off by a trick! Trusting the lie, in my simple faith—unsuspicious of the trick, in my simple frankness—I go and seek by other means to throw the brutal myrmidons of tyranny off my track. But wearied, harassed, and heartsore, I steal back in the night to the dwelling of the man I have saved, and believing him absent I resolve, in my desperate strait, to seek refuge in his chamber.

To avoid the Argus eyes of my persecutors I climb, like a thief in the night, at the peril of my life, up a crazy arbor to his window. To my surprise it is alit by some inward fire. I hesitate; but necessity knows no law. I reach the lintel; I gaze within. What do I see? The occupant of that chamber—the man who owes his preservation from death in many forms to me—the man whom I made my companion and friend—the man who was "absent for several days in the country" this morning—this false-hearted, poor-spirited, cowardly counterfeit of all that is frank and open and manly and true, I see calmly writing at his own table, in his comfortable room! while I, his saviour, his—the sight maddens me, I confess! I fling up the sash, and the guilty conscience of the traitor Weeks strikes him, as by an unseen blow, senseless to the floor! I have laid him, still unconscious, on the bed. I have locked the door, and taken his place at the table. For, having read the pages he has penned, I will not leave his treacherous and inhospitable roof till I have added *my* statement to those pages, and confounded him by the written proofs of his base and villainous ingratitude and falsehood. This done, I shall commit myself once more to the night, and dare once more the relentless pursuit of the blood-hounds that malice and envy have let loose on me. But let them take care. Ha! let them beware lest I turn upon them at last!

I am not mad. I have suffered enough of late to drive an ordinary man to insanity. But *I* am not an ordinary man, and I am sane! They are all leagued against me—envy, and hatred, and covetousness, and malice, and treachery! But they shall not triumph!

This is my brief story: I am rich, and I possess genius. My brothers are poor, comparatively, and envious without comparison. I have made discoveries in science and art, and they have stolen them and profited by them. I let these pass—for the sake of peace I let these pass.

But at last I invented that which they could not steal. I discovered a system of hygienic treatment for nervous and enfeebled constitutions, which was destined to work a mighty revolution in the physical standard of mankind.

It was then that they invented the fable of my insanity, and actually placed me under restraint, and paid the hirelings they had bribed to guard me, and the medical man they had suborned to bear false witness against me, with my own money! But I escaped from their toils, and journeyed for the purpose of developing MY THEORY.

If I had the time and space I would explain that theory here. It is grand, and yet marvelously simple. It regenerates, reinvigorates, renews. It makes a new man out of the fragments of the old one. It—but I must conclude.

That thankless fellow Weeks is beginning to revive. He groans. In my journey I met him. I saw that he was feeble and suffering. I seized upon him for his good and the development of my theory. I sacrificed myself to him; I nursed him, waited on him, exercised my theory upon him with the most beneficial effects. I was making a new man of him, when he basely deserted me, threw me off, left me! Nay more, he published me! Yes; on the authority of a mere newspaper paragraph, without further inquiry or investigation—a paragraph invented and inserted by the undying malignity of my persecutors—this man, this Weeks, to whom I had almost given a new life, actually published me as a madman! A madman! good Heaven! what a return of evil for good was that! Was I not excusable for the revenge, the harmless revenge I took—the innocent trick I played upon his fears? Yes! a thousand times yes! But they caught me again. These human sleuth-hounds had dogged my steps, and once more they fixed their fangs upon me. I—

Ha! I hear footsteps on the stairs! Weeks is coming to himself again. The steps approach! God! The blood-hounds—they have driven me to earth! But alive they shall never take me! Let them beware! Stop! there's the window. Better flight than bloodshed. They are outside the door. But I *will not* go till I have written my name to this statement, and have expressed my contempt for that miserable man now moaning on the bed. Ay, knock! Weeks, you are a base, pusillanimous, ungrateful wretch! I pity and despise you! Farewell!

ANTHONY CRACKTHORPE.

III.

BY J. AUGUSTUS PITKINS.

I write what follows by the special desire of Mr. Weeks, who is, as yet, too much prostrated to assume the pen.

Two weeks have dragged their slow lengths across the abyss of time since the eventful night referred to in the preceding statements. It is by the particular desire of Mr. Weeks that the weird paragraphs penned by the unhappy man Crackthorpe are permitted to remain as a portion of this MS. He even forbids my correcting the epithets so libelously applied to him by the madman, and I reluctantly refrain.

The solemn midnight chimes had ceased to toll weirdly on the occasion referred to, when

my fitful slumbers were broken by the sound of strange and mysterious voices in low but earnest converse beneath my windows. The lonely chamber looking on the busy street, immediately above the store, is mine. A moment I listened; then rising in silence from my humble couch, I raised the window and looked forth upon the gaslit scene. An instant's gaze betrayed the secret of the midnight conference. Three men, of whom two were dressed in the garb of policemen, stood talking in weird whispers upon the broad slab of granite that marks the entrance of our place of business. My bosom throbbed with a vague sensation, but not of fear, as one of these conspirators stepped swiftly out on the pave, and looking up toward my window, exclaimed in a guttural tone,

"Is that Mr. Weeks?"

There was a moment's weird silence ere I answered firmly, though cautiously: "No, it is Mr. Pitkins. What seek you at this unwonted hour?"

"All right, Sir, replied a voice. Come down as quickly as you can, and let us in."

What wonder if I, firm as I am, hesitated for a moment? But the stranger again spoke:

"It's all right, I tell you, Sir. I'm the policeman on this beat. Come and open the door."

My duty as a citizen bade me hesitate no longer, and stealthily descending the stairs I unbarred the portal in obedience to the mandate of authority.

"Which is Mr. Weeks's room?" demanded the officer. I answered calmly that it was the second story back chamber. "Come on then," said the officer to his companions; "he's there safe enough."

"He? Who?" I inquired.

"Oh, never you fear. We've got him safe enough. It's Mr. Crackthorpe, the insane gentleman that escaped from the Asylum. We've traced him here. He's got in the back way, and clumb up the arbor, that's what he's done."

Far from frightening me, this only lent new resolution to my soul. These stern myrmidons of the law were like me unappalled by the fearful prospect before us.

"Bill," said the leader, calmly, but rapidly, "you go round the alley-way and look to the arbor. Sam and I will go into the room. He's dangerous, they say, when he's trapped; but I guess we kin manage him."

"I guess we kin," replied Sam, with the confident tone of one who knows no fear.

I gazed in congenial admiration at the stalwart forms of these undaunted men, who were thus coolly about to cope in deadly strife with an infuriated madman.

"Will you please show us up?" asked their chief.

I told them the position of the chamber door, and followed fearlessly a few steps behind them.

Stealthily as their heavy accoutrements would permit, they crept up the gloomy stairs. For a moment, when their footsteps creaked weirdly on the fragile steps, I thought of offering to go into the store and bring them two pairs of extra heavy woolen socks, No. 12, to draw over their boots. But a sense of duty to my employer restrained me from taking a freedom which might have been, after all, futile. Nearer and nearer, step by step, they approached the fatal door. They reached it, and paused to listen. What a fearful agony of suspense! A weird ghastly silence reigned within, only broken by a low moaning sound, as of one in pain.

"We must bust it in," whispered the chief, and both men placed their brawny shoulders against the frail panel.

At this instant a wild laugh rang through the chamber, and a voice in startling accents shouted: "Ha! ha! Blood-hounds, come on! I am not yet taken!" The fearful tones died away to an awful stillness. In that instant the door gave way with a loud crash, and the two dauntless men sprang into the room and gazed eagerly round them. The room was, seemingly, empty.

But almost at the same moment a weird form was seen to rise in the bed, and flinging its arms wildly above its head, it shrieked: "Murder! take him off! Murder!" and instantly fell back motionless. It was the form of the once happy Mr. Weeks! Disregarding this affecting apparition, the men had rushed to the window.

"There he is!" cried the chief: "He's getting down the arbor again. Look sharp, Bill," and both he and his comrade sprang down the stairs, nearly overturning me in the terrible earnestness of pursuit.

I held my breath and listened. It was a fearful moment! What would be the result of the desperate struggle that was about to take place? I shuddered, not for myself, but at the very thought of its possible horrors.

Long as the deadly suspense seemed to my strained senses, it could have been but a moment, for the officer and his comrade had but just reached the street when a heavy crash, followed by a shriek, subsiding into a deep groan, announced that a tragical crisis of some mysterious nature had supervened between pursuers and pursued. With suddenly revived energies I flew to the casement and looked forth. The scene was dimly lit by the gas-lamp at the corner. It was a melancholy scene. The arbor was a ruin! Prone upon the brick path in the yard, with the broken beams and trellis-work around and upon him, lay what was once the agile and stalwart form of the madman Crackthorpe.

Now a helpless cripple! Pity overcame every other sentiment in our bosoms, and we tenderly bore him to the house, and bestowed every care upon him till the arrival of the surgeon. He came ere long; and, to be brief—for time flies, and there is no one but the boy in the store—under his inspection, the unfortunate victim of his own delusion was transported, with the early morn, to the asylum.

Let me now, with befitting sadness, recur to

Mr. Weeks. Upon my re-entrance into his chamber that estimable and much-injured man was stretched, speechless, and as one in a deadly trance, upon his fevered couch. Tears sprang to my eyes as I gazed upon the wreck before me. But, regaining by a stern effort my composure, I sought the physician. He came, and, after casting the keen eye of science upon the prostrate form of Mr. Weeks, he took a lancet from his pocket, and in another moment the ruby tide of life poured darkly from the left arm of the victim. But the relief thus afforded—if, indeed, there was relief—was only temporary. After three hours of comparatively tranquil slumber Mr. Weeks awoke in all the wildness of frenzy. It was a fearful thing to hear him rave. It was awful to listen while he shrieked "Murder!" and bade them "Take *him* off!—take the madman off!" The simple retrospect of that fearsome time awakes, even now, a strange shudder in my inmost being. The physician sternly insisted at length that Mr. Weeks should be taken to the asylum. I plead, I entreated, I even threatened, in vain. In despair I determined finally to obey.

On the second day, when the gloomy shadows of eve were softly stealing upon the bosom of the restless earth, I procured the proper assistance, and conveyed Mr. Weeks as tenderly as an infant (in a strait-waistcoat) out hither. Thus ends my simple story.

V.

By A. Jackson Weeks.

I had suffered more mentally that day, and was in a more unnatural state [both of body and mind], than I was aware of when writing my statement that [awful] night in my room. I must have had a decided fever, and my nervous system must have been very much shaken and excited; for I had my pen on the word that is left unfinished in my manuscript, when suddenly the window-sash was flung up, and the [weird and awful] face of Mr. Crackthorpe [but wild, haggard, and with bloodshot eyes] glared upon me. [My heart ceased to beat. I felt a sensation as of the rushing, roaring of a torrent in my head for a single instant. Then an intensely-brilliant flash before my eyes.] I made a vain attempt to cry out, and remember no more. I must have swooned and fallen ere the madman had made a step toward me. My next moment of consciousness was a dim recognition of the motion of a vehicle; but it lasted only an instant, and I did not again come, so to speak, to myself clearly until four days ago, when I found myself a patient—just think of it—a genuine patient in a lunatic asylum!

It is really very unpleasant to think of indeed! However, the worst is over. I shall soon be released—thank Heaven!—from this institution, and also from all possibility of future annoyance at the hands of [the unfortunate monomaniac] Anthony Crackthorpe. My faith in presentiments is shaken. I shall return to my business an altered man—altered for the better, I hope, in many respects. Mr. Pitkins [who has divided his attention, with great fidelity, during my illness, between the store and myself] I consider my partner from this moment. The new firm is "Pitkins and Weeks" [which sounds better than Weeks and Pitkins, and is therefore adopted, in spite of Mr. P.'s being junior partner. We shall continue the business at the old stand, No. 1990 *Whortleberry Street. Give us a call!*].

VI.

By Amos Brown, M.D.

Mr. Weeks has requested me to corroborate his and Mr. Pitkins's statement above, and also to say a word with regard to the unfortunate gentleman, lately one of my patients, who is known to you as Mr. Anthony Crackthorpe. First, with regard to Mr. Weeks: the manner and cause of his temporary sojourn here are exactly as he has stated them. I am sincerely happy to add that he is fairly on the road to recovery, his mental equilibrium being already perfectly regained; and a few more days of proper diet and exercise will release him from the asylum, a permanently restored and relieved man in mind and body.

Mr. Crackthorpe, as Mr. Pitkins has related, was brought back here the morning after his accident.

There was compound fracture of the femur, and a very bad comminuted one of the ulna. They had been reduced; but he had been restless on the way hither, and had deranged the splints. On the third day fever set in, and he became so violent in his delirium that it was almost impossible to manage him. The fractures, under these circumstances, would not reunite, do what we would. It was very sad and very terrible to watch his case. He grew worse daily in spite of every thing: the arm and leg began to mortify. It was impossible to perform, it would have been madness to attempt, amputation. On the eleventh day Mr. Crackthorpe died, surrounded by his family (who had been notified).

MY CHEMICAL EXPERIENCE.

IT was not from any fault of mine that, at the beginning of the war, I found myself suddenly almost a pauper. My father, who had long retired from business, had almost his entire property in the South, and, although he merely saved enough from the wreck to enable himself and my mother to retire to a country village near New York, would not forswear his allegiance to his country as the price of retaining it. An only child, I had been petted and a little spoiled, and altogether rather unfitted for facing the hard world and earning my own living. But I was only twenty-five, and had a fair share of hope.

I felt that I would be a spoiled child indeed were I to suffer those two old people in the country to pinch themselves for my sake. It

was a sad change to me, though, after the comfortable, almost luxurious, life that I had led, to enter the little hall bedroom in Mrs. Wrench's boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and feel the first chilly breath with which the world saluted me. Perhaps there was no good reason why I should be so lonely. I had friends in the city, but my altered fortunes rendered me too morbidly sensitive to their remarks, kindly meant as they might be. Besides this, would it be fair to expect those who knew me in the sunshine to come out to me now when the storm was raging, and get wet and uncomfortable for my sake? Certainly not. Yet still there was one house which I longed to visit, for somehow or other I felt that myself and not my cash would be welcome, and that a certain pair of blue eyes would see me in the best light that I could wish. Was I not giving the owner of the aforesaid blue eyes credit for too much disinterestedness?

After some days of uneasy, anxious thought, I began to look about me for some way of earning a subsistence. I had been brought up to no business, it having been intended that I should succeed my father in the gentlemanly pursuit of idling. The only thing which offered even a chance of success was chemical science. At college I had been expert in all the manipulation of the laboratory, and had acquired some practical experience in the details of chemical analysis. I knew that most of the articles included under the head of "chemicals" in commerce were seldom pure, and that there was a chance of employment in analyzing these articles and in assaying ores and metals. I did not expect to become rich by my pursuit, but hoped to earn a living until something better might offer; and after weighing the matter over, decided at last to open a chemist's office down town, and try what fortune had in store for me.

My cash capital amounted to just seventy dollars when I entered Mrs. Wrench's boarding-house. Now seventy dollars, in the light of my present experience, is not a very large amount, and so I discovered when I came to treat for an office near Wall Street. One hundred dollars per annum was the lowest amount that I could find, and that was for a room at the very top of a high building near the Custom-house, and as I did not wish to trouble my old acquaintances with even being referred to, my landlord told me that cash in advance would be the proper thing. The impossibility of paying one hundred out of seventy dollars was apparent, to say nothing of the weekly five dollars to Mrs. Wrench for board and lodging from the same amount; so my hopes of ever making a beginning in life were about to wither, when the landlord, seeing, I suppose, that my face expressed my trouble, offered to trust me for a whole year's rent, and handed me the key of No. 35.

If the first look of Mrs. Wrench's boarding-house was chilly that of "my office" was freezing. The room had evidently been long tenantless. The floor was dusty and dirty. The windows were blind with the dust of many summers. Great spider-webs stretched from corner to corner of the room, and in them spiders of gigantic size roamed up and down, and, as I entered, seemed taken with a desire to get at me, as if I had been that very identical fly for which they had been so long waiting.

But dust and cobwebs were not enough to turn me from my purpose, and by feeing the janitress, who came in with me, to the extent of one dollar, I soon had the place cleaned up and the windows washed so that the autumn sun could shine in upon me. The place certainly did improve under the hand of the janitress; but after she had performed her task there seemed something else wanting, and I was soon reminded what that something was by that person who asked, in accents Milesian, "Whin the furniture was comin'?"

The furniture? I had not thought of it before. I muttered something about "sending it along" when the janitress, like a good genius, remarked that I needn't be sendin' out for any, as there was lots in the next room. We went into the next room. Tables, desks, chairs, matting, inkstands, tin cases, rusty keys, and such articles, in quantity sufficient to set up a second-hand furniture dealer, were piled up to the ceiling in that room. Then ensued a short dialogue:

Myself. "Where did all these things come from?"

Janitress. "From the bildin,' to be sure."

Myself. "Where are the owners?"

Janitress. "Divil a wan o' me knows. They comes and goes in an' out like bumbly-bees at a hive, and sometimes laves their furniture to pay the rint. An some of 'em don't do *that* by the same token."

Myself. "So the landlord owns it all?"

Janitress. "He do, but he gives me lave to sell it for him."

Just what I wanted. In consideration of the sum of twenty dollars I became owner of one office writing-desk, one table, a sort of book-case, an old stove and piping, and other articles, including three chairs, one of which had a fashion of creaking loudly whenever one sat in it. By the help of my friend the janitress, who became quite amiable and obliging after the twenty-dollar affair, I moved my purchases into No. 35.

When I walked down town the next morning it was with a sense of responsibility which I had never before experienced. Instead of dozing until nine o'clock I was up before the first omnibus rattled down the street, and dressed in a hurry so as to reach "my office" in time for "business," forgetting that, as yet, no sign of my business intentions had greeted the public eye. By the evening of that day, however, I had painted my name in ink upon a piece of pasteboard and tacked it to my door. Next I bargained for a small oval sign to hang at the street entrance of the building, and several small ones to place upon the office directory, so that

the world might know that "MAX WELTDEN, *Chemist*," could be found in Room 35, top floor. I also went to the expense of having a long wooden sign, with my name in bronze letters, placed under my window. This last cost as much as all the rest together, and was the most useless, for I doubt very much whether any person but myself and the sign-painter, and perhaps a few who chanced to look directly overhead, have seen it to this day. I had to disburse another twenty dollars before I could satisfy the sign-painter's ideas of what was right. When this last bill was paid I made a roaring fire in the old stove and surveyed my room with a degree of pleasure. Here I was, ready for business. Now then, let the chemical customers enter. The chemical customers did nothing of the kind, and perhaps it was just as well that they did not rush to consult me, because, upon reflection, I found that I had not one single article of the apparatus or chemicals necessary for my business.

I looked over my cash. The furniture and signs had swallowed up forty dollars, and Mrs. Wrench's five dollars per week would soon absorb the balance of my capital. Still I must obtain some few necessary articles or I would stand no chance of earning any thing; so I walked up William Street into Chatham, hoping to find some place where odds and ends of all kinds might be had cheaply. But it seems that there are too few of my profession in active business, for although there were the cast-offs of almost every other branch of industry nothing in my line could be had. I had made up my mind to go to a regular chemical supply shop, when I observed the three golden balls, two above one below. The thought occurred to me that among the unredeemed pledges there might be something that would be of use to me, and I entered the pawnbroker's, although I felt that the whole crowd in the street was looking at me.

The pawnbroker had a set of scales and weights, and these I purchased for four dollars. They could not have cost less than thirty; being of the best English make, and fit for the most delicate assays and analysis. I mentioned to the man that I wanted to purchase a few chemicals and some apparatus, and was told that there were plenty up stairs, which the landlord had seized for rent. Seized for rent! That was ominous.

"Where is the owner?" I demanded.

"He went mad last month and was taken to the asylum," answered the pawnbroker.

"What caused him to go mad?" I asked, my heart sinking within me.

"Why, you see, he was one of them folks who think they can make gold out of old rags and horse-shoes; and one day, so they say, the devil appeared to him in a ball of fire and set him crazy; but here is the owner of the house, he can tell you all about it."

The landlord corroborated the pawnbroker's story, with the exception of the devil part of it; but stated that the evil spirit which had possessed the poor chemist was originally derived from grain.

"He drank himself tighter than he could stand," remarked the landlord, as if the liquor had acted like a rope, which, once strongly tied, could not be loosened.

"What caused him to drink so hard?" I asked; "had he no business?"

"Not a mite that I knew of," replied the landlord. "A party of hard-looking chaps used to come to see him now and then, and he always used to get tight when they went away But come up and see his place, Sir; maybe you will find what you want there. I'll sell the whole lot cheap."

I followed him mechanically. No business, starvation, drink, madness, seemed to echo my footsteps as I ascended the stairs to the mad chemist's late abode. There must have been some method in his madness, however, by the appearance of the room, for it was neatly and handsomely furnished as a laboratory. Crucibles, furnaces, stills, retorts, condensers, and a splendid assortment of the various chemical compounds used in the art; while upon a table were numerous works on chemistry and allied sciences, and pieces of paper with chemical symbols and calculations lying about.

"What'll you give for the lot?" asked my companion. "I'll sell 'em cheap."

I hesitated. There must have been hundreds of dollars worth before me, and the largest amount that I could offer was five dollars. However, I replied that I did not require so many things, and that I could only afford to buy a little at a time.

"I'll tell you what," said the landlord, "as you are the first man that ever wanted to buy them traps, I will let you set out what you think, say five dollars' worth, and you can take it."

I jumped at the offer, and may say that for once I made a bargain, securing quite a stock of the articles that I needed.

"Come again when you want more," said the landlord.

I had now a place of business and tools to work with, and must wait for custom. I had no high scientific ambition. I wished to apply my knowledge directly to a useful purpose. Guano, soda ash, acids, salts, earths, and metals, were among the articles upon which I hoped to try my skill. By the Saturday of that week I was in as good trim for business as I was for a long time afterward. On Sunday I went to an old church on the corner of Great Jones Street and Lafayette Place and candidly acknowledge that, upon looking my affairs full in the face, and remembering that in three weeks time I would be penniless and hungry unless I could have work to do, I felt the need of asking Heaven's blessing upon my honest labor, and said my prayers heartily.

I was at my post punctually when the next week began; and, after putting things to rights for the hundredth time, sat down in the creaky

chair to wait for business. Looking at myself from my present stand-point, sitting there day after day, hoping and waiting, and trying to believe that every step upon my floor was coming my way, I can not help marveling that I could be so patient and hopeful. For no one came that week; nor the next, but a beggar-girl; nor the next, but the janitress, who wanted to borrow my poker; and the last five dollars—all I had—was paid to Mrs. Wrench one Saturday night; and where the next week's cash was to come from I did not know. I could have borrowed it perhaps; but I could not bear the thought that the lender might say to a friend of both, "Would you believe it?—Max Weltden actually asked me for ten dollars, and he looked so poor I could not refuse him." This sensitiveness, no doubt, was the cause of much that I afterward suffered; but I am not sorry now that I did not borrow. But what was I to do? Mrs. Wrench was that hard sort of woman that the keeping of boarders seems to call for. She was constantly engaged in a struggle with the boarding world; and, to do her justice, she generally got the best of it. I felt quite guilty on Sunday, when she chatted so gayly with me at dinner, knowing that I was presuming upon the paying reputation I had gained, and devouring her tough beef-steak and heavy puddings when I knew in my heart that I had not the wherewithal to pay for those dainties.

In the afternoon I walked out to escape these disagreeable thoughts, and to try and forget my mean and poor condition, but did not succeed; for I encountered that which before long made me feel it keenly. As I turned into Broadway a carriage containing three persons drove by; and in it the owner of certain blue eyes, before mentioned in this history, was seated with her father and her cousin, a little girl. Marie Le Blanc had been my early companion. Her father, who was a man of considerable wealth, had been very intimate with mine; and as we were both only children, the old gentlemen used to say frequently that we must marry. When the crash came I withdrew from Marie's society, feeling that I was no longer her equal, and had not met her for months until this moment. I saw her start and hastily speak to the coachman, who stopped the carriage, while Marie beckoned to me. Of course I was soon by her side, answering all her kind inquiries about my father and mother as well as I could, and giving the best account of my hopes and prospects. I could perceive, nevertheless, that the blue eyes were not altogether satisfied as to my condition, while Mr. Le Blanc, who was the essence of kind-heartedness, said, "Well, Max, my dear boy, I hope that you will get on. But I never saw a man of your profession that ever made much money."

Perhaps I looked a little disheartened; for just then little Nettie, who had no doubt heard of my misfortunes, whispered to me that I mustn't mind uncle; for I would be as rich as the candy man some day; and gave me her little hand in token of her belief in my future prosperity. But dearer far to my heart was the evidence I saw before me that Marie had not forgotten her old companion; for the blue eyes moistened as they saw my changing countenance.

Mr. Le Blanc asked me to take the vacant seat; and, joyfully accepting, we rode a little way up town, and then to Mr. Le Blanc's house in Twenty-sixth Street. That was a glorious ride. I felt as if I had been plucked for a moment from the hard, rude world, and was safe within the pale of my natural sphere. I was invited to dine; and, although I had certainly taken the edge off my appetite at Mrs. Wrench's, I could not refuse the kind invitation.

It would give me much satisfaction to be able to state that Mrs. Le Blanc was glad to see me; but truth compels me to say that she was not, and no doubt punished her husband for bringing me home when he, poor man, was defenseless in his bed that night.

But if Mrs. Le Blanc saw no good in my presence, and gave me the cold shoulder, not so Marie and little Nettie; for they both tried to make me forget that things were so changed with me. Before the bright coal-fire, which Mr. Le Blanc still clung to in spite of all those furnaces, flues, and hot-air abominations, which kill us off much faster than we imagine, and in merry converse with Marie and her young companion, I soon began to recover something of the tone of happier days, and bless the amiable girl who had been the cause of my present happiness.

"This is quite like our evenings last winter," remarked Marie. "We must have some more charades before Christmas, and some more music. What say, mamma?"

"Mr. Weltden will have other matters to attend to besides music and charades, my dear, and will not find time to visit us I am sure," replied Mrs. Le Blanc.

"You are right," thought I, "sweet, adorable matron. I certainly shall have other fish to fry, but I don't like to be reminded of it after that fashion."

Marie seemed disappointed. "But, mamma, he can come in the evening, can he not?" she asked, with some degree of impatience in her tone.

"Ask him yourself, dear," replied Mrs. Le Blanc, giving me a glance which said plainly that I was not to accept the invitation.

"Won't you come, Max?" asked Marie, looking up in her own irresistible fashion.

Mrs. Le Blanc was shocked.

"Why, Marie, you are taking great liberties with Mr. Weltden's name. Young ladies should never address gentlemen by their Christian names."

"Why, I never called him any thing else but Max; did I, Max?" appealing to me again.

"Marie, I request that in future you will call Mr. Weltden by his proper name," replied the dame.

After this we all became uncomfortable, although I tried hard to restore the tone of our

earlier chat. Mrs. Le Blanc was an adept in carrying on what may be called the scratchy kind of conversation, and before I rose to depart had succeeded in making me feel as miserable as possible.

When the door closed upon me, and I found myself in the dreary street, I felt that I must not expect very soon to enter such a paradise. But my heart was warm with the light that Marie's eyes had shed upon it, and the ghost of that terrible five dollars, which was yet unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd, came before my mind with less uneasy feeling.

I began another week very much as I suppose a man compelled to walk the plank by pirates begins to step toward the point where the plank tips and he goes headlong to destruction. On Tuesday I had a visitor at my office. It was the postman with a letter from my mother, and I felt quite encouraged that I was not entirely forgotten by the outer world. The letter contained all kinds of good wishes and hopes for my success, and inquiries as to whether I could spare time from business to run down and see her. "Thank Heaven," thought I, "you do not know the strait that I am in, and you shall not know it!" So I wrote quite a glowing account of my affairs, and intimated that business was not quite so brisk as it might be, but that I expected to do very well, and, posting my reply, returned to make some alterations in my place of business.

I borrowed an old wooden screen from the janitress, and partitioned off one corner of the room, putting up the legend "Private" in large letters upon one corner, as if the too curious public was constantly in the habit of rushing in and disturbing my labors. The partition also enabled me to contract my real working-room, and to make a better show of the few bottles, etc., which were my stock in trade. I also scattered some samples of salts, with jawbreaking names, about my desk to give it a business look, and, by way of a graceful finish to it all, produced some very pungent gases from some heated coal tar, and made an odor which to a novice was strangling, but to me a sweet perfume.

Wednesday came, but with it no customers. I wondered how so many people could pass the building and not one of them require my services. It occurred to me that perhaps I was sticking too closely to my office, and that if I occasionally absented myself it would look more business like. Therefore I prepared a card for my door inscribed, "Out on business for an hour, leave orders or message;" and then went down to the Battery and looked at the ships, and threw stones in the water, and came back in much less than an hour, hoping that while I had been gone some real live customer had left an order for me to come round to So-and-So's to get a sample of something or other to be analyzed immediately, and felt keen disappointment at finding no sign upon the card that I was wanted by any one to do any mortal thing. Although always disappointed I tried the same plan over and over again in vain, and at last began to think that no one ever came so high for any thing.

As the fatal day came nearer I tried to rehearse the speech I should make to Mrs. Wrench concerning the five dollars. I was aware that if I threw myself upon her kindness it might give way under me; but by appealing to her interest, and promising to pay the moment that I had the cash, and trusting that she would not harass one who had always paid her, I hoped to get a respite.

As a proof of how little I know of the world, or of the expedients of those who make a lifelong work at facing its hard realities, up to that time it had never occurred to me to part with my watch or other personal property; but happening to see in a morning paper that I could be accommodated with a *loan* by one Levi Abraham in Nassau Street, upon security deposited, and that the "strictest secrecy would be observed," I at once decided to visit him. I hurried off to Levi Abraham's, and with some anxiety produced to that Hebrew the watch which my father had purchased for me for fifty dollars. Levi's opinion of its value as a deposit varied from mine.

"De mosht I can do ish ten tollar, and it ish a great pig brice to advansh on such a vatch."

I agreed to take the ten dollars, reflecting that the less I had upon the watch the less I would have to pay to redeem it. Ten per cent. per month did not seem a very high rate of interest at the time, so I was well pleased with the idea of the confidential nature of the affair. I know more about these things now. The regular pawnbroker is the best man. He is a safer individual altogether, as I soon learned; for a short time afterward desiring more pecuniary accommodation from Levi Abraham, I found that the place which had known him once knew him no more. He had fled, and with him my gold watch. He, like others, had left his office-furniture, but it was not fit for much besides kindling wood. At the time of the ten-dollar affair, however, I knew nothing of his flight, and felt so elated at being able to pay Mrs. Wrench that that lady must have supposed I had fallen heir to a fortune. In fact I was so "set up," as we have it in the vernacular, by my first financial transaction, that I patronized the theatre that evening and had a brandy punch at the Metropolitan. I was in more than one sense tasting the intoxicating cup with which the money-lender first maddens us before we are devoured. It was not until next pay-day came round that I began to think I should have kept my money for a more legitimate demand than the legitimate drama. One solitary dollar remained to cause me remorse every time I saw it lying in my purse solitary and alone, and it was then I made the discovery that Levi had gone, as I went to see him concerning a fresh transaction. My jewelry remained. I had a very nice ring and a set of gorgeous studs. These did I carry to the pawnbroker, feeling at the time that I was an aban-

doned wretch and deserving of Mrs. Le Blanc's contempt.

I did not go to my old acquaintance but stepped into another place near by, not observing that the name over the door was the same, and had the pleasure of being attended to by the very man I wished to avoid. But he must have been a man of fine feeling in his way, for although I saw that he recognized me, and I dare say had been expecting, he let no sign of recognition escape him.

I obtained twenty dollars upon my jewelry at ten per cent. per annum, and one year in which to redeem the article, and again faced the Wrench with the proud consciousness that I was still solvent. This time I determined to be more careful of my cash, and, considering such a laudable resolution worthy of some reward, I went to a twenty-five cent place of amusement, and drank beer instead of punch.

During all this time no one came to my office. Week after week went by, and still found me sitting solitary, studying to keep my mind from preying on itself, and gradually acquiring some real knowledge of the science of which I was professor. My clothes, with care, would last until summer came. My daily bread was therefore my chief care, and to obtain it I parted with all my personal property, one thing after another. My neat little writing-desk, a present from my mother, my gold pencil-case, and at last my trunk of solid leather, and then my valise, until, upon the last day of January, I was without a single pawnable article except my shirts, and the prospect was that they would go in turn.

On the very morning that I had made a bundle of all the linen I could spare, a being in mortal shape with a parcel in one hand appeared to me at my office, and demanded if I could analyze a sample of bleaching powder. Certainly. I gave my visitor a seat. Could I do it "right away?" Yes. Very good. How much? Four dollars. Very good; go ahead. I gave my customer a light work relating principally to the Atomic Theory while I performed my task. Wonderful to relate, he absolutely seemed to like it; at least he read away until I handed him my certificate. Perhaps he did not want to appear totally ignorant of science. It is doubtful whether in the history of the profession a more elaborate analysis had ever been made than the one I accomplished. I gave the quantity of chlorine and of lime in chemical symbols of so wonderful a character that my customer said that he would prefer my statement as to the chlorine present upon one piece of paper, and my $2\,CaO+2\,Cl=Ca\,Cl+CaO,Clo$ upon another. The four dollars which he paid me were as large as counterpanes in my eyes. I was so excited at having earned even this sum that when the man had gone I sat down, and more water came into my eyes than had been there since I faced the last rain storm down Broadway. The relief had come in my extremity, and I fancied that a special Providence had intervened between me and the pawnbroker, and again I hoped that, after all, I would be able to earn a living.

No special Providence, however, came to my rescue the next week, and I was compelled to carry my linen bundle to the pawnbroker, and by that means obtain enough to pay the sum due Mrs. Wrench. My clothes by this time began to get a little seedy, and to show the marks of certain drops of acids and alkalies, which I could not always prevent falling on them. This determined my leaving Mrs. Wrench, as there were so many sprucely-dressed young fellows there that I began to seem shabby by contrast. I found an attic room in Amity Street, which I rented as lodgings furnished for two dollars per week, and ran round to Mrs. Wrench's and moved all my personal property, which very easily went into the pockets of my over-coat, before Mrs. Wrench had done expressing her surprise and indignation that I should leave her in midwinter, and coals and provisions *so* high.

I had not been long in my new quarters before I began to wish that I had tried that way of living before. I felt emancipated from the slavery of boarding, and could breakfast, dine, and sup when I had the means, where and when I pleased.

It was perhaps somewhat inconvenient at first to be obliged to walk out for breakfast; but, as my café was in Broadway, and not far off, I soon got used to it. During this period of my life it was not so much a matter of concern as to the distance I was obliged to go for my meals, but rather as to whether I should enjoy such luxuries at all; for very soon I was reduced to absolute want. Up to this time I had not really felt the pangs of hunger, although I had suffered keenly in every other sensibility. That time was coming, though, and it arrived before I had expected it.

No business came to me; and, though the weather was cold and wintry, I had to part with my over-coat to pay my room-rent one day, and found myself with fifty cents in my pocket, with which to live for Heaven only knew how long. I was hungry in anticipation of the hunger which would come to me when that sum was gone. I breakfasted for twelve cents, and paid as much for dinner, at a miserable restaurant in Fulton Street; and the next morning, feeling desperate and reckless, I expended the twenty-six cents left for breakfast alone, and went to my den with the miserable conviction that there was to be no dinner for me that day.

When a man breakfasts without a clear idea as to where his dinner is to come from, the time intervening between those two meals is very short. It was a very short day to me. I tried to busy myself in experimenting, but could not fix my mind upon any thing, and left my office early and wandered aimlessly up town. I was hungry. There was a gnawing at my stomach far in excess of the natural appetite which I should have had, had I been on my way to dinner. I looked into restaurants, and admired

the fine specimens of fish, flesh, and fowl there displayed. I sniffed the warm air which came from oyster-cellars laden with the aroma of a thousand stews; once I was tempted to ask the German who kept my favorite café for credit for a dinner, but I caught sight of myself in a pier-glass in a Broadway window, and concluded that I looked too poor to expect any thing on such terms. When night fell my hunger increased, and an intolerable sense of loneliness and misery came upon me, and I slunk away to my attic, and tried to sleep.

I must have slept long and soundly in spite of my hunger; for it was nearly noon before I awoke. I went down town as usual; but did not feel so hungry as before, but felt light, almost giddy in the head, and returned at night, as before, wretched and starving. The next morning I felt ill. There was a nausea which would have prevented my eating any thing, had I been so lucky as to have had any thing to eat. I know not how that day passed. It is a miserable blank, which I try to forget. I remember that I came up town earlier than usual, feeling faint and ill, and that there was a jam of omnibuses at the corner of Houston Street. I stepped to the edge of the sidewalk to see what was the matter, and saw that a horse was down, and a baker's cart upset, with one wheel off, and loaves of bread lying about the street and being trampled under foot. Indeed I observed one man trying to chock the wheel of one vehicle, to keep it from running back, with a loaf which would have kept life in me for days. At sight of the bread my hungry feeling suddenly returned, and I rushed in and secured part of a loaf, and hid it away under my coat, intending to take it to my room. But starvation stands not upon ceremony, and I stepped aside from the crowd, and, pulling out my prize, began devouring it like a wild beast.

An exclamation of pity close to my side startled me. I turned and saw Marie and her mother, who had crossed the street unobserved by me. Marie started to speak to me, but her mother drew her away, and I saw but her distressed face as she was hurried off and lost in the crowd.

There had been a time when such an encounter, even in imagination, would have given me intense pain; but I had got beyond the point where the more delicate sensibilities are in force. I was absolutely starving; and as I looked in the glass that night, and marked the staring, bloodshot eye, the pale and gaunt features, which were reflected there, I did not wonder that Mrs. Le Blanc drew her daughter away from such a miserable wretch. What I suffered that night no one can imagine. I would not try to harrow up the feelings of those who may peruse this true story. I can merely say, that had they seen the poor wretch who lay upon my bed, shivering with the cold which starvation intensifies, and trying to catch even a moment's oblivion in sleep, they would have pitied him.

When morning came it found me almost a helpless man. The food which I had taken the night before was not enough to strengthen a system so much reduced as mine; but it had given me a fierce appetite again, and I walked down town again, praying that another baker's cart would be upset, or that Heaven would rain food for the starving man. My office seemed more gloomy than usual when I at last crawled up the long stairs, and the old chair creaked dolefully when I sat in it again. I tried to study; but my eyes seemed half-blind with suffused blood, and now and then a feeling of deadly faintness came over me, as if the death which must inevitably end my fate was coming nearer. Then the wicked wish that it might come now and end my misery would cross my brain. The day was dark, and a storm was brewing outside, and I turned away from my books, intending to reach my attic before the rain came. When I tried to rise I found that my limbs were powerless. Thrice I essayed to get upon my feet; but my once firm, strong limbs failed me, and I fell back in my chair. A full sense of my miserable condition burst upon me at that hour, and, utterly unmanned by this culminating blow, I placed my hands before my face, bowed my head upon my desk, and gave way to a flood of the most agonizing tears that ever visited my eyes. When a man weeps it is agony. It was only by a mighty effort that I stifled the moans which would issue from my breast, which rose and fell with the tumultuous sobs of bitter grief and pain.

After a time the paroxysm subsided, and I leaned back in my chair and gazed vacantly at the case containing my chemical reagents. My eye fell upon the words "Cyanid of Potassium." The careful man who had put it up had marked it "Poison" in large letters on the corner of the label. Cyanid of Potassium. A swift poison. I remembered once reading of a man accidentally taking a little of it, dissolved in water, by mistake for some simple medicine. He did not live to set the glass down upon the table, but fell dead as if struck by lightning. Fell dead, without a struggle. Suppose that he had taken it on purpose, it would have had the same effect. Well, what of that? Who wanted to die so suddenly, and perhaps not be found for days, his room was so high up in the great building? Who was it that was fascinated by the word "Poison," and sat gazing upon it as if it were the finger-post which pointed the way out of a wretched world, where strong men full of youth and energy were starving? Surely it was not I? Let me see how the deadly salt will look when it is dissolved in water and made just fit to swallow. My limbs grow stronger. I manage to reach the case and take the vial in my hand, and, half-delirious, I turn toward the water-jar, which, with my only tumbler, stands near the door.

Heaven is merciful, for as I turn the door opens and a man enters. Guiltily I stand before my fellow-mortal, the poison in my hand, too much excited to say one word.

"Don't be skeered, Professor, I ain't goin' to eat you," said the man, in a rough, good-natured way. "I may be hard lookin', but who wouldn't after comin' all the ways from Pike's Peak with only one suit of clothes."

He was hard looking indeed. His hair was tangled and matted about his neck, his beard as brown and sunburnt as his face, and his dress of outlandish cut and soiled with the dust of long and painful travel. Altogether as unprepossessing a man as one could imagine, but to me he was an Apollo. He had saved me from that which kills soul and body, and the mere sight of his face gave me a thread of hope to cling to. I motioned him to a seat, and taking my own demanded his business, in shaking tones.

"Wa'al, Professor, you see I've brought some ores from Pike's Peak and I want you to look 'em over for me. Here they are," putting his hand into his breast and bringing out a small bag. I looked at the samples and saw that they were rich in silver.

"How much for the job?" queried the man. "I want to know how much silver, and copper, and gold there is in 'em, and don't mind payin' thirty dollars for the thing, and five dollars better if it is goin' to give you much trouble."

Thirty dollars! I could hardly believe my ears. I signed to him that the payment was ample, and he then drew forth a bundle of bills and paid fifteen dollars upon the desk.

"You see, Professor," he remarked, in explanation, "we are strangers, so I'll just pay this over as earnest money; and now, Professor, as you seem sociable like"—I had hardly spoken three words to him yet—"perhaps you will let me smoke a pipe. I've been travelin' so fast that I couldn't keep my pipe alight."

I said that I had no objection, and with that he produced the biggest and ugliest pipe I ever saw and began to fire it. I asked him if he would keep shop for me for a moment, and he willingly assented, seeming proud to be left in charge of my laboratory.

I managed to crawl down stairs and enter a restaurant, the waiter coming forward to help me to a chair, I was so feeble. I ordered dinner enough for a dozen, but could not eat. My system was for the time out of tone, and I was obliged to ask for some beef soup to help it back again. But my heart was beating healthfully again, and hope was assisting me to rise.

When I returned to my office I found the Pike's Peak miner enjoying himself hugely, and looking at the various strange instruments that he saw about him with curious eyes. Clouds of smoke issued from his great cavern of a mouth, and curled upward to the ceiling; and in my eyes they seemed to surround his shaggy head like the halo which in old paintings surrounds the head of angels.

How I husbanded that thirty dollars, and how long I lived upon it, I do not care to tell. Enough to say that not a penny of it was spent except for food. As for clothing, I should as soon thought of buying up the Central Railroad. My wardrobe had long ago begun to show signs of distress; and one unlucky day a rent made its appearance in a noticeable part of my nether garments. This must be repaired by my own hands. Retiring behind the screen, and in my agitation forgetting to lock the door, I divested myself of the garment in question and began operations. While thus engaged, and in no presentable condition, I heard the door of my office open; then there were voices in eager conversation; then some one sat down in my creaking chair; then I heard the sound of a woman weeping hysterically, and a child's voice, which I knew, in a comforting tone:

"Don't cry, Marie, he'll be back in a minute."

Marie! Could it be possible? I was dressed in a moment, and stepped from behind the screen.

In the same chair where, not many weeks before, I had bowed my head upon my hands and wept in bitter misery and despair, a young girl was seated, her face hidden in her hands, her head bent forward upon my desk, and her tears falling where mine had fallen. Poor as I was I doubt whether the richest man ever felt so rich as I did at that moment. I went to her side, and, not minding Nettie, put my arms around her, drew her head upon my breast and tried to comfort her.

"Oh, Max, will you ever forgive me for coming here? They said that you were in distress, and I didn't stop to think of any thing else."

I could forgive her from my heart, and told her so. Presently, when we were calmer, I told her how I had struggled and suffered, and Marie then suggested that I ought to go about among the men of business and let them know where I was, and try to get business in that way.

Her suggestion about seeking business was not lost upon me. The spring trade had begun, and commodities of all kinds were moving, and when I put myself in the way of those who dealt in them, I found that I could live by my profession. Before the summer was over I had quite a regular run of custom; and happening to attract the notice of a firm which was about to enter into the manufacture of a new commercial article which called for chemical knowledge in its preparation, I entered into agreement with them to superintend their works for a salary large enough to make me independent.

The year was gone and another summer had come before I felt that I might come forward and claim my wife. There was a look of resignation in Mrs. Le Blanc's face when I again stood before her. There had been a battle, and Mr. Le Blanc having gone over to Marie's side she had been vanquished. Knowing that she never would value me beyond that value which cash confers, I did not try to propitiate her good opinion, but bestowed my attention where it was deserved, vowing that I would cherish the heart that had befriended me in trouble and cared for me in adversity; and I must have kept my promise, because Marie declares that I am not only the best of husbands but the wisest of men.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

ONCE more Old Time unbars the silent tomb,
In the Past Land where his dead Years are lying,
All side by side, amid the eternal gloom;
For now his last-born in the night is dying.

He bids adieu the solemn, dark-robed Hours,
That, one by one, glide by his snowy bed—
And now the great bells from a thousand towers
Chant out his requiem—for the Year is dead.

But lo! a new-born cherub hovering near,
Whose wings shall sweep the starry circle through,
For the death-struggles of the passing Year
Were still the birth-pangs of the coming new.

Now Janus wears a smiling face before,
Yet backward looks a sad, a long adieu;
From the same fountain doth Aquarius pour
Tears for the old, libations to the new.

Time buries his dead, and from the tomb comes forth,
Rolls to the stone, and writes above the door
Another epitaph, that all the earth
Shall read and ponder through the evermore.

There is the story of the by-gone Years,
Their joys and sorrows, and their love and hate;
And there the lachrymals of bitter tears
Stand full, forever, by the frowning gate.

There hang the scutcheons of departed nations;
There glows the red page of their growth and strife;
There lie the ashes of the dead creations—
A world, or state, a creed, or mortal life.

And all the legends on those stony pages
Shall grow to oracles in coming days;
And unborn minstrels, in the unborn ages,
Shall tell them over in their sounding lays.

Then write no record of our woe and crime;
Let no dirge drown the pæan of that day;
"What I have written," cries the voice of Time,
"That I have written, and it stands for aye."

There is no resurrection of the past—
Its ghost may haunt thee, but it lives no more;
Yet mourn it not—for you the future vast,
The eternal future, stretches on before.

Take then the book of fate into thine hand,
And for the New Year write the great decree;
And what thou writest shall forever stand;
And what thou willest that the end shall be.

IN HOSPITAL AFTER STONE RIVER.

THERE was scarcely more than an hour of sunshine left on that Wednesday, the fearful first day at Stone River, when the driver assisted me out of the ambulance and gave me in charge of the attendants at the field hospital of the Ninetieth Ohio. The large, square-made hospital tent was already becoming crowded, some of its inmates evidently new-comers like myself. At the further end one of the surgeons was busily at work bandaging a ghastly wound in the arm of a poor wretch, the sleeve of whose blouse, cut away at the shoulder and all matted and stiff with gore, was lying on the ground beside him. One of the attendants, with both sleeves rolled up to the elbows, had just set down a basin of darkly-colored water and was assisting the surgeon in securing the bandage. Another of the wounded sat on the ground a little behind the group, waiting with mute patience for his turn to come next. Close by, and down upon one knee, was the chaplain, with a memorandum-book and pencil, taking the sufferers' names with the commands to which they respectively belonged, and the home address of the friends of each. Not in vain, I thought, was even this last care, for it could scarcely be very long before sad occasion to improve it would be given by some of our number.

The surgeon was soon ready for me, and proceeded to examine the wound with evident care and interest.

"A very narrow escape, young man," he said, at length. "Hardly one in a hundred would ever have lived to leave the field with such a wound as that. Do you see, chaplain? Right through the base of the neck and behind the right clavicle, which it has evidently struck and fractured just here, and then glancing upward seems to have shattered the acromius. How the trachea escaped without most serious injury I can not see; and it is a perfect marvel that the subclavian artery here was not severed, and that, you know, away from surgical appliances, must have been certain death. Young man, you are singularly fortunate."

Doubtless he spoke the truth. But who that is at all conversant with army surgery does not know the manifold perils—the horrors of secondary hemorrhage, the fearful exhaustion produced by suppuration, and the many other possibilities quite as imminent and dangerous, which lurk in the future of a gunshot wound?

"A bad wound, doctor, I know; but if I do well, *very* well, is it possible for me to get through?"

I watched closely the expression of his features, while he seemed to be considering a moment for a reply.

"If you were at home"—he said it gravely and with a sort of measured emphasis—"If you were at home, I should not hesitate to say, yes; but here in an army hospital, you know, the case is different. It is more than I should like to promise."

Little enough, surely, to hope for from these words, and yet my heart thanked him as truly as did my tongue for their honest, manly candor.

The wound was soon dressed, though skillfully and carefully; then a few fresh bundles of corn-blades were brought in, the spoil doubtless of a barn at no great distance; and on the bed that they made when shook up in one corner I sat down with a weary contentedness to find only quiet and rest. A little later one or two more of the morning's wounded came in and received the ready care of the surgeon, who seemed still unwearied so long as there was suffering to alleviate, although many hours of continuous labor had afforded him no respite, even so much as to take a mouthful of food.

Sunshine presently disappeared, and looking blankly out through the half-open door, toward the southwestern horizon, I could see the crimson flush of the sunset fading away into the dim glimmer of twilight, and then darkness came and covered away all.

There had been little sustained firing off on the battle-field for an hour or more; only at quick intervals a few rapid rounds of artillery, expressive apparently of exasperation and defiance rather than any earnest work, dying away always into the irregular, dropping fire of distant musketry. It was quite dark, however, before the sounds of battle had quite ceased. Even through the night there continued to come the clear, startling ring of quick-repeated rifle-shots, assuring that worn and anxious army of ours of the vigilance of its outposts, and confirming the enemy's unwilling conviction that, though it had been taken at fearful disadvantage, forced back in part for miles, and scattered apparently in fragmentary confusion, the Army of the Cumberland was yet unbroken in organization and in spirit defiant as ever.

About dusk our suppers were brought in—a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and the wearied attendants beginning soon after to seek their blankets and lie down beside the fire just without the tent door, only the two whose watch was in the early half of the night were presently remaining. It was unusually warm for the season, as indeed had been the weather for several days past; but the glow of heat that the little stove at my feet gave out was nevertheless quite grateful, though requiring the removal to the opposite end of the tent of the flickering candle which, upheld in the socket of a bayonet stuck into the ground, threw a dim, yellow light over all.

A quieter night than I had anticipated; yet I could not sleep. Home, with all its memories and associations, the cause that I had so loved and in my humble way had served even unto this last, the Past, the trembling Present, the unknown To Be that seemed so near! How could the body sleep, even had it been at ease, when in the soul echoed the unresting march

of thoughts so real and solemn? So the night wore on—in thinking, waiting, wondering, in weariness and pain. The old year was passing away. We were dying together.

It seemed hard so to die—by suffocation, I thought, from internal hemorrhage that was slowly filling my lungs with blood. Respiration was almost impossible, except in a sitting posture, and propped nearly upright though I was, my breath came only with thick, irregular gasps. How the time in those hours of suffering seemed to lengthen and linger on! But midnight came at length, and then the new year. Toward morning there was a sensible relief of that horrible feeling of suffocation, and I dropped into a brief and broken slumber.

When I awoke day was breaking chill and gloomily. It was Thursday morning, January 1, 1863. How were they spending "Happy New-Year's"—our friends up there in the North? Happily ignorant, of course, of the fateful strife that should yet echo through how many desolated homes, and thrill with what mingling of lofty pride and anguish unutterable how many stricken hearts!

There was an angry exchange of picket-shots when it grew fairly light, and at several different periods throughout the day enough of the sounds of battle were borne from over the open fields and meadows to the southward to prove the strife still undecided; but it was plain that no general engagement was in progress. Once or twice, however, the enemy made demonstrations upon the right of our line, menacing communication with Nashville, that seemed to threaten a transfer of the battle directly to the vicinity of our hospital; and when at one time shells began to drop, crashing into the meadow only a little beyond where our tents were pitched, the possibilities suggested were by no means agreeable. If nothing worse, the prospect of capture at least seemed far from remote, and it tended but little to occasion a feeling of security to know that on the day previous the enemy had made such a dash, and, after holding all the hospitals in this part of the field for half an hour or more, were only repelled by the determined heroism of a body of our cavalry, who reached the ground just in time to prevent most serious disasters. Happily our fears were not destined to be realized; and those contending armies were in the same old sullen attitude of defiance when night came on—dark, raining, wretched. Lying there in that hospital tent, snugly blanketed, and in less of pain than for very many hours, I thought with pity of the comrades out in that bleak storm without fire or shelter—many of them, indeed, destitute of even blankets and food—and the wounded that were still on the field.

For me, the two events of Friday morning were the extraction of the bullet from my shoulder and writing home—this latter the greater work of pain and difficulty.

On the field the day continued wet and raw, giving little promise of any decisive action that should relieve the gloom and suspense that rested on the hearts of all. The surgeon, however, coming into the tent soon after dinner, we were told that heavy fighting was almost certain to occur before nightfall. An aid-de-camp of General Rosecrans had described the whole plot for victimizing the rebel commander, and giving him a terrible punishment in return for the blow he had dealt us two days before. It was a cunning scheme to impose upon confiding innocence. Our artillery had been massed and planted in most splendid position, with a suitable disposition of infantry to complete the work marked out, and a feebly-supported battery was now to be pushed far to the front, to begin a vigorous persecution of the rebel line opposite. Such an audacity on the part of an enemy beaten two days before, and ever since acting most strictly on the defensive, would certainly prove an insufferable indignity; a merited chastisement would be prepared for the offenders, a grand swoop would be made for the naughty artillerists, and—every loyal heart that has thrilled to that magnificent episode in the story of Stone River knows the remainder.

As the afternoon wore on we waited anxiously for the tokens of opening battle; but for hours the quiet of the field continued undisturbed, except by the desultory skirmishing usual to hostile picket-lines in such proximity. Late in the day, however, a brisk cannonade sprang up, distinct, uniform, sustained; but becoming by degrees more rapid and irregular. Presently a wild, prolonged, tumultuous shout, which, as I sat there listening breathlessly, seemed to be drawing momentarily nearer, until all at once it was overwhelmed, lost completely, in the outburst of one grand, continuous roll of artillery thunder, laboring between the earth and sky for expanse sufficient to contain its mighty volume. Even at such distance the roar of battle came swelling toward us, burdened with momentous significance of the salvation or the destruction of the Army of the Cumberland, with an appalling sublimity and awfulness beyond all description. Few who were present on that Friday evening at Stone River but will recall the scenes and sounds of this hour as the grandest and most terrific example of the use of field artillery that their experience has ever afforded. It was impossible for such a cannonade to be long maintained, but when it began to subside somewhat the crash of small-arms filled every intermission. Suddenly the battle slackened, while one could count the reports of the artillery shots, but it was only for a few moments. Then a loud, fierce yell of triumph—great swelling waves of sound surging all up and down a lengthened line—as if in that one outburst of passion hopes and fears, voiceless hitherto, and the bitter resolves begotten of long suspense, had all at length found full expression. The hospital attendants were out on the rising slope just before the tent door, and from their exclamations I had gathered that the nearer portions of the battle-field were in distinct view, and through its smoke and apparent confusion they could catch glimpses

of the shifting struggling masses that were contending.

"They are running! See, see! Hurrah!"

The cheer that went up was as much, it seemed, a spontaneous gush of wild enthusiasm as a demonstration of exultant delight, but it thrilled my very soul. The rebel hosts had been beaten; swept away; ground, as it were, into atoms, and the broken remnants, before a grand, sweeping line of charging bayonets, were flying, almost without resistance, across the fields and far beyond their own position of an hour previous. Doubtless, they thought, as the Army of the Cumberland was then thinking, of the Wednesday just past, and well might feel that the avenger of blood was upon them.

The night was already beginning to fall, and half an hour later all was quiet and darkness again. A few of the wounded came in soon after supper; the rest were lying uncared for out in the mire where they had fallen, under the cold rain that was now descending. About ten o'clock a heavy picket firing ran hurriedly along a portion of our line, and continued to quicken for several minutes. Was it a night attack, with all its horrors augmented by the intense darkness and the storm? On such a night it was the last resource of desperation. The firing, however, shortly died away, and only the rumble of long trains of wagons, returning to Nashville for supplies, and the light plash of the rain on the canvas overhead, broke the stillness that had settled on all within our hospital tent.

Saturday morning brought us the glorious particulars of the preceding evening's work; but it was late in the afternoon before I found any one who could relieve my anxiety to know how had fared in the strife the gallant remnant spared from Wednesday's carnage, to rally under the blue banner of the "Guthries"—the token of the Queen City's loving pride in the fame of one of its own favorite regiments.

"Only one was hurt in Company B," he said, "and he was killed. It was your little corporal."

It was too true—shot through the left side: only the quick cry to a comrade, "Oh, John!" and all was over. It was fitting that on the field he had given his life to win he should find his last long resting-place. Sincerer mourners never followed the plumed hearse in all the array of gorgeous woe than the comrades who, in sorrowful, sacred silence, lowered into a soldier's grave all that remained of little Davy. True friend and comrade tried, he sleeps there still.

Two others of our mess had fallen on Wednesday morning, crowning with their lives the utmost sacrifice of human devotion. Six more of that little band of thirteen were lying, wounded and suffering, scattered among the hospitals that lined for a weary distance the roadside to the rear. The Colonel, with a painful flesh-wound since the first day's fight, was yet bravely leading what remained of the regiment; but our Captain, they said, was in Nashville, mortally wounded. He lived only a few days. The circumstances of his death greatly affected me when I heard them narrated, months afterward, by the ward-master, who was with him when he died.

"Much easier," he told the surgeon, who was making his morning rounds; but when the attendants came to dress the wound, as usual, the cause was only too apparent—mortification had begun. A little while he lay quiet, as if sinking drowsily to sleep; then turning upon his side with considerable exertion, he spoke low but distinctly:

"Good-by, Hettie! I am going."

It was the last effort of the departing spirit: he was dead.

Wynne came in about dusk, wet and dripping. The words of greeting were few and quiet enough; but oh how much of satisfied longing and waiting and hoping there was in his presence alone! Roused at midnight by the ominous message, "Wounded severely," he had made a few hurried arrangements; stuffed a haversack with such simple articles as a thoughtful heart might suggest would be useful, and had ridden out from Nashville, through mud and rain and perils not a few from rebel guerrillas, to come to me and begin those unwearied ministrations through which, thank God! I am alive to-night.

The night echoed two or three little spiteful gusts of musketry, but the Sabbath morning broke bright, serene, lovely, with not a shot to disturb its sacred quiet. It was yet early in the forenoon when the glad news came, "Murfreesborough is evacuated. We are in possession."

Victory, victory at last! Wrung, as it were, from the very agony of desperation, where was it ever more nobly won than on the red and stubborn field of Stone River?

The first death in our hospital occurred on the morning following. A tall, stalwart man, stricken down in the strength of manhood, and, after days and nights of tossing agony, passing away at last in a kind of quiet stupor. They carried him out in a few minutes, wrapped in the blanket that covered him when he died; and so, they said, he was buried by the detail whose duty this office was. There were several other deaths within the next fortnight; one of them I thought more shocking than any scene that battle itself had ever presented me.

It was a boy from an Indiana regiment, belonging to my own division, whose fair and open countenance seemed scarcely affected by the exposure of sixteen months in the field. In years he was still young, for he told us one day that he was not yet quite eighteen. His wound was in the neck, the bullet passing quite through, and out behind at the right shoulder, and so injuring the larynx that it was only with difficulty he could speak, even in a whisper. Evidently he was a great sufferer, yet so patient, so uncomplaining to the last. Nearly two weeks had passed since that memorable Wednesday, when one morning he told the nurse, whom he had beckoned to his side, that his wound was growing very painful, and if secondary hemor-

rhage occurred, as was almost certain, he knew that he could not live. He spoke of it with much composure, as if he felt that death was inevitable, and was resolved with what spirit to meet it.

As I sat, supported by ponderous rolls of blankets that the thoughtful care of one of the attendants had procured for me, and awaiting wearily the customary morning rounds of the nurses to whom belonged exclusively the duty of dressing wounds, I could see every motion of the poor fellow on his cot directly opposite. Presently I heard a peculiar strangling cough, and looking toward him I saw the nurse bending over him and raising him into a sitting posture, while the blood gushed in streams from his mouth, his nostrils, and the external wound in his throat. The surgeon was called instantly; but his endeavors, I saw, were hopeless. It was the great carotid artery which had sloughed away. In less than five minutes the nurse was supporting only a drooping corpse.

It was a sickening sight, a horrible death. Wounded in much the same spot, how soon might not the end of earth come so to me? I buried my head in my blankets, and strove to shut the scene away from my vision; but the picture haunted me, and for days and weeks afterward it would come to me at times, all ghastly and crimson, with a vividness and power that made me shudder.

The commander of our corps visited us one day, in the course of a tour through the hospitals, and I remember well the few earnest, manly words that he addressed us, so full of encouragement and real appreciation. The subdued, almost tender, expression of that grave face his command had often remarked; but it never before impressed me as so finely, so nobly in accord with place and circumstance as now. It was but a passing moment, of course, but I am sure there was hardly one pleasanter episode in all our tedious life at that field-hospital than General Crittenden's brief and hurried call.

So the days came and went. The weather was wet and raw, or cold and wintry, almost constantly. The battle grew to be an old story. From the reports that reached us we learned that the army had settled quietly again into the old monotony and routine of camp-life, seldom broken but by the occasional duty of guarding immense wagon-trains to and from Nashville, from which, of necessity, all supplies were thus laboriously transported, until the railroad thence could be reopened. After the second week there were fewer deaths in the field-hospitals. There were fewer inmates, too, from other causes; for most of the wounded could bear removal, and were being forwarded to Nashville as rapidly as possible. From thence, they told us, we were all to be sent directly home.

Home! In that one little word what worlds of happiness and sweet fruition of hope and long desire were stored away, awaiting our enjoyment! Hardly the returning exile, retracing the steps and the scenes of long, long ago, knows to the full *all* that the grand old Saxon monosyllable can mean to the sufferer in an army hospital; and although there may be delight in the burning heart-thrill of the traveler, sated with sight-seeing and novelty,

> "As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand,"

it is faint and pitiful, I have learned to think, compared with the one, wild, soul-full aspiration, the yearnings unutterable, that come with the wounded soldier's thoughts of home.

Ten days after the battle arrivals from the North began to stream in. Individuals, brimming over with congratulations and words of cheer for the fortunate brother, or son, or friend who had happily braved the storm of battle, and was here in his place at the front to tell the story—or who had come to soothe and comfort his sufferings, if he had survived a less fortunate fate—or to perform the last sorrowful task of bereaved affection in the removal of his clay to the quiet grave-yard at home; delegations from cities and States; and Sanitary Commissions, with welcome supplies for the needy, or —without; and once, I remember, there came to see us one wearing upon his breast a little steel plate, having a simple device engraved upon it containing the words "U. S. Christian Commission," with his gray blanket rolled up and slung, soldier-wise, over his shoulder, his haversack and canteen by his side, and a tin cup hanging at his belt.

It was nearly two weeks before my system yielded much to the violence it had suffered. Then came a long, sleepless night of torture; appetite failed next, and spirits and strength, I could daily feel, were deserting me together. At last Wynne contrived my transfer to Nashville. Skillful, kind, and constant had been the care bestowed upon the stranger comrade by those whom now I was leaving; and my feeble thanks, as I tottered out to the ambulance, were but the shadowing forth of a great kindling gratitude that will burn continually so long as spirit retains its consciousness.

The sun was throwing broad, lengthened shadows across the streets of Nashville, and though the day had been rather warm and genial since the sky cleared in the morning, the evening air was freshening chill and wintry when the ambulance stopped before the iron gate of the inclosure of Number Fourteen, and, with a feeling of complete exhaustion that I was loth to recognize, I was lifted out and borne on a stretcher up into a comfortable, airy room in the second story. A kind of sacredness will ever be associated in my mind with the remembrance of that little square room, which now I was not to leave again for more than three long months. It was there that Death drew near and bent over my pillow, so close that I could feel his icy breath upon my cheek, while in mute, ghastly silence we looked steadfastly each in the other's face for weeks together. It was there, too, that the All-Merciful came likewise, encircling my sinking frame within an arm all-

powerful, and spreading about my couch the tokens of a loving-kindness ever new and inexhaustible. God be praised! I was spared to live.

Here I had come among friends. I knew the surgeon and some of the attendants; the ward-master was an old mess-mate of mine, and Wynne could be with me daily. Even the ministry of strangers was ever devoted and tender; more I could not have asked at home.

Resting at last in the cot prepared for me, how grateful seemed the fresh, white sheets, and the soft, ample pillows! and how it enhanced the pleasure, as I read the print upon each, "From the Soldier's Aid Society of the Ladies of Northern Ohio," to recognize in them the tokens that, far removed as duty and distance had made us, yet in the faithful woman's heart there at home we were nearer and dearer than ever.

Spite of care and nursing, weakness continued to gain upon me. Oh, but to reach home! One morning I heard footsteps approaching in the hall without, and the door opened. Wynne entered, and, though I could not turn my head to catch a glimpse of his companion, I knew the whole truth in an instant—it was Ewell who had come to bring me home. It was too much, and I wept like a child. But I was not now to go home. A rebel raid had severed railroad connection with Louisville; and while a fleet of steamboats, one of which would bear me northward, lay waiting at the wharves for the necessary convoy of a gun-boat, the danger that I had feared overtook me.

It was Thursday morning, I recollect, in the first week of February. The night, as usual, had passed wearily and wakeful; but punctually at six o'clock, just as the first gray glimmer of dawn began to steal through the closed shutters, the bugle sounded the reveillé, and the hospital was all life and motion again. In our solitary, detached room, occupied by two wounded officers and another untitled one besides myself, the nurse was bustling about, busy in putting matters in order for the day, when suddenly I felt a peculiar, quick throb—so it seemed—in the right shoulder, and then a warm trickling down the arm. I raised my left hand to my shoulder, and, when I removed it, saw that it was besmeared with blood. Somehow it scarcely startled me—not that I did not know the fearful hazard of secondary hemorrhage—and, calling the nurse, he hastened for the surgeon. He was gone but a little while, but as many moments more and his return would have been only to a white, warm corpse. I remember the sensation as vividly as though its horrors had been but an hour ago. I could feel myself sinking rapidly away; a quiet, painless lethargy was stealing over my brain; fixed upon the wall opposite, my eyes saw objects dim, trembling, spectral; in my ears were strange, unearthly ringings, such as I know not how to liken. Earth was receding—eternity at hand.

"When Wynne comes bid him good-by for me. I am going at last."

The Lieutenant's voice came distinctly, cheerfully:

"Never give up, my boy! You are worth a hundred dead men. We'll save you yet."

The surgeon and nurse entered the room together. I remember closing my eyes with a feeling of utter weariness, and a calm desireless content—nothing more. When I came to my senses again the ward-master was supporting me with his left arm, and with the other hand was emptying a tumbler of raw liquor into my mouth, while the surgeon had just succeeded in stanching the flow of blood with some powerful styptic. A strange, weird sensation, that vague, dreamy return to consciousness. I have marveled at it since with my untutored notions of psychology; but distinctly predominant over all else came first the thought of upbraiding for their cruel cure the forms that were bending over me. Those moments of syncope, when over my soul had rolled the waters of oblivion, I seemed to feel had been a very heaven of delight, and it was pitiful service to recall me thence to life and suffering again.

How shall I describe the days and weeks that followed?—the infantile weakness; the utter prostration of all the powers of mind and body that form the glory and the strength of manhood; the weary days and wakeful nights; the hopeless endurings of pain; the thousand little nameless miseries that nested in my cot, and made it a place of racking torture day and night? Still less, how can I hope to find in words the power to tell all that was lavished upon the helpless wretch of tender care that never wearied, and a devotion which human affection could carry no further? How hope to be able to speak, as fain I would, of the long watchings and ministries incessant, the kindly, cheery words and loving offices of those true, faithful ones about me whose services I know I can never repay?

I began to rally somewhat in a few days, and, when he could stay no longer, Ewell went home one day without me. My heart was full when the farewells came to be said this evening; but, though my eyes were dim with tears, and my voice quavered brokenly, it was not all for that.

My nurse was gifted with an exquisite ear for music, and a voice whose melody and pathos linger in my memory even now; and the influences of taste and cultivation, with a temperament gushing with fine genuine feeling, had improved them both. To-night Desiré—his birth-place was in sunny France, he told us—sat by the grate-fire humming over a few simple airs, in which he was joined by the two officers, who likewise formed part of his charge; and the trio together produced a harmony rather sweet and soothing. At length he broke forth into the "Battle-Cry of Freedom;" and as the others caught up the refrain the notes swelled higher and louder, till time and place seemed well-nigh forgotten. The song was a new one to me then, and *so* sung, it thrilled me inexpressibly. The early days of the war; the grand uprising of the loyal North; the wild,

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burning enthusiasm of those Sumter times; the calm resolves that had left but little then to be decided in the midst of turmoil and excitement; the grand infinitude of principle—of Right, and Truth, and Justice—that was underlying the whole fierce struggle, and had made our Cause one that it was, oh! how noble a thing to have fought and suffered for, and, if need be, yet to die for! Such memories came surging back over my poor, weak, disordered brain, in a wild, sweeping rush of feeling, which I was powerless, utterly, to control.

Day by day the surgeon pronounced me better. By-and-by I grew able, with a little assistance, to totter across the room, and once more hope revived. But the dull red smear that stained the wall right above my cot was a constant reminder of the perils I had not yet passed, and forbade any assurance of absolute safety. The 22d of February drew near, whereon the mottled loyalty of Nashville was to be made manifest by divers demonstrative betokenings of the most approved usage. On the night preceding it Wynne and I talked long together, till I persuaded him to relax his vigils so much as to seek a little rest, reclining in a high-backed chair placed at my bedside. I watched him dropping off into a transition doze, and wondered if it was yet midnight. Every thing was so still I could hear the low hissing of the gas jet, though the flame was hidden by a shade dextrously improvised from a folded newspaper, and could note every nibble of a little venturesome mouse gnawing away in the bureau which occupied the nearest corner of the room. Suddenly I felt a warm gushing stream coursing down the breast. I knew its meaning in an instant—arterial hemorrhage from the superior thyroid. I shouted to Wynne, though he wakened at the first sound of my voice. To spring from his chair, to rouse the nurse and dispatch him for the surgeon, to cut away the covering bandages, was the work of no more time than it has taken me to tell it. This time I was alarmed, and the heart, beating fearfully, but poured out its life-current the faster. It was well that appliances were at hand, ready prepared for such an emergency; for my life hung upon a quadruplicate of minutes. I heard Wynne breathing hard and quick; but his hand was steady as he poured on the astringent powder, and held it in place with the thumb, first upon one side; then, when the crimson stream burst forth likewise at the remoter wound, upon both. He succeeded.

"Thank God, I've saved you!" And the surgeon, hurrying in a minute later, found a bed all dabbled and soaking with blood, and in it, bolstered half-upright, a pale statue-like wretch, but living and suffering still.

But my story grows wearisome. Again strength slowly returned; but weeks afterward gangrene threatened, and then the endurance of physical nature seemed exhausted. The bitterness, the despair, the desperation of that period, I may never attempt to make known to another.

Desiré had returned to the field a fortnight before. Not long since I saw his name in a daily newspaper: it was heading a list of the killed from the Nineteenth Illinois upon the Chicamauga. I read it with a pang of genuine sorrow, and within me another voice arose, crying for "vengeance!"

The spring smiled in due season, and new life, and strength, and hope came with it. Out through the window I could see the sunshine resting lovingly upon all external nature, and bathing every object in mellow, liquid splendor. Sometimes I fancied that I could feel the zephyrs sporting about the room; and from the great, glad, free outdoors came the carol of birds—the robin's warbling gush of song, the twitter of swallows, and the chirpings of house-martens as they fluttered about the eaves. One Sabbath morning my nurse brought me in a fresh, green bough, the earliest leafage of the spring; and when the flowers began to bloom the little table at my bedside was beauteous and fragrant with their deckings-forth, renewed constantly by fair hands, that did the service of kind and loyal hearts even in Nashville.

Oh! only to get back to that brave world of life, and joy, and beauty again! The time came at last, and home and friends were won once more.

Truly it was a marvelous deliverance, and now I often wonder why it was so signally vouchsafed to me, when others, happier and more useful far, by dangers less and more remote, perished on every side.

The Past already grows distant and dreamlike; but I can never forget the scenes and sufferings, or the devotion and the care of friends, which have consecrated the memory of those times in my soul that together make up the recollections of my experience "in hospital after Stone River."

THE LOST TREASURE.

INGENIOUS persons have tried to solve the problem of what becomes of all the pins; and these lost trifles are traced from hand to hand, in the vain effort to discover at what point they disappear from human vision. But the treasure whose loss we are describing vanishes more mysteriously from view; and, unlike the estrays which have accomplished their mission and can not be restored to usefulness, it disappears from sight while its value remains intact and its estimation undiminished. Asia, where the sod closed above the first recorded grave, is the burial-ground of these missing riches. The large shipments of the precious metals to the East Indies, and to countries bordering on the Indian Ocean, have attracted much attention, but few are aware of the magnitude of the glittering current. It occurred to us that an interesting account might be given of the rise and progress of this stream of wealth, and we have

been searching all convenient historical records for that purpose. But in tracing the history backward we have sought in vain for the initial chapter. Through all the record of Spanish greatness or Dutch enterprise there runs the same tale of the Indian trade. Turning to the debates in the Roman Senate, we find the noble Senators declaiming against the effeminacy which furnished a market for silks, cashmeres, carpets, aromatics, and precious stones from India, and drained the life-blood of the country by carrying away the specie in return. The caravans came in steady procession from the East, laden with the products of Indian looms, or the spices and other dainties of Oriental climes, and carried back the shining currency for which alone the luxuries could be purchased. The ships that cruised the Mediterranean found their richest freight in this traffic, but their record was the same: the return voyage took back little of value besides the coin or bullion.

The elder Pliny, who was born A.D. 23, in his *Historia Naturalis* (12, 18), computes the annual loss of silver to the Roman Empire through this India trade at four million dollars, which was an immense sum in that early time. There are hints of the same facts in other parts of his collection, drawn from earlier records known in his day, but now lost to us, which carry us back several hundred years further, until the darkness of the olden time settles upon the way, and we can follow the clew no longer. Enough is known, however, to show that for over two thousand years the stream has flowed in that one direction, with only occasional return-currents, not enough in all to pay a trifling annual interest on the immense capital sent to that vast reservoir.

We have spoken of both the metals, but silver was the favorite in most parts of Asia, and always had the preference from the remotest antiquity. Pliny describes the loss to the empire as chiefly in silver; but this for a while was relative, and not absolute. Both silver and gold accumulated in the empire until long after the reign of Constantine; but the latter metal gained on the former (although silver was produced in much the larger quantity), simply in consequence of this Eastern traffic. This preference for silver was also confirmed in later years by the action of the authorities. In 1830 the British East India revenues were required wholly in silver, and as a consequence the shipments of specie have since consisted chiefly of that metal. Long before the gold discoveries in California the relative value of silver had increased both in this country and Europe, owing to this drainage. In the United States even the fractional currency had been gathered up for export, and Congress was forced to pass an act reducing the weight of the silver coin about seven per cent., in order to prevent its conversion into bullion for shipment. More recently, attracted by the high exchange paid for this metal, the hoards of silver on the European Continent have been given up in return for gold, and these gathered riches have been added to the stream running Eastward.

We have avoided, as far as possible, the use of statistics, because these are unattractive to the general reader; but it may not be amiss to recall a few particulars, to show the magnitude of this movement in our time. For the twenty-five years ending with 1860 there had been shipped from Europe to India in silver coin and bullion five hundred and fifty million dollars, of which only ninety-two millions had been re-exported. And this movement has been constantly accelerated. From 1835 to 1840 the average was nine millions per annum, while from 1855 to 1860 it had increased to an average of forty-three millions per annum. Since that date the average has been still larger, the total for the first six months of 1863 having been £7,710,696, or, in round numbers, about forty million dollars; while, as we write, the tide is constantly swelling to still larger dimensions.

The reader who has followed this narrative thus far will have anticipated us in the question, What becomes of this immense supply of the world's treasure? Into what treasuries is it poured for preservation? Where are the glittering hoards garnered? The answer is not the least interesting portion of the history, and may be summed in a single word—LOST! It is true that large amounts are made into ornaments, such as sword-hilts, buckles, clasps, mountings for all kinds of weapons, trimmings and decorations for housings, household and other implements, and articles for state pageants; and also used for personal attire and adornment. Another considerable portion is consumed for idol worship and the thousands of symbols connected with the prevailing superstitions. There have also been, from time to time, successful invasions of the East, when a portion of the bullion has been seized and carried away. But this will account for only a tithe of the vast treasure. It will be noticed that out of the silver shipments from Europe for only twenty-five years, over four hundred and fifty million dollars remained unaccounted for in any return or reshipment; and when it is remembered that this stream has been flowing in that direction, with slight intermissions, for over two thousand years, we may gain some idea of the treasure thus lost to the trade and commerce of the world.

For the most of it is absolutely lost, as far as any visible trace of it is concerned; and the accumulated hoards in the country appear to have gained little by the constant accession. The solution of this mystery has puzzled all classes of political economists. Even though it had become worthless in its present form, so large a material substance ought not to sink out of sight and leave no record of its existence. The track of the precious metals is in all other countries easily followed; but in India the magnitude of this loss has appeared to stupefy most observers, and they have simply looked on in astonishment, as if the subject were beyond their grasp.

Three years ago a writer for one of our daily

commercial newspapers hit upon the solution of the mystery, and subsequent examinations have served to confirm his theory. The missing treasure is absolutely lost in the earth, *i. e.*, buried. The disposition to hide accumulated coin or bullion in the ground has been common in all ages, and has not been confined to barbarous countries. Those who have read the diary of Samuel Pepys, who rose to be First Lord of the British Admiralty two hundred years ago, will find in him a type of the race. Notwithstanding the boasted stability of British institutions, this distinguished man was accustomed to make his deposit in a bank of earth. Whenever there was a plague or a panic, a foray, or a fire, or any unusual disturbance of the body politic, down went his hoarded treasures into the ground. We do not remember how often he buried his specie and plate in his garden or cellar, but he records frequent instances of this sort; and on several occasions, after the ruins of a fire covered the place of deposit, he extracted it triumphantly from its secure resting-place, uninjured in his model safe. This is the key to the Indian mystery.

There are many reasons for such a course in India. The tenure of acquired property has for ages been very insecure. The strong arm, from generation to generation, in many countries, has been the only law. Places of deposit, had they been provided, would only have tempted the marauder or the exacting chief; but there were no strong boxes for this purpose. The migratory character of the people prevented any great use of vaults and treasure-houses, except to the higher classes; and even their treasure was generally hidden rather than guarded. With a large portion of the population silver, gold, and precious stones constituted all their wealth; and this must be buried to be preserved. The unsettled state of the country, the irregular habits of the people, the long and devastating wars, the fearful epidemics, such as plague and cholera, which swept away thousands in a few hours, and the general torpor which precedes death by more lingering diseases in Oriental climes, would abundantly account for this method of concealing the hoards and for the impossibility of restoring the hidden deposits.

But there is another reason for this use of treasure, growing out of the religious superstitions of the people. It is a common belief in India that treasure which has been buried, and is undiscovered, will be available in some way to its owner after death. Even where this forms no part of the avowed creed it is secretly cherished, and acted upon in a thousand cases where the motive is not openly avowed. The Indians of our own country, it is well known, clung to this belief with great tenacity; and even after they had accepted many of the tenets of the Christian faith, were still wont to collect in or about the graves of their dead such weapons, or other personal possessions of the departed, as they supposed would be of use in the spirit-land. In the East a kindred belief is widely prevalent, and a large majority of the common people are persuaded that buried treasure, whose hiding-place is known only to themselves, will be turned to their account, by some process, after they have departed this life. Thus they have a double motive for this concealment—security of the hoard in this life, and availability in the life to come. That this is the true explanation of the old mystery may also be proved by the fact, recorded in numberless instances, that persons known to have accumulated hoards of silver and precious stones have been seized and examined with no discovery of the wealth which, but a little time previous, had been actually seen in their possession. Even torture will not wring from an Oriental the secret he has thus guarded.

The remedy for this enormous waste of treasure can only be provided by advancing civilization and a change in the habits of the people. Property in houses and cultivated fields must take the place of hidden bullion. The location of families in a fixed spot, and the secure transmission of inherited wealth, will aid its preservation. Banks of deposit will attract the accumulations of the more enlightened, and slowly, but surely, the masses may be induced to give up their nomadic traditions. It will be a long time, however, before the change in this direction will be sufficient to cure the evil. The quickest method of checking it will be found in the creation of artificial wants, which will attract imports, and relieve the owners of their hoarded wealth. A general demand from the people for foreign manufactured goods, wares, and merchandise, would not only arrest the tide of bullion now going to pay for Indian products, but would draw out and regather the shining hoards for the uses of commerce.

There never was a time when such a substitution was more needed. Silver is scarce, and its collection is difficult. The attempt to substitute gold, favored as it has been more recently by British policy, has been only partially successful; and even thus far has only contributed to eke out the deficiency of silver. For the first six months of 1863 Europe sent only sixteen million dollars of gold along with nearly forty millions of silver. The debt to India has been piling up, until it has assumed unwonted dimensions. The rapid rise in all Eastern products has swelled it enormously; and the great increase in cotton brought from thence with its value many-fold greater because of the short supply here, has enhanced the account to be settled. In 1862 the value of cotton brought to England from India and Egypt, chiefly from the former, was beyond all precedent, but the increase in 1863 has been still greater. For the first seven months of 1862 the value which reached England was about thirty million dollars; for the corresponding period of 1863 it was nearly eighty million dollars. How to pay for this and other Eastern produce without draining Europe of its bullion has been the problem which disturbed the financiers during the later months of the year. They have not the silver

to spare, and even if they had, it is not desirable to pour the needed treasure into that bottomless reservoir, whence it is never to reappear.

The prices of most India products have been increasing for over two years, but the great addition to the quantity imported during the last twelve months, and the fact that other large shipments are now on the way, have at last given Europe the alarm. France began the provision first by drawing on London, and the strife led to a speedy advance in rates of interest in both countries, with a view of checking the outflow of bullion. The Bank of England had been discounting largely at four per cent. when the excitement began; the charge was advanced to five per cent. on Monday, and to six per cent. on Thursday, making a rise of fifty per cent. in the rate of interest during a single week. This was exceeded a little later in Paris, where the rate was raised to seven per cent., with a very stringent market. Capitalists in London have been urging the propriety of checking the shipments of bullion by the sale of bills on India, payable out of the funds accumulated there to the credit of the Government. These funds, it is said, amount to over eighty million dollars, and their timely disbursement, in payment of exchange drawn in England, would relieve the pressure now so severely felt among the mercantile classes of Europe. Such an expedient, however, would be only temporary, and it is far better that the bullion should be sent to meet the debt rather than to postpone payment. The high rates of interest will attract capital to the money centres, and tend to fill up the depleted resources of the Banks of England and France.

The timid reader need not be led by these statements to hoard his coin for fear that the annual loss in India will drain the world of its specie, and leave him only its paper representative. The annual production is much larger than the absolute loss, however highly the latter may be estimated. Up to the discovery of the gold fields in California the relative product and waste had been stationary, or nearly so, for several years. That discovery gave a new impetus to gold-mining the world over. Up to 1848 the entire gold product of this country deposited in the various mints, from their first establishment in 1793, a period of fifty-five years, amounted to less than twenty million dollars; while thirteen years later—that is, on June 30, 1862, the deposits of domestic gold had reached the enormous amount of $554,506,002, of which five hundred and twenty-eight millions came from California. The gold-fields in Australia were first worked in 1851, in which year the returns at Victoria were 145,146 ozs.; in 1852 they reached 1,974,975 ozs.; 1853, 2,497,723 ozs.; 1854, 2,144,699 ozs.; 1855, 2,576,745 ozs.; 1856, 3,003,811 ozs.; 1857, 2,729,655 ozs.; and the yield has since increased upon this ratio, with slight fluctuations from year to year. At eighty shillings the ounce, which is the usual estimate in the British returns, the production of gold recorded at Victoria since 1851 would amount to six hundred and thirty million dollars. The returns from New South Wales have been more irregular. The largest year on our record gave $18,000,880 as the product; but this is above the average. The total yield of gold from Australia has exceeded one hundred million dollars in a single year; but this is above the present production.

The yield in California and Oregon, in Utah, Arizona, Nebraska, New Mexico, Nevada, and other domestic gold-fields, has been over eighty millions in a year; while the British territories and our more Southern neighbors have added to the list. In Canada very rich fields have recently been discovered, which bid fair to rival the most celebrated districts on the Pacific. In 1857 a table was compiled for the Secretary of the United States Treasury, giving the total product of gold and silver throughout the world for the previous year, from the most authentic data at hand. It is here reproduced, as the original is not published in an accessible form:

PRODUCTION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN 1856.

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
America....	$87,114,858	$29,986,316	$117,101,174
Europe	23,296,616	8,682,439	31,979,055
Asia.....	19,865,349	5,214,876	25,080,225
Africa	5,000,000	....	5,000,000
Australia ...	102,087,144	....	102,087,144
Total...	$237,363,967	$43,883,631	$281,247,598

The enormous addition to the stock of gold cheapened it so much in proportion to silver that the production of the latter has been greatly stimulated, and for the last five years has rapidly increased. The inventions of new facilities for separating ores, which resulted from the large demand for them from California and Australia, also added to the annual product of silver, by enabling the owners of mines which had ceased to be profitable to reopen them at a reduced expense. The present annual yield of gold and silver throughout the world is not much less than three hundred million dollars—a sum which would have been deemed fabulous in prophecy twenty years ago. If any reader is disposed to question this estimate, he may fall back upon the fact that since the discovery of the golden sands in California in 1848, and in Australia in 1851, these two countries have actually sent to market, outside of their own limits, of their golden product, fourteen hundred and thirty million dollars that have been weighed over the counter!

How much of the precious metals are worked into the arts, lost by abrasion, or otherwise used and wasted—besides the heavy loss in India—can not be given with accuracy; but enough is known to show that the stock remaining to the world in coin and bullion is largely increased each year, while the production is gaining, and new fields are daily added to the list. The importance of the drain to satisfy the insatiable appetite of India, is found in the fact that it is in silver, the metal which civilized nations are least disposed to spare; and also because the flow sinks in Eastern sands, and is lost to the world.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Thirty-eighth Congress of the United States convened on Monday, December 7. In the Senate some opposition was made to the admission of Messrs. Willey and Van Winkle, sent from West Virginia; but on a test vote, 36 ayes to 5 nays, their claim was recognized, and the oath of office administered to them.——In the House a brief discussion arose as to the right of some members whose names were omitted by Mr. Etheridge, the Clerk of the late Congress, in calling the roll, on the ground of some alleged informality in the wording of their credentials. They were, however, admitted to seats, and the House proceeded to the election of Speaker. There were present 181 Representatives, 92 votes being necessary to a choice. Upon the first ballot Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Administration, received 101, and was elected. The votes of the Opposition were scattered, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, receiving 52, the highest number, and Mr. Stiles, of Pennsylvania, the lowest, being the solitary vote of the Hon. Benjamin Wood, of New York. The organization of the House was completed by the election of Mr. M'Pherson, of Pennsylvania, as Clerk, and Mr. Ordway, of New Hampshire, as Sergeant-at-Arms. These votes show that the Administration has in the House a clear majority of about 20 over the various shades of the Opposition.

The President's Message, which was sent in on the 9th, is brief and emphatic, leaving the general details of affairs to be set forth in the Reports of the Heads of the Departments. Our foreign relations are eminently satisfactory. The British Government, as was justly expected, have exercised their authority to prevent the departure of new hostile expeditions from their ports. The Emperor of France has, by a like proceeding, promptly vindicated the neutrality which he proclaimed at the beginning of the contest.—Foreigners have in some cases become naturalized merely to avoid the duties imposed by the laws of their own countries, and then returning, claim the protection of this Government. The President suggests that it will be advisable to fix a limit beyond which no citizen of the United States residing abroad can claim the interposition of his Government.—It is urged that the fact of having voted shall be made by law an estoppel against any plea of exemption from military service, or other civil obligation, on the ground of alienage.

The financial condition of the country is favorable. The entire nominal receipts of the Treasury were $901,125,674, the disbursement $895,796,630. Of the receipts $69,059,642 came from customs, $37,640,787 from direct tax, $776,682,361 from loans, and the remainder from miscellaneous sources. But of these sums $181,086,635, both in payments and receipts, was merely nominal, money having been borrowed to pay funded and temporary debt to this amount. It was merely a transfer of debt from one account to another. Deducting this sum from both sides, the actual receipts were $720,039,039, and the actual expenditures $714,709,995—leaving a balance of $5,329,044.

Our navy now consists of 588 vessels, completed, or in course of completion; of these 75 are iron-clad or armored steamers. Our armored vessels are believed to exceed in force and number those of any other power. They are reliable for harbor and coast defense; but others of greater strength and capacity will be required to maintain our rightful position on the ocean.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion 100,000 are in the service of the United States—half of them in the ranks. So far as tested they are as good soldiers as any.—In respect to the slaves and their future status, the message contains this emphatic paragraph:

> The laws and proclamations [respecting slavery] were enacted and put forth for the purpose of aiding in the suppression of the rebellion. To give them their fullest effect there had to be a pledge for their maintenance. In my judgment they have aided, and will further aid, the cause for which they were intended. To abandon them now would be not only to relinquish a lever of power, but would also be a cruel and an astounding breach of faith. I may add at this point, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the emancipation proclamation; nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.

The most important portion of the Message is the Proclamation of Amnesty, the leading paragraphs of which we give textually. After reciting that the Constitution empowers the President to grant reprieves and pardons; that a rebellion has long existed, and that laws have been passed and proclamations issued confiscating property and liberating slaves; and that now many persons engaged in the rebellion are desirous of returning to their allegiance, the Proclamation proceeds:

> I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have, directly or by implication, participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and in property cases where rights of third parties shall have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate; and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit:
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> "I do solemnly swear, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God."
>
> The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are, or shall have been, civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion; all who are, or shall have been, military or naval officers of said so-called Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army or of lieutenant in the navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion; all who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States, and afterward aided the rebellion; and all who have engaged in any way in treating colored persons, or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war, and which persons may have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity.
>
> And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever, in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina, a number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of the year of

our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of Government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the Legislature or the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), against domestic violence."

The Proclamation goes on to say that any provision which may be adopted by any State Government in relation to the freed people, which shall recognize their permanent freedom, and yet make proper arrangements for their present condition, will not be objected to by the Executive; that in constructing loyal State Governments, the former codes of laws should be changed as little as possible; that the Proclamation so far as relates to State Governments has no reference to States where loyal governments have been maintained; and that while it presents the best mode that the President can now suggest, it is not to be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Our record closing upon the 9th of December, we are compelled to defer to the next number a resumé of the state of the nation as embodied in the official reports of the Heads of the Departments.

The Army of the Potomac has made another brief advance across the Rappahannock and has returned again to its old position on the north bank of that river. If the object of this movement was to occupy the army of Lee so as to prevent further reinforcements from being sent to the vital points in Tennessee it was successful; if the design was to give a decisive battle in Virginia or to advance upon Richmond, it was a failure. The general movement was commenced on the 7th of November, when two corps under Generals Sedgwick and French crossed the Rappahannock at different points in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. Near Rappahannock Station, upon the north side of the river Sedgwick fell apparently by surprise upon a detachment of the enemy strongly posted; after a short but sharp action these were driven from their intrenchments, and being unable to cross the river were captured. Besides the killed and wounded, about 2000 prisoners were taken, our loss in killed and wounded being about 300. General French at the same time fell upon a body of the enemy at Kelley's Ford, a little lower down, and routed them, making prisoners of about 400, himself losing in the action about 70 killed and wounded. The main body of the enemy then fell across the Rapidan, and a series of skirmishes between outposts and bodies of cavalry ensued during the next fortnight. At length between the 25th and the 27th the army severing its communications with Washington crossed the Rapidan in three columns, without very serious opposition, the enemy after some skirmishing falling back to positions which they had strongly fortified in "the Wilderness" in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville where Hooker's battle had been fought. No official details of the proceedings of the ensuing six days have been published, and we have only the partial reports of newspaper correspondents. On the 27th a sharp engagement took place at Locust Grove between the corps of French, Warren, and Sedgwick, and the enemy, who were repulsed and fell back to their intrenchments on Mine Creek. The 28th and the 29th were passed in manœuvring for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy, and gaining, if possible, advantageous positions for an assault upon his lines. At a council of war on the night of the 29th it was determined to make the assault the next day. It was accordingly commenced on our right and centre, and at those points bid fair to be successful, when it was announced from headquarters that the main attack upon the left would not be made, and our troops already engaged were withdrawn, and on the 2d of December our army recrossed the Rapidan. The following is the substance of the "Press dispatches," which having been submitted to Government censorship, may be presumed to be essentially correct: The army crossed on the 26th, and concentrated next day on Mine Run, the enemy being strongly intrenched on the opposite side, in a position too strong to be carried by assault. The nature of the country was such as to prevent extended operations for turning the works, arising especially from the impossibility of keeping up the supplies for our army at such a distance from its dépôts. During and after the partial assault of the 2d General Meade visited the entire line, noting the enemy's strong positions, batteries, and earthworks, and after consultation with his officers deemed it advisable to withdraw to the north side of the Rapidan. This was accomplished without loss of men or munitions. The entire casualties of this expedition, in killed, wounded, and missing, are estimated at about 1000. The loss of the enemy is unknown. Present appearances indicate that the autumn campaign of the Army of the Potomac is concluded, and that it will go into winter-quarters.

During the same week in which this unsuccessful expedition across the Rapidan was carried on, our armies in Tennessee were achieving a most brilliant success. The great army of Grant at and about Chattanooga was in great peril. Its communications were so long and difficult that supplies were scanty and precarious. The brilliant operations of October 27, noted in our last Record, had partially removed this difficulty; but the enemy, contrary to the reports of the time, still held the commanding position of Lookout Mountain. Burnside also, near Knoxville, was for the time completely isolated, and liable to be overwhelmed by a strong advance. Bragg dispatched a heavy body, under Longstreet, to cut off Burnside. On the 14th of November, Longstreet crossed the Tennessee and found Burnside at Lenoir, a few miles southwest of Knoxville. Burnside, opposed by superior forces, fell slowly back, repelling every assault of the enemy, and finally reached Knoxville on the 17th, where he was for a while closely besieged by Longstreet. Here, as at Chattanooga, the question was mainly one of supplies, for Knoxville could be held as long as provisions could be obtained. The fighting was therefore mainly for the purpose of gaining or holding the lines of communication. This went on for something more than two weeks, when news came to Longstreet from Chattanooga which compelled him to raise the siege of Knoxville, and to retreat if he wished to avoid capture himself. Bragg had been routed at Chattanooga by Grant, and Sherman, who had been sent to succor Burnside, had reached Knoxville, his cavalry arriving on the 3d of December, and the main body of reinforcements within a day or two after. Our latest intelligence, coming through Confederate channels, says that Longstreet is retreating to Virginia, followed up by our troops, with what result we are still to learn.

The news from Chattanooga, which must have reached Knoxville, Richmond, and Washington about the same time, was of high import. Probably the best account of the battles near Chattanooga is contained in an official report of Quarter-master-General Meigs, of which we present the essential points. This spirited description furnishes a clear idea of the great series of operations. At half an hour before noon on the 23d of November General Grant ordered a demonstration against Missionary Ridge. The troops formed in order as regularly as though on parade. The enemy, posted five hundred feet above, supposed the movement to be only a review and drill, so regularly was it performed. The line advanced, preceded by skirmishers, and at two o'clock reached the pickets of the enemy, who fell back into their rifle-pits; after them went our skirmishers, along the centre of our line of 25,000 troops which Thomas had quickly displayed. The enemy were fairly surprised in open daylight. At three o'clock Orchard Knob and the lines right and left were in our possession. The next morning at daylight Thomas had 5000 men across the Tennessee, and had commenced the construction of a pontoon bridge about six miles above Chattanooga. A steamer which had been captured from the enemy and brought into service took over 6000 men. By night Thomas had seized the extremity of Missionary Ridge, and was intrenching himself. Howard had opened communication with him from Chattanooga on the south side of the river. There had been skirmishing and cannonading all day on the left and centre. Hooker scaled the slopes of Lookout Mountain, drove out the enemy, captured 2000 prisoners, and established himself on the mountain-side in full view of Chattanooga. This was one of the most brilliant achievements in military history. The day had been misty and rainy, and much of the battle had been fought above the clouds which hid the combatants from the view of those who were watching them from below. The sky cleared up during the night, and on the morning of the 25th the Stars and Stripes were descried on the peak of Lookout. The enemy had evacuated their threatening position, and daylight showed them along the narrow summit of Missionary Ridge, but whether to retreat and raise the siege or to concentrate on our right could not then be known. All that day the cannonade was continued across the valley from Orchard Knob to Missionary Ridge, right over the heads of Grant and Thomas, who, with their staffs, watched the fight from the valley beneath. Our head-quarters were under fire all day long. At last Sherman made a vigorous assault on Bragg's right, strongly intrenched upon a high knob. The crest was gained, and held for a time; but the enemy, bringing up all his reserves, drove us back. But to do this he had weakened himself every where else; this one apparent gain was his ruin. Our whole line was pushed forward; the heights were carried; our troops swarmed up from every quarter, and swept the ridge. Bragg rode off to the rear of his flying columns, while Grant was ascending on the other side. The siege of Chattanooga was raised. Only a few days before Bragg had sent to Grant a flag of truce, advising him to send all non-combatants from Chattanooga. The battle-field of these days extended for six miles along Missionary Ridge, and for quite as many on Lookout Mountain. "Probably," says General Meigs, "not so well-directed and so well-ordered a battle has been delivered during the war. But one assault was repulsed · but that assault, by calling to that point the rebel reserves, prevented them from repulsing any of the others." That the victory was complete and decisive is acknowledged by the enemy; and we are told that Bragg, notwithstanding the constant support of Jefferson Davis, has been "relieved" from his command. Some 6000 prisoners, and about fifty guns captured, are our net gains in this battle, or rather series of battles. Our own losses in killed and wounded are put down at about 4000.

Following the reception of the intelligence from Eastern Tennessee, President Lincoln issued on the 7th of December a recommendation that, "trustworthy information being received that the insurgent force is retreating from East Tennessee, under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces can not hereafter be dislodged from that important position," the people are urged to assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the national cause.

An expedition to Texas has been undertaken from New Orleans by General Banks. Details of this have not come to hand; but a brief dispatch from General Banks, dated November 9, says, "I am in occupation of Brazos Island, Point Isabel, and Brownsville. My most sanguine expectations are more than realized. Every thing is now as favorable as could be desired."

EUROPE.

European affairs are assuming a more critical aspect. Foremost is the Russo-Polish question, which is daily becoming more and more complicated. Russia absolutely refuses to admit of any foreign mediation or intervention, and is making vigorous preparations for war. Cronstadt, the only point where she can be assailed except through Austria and Prussia, has been so strongly fortified as to be pronounced absolutely invulnerable. The speech of the French Emperor at the opening of the Chambers on the 5th of November is significant. After referring to the affairs of Mexico, in respect to which he says, "Our efforts will not have been in vain, and we shall be largely recompensed for our sacrifices when the destiny of that country, which will owe to us its regeneration, shall have been placed in the hands of a Prince whose intelligence and qualifications render him worthy of so noble a mission," he passes to the Polish question. When the insurrection broke out, he says, "The Governments of Russia and France were on the best terms. This good understanding demanded caution, and it has been necessary for me to believe the Polish cause very popular in France, so as not to hesitate to raise my voice in favor of a nation rebellious in the eyes of Russia, but in ours the heirs of a right inscribed in history and in treaties. Nevertheless the question touches upon the most important European interests. It could not be treated singly by France." It was sought to bring the whole weight of European opinion to bear upon Russia. But Russia interpreted this as an intimidation, and it only embittered the conflict. But Europe is not reduced yet to the necessity of war or silence. The case could be submitted to a European tribunal. Russia had declared that a general Congress, in which all European questions should be discussed, would not wound her dignity. Let a Congress then be called "to reorganize by new Conventions what is irrevocably accomplished; and to carry out by common agreement what the peace of the world demands. The treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist. The force of events has overturned

them, or tends to overturn them, almost everywhere." Let then a Congress of all the European Powers assemble to substitute for a diseased and precarious condition a stable and regular situation. Even should the proposition not be unanimously agreed to, it would have indicated to Europe wherein lies danger, and wherein safety. "Two paths," concludes Napoleon, "are open. The one conducts to progress by conciliation and peace; the other, sooner or later, leads fatally to war by the obstinate maintenance of a past which is rolling away."—In accordance with the ideas expressed in this speech Napoleon addressed a letter, dated November 4, to fifteen European sovereigns, inviting them to assemble, personally or by their representatives, in Paris. The following are the significant paragraphs in this invitation: "The political edifice of Europe now rests upon the basis of the treaties of 1815, and yet it is crumbling on all sides. On almost all points the treaties of Vienna are destroyed, modified, disowned, or menaced. Hence duties without regulation, rights without title, and pretensions without restraint—danger the more to be dreaded, inasmuch as the improvements produced by civilization, which has united peoples one with another by the reciprocity of mutual interests, would make war still more destructive. Let us not wait in order to come to a resolution till sudden and irresistible events disturb our judgment and draw us in spite of ourselves into opposite directions. I propose to you to regulate the present and secure the future in a Congress. Called to the throne by Providence and the will of the French people, but trained in the school of adversity, it is perhaps less allowable for me than another to ignore the rights of sovereigns and the legitimate aspirations of peoples. As I am a sovereign to whom the most ambitious projects are attributed, I have it at heart to prove by this frank and loyal step that my sole object is to arrive without a shock at the pacification of Europe."—What the answer of the European Powers to this invitation will be, it is yet too early to say with certainty. The present indications are that Russia will decline peremptorily; that the other great powers will hesitate and demand explanations; and that if the Congress meets it will be composed mainly of the minor sovereigns.

In the mean while another disturbing element has been thrown into European politics: Frederick VII., King of Denmark, died on the 8th of October, and his decease threatens to occasion a European war. The kingdom consists of two distinct portions, Denmark proper and certain German duchies, the most important of which are Schleswig and Holstein. In Denmark, by old laws, the crown could be inherited by females; in the duchies by males only. The people of the duchies, German by position and race, wish to be separate from Denmark, and to belong to the German Confederation. The extinction of the male line of the Danish kings in the person of Frederick, which was considered certain, would have brought about this separation, just as the death of William IV. separated Great Britain and Hanover, Victoria, according to English law, succeeding to the throne of the former, while the crown of the latter passed in the male line. To prevent such a separation the predecessor of Frederick issued a decree that the Danish law of succession should also prevail in the duchies. Frederick ascended the throne in the revolutionary year 1848. The duchies rose against him, and called upon Germany for aid. This was granted, the Germans being especially desirous of gaining the fine port of Kiel, which is in the duchies. A war ensued, which was finally ended by the interposition of England and Russia, who succeeded in inducing the Danish Parliament to pass a law settling the succession, in the event of Frederick dying without heirs, upon Prince Christian, a member of the younger branch of the house of Augustineburg, passing over the elder branch, who were the legitimate heirs. The reason of this was that Christian was devoted to Danish interests, while the other branch were in favor of the German side. Christian is the father-in-law of the Prince of Wales. Upon the recent death of Frederick, Christian was proclaimed King of Denmark; but the duchies declared that they had never consented to the law vesting the succession in him, and proclaimed Frederick, the head of the elder branch of the family, as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and he has been recognized as such by some of the minor German Powers; but Austria and Prussia have not as yet pronounced. The new King of Denmark is preparing to enforce his claims upon the duchies; while these, counting upon the support of Germany, are preparing to resist.

Literary Notices.

General Butler in New Orleans, by JAMES PARTON. (Published by Mason Brothers.) No portion of the history of the present war has been so utterly misunderstood and so thoroughly misrepresented as the administration of General Butler in New Orleans. Taking advantage of a somewhat unfortunate phrase in his famous "General Order No. 28," the enemies of the Union at home and abroad have persistently asserted that he gave up the women of a captured city to indiscriminate outrage; and, enlarging upon this text, his whole rule has been represented as one continued series of unwarranted and brutal oppression. "Butler the Beast" is among the mildest phrases applied to him, not only by the Southern papers but by the English press, from the *Times* down to *Punch*. Mr. Parton has done a good and timely work in vindicating the truth of history by presenting the course of General Butler in its real aspect. His rule was certainly firm and decided, as it must have been, since he had with a small force to maintain order in a conquered city, a great part of whose population was bitterly hostile; but it was not marked by any unnecessary, much less by any wanton rigor. He enforced a decent respect toward his officers and soldiers, and sternly punished all outrages, whether committed by or upon them—those by them more promptly and severely than those against them. He fed the poor, whom the rebellion had reduced to starvation, and by his wise and vigorous sanitary precautions prevented the regular annual pestilence. Hardly within the memory of man has New Orleans been as wisely and peacefully governed as during the administration of General Butler.

The Peninsular Campaign, by Generals J. G. BARNARD and W. F. BARRY. This volume, containing the official reports of the Chief Engineer and Chief of Artillery, presents an authentic account of

the operations of those two great branches of the Army of the Potomac during the campaign on the Peninsula of Virginia. Prepared and published under such auspices, it is absolutely indispensable for any one who wishes to make himself master of the history of that disastrous, but not inglorious campaign. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.)

The Life of Jesus. By ERNEST RENAN. This we consider to be the saddest book of the age. A Frenchman, by no means devoid of religious feeling, undertakes to write the life of the Founder and Author of the Christian faith. He wanders over almost every rood of ground made forever memorable by the footsteps of Him whose brief earthly life is, viewed from whatever stand-point we please, the one greatest fact in the history of the human race; he examines the four brief tracts, which the world calls "Gospels," that are acknowledged to be the only authentic records of that life; he supplements these by a laborious collation of fragmentary sentences from writers of every class and degree, and from these varied sources elaborates what he doubtless accepts, and wishes the world to accept, as a true "Life of Jesus." Let us see what account M. Ernest Renan has to give of that Person to whom no one can deny the place of being the greatest that ever acted a part in the world's history. Some eighteen and a half centuries ago there was a family residing in the obscure Galilean village of Nazareth. The father appears to have had several wives, certainly many children. Among these was one named Joshua, or, as usually written in Greek characters and then altered into Latin, Jesus. This Jewish youth received just the culture of lads of his class. He could read the mongrel dialect of Galilee, but knew little of Hebrew and nothing of Greek. To the last he was ignorant of the events which were passing beyond his own narrow circle; and whenever he undertook to describe things beyond his own sphere he fell into strange absurdities. Some books had a powerful influence over him. Foremost among these was one purporting to be written by a certain Daniel, who was erroneously reputed to have acted a great part during the Babylonish captivity. During youth and early manhood he wrought as a carpenter; but he early embraced the idea that a divine mission was imposed upon him. How this happened the wise Monsieur Renan does not know; but somehow, before he had reached his thirtieth year the carpenter of Nazareth had begun to speak in public, and had gathered around him a circle of male followers and female admirers. Women, according to M. Renan's French idea, loved him because while lovable himself he had no personal love to give. Gradually he gathered around him a group of rather respectable personages, prominent among whom were one Cephas, a straightforward, honest fisherman of middle age, or something beyond, and a frank, impetuous young man named John, who, surviving all the rest, wrote in his old age what M. Renan calls "a strange gospel, which contains such precious teachings, but in which, to our [*i. e.*, to M. Renan's] conceptions, the character of Jesus is falsified in many points," one special object of which was to show that he himself held the foremost place in the affections of the Master. When M. Renan comes to treat of the miracles attributed to Jesus he labors under many difficulties. He attempts to get rid of a part of them by saying that "It is impossible, among the miraculous stories, the wearisome enumeration of which the gospels contain, to distinguish the miracles which have been attributed to Jesus by popular opinion from those in which he consented to take an active part;" and "many circumstances seem to prove that he was a thaumaturgist only at a late period, and against his will." The general conclusions are that he possessed one of those rare sympathetic natures which in a physician are often worth more than medicines; that persons suffering under various diseases, especially those of the nerves and imagination, were actually restored by his ministrations; and that he finally came to believe that he was endowed with some mysterious supernatural powers, though always loth to exercise them. "One would say," M. Renan sums up, "at times that the part of thaumaturgist is disagreeable to him, and that he seeks to give as little publicity as possible to the marvels which grew up, as it were, under his feet;" and "His reputation as a miracle-worker was imposed upon him; that he did not resist it very much; but that he did nothing to aid it; and that at all events he felt the emptiness of public opinion in this regard;" and "We will admit that acts which would now be considered traits of illusion or hallucination figured largely in the life of Jesus. Must we," he adds, apologetically, "sacrifice to this unpleasant aspect of such a life its sublime aspect?" Toward the close of his life, says M. Renan, "His conscience, by the fault of men, and not by his own, had lost something of its primitive clearness. Desperate, pushed to extremities, he no longer retained possession of himself. His mission imposed itself upon him, and he obeyed the torrent." While he was in this frame of mind the event occurred which, by the exaggeration of his followers, is narrated as the Raising of Lazarus. The hypothetical explanation of this transaction proposed by M. Renan is the feeblest attempt of the kind in all literature. When he comes to speak of the Resurrection of our Lord, M. Renan is wholly embarrassed. That such an event did actually occur he will nowise admit. Either, then, he was not actually dead, or the stories of his reappearance are fabrications. He prefers the latter hypothesis, adding, significantly, "The strong imagination of Mary Magdalene, who had been possessed of seven devils" (that is, as he elsewhere explains it, was affected with strange nervous diseases), "here enacted a principal part. Divine power of love! Sacred moments in which the passion of a hallucinated woman gives to the world a resurrected God!"—With these words M. Renan closes what purports to be the Life of Jesus. (Published by G. W. Carleton.)

The Boyhood of Martin Luther, by HENRY MAYHEW. Under the dramatic form of a historical novelette, Mr. Mayhew has made a most successful attempt to delineate the early life of the great German Reformer. While the form is fictitious, and many of the characters imaginary, the substance of the work is historical. To attain perfect accuracy in local details the author made a special tour to each of the places which were the scenes of Luther's early life, and took up his residence for more than two years in the region where the people live, and talk, and think almost precisely as they did three and a half centuries ago. Meanwhile he devoted himself to the diligent study of old chronicles and worm-eaten parish documents. By these means he has been able to reproduce a wonderfully spirited and picturesque sketch of the early days of Martin Luther, and of the scenes and persons by which his character was formed. Though primarily intended as a Boy's Book—belonging to the same class as "The Peasant-Boy Philosopher" and "Young Ben-

jamin Franklin," it will be perused with pleasure and profit by readers of larger growth. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Mr. Wind and Madame Rain, translated from the French of PAUL DE MUSSET, is a charming juvenile book. The title sufficiently indicates that it is one of those half-way allegories which, when carried out with spirit, have a wonderful attraction for the inquiring minds of children, who are never so well pleased as when they have discovered the hidden meaning concealed under a veiled phraseology. The quaint and often grotesque designs with which Mr. CHARLES BENNETT has profusely illustrated the text are in admirable harmony with the delicate fancy of the author. Taken all in all, we think this modest little volume to be the most thoroughly delightful Child's Book of the season. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

We have had frequent occasion to speak in terms of high commendation of works on Popular Science prepared by Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER. A new volume of this series, being No. II. of the series, *Science for the School and Family*, treating of *Chemistry*, has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is characterized by all the excellences which mark the preceding volumes. The design is to present those portions of the science with which every well-informed person ought to be acquainted, omitting those more recondite facts and theories which can be of use to those only who are engaged in special occupations. It is intended to be a popular book in the sense that it is a book for the people. No man can write such a book as it should be written unless he himself is a master of the whole subject. Otherwise he can not know what should be left out and what inserted. No man, moreover, can write such a book unless he possesses the rare faculty of presenting truths of general interest in a pleasing shape. Dr. Hooker possesses both of these qualifications. Master of the science up to its last developments, he knows what belongs to the whole people and what only to the comparatively few engaged in special pursuits. No one who studies his Chemistry for the School and Family will lack any thing likely to be of value to him; and if his special business should require him to understand the more minute principles and facts of the science, he will merely be obliged to learn more, but not to unlearn any thing. The information thus conveyed is embodied in so pleasing a shape, and with such constant reference to its availability in the affairs of everyday life, that the volume is not less attractive as a reading-book than useful as a manual.

Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE and Miss MARY E. BRADDON are among the most popular English novelists of the day. Neither rank among the great masters of fiction whose works will stand the test of time; but both write tales which, in their day, find a larger circle of readers than those which posterity will recognize as a possession. Except in the one fact that both write readable books, they have nothing in common. The latest novel of each—Mr. Trollope's *Rachel Ray* and Miss Braddon's *John Marchmont's Legacy*—stand side by side as the newest numbers of "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Mr. Trollope constructs a story of very common materials: ordinary kind of people, any one of whom any body might know. He has no startling incidents in his plots. Nobody kills any body, runs away with somebody's wife or husband, commits any very flagrant violation of any one commandment of the Decalogue. He hates surprises. To be sure, in "Orley Farm" the very estimable Lady Mason has committed a forgery, the detection of which, by all rules of the novelist's art, should have been kept for the last chapter; but Mr. Trollope is uncomfortable until he has made her confess, before the middle of the story, that she had committed the act, which, under the circumstances, was almost justifiable. This mystery happily disposed of, Mr. Trollope goes on to construct a pleasant story. So in *Rachel Ray* the persons and characters are of the most common order. We are interested in them and their fortunes just as we are in a volume of photographs, because we know that they must be likenesses of living persons.—Miss Braddon proceeds on a very different plan. She must have a story; this story must involve crime, usually a series of crimes interlinked together. She has usually given at least one case of murder and bigamy to each story, to say nothing of plots, fraudulent conspiracies against purse and person. In *John Marchmont's Legacy* we are spared the murder and the bigamy, but have in their stead more than the usual allowance of ordinary rascality.—Both these novels are quite readable, each in its own way.

Queen Mab, by JULIA KAVANAH (D. Appleton and Co.), fully sustains the reputation which the writer has so long maintained as one of the best in the second rank of English novelists. The story turns upon the fraudulent appropriation of a sum of money put into the hands of a weak and struggling man for the maintenance of a child who had been secretly left at his door; his repentance, life-long remorse, and persistent efforts to discover the reasons for abandoning the child, and restore to her the estates of which he is convinced she has been defrauded. The plot is cleverly conceived, and executed with more than ordinary success.

Ritter's Geographical Studies, translated by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE, is a selection from the writings of the founder of that noble school in which Humboldt and Guyot have been such efficient co-laborers, who have transformed geography from a mere catalogue of names and dates into a science, the object of which is to describe the earth not as a mere mass of dead matter divided off into continents and kingdoms, but as an organic whole, designed for and adapted to the residence of intelligent beings. Ritter's great work, the "Erdkunde," or "Physical Geography," fills 20,000 pages, and yet treats only of Asia and Africa, for the unremitted labors of almost sixty years never carried him beyond these two continents, will probably never find a translator, while it almost defies abridgment. The general reader who wishes to gain a fair general idea of the principles of the science, as taught by the Master, will thank Mr. Gage for his excellent translation of some of the most important of the papers and lectures of Ritter, in which he treats of the leading points embraced in the science of Physical Geography. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

Louie's Last Term, by the author of "Rutledge," is a well-wrought story of school-girl life. Less ambitious in aim, and perhaps less brilliant in execution than the other works of the author, it deserves and will find a warm welcome from the class of readers for whom it is specially designed. (Published by G. H. Carleton.)

Edith Prescott, by EMMA MARSHALL, is an exceedingly pure and graceful juvenile, setting forth the daily life in a home where the law of love is the rule of conduct. (Published by A. Williams and Co.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

NEW YORK, as the habitués of the Easy Chair constantly remark, is the metropolis of America. But Boston, as the Easy Chair remarks for himself, has several things which New York is still wanting. A grand hall, for instance—a proper, stately, beautiful, spacious festal hall—is something that the metropolis has never had since Tripler Hall was changed to the Metropolitan, and the Metropolitan was burned. The hall at Cooper Institute is a great room in the cellar. It is neither lofty nor splendid. The sense of the crushing weight of the building above is overpowering. It is low and cavernous. The poverty of its bare white walls is depressing. It has a large area, that is all. With what comfort could we hear a symphony of Beethoven's performed there? or the Mid-Summer Night overture? There is Irving Hall, a cheap, tawdry, desolate room. We are told that it is somewhat better since the refitting; but it is sad and dreary to think of.

And this is all! There are, of course, smaller or larger rooms all over the city, called by courtesy halls. But the metropolis does not pride herself upon them. Niblo's Saloon is a fair room for chamber-music. Clinton Hall is a small semi-subterranean chapel. Mozart Hall is sheathed with copper, and its air is poisonous to the heart as well as lungs. There is, in fact, no noble hall, an ornament, a pride, and a convenience of the city. But poor little Boston (as the habitués describe that city by the Eastern sea) has two splendid halls—lofty, spacious, and altogether fit for any purpose of art. They are the Tremont Temple and the Music Hall. Both of them are sober. Both are quite severely plain in form and decoration. In the Music Hall on a Saturday afternoon—a favorite time for music there—there is an impression of almost Puritanic plainness and gloom. In the evening the lighting from the ceiling prevents a glare, but it also destroys that brilliancy which is essential to the finest effect of such a hall. It is a dim, religious light, and a light pleasant to sit in and hear music with your hand over your eyes; but it is not the splendor of a decorated hall, in which there is a festival—as every concert should be.

The Music Hall is very lofty. There are two galleries, and the ceiling is far above the highest one. This is, of itself, a most stately effect. It was designed with reference to an organ which might be possibly erected, and which is erected now. The entrance to the Hall is through numerous doors along each side, so that the space could very soon be emptied, although there is little risk of fire. These little doors neither creak nor slam, and give a delightful sense of security and retreat, most soothing to sensitive nerves, and to the foes of crowds.

The association of the Hall is not solely with music and concerts. It was here that Theodore Parker preached. Upon that broad platform his bald, Socratic head was seen every Sunday above the beautiful bouquet which always bloomed upon the desk. In this Hall his ponderous eloquence drove home his inexorable logic, as a sledge-hammer the wedge. Here the heart was melted by those touches of pathos and exquisite tenderness, that softened his massive speech, as dewy blossoms spring in rocky crevices. You sit and listen to glorious music, and fix your eyes upon the defiant brow of the bronze Beethoven that stands in front of the organ; but your memory sees the grander figure that used to stand there, brave as a lion, gentle as a child, who had something of Martin Luther's work to do over again in Boston.

But the present, immediate, supreme interest of the Music Hall is the great organ. It is among the three or four greatest instruments in the world, and is even larger than any single organ in the city of New York. The Hall itself, with its airy railed galleries, seems only the niche or shrine for this noble work. It occupies one end of the Hall, and in general form is not unlike ordinary organs, having two advanced circular towers of pipes in front, flanked by square ones at each side. When not in use a huge curtain screens the face of the instrument. When the performance is to begin the curtain is lowered and disappears upon the stage. The case itself is so floridly ornate that the impression is bewildering. There is a consciousness of pipes, medallions, busts, flags, instruments, scrolls, caryatides, carved lattices, arms—a mighty mass of elaborate workmanship rather confusedly mingled, of which the dark huge caryatides and solid paneling of the base are much the most agreeable. Yet the whole is so vast that any fantastic fancy of decoration seems not too daring, as if an instrument of such subtle sweetness and resounding power would naturally manifest itself to the eye with a wondrous complication of forms and suggestions, their infinite variety responding to its infinite wealth of tone. The very size of the instrument is so imperial that your imagination is subdued before you hear it, like an orator who persuades by his presence before he captivates by his voice. Under different effects of light also the impression of the façade of the organ must be very different. There are many things which in detail seem finical and tawdry, but they are swallowed up in the general richness of the forms. When the curtain was dropped upon the evening of the first public exhibition of the organ the popular enthusiasm was very great, and in his admirable description of the instrument Dr. Holmes is reminded by the exterior of Madame de Staël's "frozen music." The curtain fell; the mighty organ stood revealed, and Miss Charlotte Cushman advanced and recited the ode of dedication. This was stately, resonant, and triumphant; most fit and admirable. It was heard with great applause—was attributed to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who did not write it; while Miss Cushman bore away the tremendous bouquet which was handed her, and offered it to Mrs. James T. Fields, who did.

These services over, the trial of the organ began. The organists were the builder, Mr. Walcker; Messrs. Paine, Lang, Willcox, of Boston, and Morgan of New York. The result transcended expectation. The Music Hall is so admirably constructed acoustically that the vast sound that pours from the organ, so loud that your heart beats quicker and your eyes fill, does not in the least confuse or stun you—you float upon it always, and do not welter, drowned in the roar, with a ringing in your ears. The clear, jubilant sweetness of its tone is electrical. The organ seems glad to do good. It shares in your delight. Like the ocean, it dimples and ripples and plashes, tossing you like a child in pleasant play; and far away the roar of its dashing in hollow caves and on lonely shores makes the sport but weirder and more fascinating. It is a winter's gale or a lover's lute.

You march to battle or stand awe-struck amidst elemental rages, or you lie with Jacques dreaming by a brook in Arden. Sitting in a brightly-lighted shrine, the organist straining and pushing and treading, reaching and pulling and pressing, a seeming pigmy, working like a gymnast, controls that enormous power, whose huge frame towers over him as the little human brain commands the forces of nature, the rivers, the mountains, the winds. Under those imperially thoughtful fingers the organ thunders till the heart stands still, or sighs until the same heart melts in tears.

The organ stands in Boston, but it belongs to the country; and it is to the care, and enthusiasm, and intelligence of Dr. Upham, the President of the Boston Music Hall Association, that the country owes its completion. It remains only for the metropolis of the Union to erect a more spacious hall and a nobler organ.

It is not easy to answer, what is a Poet? But it is very easy to know by the feeling deep down in the heart when you are reading poetry. That is the answer which will be made to the question whether Jean Ingelow is a poet. Was the English language ever more musical than in her verses? Is there any Percy Ballad more tearfully pathetic than "The High Tide?" Has the heart of woman ever sung its own joy and bitterness more perfectly than in the "Songs of Seven?" Listen to this—"Seven Times Six; Giving in Marriage:"

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews:
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
This have I done when God drew near,
Among his own to choose.

"To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart,
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart:
To hear, to heed, to wed—
This while thou didst I smiled;
For now it was not God who said,
'Mother, give ME thy child.'

"Oh, fond! oh, fool! and blind!—
To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find
My soul put by her fears:
Oh, fond! oh, fool! and blind!—
God guards in happier spheres:
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

"To hear, to heed, to wed—
Fair lot that maidens choose;
Thy mother's tenderest words are said;
Thy face no more she views:
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse:
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose."

Now that they are copied, these verses seem to be the poorest in the volume. For it is a woman's book, and full of love; and the exquisite romances Jean Ingelow tells are such as summer winds whisper on the shore or in shady dells. They are rich with the most sensitive and delicate apprehension of the forms and spirit of nature. Indeed, in no poetry are the sweet names of flowers, and trees, and all natural objects more skillfully inwoven than in this of Jean Ingelow's. Here are the very first verses of the book:

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

"Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring;
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

"We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down."

What rippling music in these lines, and what a fresh, affectionate eye and heart for the landscape! Yet the music is not an echo. It is not Tennyson's, nor Wordsworth's, nor yet Mrs. Browning's, although it is easy enough to see that the poetry is contemporary with that of all three. The danger will probably be that the writer's fancies are so "thick-coming," and so naturally clothe themselves with the richest and most elaborate expression, that it will be hard to prune. The tendency of Jean Ingelow's genius is dramatic rather than lyric. Most of the poems in this volume are proper romances; and even those of a lyrical intention, like the Salutation to the Danish Princess Alexandra, take a dramatic form. The verses are not remarkable for single lines or phrases. It is the general scope and melody which make them so striking and welcome. Yet they are of a singularly uniform excellence, so that any extract is strictly but a specimen; it is not the blossom and the best.

In these brief columns we can not linger long, even upon such a phœnix as a new poet. The Easy Chair hopes that his friends will find the book most neatly printed by a new firm, Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Let us part with it with this airy mother's song ringing in our ears:

"Heigh-ho! daisies and butter-cups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small;
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

"Heigh-ho! daisies and butter-cups;
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain,
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, 'Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,'
Sing once, and sing it again.

"Heigh-ho! daisies and butter-cups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

"Heigh-ho! daisies and butter-cups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
A sunshiny world, full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts, unconscious of sorrow and thrall,
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all."

The war roars on, but the painters are busy. In fact, they are gradually gathering about themselves and their pictures and their festivals the most interesting and delightful talent and society. It is several years since the courses of social exhibitions were begun—exhibitions which were the occasion of the assembling of the special personal friends of the artists and of art for the purpose of seeing the new pictures that had been painted, and of social gossip and intercourse. The private opening of the Academy exhibition was for a long time the only occasion of this kind. That is fortunately not discontinued, but it is only the chief among kindred festivals.

The Private View of the Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society in the middle of November was one of these pleasant evenings. The neat little invitation in blue, signed by Mr. Addison Richards, always the usher of good things, requested the pleasure of the Easy Chair's company at the Galleries. He could not go. It always happens that when the winter approaches, and the painters unroll their knapsacks, and take out the bits of summer which they have been accumulating by the sea-side, and on the hills, and in the woods and valleys, the Easy Chair is sure to be stretching his legs in some other direction about the country, and therefore loses the æsthetic hilarity, and the beautiful pictures, and the hearty good-fellowship of the evening. But an esteemed contributor to this Magazine was there, and what he has to say thereupon will be found elsewhere in this Number.

On this particular evening, after the pictures had been looked at and the greetings exchanged, the punch-bowl, that movable altar of gay companionship, appeared, and while libations were poured, not overpowering but cheering (see Cowper), the national instinct of fifty or more American citizens demanded eloquence. It was there. It always is, wherever a half-dozen Americans are met. We are all born orators. If a man chooses to paint or to write, it is because he has a whim of not speaking. Even the shadowy Hawthorne tells us that he made speeches at civic banquets in England; and if he did that, there could not be a man among a chance hundred in New York who could not turn a pretty period. So it proved at the Artist Fund opening. The speeches, it seems, were only differently excellent. As for Gifford, who has three times shouldered his musket and marched away to the war, the mere mention of his name was eloquence so electrical that it brought cheers ringing out from the heart. Our word will be somewhat late for the exhibition itself. But if it be not closed, let every body go, both for the pleasure and the purpose. You give yourself enjoyment and you help poor artists.

Poor artists: what a tragedy in the sound! The fine nature dashed and wrecked upon the rocks of life. The pride, the suffering, the endurance, the despair, of gentle and generous souls who go astray not willfully but from very innocence, and who can not find the path of success; it is told in poetry and romance, but it is also told every day in the great city. In the exhibition-room you may see shy men studying with heart and conscience the better works that hang upon the wall. Could you follow them to their little plain rooms, to the sad fidelity of their labor, to the earnest look toward the light of hope that shines so far away; could you know the unfailing sweetness and patience with which they toil and still believe, hearing without envy the loud pæan that salutes another's success; you might feel the true glory of manhood almost as much as when you contemplate Gunnybags himself.

But in laying the foundation of the new building of the National Academy of Design upon the Fourth Avenue the guild of artists has given the strongest proof of its prosperity. When the earlier exhibitions are remembered, peripatetic exhibitions, now in the old Clinton Hall in Beekman Street, now in the old Society Library Hall at the corner of Franklin, now opposite Bond Street, now in Tenth Street, now somewhere else, following the ascending current of fashionable resorting, the fact that a beautiful building, dedicated to the uses of the Academy, rises upon one of the most frequented avenues, marks the firm hold that the interests of art and the energies of artists have taken upon public sympathy. Indeed in this especial case the one is not less remarkable than the other. For Messrs. Huntington and Gray, the President and Vice-President, with Mr. Kensett, Mr. Hicks, and others of the Council and of the Academicians, went down town, in the midst of the strain and excitement and vast expense of the war, and by their manly, earnest representations procured a subscription of a hundred thousand dollars to build the Academy rooms and put them beyond debt.

It was most nobly done. And now the Easy Chair wishes that it were permitted him to tell the story of the application made to a Nabob to subscribe, and how Nabob smiled and said no, because why build a National Academy when there was so very soon to be no nation? And how, when the foolish Nabob repented and offered to subscribe, his money was politely declined. It would be delightful to tell the tale. But it must not be. Did the Easy Chair hear a request for the name? Very well. Here it is. It is known of all men. It was nobody else than old Judas Copperhead.

The building is to be of the Byzantine manner. There will be shops below and studios above. The schools of the Academy will also be there, and every year the exhibitions, and the crowd, and the taste, and the fashion, and the purchaser. The corner-stone was laid with due ceremony. Eminent authors, divines, and artists took part. The President received a silver trowel from the builders. The Vice-President gave a brief sketch of the Academy's pilgrimage from the shifting sands of various stations to this permanent foundation. Thus with eloquence, and prayer, and hearty congratulation the beginning of the good work was accomplished. If old Jarvis, and Vanderlyn, and Thomas Cole, and Henry Inman could have seen the spectacle, and have seen it through the thick clouds of war, they would have felt that the art in which they toiled, and which they have illustrated, was no longer an estray, a foundling, an unacknowledged princeling, among wild democratic Yankees, but a deep, confessed interest, and part of national life.

It is not necessary to suppose that we are all versed in art quite yet, nor that every generous friend who gave five hundred dollars to the fund has suddenly been endowed with the faculty of distinguishing a Titian from a Tintoret. But by his subscription—if it be not mere vain-glory, and that is not supposable—he gives sign of his conviction that art is one of the radical humanizers and civilizers, and that only a people which is intelligent and humane will care to cherish so ennobling an influence. In the year of war the artists have laid the corner-stone of a temple of peace.

Another book that should interest the readers of the Easy Chair, for a reason which all of them do not know, is "My Farm of Edgewood," by Ik Marvel. His name was very familiar upon maiden lips and in the heart of youth ten years ago; and the exquisite editions of the "Reveries" and "Dream-Life" which Mr. Scribner has put forth, show how faithful the hold upon the popular heart of those books of the heart still is. A sensitive, delicate, contemplative mind, enriched and refined with ample culture; a dainty taste; a swift susceptibility to humor and pathos introspective, rather than of a widely ranging sympathy—all these traits Mr. Marvel expresses in a style almost too dainty, almost too artificially simple.

But when this is said all is not said. The sterling good sense, the practical shrewdness, the self-reliance, tenacity, concentration, which command success—all these are to be confessed in Mr. Ik Marvel. There is not a love-lorn damsel in the land who has not thanked him for the airy romance of the "Reveries." There is not a rough farmer, made all of beef and brawn, who may not be the wiser for "My Farm." Yet he shall take the love-lorn damsel, too, into the furrow and barn-yard, and she shall lose neither faith nor admiration in her guide, gracefully picking her way through the field, and watching the bearded "milkmaid" with his pail. The book is full of delightful detail of farming life. It is what it calls itself, "My Farm." It is not a rural soliloquy of lazy Jacques in the Forest. It has not the deep Indian insight of Henry Thoreau. But it is a hearty, sincere record of the daily experience of a farm as seen and felt by a perceptive, scholarly refined, and most capable observer. It is, if you choose, Realities in place of Reveries, and Experience instead of Dream-Life.

Yet a patriotic Easy Chair—an Easy Chair which fervently believes that the chances of free popular government depend upon this war—which can see in the rebellion only the desperate effort to withstand civilization and disgrace humanity—can not leave this delightful book without sadness at its tone in regard to that struggle. The Easy Chair does not complain that the book is not a political treatise nor a recruiting speech. As farms must be all the better managed because there is war, so an intelligent book upon their conduct, like this, is a real service. "For men must work though women may weep." But if to the plow-boy in the furrow, and the sailor on the sea, and the lumberman in the woods, and the lawyer in his office, and the trader in his shop, and to men and women by the way, the war should seem merely a weariness and woe, what would the end of the war be? If its interest and purpose be not deep and vital and controlling in the heart of the people, and in all the ranges of popular activity, how can it conquer the result without which America ceases? If the tone of Mr. Hawthorne in speaking of the war, and a strain which is perceptible in "My Farm," although in no manner insisted upon, should pervade all our minds, there is no ignominy greater than that to which we should be forced to submit.

It seems to us that no American author can make a greater mistake than to feel himself at liberty to be indifferent to politics. Because he loves letters, and avoids society, and dreams dreams, he has no more right to elude or omit his duty as a citizen than his duty as a parent or a husband. What is the end of our scholarship if it be not the enlarging of intellectual liberty? But how can that be done if scholars refuse to be the soldiers of liberty?

Let no reader suppose from these remarks that there is any elaborate discussion from the war, or much mention of the subject at all, in Mr. Marvel's book. In fact there is very little. It is only in a phrase now and then, and a shadowy shrug as if the thing were very wearisome, that the attention is attracted. But one such phrase as that the American eagle is (or rather was) a fine bird, can come only from a doubtful mind, as pine splinters come only from pine wood. John Milton is still the ideal scholar of a republic. And "gentle Sir Philip Sidney" thought that our powers and cultivation were of little use if some public advantage were not the result.

Ik Marvel will lose none of his lovers by his new book, and they will all want to turn farmers and live in a low-browed house.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and the Christmas holidays are here. Holidays they still are, although they come while the war rages. Holidays they always will be, so long as the happy heart of childhood beats and the tender mother heart responds. The Thanksgiving was truly a glorious festival. It may seem a hard thing to say, but we had never greater cause for Thanksgiving. The disease that seeks and disfigures the surface is preferable to that which burns away the nobler parts, and a civil war is better than national demoralization.

The great cause for Thanksgiving was, and is, the vindication of the popular system. It is on trial before the world. It has been so for eighty years. Your ship sails very prettily on a smooth sea, but you can't tell what a ship really is until a gale tries her. This was the natural and universal sentiment of all political thinkers in the world. Professor Smythe, of Cambridge, in England, said fifty years ago, in his lectures upon History, that it remained to see whether we would consent to make our Government as strong as it ought to be. Fifty years have passed, and we are trying the issue. Is a free, popular, republican government the strongest or the weakest in the world? Is this ship fit only for summer voyaging, or will it carry itself proudly and triumphant through a tornado? Are we all willing to clothe our representatives with the utmost responsibility? All governments must have at last and somewhere absolute power. In mortal peril they must have the right to do whatever they think essential for the public safety. Are we lofty enough, wise enough, true enough, to grant it, and vindicate the government of the people, as a practical working system of human affairs? Our Thanksgiving is that we are proving it day by day. We are maintaining against the world, the lonely thinker and dreamer, who sees that, except in the great universal common-sense, there is no hope for man. Not by wars waged against other nations, but by the suppression of the ancient, despotic, feudal principle among ourselves, we are vindicating the capacity of men for their own government.

For emphatically it is the common-sense of this nation which is its salvation. It is saved not by the genius of any soldier, but by the fidelity of the great mass of the people. If that is not a cause of Thanksgiving, there is none. It should inspire not sermons but songs. The ancient hilarity of Christmas should take—it does take—a deeper, brighter glow. The bells that chime on Christmas-eve peal

out "Peace on earth, good will to men," with a more hopeful music. For when after long, long centuries of war, caused by the conflict of force with instinct, at last any great nation is established upon the absolute equality of natural right; and personal liberty, the twin right to that of life, is decreed for all; then, indeed, the hope of a newer world is cradled in the simple heart of man like the infant Jesus in a manger.

The return of Mr. Beecher from England was one of the memorable events of the month. He had done us such signal service that many a man who had never liked him, for the same reason that Dr. Fell's enemy gave, frankly owned that it was useless to deny the gratitude he felt to so valiant and triumphant a champion. The speeches Mr. Beecher made in England were really parts of one speech. They presented the different views of the great question of our war. But they were so colloquial, so racy, so trenchant, so eloquent, so alert, so imperturbable, that they will stand among the most effective speeches on record. Yet they were chiefly remarkable for the Yankee quality of good sense. The decorations of humor and imagination and rhetoric did not in the least weaken that; and as it is by its good sense that our cause must conquer in the mind of Europe, we are wonderfully fortunate in our advocate.

Mr. Beecher came quietly home, and was in his own house before his arrival in the country was very generally known. When on the following Thursday he rose to speak at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he was, next to Abraham Lincoln, the most honored man in the country. His speech was most carefully considered. Circumstances and his own genius had made him a recognized mediator between England and this country. Yet so deep is the alienation of our public feeling from England that he could not wisely have attempted to breast it. And he did not. He did not argue. He merely explained the phenomenon of the English position in this war. He confessed that the commercial and aristocratic and voting England was against us; but declared that non-voting England was our friend: and that the non-voting England controlled the voting. He read, also, a long list of our friends in Great Britain—and it was pleasant to see that the audience knew which among them had especially helped us by writing or speaking, and the names of such were heartily cheered. John Bright, Professor Cairnes, John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, Goldwin Smith are names forever musical in American ears.

On the following Tuesday Mr. Beecher spoke at the New York Academy for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. The meeting was unfortunately arranged. As it was the first speech of our champion the occasion should certainly have been one of popular congratulation. A small charge to pay the expenses and nothing more would have secured an imposing audience worthy the orator and the occasion. But in putting the price of tickets at three dollars a serious bar to a crowd was raised at once. The evening was rainy and the house was not full. But the speech was most excellent. It was of a graver cast than many of Mr. Beecher's orations; but the consideration of the true idea of American civilization was most felicitous and thorough. Yet the meeting should have been a great, popular, enthusiastic welcome to the brave and eloquent man who pleaded the cause of America so that the world heard and respected. It is not often the lot of a private citizen to be the influential mediator between nations. And yet there can be no doubt that our friends in England heard in Mr. Beecher's speeches the voice of this country plainly saying what they had but imperfectly understood and vaguely felt.

Louis Napoleon invites the sovereigns of Europe to form a happy family, and introduce the Millennium. Having taken Nice and Savoy, conquered Mexico, and begun to plant his colonies around the world, he smiles benignly, and says, "Let every body be content with what he has, and let naughty war cease!" He seized his throne by terror, and, as he seated himself, said politely, "This means peace." He then fell to fighting in the Crimea, in Italy, and in Mexico, and then informs the world that he is very anxious to have matters clearly understood, lest there should be war. In fact, is not Kinglake substantially right? Is he not a charlatan and a daring adventurer, who is forever struggling to keep on his legs, and whose son nobody believes will inherit his father's position? Does any dreamer suppose that the poor little son of Eugénie Montijo is to be Emperor of France?

Louis Napoleon proposes the confirmation of the condition of Europe by a Congress. Suppose the Powers can not agree. Suppose the Powers say, "Let us begin by restoring Savoy, or Poland, or Hungary, or Ireland," or what you will. France, Russia, Austria, England, will demur. How does the "Saviour of Society" propose to enforce the decision? War is to be avoided by conforming to his conditions, perhaps. His Imperial Majesty Richard Turpin was wont to keep the peace upon the same terms. "Will our brother of France," the Czar may meekly whisper, "begin by withdrawing his troops from Rome?" "Will our gracious ally of Prussia," murmurs John Bull, "consent to a truly constitutional base of government?" And nationalities? and autonomies? and hereditary oppressions? In fact, as the London *Morning Post* wisely says: "We might next expect a friendly meeting of the Pope, the Czar, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Spurgeon, to clear up all doubts raised by Renan and Colenso, and to settle a uniform faith."

If the Peace Congress meets, its deliberations will probably end in nothing, or in war.

Editor's Drawer.

THE "Easy Chair" has, a few pages back, had something to say about the inauguration of the great Organ of the Boston Music Hall. A Bay State contributor, whose name, if we were to print it, would give additional weight to her words, writes thus upon the same subject:

"Whoever on a wintry afternoon may have happened in at a certain famous Music Hall, has occasion always to remember one pretty sight. In some reverie of listening, just perhaps when the anklebells are tinkling in the Turkish March, the eye, wandering upward, finds itself arrested. Through the gilded lattice of the galleries, with all the confusion of bright colors behind it, unconsciously to the fair owners protrude the tips of countless little feet, keeping time to the tune, and seeming like nothing in the world so much as flocks of pigeons that, pluming and pecking and fluttering, range themselves in the sunshine along the eaves. Beat away, little feet, lose no throb of the tune, this present listener

forgets the music and the place in thinking of the paths before you all, dancing the lilting measure or treading the sad ways of life.

"But you may be sure that on the other evening there was none of this. It was all *de rigueur*. Scarf, and lace, and feather threw their floating foam about a sea of brilliant commotion for a while, then every thing settled slowly into the hush of expectation. We all wore white gloves and were very well-bred. For was it not an assembly doing honor to the inauguration of a new era; and till Art blossoms a wild-flower in our fields shall we have no exotics? Softly, sinuously stole out from behind the sombre folds of the great curtain before us, as we sat, a faint breath of sound, a stir of melody, mingling with all the air, the light humming of a summer wind, so delicate, so fine, that no one fancied it to be any thing but the breath they breathed. 'Once I was a raindrop,' it sang, 'once I was a shower; I have been dew upon the rose; I have been a cloud in heaven. I fell, and, parting the blue lake, bearing with me dreams of river-sources and ferny banks, dreams of the azure noon, dreams of the starry night, I wandered here to do you more delight. I slumbered afar in the Cochituate depths,' sang the sweet thread of sound; 'to-night I come to give the great voice breath. Once I was limpid lake-water, now I am Music.' And seeming to wave slowly before it, the sombre curtain trembled and fell, and the great temple of tone opened its gates and let forth all its winged worshipers.

"The first surprise of beauty slowly fades, and ever as one looks away the glittering pile confronts him again with its lights and its glooms; and then, as we sit gazing at the superb architecture, though Paine elaborate all the tangled deliciousness of some adagio of Bach's, or Morgan toss about massive harmonies with mighty ease, like Jove playing with his thunder-bolts, we say, it is splendid with its rich stains, its frets, and its reliefs; with its towers and shining pipes, groaning caryatides and hermæ; its harps and devices and singing masks: but what is such a body of dark gorgeousness doing in this long, lovely, lighted room? Does it accentuate the airy beauty of the place? does it lend itself to its exile, or is it some Samson about to shake loose his strength and bring down the walls about our ears? For to this festive hall the Great Organ never will belong: it is robbed from some old cathedral's choir, from Gothic arch, clustered column, vaulted roof, from tracery of vine and leaf imperishably blossoming in stone, heavy shadows followed its outlines into the dusk, its design mingled with the solemn unity of the place, as much a part of the vast building as mullioned window or blazoned altar-piece. But though I found occasion for the foregoing poor grumble, in place or out of place, one thing made other things forgotten. It was the bronze Beethoven standing there with his forward-bent head, listening to the voices in the air, and showing how a perfect work of art rounds itself to every influence, since, cast without thought of such scene, he accepts the atmosphere and stands imperially upon his own domain.

"But when some great fact is celebrated the rites are not complete with any simple work of the instruments to which a soul is for the moment lent. So sitting there that night, ere the great curtain should fall, we awaited a poem and a voice. The woman who came before us then came also to one of the poetic periods of destiny. The first time that Charlotte Cushman ever faced an audience, it was to sing before a small organ in an obscure church. Now, after long years, crowned with fame and in the aureole of noble work well done, she rendered to it again the laurels it had lent her. Then silence descended upon us, and we breathed. The ode was over, the eloquent voice was still.

"The ode was over.

"We all sat enriched with a new bounty.

"It is the wind in a shell, whispered Astarte, at our side. We looked in Astarte's blue eyes—she allows no pretender near the throne—and we remembered how, among the honey-makers, the reigning lady, eluding the vigilance of her guards, is wont to hover from spot to spot along the surface of the comb, and stab to death with her sting the young embryo queens asleep in the royal cells. We turned to Brunhilda—for it was the privilege of the writer hereof to be planted between wit and beauty—we turned to Brunhilda where she softly shone in the pale gleam of her gold-colored satins and the shadows of her black lace. And you? we asked. It seems to me, said she—and her dark eyes were dewy as flowers are at night—it seems that I must have written it myself. Even so—and what other axiom did Keats leave us than that a verse is only genuine when it appears to have sprung from the heart of the reader, rather than from the page before him. The ode, said we later, haranguing the twain between the parts, is characterized by sweetness and strength; strength to sustain its lofty flight, sweetness to escape every where in a riot of melody. It is susceptible of Dryden's mad music, and of the severer treatment of Gray. There shall come in its course the long line, breaking like a wave and pouring away in rills of ravishing song—its course that flings along now in light aerial grace, phrase playing into phrase, and now in slow and stately rhythm. It is rich with sudden thrills of tune, violins and the golden blare of horns should accompany it; it is glad and exultant; it possesses an effect of sunshine and of the jubilant career of fresh breezes; it is in unison with the harmonies of nature, that seeming capriciously unfettered move to most accordant law. It is the poetry of triumph. It is as intricate a composition as the fugue, and he is a poet who has found the secret of its subtle measure, its majestic motion; its abrupt transition; its noble cadence; of the happy heart-beat of its dithyrambs. That which we have heard to-night was the classic ode and the living poem. It ripples still in the memory, and has already assimilated itself with the things of life. What a vignette is this place in its swift current:

> "'Voiceless shall we as the dead
> See the morning spread
> Over us her rich surprise?
> See the evening's golden tale
> Written on each floating sail—

and find us a daintier fancy than the carver's, where,

> 'Lost in the convolutions of his work,
> We seem to hear the stir of summer wind,
> Or rustling birds who lurk
> In hidden nests we seek, but never find;

for you remember, Brunhilda, that

> 'Many were the figures from his soul
> Which fled to form and answered his control.'

"Yes, said I musingly to myself, by-and-by, when the bright rout broke up, and the beautiful rabble dispersed under the keen stars of the frosty night; yes, lovely verses still ringing on the ear like bell-notes on the listening air, you are worthy in your grandeur of night and of music,

"'While circle into circle breaking,
Wider circles still awaking,
Every sphere can swinging hear
The ripples of our atmosphere,
The growing circles of our prayer;
Circling beyond all time, all place,
And breaking with its finite grace
Upon dim shores of God's illimitable space!'"

ONE of our city subscribers sends the following to the Drawer:

Judge G—— was a Justice of the Supreme Court in the western part of the State of New York a short time before the rebellion broke out, but while the distant mutterings of its thunders could be heard. The Judge was as renowned for his solid learning and patriotism as he was for a certain quaintness of expression, that ofttimes produced a laugh in court, to the great surprise of the Judge. One day a feigned issue in a divorce suit, involving abandonment and desertion on the part of the guilty party, was on trial at the Circuit, and the counsel for the plaintiff, who sometimes indulged in "spread eagles," was in the very climax of his rhapsody, when, turning for a moment from the jury, whom he was addressing, to the Court, he said,

"What would your Honor do, I would like to know, if a portion of the States of this glorious Union should 'shoot madly from their spheres,' and attempt the destruction of the nation?"

"What would I dew?" asked the Judge; "why, I'd try and *shute* them back."

It may be added that the Judge, who is still upon the bench, adheres to the same opinion.

THE story of a fog so thick that a man shingled right out on it from the roof of a barn, reminds a correspondent of the Drawer of the following very much of a mist in the West:

Some seven years ago there was an engineer on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad who was called by all the railroad men "General Taylor." Fogs are an everyday affair in the part of the country which the road passes through, especially between Chicago and Bloomington. Early one morning, in the month of April, the General left Bloomington with the Express. Before he reached Pontiac a very thick fog had risen, so thick that he could not see the length of the engine. The General told the conductor, while taking wood at P——, that if there were any cattle killed that morning it would not be his fault.

"How so?" said the conductor.

"Why," said the General, "because I must get an auger to bore through the fog to see the pilot, which is the only way to prevent it; for I looked out, and when I drew my head back *there was a round hole left where I put out my head!*"

A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL in one of the Illinois regiments tells a story of General ——, who had command of an army corps during the siege of Vicksburg. Constant complaints were made to him by citizens that their horses were stolen by the soldiers. "Yes, yes," said the General, "this seems to be a queer army: when not engaged in hostilities they are in *horse-stealities*."

A VERMONT justice of the peace has not been in the Drawer, but Squire Burt, of Wells, must have a place. Mr. Thompson brought a suit against his neighbor Harrison. They were both friends of the justice, and the case was heard before a jury, and both parties told their story, when the Squire said, "Now ef you find that Mr. Thompson telled more truth than Harrison, then you find for the plaintiff; and ef Harrison telled more truth than Thompson, then you find for the defendant." This impartial charge was greatly applauded by the spectators.

OUR little five-year-old had been to church last Sunday with her mother, while I was detained at home. I asked the child what the minister said to the people.

"He didn't say any thing," she answered; "he only preached."

"What," said I—"didn't he tell you how to be good?"

"No, he didn't say any thing—only *preached*."

The child's idea seemed to be that the preacher preached, but said nothing to the people—certainly nothing that a child could receive as addressed to her.

THE numerous readers of the Drawer in the Western part of the State will recognize the fidelity of the following:

A few years since there lived in S—— a firm of lawyers—Henry, Miles, and Wood. Wood, the junior member of the firm, was the senior in years of the others, and was generally called by them "Judge." Among many good qualities, one characteristic of the firm was great vanity. Henry was vain of his person, Miles was vain of Henry, and the "Judge" was vain of his professional relation to the other two. Apparently a strong desire was felt by all the members to create the belief in the community that the firm was overwhelmed with business. Accordingly, if one of the members was going down street to adjourn a case in the Justice's Court, he generally picked up all the loose papers from his table to flourish at the public. The new court-house in S—— had just been completed, and Judge Porter, who generally perceived *humbug* when it was attempted, was holding the first Special Term, and the house was filled with lawyers and others. After the *ex parte* business was disposed of, Henry arose and said he had motion papers sent him from a distance to change the place of trial; and, naming the title of the cause, inquired if any one present had papers from the other side to oppose the motion? Whereupon Miles, with much simulated surprise, arose from a distant part of the room, and said *he* "had the papers upon the other side." The lawyers present immediately "smelt a mice," and commenced winking significantly to one another; and Judge Porter remarked "that it must be quite embarrassing to any firm to do so much business that different members could receive papers upon both sides of the same case without being aware of it; and that he thought he would refer the motion to Judge Wood for decision, as, under the circumstances, *he* would probably be entirely *neutral!*"

A CARTHAGINIAN, a dweller in Carthage, Jefferson County, New York, vouches for the truth of what follows:

At the second battle of Bull Run the famous Thirty-fifth Regiment, from Jefferson County, New York, suffered terribly, and efforts were immediately made by the friends at home to fill its thinned ranks. Among the first to spring to the rescue was one Augustus Buel—"Gus" we call him—who is famous as a hunter in John Brown's Tract, and distinguished for being a capital fellow and an excel-

lent marksman. His Uncle, Deacon Weatherby, met Gus a day or two after he had enlisted.

"Well, Augustus," said the Deacon, "I understand you have enlisted in the Thirty-fifth."

"Yes, I have," said Gus; "and I am to start for the regiment to-morrow morning."

"That's right, my boy; that's right! I am very glad you have enlisted. You shall have my prayers and my blessing. And now, Augustus, let me give you a little advice. When you go into battle, and have your gun well charged and in good order, and the order is given to advance on the rebels, I want you, my dear boy, to remember the Scriptural injunction—'*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'"

The boys of the Thirty-fifth all agree that Gus heeded the old man's counsel.

A READER of the Drawer in Springfield, Illinois, writes of a regiment stationed at Alton, and famous as the "Gray Beard Regiment," every man being over forty-five years of age. They were there to guard rebel prisoners, among whom was the notorious Jeff Thompson. He was about to be removed, with others, to Johnson's Island, and on his march out he saw these *veterans*, and remarked, "Well, it's no wonder the Federal soldiers fight well, if these are their fathers!"

A RELIGIOUS friend in Ohio writes to the Drawer:

A few years ago there dwelt in one of the wealthiest sections of the State a host of rich relatives by the name of Brown—all, or nearly all of whom belonged to the church. They were among the most prominent and influential, if not the most exemplary, members of the congregation; and at prayer-meetings they generally monopolized the "privileges." They were all "gifted" in prayer, and consequently did the most of it. On one occasion, however, the class-leader bethought himself of a poor but worthy brother who was present, and whom he had never called upon to pray before, and the following dialogue took place:

CLASS-LEADER. "I see Brother Smith is here. Brother Smith, will you lead in prayer?"

BROTHER SMITH. "I'm not gifted; excuse me. *Let another one of the Browns pray!*"

The congregation all saw the point, and the rebuke was so just that it effectually put an end to the Brown monopoly of privileges in that congregation.

AN officer of the "C. S. A.," now a prisoner in the Myrtle Street Military Prison, St. Louis, writes us the following long letter, containing some capital stories. We are glad to learn that the first thing he did after becoming an involuntary guest of our esteemed Uncle Samuel was to "eat a good deal." Not a few of the "involuntary guests" at Richmond would be happy to be able to follow his example in this respect. We hope to hear more from our pleasant friend some of these days when we are all Union men again:

DEAR OLD DRAWER,—This den in which I now have my lair was formerly known as Lynch's Nigger-yard, and used as such. It is now a military prison; and I, an officer of the C. S. A., am sojourning here, an *un*privileged guest of the great Uncle Samuel. The first thing I did on getting in here, after eating a good deal, was to send for *Harper's Magazine*, and read, first the contents of the Drawer, then all the balance. It was like communing with an old, much-beloved friend, from whom I had been long separated—soothing to the spirit and comforting to the soul.

In the July number I saw a communication from a rebel prisoner, situated as I now am, who spoke my sentiments exactly regarding the Drawer. With him, I regard it as one of the few remaining institutions which exert any influence in binding together *all* the sections of this once glorious and happy Union. Ah! well I remember the feelings of pleasure with which I would open a new number of *Harper's*, after the toil and cares of the busy day were over, surrounded with the love and peace and easy repose of my then quiet and happy home. That home is now in ashes; the angel-like partner of my joys and cares, my prosperity and reverses, now sleeps quietly beneath the parched sod of Texas; my jovial friends and genial associates are scattered and dead and gone; and here I am, on a pile of straw in a nigger-yard!

Well, it is useless to repine. I cast my lot with the cause I considered to be right, and to that cause my life shall be devoted. But that is not pertinent to the purpose I have in view. I sat down this morning not to moralize, but to offer some contributions to the friend of my prosperous days—the Drawer. Fable tells us of a precious stone extracted from the toad's head: will you reject a good thing from the hands of a loathsome rebel?

The only property I have saved from the general wreck of my estate was that which I prized the most highly—my library, and in it are twenty bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine;* and the first thing I will do, "when this cruel war is over," if I survive it, will be to send for all the subsequent back numbers up to date. My books were saved by a political enemy but a personal friend. John Pine and myself resided for many years in the same village, in the western part of Missouri—a section of country that has witnessed the most outrageous horrors of all this war. John and myself always differed in our political views, but were all along bound to each other by the truest friendship. On the commencement of the war I was, of course, a rebel; my friend, as naturally, stuck to the old Union, and is now a big radical of our State. When General Price came up with his victorious army from Wilson Creek my friend John concluded it would not be pleasant for him to stay at home and make the acquaintance of the chivalry. So he left, first sending over to my house, for safe keeping, his horses, mules, carriage, wagon, etc., and other personal effects not convenient to carry away with him. Every thing went smoothly for a while; but when it became evident that we had to fall back transportation was an important item, and parties were detailed to press from the Union citizens every thing that would facilitate a "change of base" in the shortest possible time. Some busy-body reported to General Price that I was concealing and protecting the property of a "rank Unionist," which the army stood particularly in need of; and forthwith I was ordered to appear at head-quarters to answer the charges. In those days of the rebellion's incipiency in Missouri the general commanding investigated all such matters himself, and disposed of them in a summary manner. On appearing before "old Pap" he at once informed me of the charges brought against me, and asked me if I did not have at that time in my possession certain horses, mules, harness, wagons, etc., belonging to one John Pine. Being taken completely by surprise, I promptly answered in the affirmative; but, on a moment's reflection, and before the General could issue an order relative to the case, I added, "The property you mention, General, *did* belong to this man Pine, but that Abolitionist owed me a large debt, and I had to take it or nothing; and I would like to keep it to secure myself." This rejoinder was successful, and I was permitted to keep the property.

Not long after this the "ruthless invader" who fought "mit Sigel" marched upon us, and we made a "brilliant strategic retrograde movement" upon the Arkansas mountains. On the eve of my departure from my dear old home—alas! for the last time—I sent to Pine's house all his property, together with my own library, paintings, etc. The invader came, my house, outhouses, fencing, etc., were burned, and my family turned out in the night with only their sleeping clothes. Time rolled on, and Missouri remained in the possession of the "Gamble militia;" and the personal property of the rebels was confiscated without process of law, but in accordance with the time-worn maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils." My friend

Pine resumed business and prospered. His prosperity, as is always the case, excited the envy of some, who, to injure or annoy him, reported to the provost marshal that he was concealing and protecting the property of a notorious rebel. Upon this John was immediately arrested and tried. He plead Not Guilty, and denied all knowledge of the charge. Hereupon a witness was introduced, who testified positively that he had seen in Mr. Pine's house some "several volumes of *Harper's Magazine*, and other books, with the name of Dr. J. F. Smith, a noted rebel, formerly of that place," and which he knew did belong to said Smith; also "some paintings, etc., belonging to the same person, now in the rebel army."

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Pine?" said the provost.

"Why, if that's all," he blandly replied, "I can easily explain it to your satisfaction. The books, etc., *were* Smith's, I admit; but he owed me a large debt, and when the —— rebel ran away I had to take that trumpery or nothing."

And *that* "rejoinder" saved me my dumb but most excellent companions.

General Magruder is a brave officer and kind man, but filled with as much vanity, self-conceit, and pomposity as—as any general in the Federal army is. Shortly after the war commenced he was sitting one day in a restaurant in Richmond, enjoying, *solus*, a twelve o'clock *déjeuner* with rigid dignity, every button of his splendid uniform exactly *in situ*, and his immaculate shirt-collar adjusted at precisely the proper angle. He had hardly tested the merits of his repast when in sauntered a tall, long-haired, red-shirted private of the Louisiana First, which regiment had just arrived in the city. With the utmost coolness red-shirt sat himself down in the vacant chair opposite the General, and let into the good things before him with a zest that plainly told of long marches and previous scanty rations. This was too much for the aristocratic old officer. Drawing himself up *à la* General Scott, and with one of his severest frowns and the harshest voice he could command, he exclaimed, in tones of evident disgust,

"Sir, what do you mean? Do you know at whose table you are sitting?"

The soldier, scarcely looking up, replied, in the interval between a bite and a drink, "I know I am dreadful hungry; *and I ain't a bit particular who I eat with since I've gone soldiering!*"

While we were lying in Mississippi General Price appointed to our regiment, as chaplain, an old Ironside—a man of fine qualities of both head and heart, and who gave promise of securing the affections of the whole command. A few days after, meeting with one of our captains of the same denomination as the chaplain, I asked him how he liked our new preacher.

"Oh," said he, "I have known Parson Kathcart for many years; and if it was not for one small fault he has, I would think him a Number One minister."

"Well," I replied, "he is evidently a man of fine sense and good impulses; may I ask what that fault is you allude to?"

"Don't understand me as censuring the parson at all: he is a fine preacher and a good man; but what I dislike about him is, that he will swear whenever he gets drunk."

General Ben M'Culloch was in many particulars a remarkable man. Though a very common-looking person, he was very vain of his personal appearance and proud of his fame. Not long before the fatal battle of Pea Ridge I happened to fall in company with General M'Culloch when on his return from Richmond. The party consisted of the General, Captain Armstrong, his A. A. G., and Colonel Snyder, of the Missouri army, with two or three black servants, traveling in a four-mule ambulance. We had stopped for lunch by the wayside, about two days' travel from Fort Smith, in Arkansas, and were discussing the prospects of the Confederacy and the contents of a basket and a demijohn, when a stranger rode up and inquired the way to Colonel Stone's winter-quarters. The stranger was a perfect specimen of the genus "*butternut*." He was dressed in bilious-looking jeans, with a home-made hat and coarse boots, and wore his hair and beard very long. He was mounted on a good horse, and carried on his shoulder a long, old-fashioned rifle. Before any of us had time to answer his inquiries he cast his eyes on General M'Culloch, and seemed to recognize him. Dismounting at once, he advanced eagerly to the General, with extended hand and a hearty "Bless my soul, Joe! how do you do?—what on earth are you doing here?" The General saw the man was mistaken, but answered him pleasantly, and invited him to partake of our lunch, to which said lunch and demijohn aforesaid the stranger did full and ample justice. He told the General (for to him he addressed all his conversation, as to an old friend) that he was a volunteer, and had joined Colonel Stone's regiment of Texan Rangers, and that he intended to fight with "old Ben M'Culloch until we gained our independence." Old Ben enjoyed the man's mistake until we were about ready to start on, when he said to his Texan co-patriot, "My friend, I reckon you are mistaken as to who you have been talking to; I don't think you know me, and perhaps have never seen me before."

"You be darned!" said butternut; "I would know you, Joe, if I was to meet you in Africa."

"Well, now," said the General, getting tired of his new friend's familiarity, "who do you take me for, any way?"

"*Take* you for?" retorted Texas, earnestly; "I don't *take* you for any body; I *know* you to be Joe Baxter, what staid in the Perkins settlement, in Collins County, all last summer, *a sellin' chain-pumps and puttin' up lightnin'-rods!*"

There is a small town on the North Missouri Railroad called Renick; and Renick is a hard place—a *very* hard place. In the car, the other day, sitting in a seat near me, with his feet upon the cushions and his hat down over his eyes, was a flashy but dirty-looking individual, evidently some "three sheets" gone—indeed he was "maudlin drunk."

The Conductor, in coming around, gave him a shove and aroused him with a short—"Ticket, Sir!"

"Ain't got none," said Loafer.

"Pay your fare then."

"How much is it?" demanded the fellow.

"Where are you going to?" inquired the Conductor.

"Guess I'm—[hic]—goin'—[hic]—to the devil!" spoke Loafer, with some air of truthfulness.

"Then," said the Conductor, "*pay your fare to Renick*—$5 70!"

The following may be old, but it is as true as Gospel:

In Southwest Missouri, where I used to live, there resided several years ago an excellent old farmer by the name of Lanceford. He was a stanch Democrat, of course, and the party had rewarded his faithful services by electing him Judge of the County Court. He was very proud of his prominent position, and filled the station, if not with ability, at least with dignity. A short time after the Judge's elevation the "unterrified" held "a large and enthusiastic meeting" in the county, and Judge Lanceford was chosen chairman. While presiding over the deliberations of the body one of his sons came into town "under whip and spur," and, rushing into the meeting, he told his father that the prairie was on fire, that the farm was in danger of being destroyed, and that his mother wanted him to go out immediately and assist in "fighting the fire."

Hereupon the Judge assumed all the dignity of a Roman Senator, and speaking very deliberately, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the room, he said, "My son, go back and tell your mother to do the best she can. I can not go at present, as I have matters of more importance to attend to!"

In Western Virginia there is a correspondent of the Drawer who writes:

The people of West Virginia have very queer ideas about our soldiers, and some of them were amusingly developed to the cavalrymen who made the recent raid on Wytheville. Among the officers was a certain Captain Y——, who has a remarkable fondness for buttermilk as a beverage, and who is in the habit of calling for it constantly at the farm-houses which he passes when "on a scout." On the road to Wytheville he, with others, halted before a respectable-looking house, when they were met at the door by the frightened inmates with cries of, "The Yan-

kees have come! the Yankees have come!" and one of them, "a virgin on to forty," stretched forth her hands, and with the most imploring gestures exclaimed, "Gentlemen, burn my house, destroy my property, do what you will; *but spare my honor!*"

"Confound your honor!" said the irate Captain Y——; "have you got any *buttermilk?*"

The fears of the virtuous lady were speedily calmed.

H. P. Jones, of ——, is something of an orator, a Lieutenant-Colonel in "Lincoln's fighting stock," a brave man, and last election-day was rather high. He had a crowd or so of our good citizens around him, and was transferring to them some of his surplus patriotism. As he was enlarging on the sufferings of his command, the following words struck me as peculiarly "bully:"

"Out of the hundreds of brave boys who went with me to that bloody field, lived only three men who could raise their voice as I do now in support of the flag *under which they died!*"

About ten years since there were living in Great Falls, Hew Hampshire, two clergymen whose names were M'Collum and Hooper. Their difference of opinion on creeds and tenets did not prevent them from being warm friends. Meeting on the sidewalk one summer morning, M'Collum says,

"Come, Hooper, let's take a walk."

Hooper, looking up at the sky, answered, "I think I won't; I am afraid it is going to rain."

"What!" says Mac, "you a Baptist and afraid of water!"

"Oh no," replied Hooper; "it is not the water, but the *method of application* that I object to."

We hope to hear often from the Baltimore lawyer who sends these interesting incidents:

When the present war commenced I was practicing law in the State of Georgia. I was a strong Union man, and concluded to leave the land of secession and return to my native city. I started for Mobile to run the blockade; when I reached Montgomery, Alabama, I found I would have to remain until the next day. That evening, after tea, there was a large crowd in the rotunda of the hotel, and the war was, of course, the general theme of conversation. "War!—war to the death!" was nearly the only expression that could be heard. Every body was volunteering, and the whole city seemed to be in uniform. In the midst of the excitement a little boy, about five years old, came out of one of the parlors dressed in the full uniform of a Confederate Captain. He looked so pretty and smart that I patted him on the head, saying, "You're a very little man to be a soldier." He turned, measured me with his eye, and replied, "You're a very *big* man *not to be a soldier!*" The crowd appreciated it, and I paid for the liquor.

Now I will give you one on one of our Georgia lawyers. Latham, as he is familiarly called, is about forty-five or fifty years old, noted for his fondness of "corn-juice" and the many capital hits he makes while under its influence. He was engaged by the defendant in a Chancery suit which had been "dragging its slow length along" for quite a number of years; the complainant and defendant were both dead, and new parties had accordingly been made. The counsel for the complainant had died; so that of all the original parties Latham alone remained.

Two young lawyers had been employed to oppose Latham. When the case was called he arose, somewhat under the influence of his favorite beverage, and moved to dismiss the case in the following speech: "May it please your Honor, I move to dismiss this case. There is no use in trying it: my young brothers on the opposite side know nothing about it; neither the present complainant nor defendant know any thing about it; and, may it please your Honor, *I* only remember it *as a matter of ancient history!*"

While writing of the bar I have thought of a singular coincidence that happened with regard to the death of Judge Underwood, of Georgia, who was well known to every reader of the Drawer, for he has often figured in your columns. Judge Underwood died at Marietta, Georgia, in the summer of 1859. I had the honor to be chairman of a committee of the bar to escort his remains to Atlanta, and the following circumstance was related by one of the committee:

Some years before that, and before Marietta was the beautiful inland city and summer resort for the wealth and fashion of Lower Georgia that it now is, Judge Underwood was there attending court. At the close of the term, when he was about going away, he remarked to General Hansell,

"General, when my time comes to die, I am coming to Marietta to die."

"Ah!" replied the General, "I'm glad you think so much of our little town."

"It is not that," replied the Judge. "It's because I can leave it with less regret than any other place on the face of the earth."

Sure enough he did die there. He came on the train about twelve o'clock; was taken suddenly ill at dinner, about one o'clock, and in half an hour was dead.

I have, says a friend, been very recently reminded that we have still among us those who will or must, in conversation, confound the modern with the ancient, the solemn with the ludicrous, the sacred with the profane, etc. Last week, only, I was talking with an old and honored lady friend of the virtues of the past and the especial vices of the present times, and mutually consoled ourselves with the belief that truth and virtue triumphed finally over all its enemies. "Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "only think of the little David, who was raised from a poor shepherd boy of Salisbury Plain to become the slayer of the great Goliath and the King of Israel!"

From Folly Island, South Carolina, a military correspondent writes:

The late lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Purviance was almost as distinguished for his wit and general intelligence as for his gallantry and fidelity to duty under the most trying circumstances in which a soldier can be placed. During the siege of Battery Wagner, and only a few days previous to his death, the regiment of which he had command was ordered to the front for duty in the trenches. In Company C was a private soldier by the name of Brethwait, who was unguardedly exposing his person to the fire of the rebel sharp-shooters. After the said Brethwait had been several times admonished by his captain to "Keep that head down," the Colonel remarked, "Never mind, Captain, he will soon be *breathless.*"

Now and Then.



GRANDMOTHER. "How sweet you do look, Lottie, in that Riding-Dress! I used to look just so, when I was a Girl, and went riding!"



This Sketch, from a Family Portrait, shows how Grandmother did look when she "was a Girl, and went riding."



Pleasant surprise of Mr. Boodle, who is very proud of some picturesque rocks on his place at Bloomingdale, and has brought some lady friends to admire them.



Cousin Charlotte.—"Nellie didn't know Cousin Charlotte was going to be married to-morrow. Isn't Nellie glad?"

Little Nellie.—"No; Nellie not glad. Nellie had cake when Cousin Susan was married; got sick, and had to take physic."

Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Dinner Toilet.



FIGURES 2 AND 3.—MORNING COSTUME AND CHILD'S DRESS.

THE DINNER TOILET is of taffeta; high body; round waist; sleeves slashed at top; and from the wrist to the elbow with puffed lozenges inserted of a tint different from that of the silk, outlined with a velvet *passementerie* and buttons. The corsage is trimmed with a fall of black lace, headed by the *passementerie*, and a frill of the silk that is employed for the insertions; this, after passing round the neck, is refolded upon itself to the waist. The cuffs are finished *en suite*.

The MORNING COSTUME consists of a kerchief head-dress; robe of stone-colored cashmere, with Magenta silk or cherry, set *en tablier*; tabs of this being inserted, and bordered with silk braid.

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KENTON'S FIRST VICTORY.

SIMON KENTON.

NINETY years ago there lived in Fauquier County, Virginia, a tall, active, well-developed, handsome youth of about eighteen, belonging to the class of "poor white folk"—a class almost peculiar to the slave States of America. Either the schoolmaster was not yet abroad, or our youth had failed to meet him, or meeting him, found his acquaintance too troublesome to be very long continued; for certain it is that at the above-mentioned age he could neither read nor write, though subsequently he learned to make with a pen a combination of marks which to any one duly instructed beforehand plainly appeared to read "Simon Kenton." This ignorance is, however, not to be wondered at when we remember that not a hundred years before a Royal Governor of the Old Dominion had proclaimed—and thanked God for the fact—that the moral plague-spot, the printing-press, had not yet appeared in his province. When such an extraordinary subject of congratulation and thanksgiving could be proclaimed by the Gov-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ernor, it is not to be presumed that the mass of the people would regard Kenton as a prodigy of ignorance.

He was undoubtedly an ignorant young man, but he was "a man for a' that;" and though he could not appreciate the literary graces of Addison and Pope, his soul was fully open to the impressions of female beauty, and at the age of sixteen he was the declared admirer of one of the most attractive of the neighboring belles. His suit, however, was not prosperous, and he soon found that a young farmer named Leitchman (much his senior) was his favored rival. On him, therefore, he resolved to take vengeance, and for that purpose sought a fight in which he got terribly thrashed. The next year, however, finding himself six feet high he determined to hazard another engagement. His challenge was promptly accepted, and the two retired to a solitary spot in the woods, resolved that the combat should be *à l'outrance*. The struggle was desperate, and Kenton was again on the point of defeat when luckily he succeeded in suddenly winding his antagonist's long queue round a sapling. The victory thus acquired he so unmercifully abused as to stretch his enemy senseless upon the field of battle. Fierce as a tiger when enraged, Kenton was a humane man, and he no sooner found that resistance had ceased, and beheld his foeman lying apparently dead at his feet, than all his anger subsided and he strove by every means in his power to restore him to consciousness, but in vain. Struck with remorse, and fearful of the consequences of his rash deed, he fled from the spot, and without even returning to his father's house, made his way over the Blue Ridge into the valley of Virginia.



DANIEL MORGAN.

Here, where Daniel, afterward General, Morgan had once reigned supreme at horse-races and log-rollings, and where the name of Battletown still attests the unusual pugnacity of the people, our hero probably found ample opportunities for the display of his natural combativeness. He had on fleeing from his native county changed his name to Butler, and by that alone was known among his new acquaintances. But the disguise was imperfect, and learning that his family had discovered his place of retreat, and intended reclaiming him by force, and still believing himself to be the slayer of Leitchman, he determined to elude both paternal and civil authority by penetrating yet farther toward that mysterious West, which was just then beginning to exercise its fascination over the restless population of the border.

Accordingly we next hear of him as a hunter and trapper, ranging along the water-courses from Cheat River to Fort Pitt, then the outpost of civilization toward the Northwest. Here he learned for the first time that Leitchman had recovered from his injuries and married the lady for whose sake he had suffered them. This news, we may well suppose, lightened our young woodman's conscience without much wounding his heart; at any rate, it produced no disposition in him to return to the haunts of his boyish loves and battles.

He had now heard from a young man who had for some time been a prisoner among the Indians some extravagant descriptions of a magnificent "land of cane," lying somewhere to the southwest of the Ohio; a land whose unfailing vegetation was browsed by thousands of deer and elk, and around whose numerous salt-licks were to be seen herds more numerous than those of all the graziers in the settlements combined. This hunters' elysium Kenton longed to behold with his own eyes, and toward it his thoughts were henceforth entirely directed. No captive Jew ever panted more ardently after the remembered glories of Sion than did Kenton after those of this new land, which he knew only by vague reports, and had beheld only in his dreams. The inspiration that made him a pioneer was as strong and as real as that which made Pitt an orator and Burns a poet. At last he resolved to visit this enchanted region in person, and for this purpose united himself with his informant, Yager, and another young man named Strader. Yager had little idea where was the country which he had visited when a boy; but he felt sure that he would be able to identify the point at which the Indians were accustomed to cross the Ohio in their hunting expeditions into Kain-tuck-ee. With this meagre itinerary as a guide these three youths launched their canoe at the mouth of the Great Kanawoh, and began their adventurous journey into regions seldom seen by white men, three years before Boone led the first company of settlers over the Cumberland Mountains. Two years before Boone himself had penetrated the mysterious country by its southern gate; but of this Kenton was entirely ignorant. Day after day the three floated down the current of the lonely river, and at length reached the site of the present village of Manchester. Here Yager, who had failed to recognize the point which he had described, declared that they must have passed it in the night. They there-

fore retraced their way, landing at various points, and exploring the adjacent country, but without finding any where the wonderful "land of the cane."

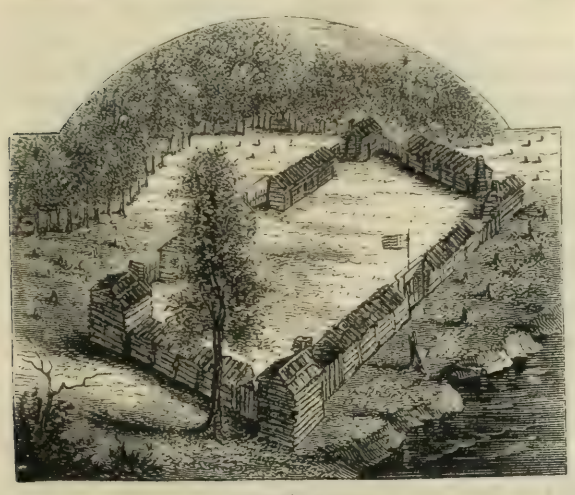
Having regained their starting-point, the three friends struck off into the mountainous tract now embraced in the State of Western Virginia, and for nearly two years followed the occupation of hunting and trapping. But one evening as they were lounging in their shed, totally unsuspicious of danger, they were fired on by a small party of Indians, and Strader was instantly killed. Kenton and Yager fled without having secured even their rifles. For two days they made their way toward the Ohio, surrounded on every side by game, yet gnawed with hunger. At last the fierce pangs by which they had been tormented gave way to dizziness and deadly nausea, under the influence of which they repeatedly laid themselves down to die. But life was too strong in their athletic frames, and the love of life too keen in their boyish spirits, to yield so readily. Although in the grip of famine the reserved fund of vitality in their constitutions, recruited by rest, enabled them, after each of these fits of despair, to renew the struggle for existence. On the evening of the third day, having succeeded in crawling one mile since morning, they came in sight of the river just at the point where a company of traders happened to have pitched their camp. Alarmed at their report of savage hostility, they hastily packed up their goods and returned up the river to the mouth of the Little Kanawoh. There they met Dr. Briscoe at the head of a party preparing to join Captain Bullit at the mouth of the Sciota.

Here was another chance of reaching Kentucky, and Kenton at once joined them. But misfortune again awaited him; for at the Three Islands the explorers were alarmed by the approach of a party, and abandoning their boats, struck through the wilderness for Greenbriar, then the frontier settlement of Virginia. Hence our hero made his way once more to the Upper Ohio. He arrived there at a most critical moment; for the whites had lately done that foul murder on the family of Logan, which, following the murder of Bald Eagle and a score of similar outrages, had roused the wild warriors of the Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandots to vengeance;* and the cloud of savage warfare was hanging darkly along the exposed frontier, from the head-waters of the Alleghany to those of the Tennessee. Some of its red warning drops had indeed already fallen, and hundreds of families were flying from their new-found homes to the shelter of the few fortresses, or to the yet safer refuge of the interior country, where the armies of Lewis and Dunmore were mustering for the conflict.

* This murder was attributed to Michael Cresap, by Logan and others, and the odium of the deed rested upon his memory for three quarters of a century. But in 1851 Mr. Brantz Mayer, in an address before the Maryland Historical Society, proved conclusively that Cresap was in no way connected with the affair.—See Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 283.

Kenton was now nineteen years old, with a character for boldness and activity so well established that he was at once selected by Dunmore as one of his "spies"—a name which the wonderful predilection of mankind for cant has made a term of reproach. But our unlettered grandfathers had not attained to that refined casuistry which justifies us in tempting a man, by extravagant rewards, into a course of conduct which is to be forever afterward a cause of reproach and contempt. On the contrary, they were simple enough to admire and hail as a hero the person who had run the most appalling risks in their behalf. The dangers of such a life were, indeed, such as only the bravest dared to encounter, and its difficulties such that no one but a man of the most prompt sagacity could hope to succeed therein. But it was the life that suited Kenton precisely, and it was simply as a scout and spy that he acquired the distinction which has ranked him with Boone and Harrod, the greatest of the genuine backwoods pioneers. Of this trio Kenton was the truest representative of the borderers of that day—if by representative men we mean those who exhibit the highest development of such qualities as are peculiar to their class. Our hero possessed neither the moral nor intellectual superiority of his two celebrated contemporaries, and, as a consequence, never enjoyed that high respect which they extorted even from the refined and educated class that sought homes in Kentucky at the close of the Revolutionary War. Daniel Boone and James Harrod would, at any time of their lives, have been not unfit associates of George Washington and Philip Livingston, in all save dress and superficial polish of manner; but Simon, we fear, would hardly have been presentable in such company until old age had softened the character, and time had sanctified the reputation, of the veteran Indian fighter. He was never looked up to as a "leader of men"—the highest to which a mortal may aspire; but, unlike many in later days, he seems to have been aware of the deficiency, and never, I believe, commanded more than a score of men, nor does he appear to have been very successful even at the head of such flying parties as he on one or two occasions led into the Indian country. His "station" was founded shortly after those of Boone, Harrod, and Logan; but never, like theirs, became a centre of strength, and a radiating point from whence civilization gradually penetrated the surrounding waste. In fact, he for some years entirely abandoned his station, and contented himself with a subordinate place under the more influential pioneer leaders.

He served as a spy throughout the short campaign of Lord Dunmore, having for a companion in all his excursions a man whose very name was destined to become a hissing and a reproach throughout a whole continent forever, namely, Simon Girty. Their companionship in peril resulted in a friendship warm and lasting, at least on Girty's part—a friendship which survived, in the heart of that strange being, the change of



BOONE'S FORT.

race and nature; and years afterward, in a moment of direst extremity, he resolutely interposed in our hero's behalf, at the no small risk of compromising himself in the estimation of the capricious barbarians with whom he had cast in his lot, and in whose favor alone he could then find safety.

When the war of 1774 came to a close Kenton was discharged from service, but all the objects of his life had undergone a change. The excitement of the peaceful hunter was too tame for one of his fiery temperament, after having tasted the wilder excitement of war; and he had, besides, imbibed the true border hatred toward the Indians, in even a larger measure than usual. Henceforth, for twenty long bloody years he was a hunter of the red man—twenty such years as we believe no other man ever lived through, so crowded were they with hair-breadth escapes and adventures such as were never enacted elsewhere—except, perhaps, in the imaginations of English hunters in South Africa.

As soon as peace was concluded with the Ohio tribes, Kenton resolved to set out once more in search of the country which Yager had described. Accompanied by two friends, he descended the river in a canoe four or five hundred miles, to the mouth of Big-bone Creek, where he wondered over the enormous remains which then lay scattered over the surface of the valley, and drank of the nauseous springs that boil up from the sulphur-blackened mud. But our hero was not in search either of big bones or health-giving springs, for neither of which he had any use. The little party therefore re-embarked, and returned up the Ohio to the mouth of Cabin Creek, a short distance above Maysville. Here they landed, and, concealing their boat, struck off into the wood, resolved to explore the whole region thoroughly. They had luckily landed just where the since so celebrated blue grass land approaches nearest to the river. As they advanced the soil became more fertile and the landscape more charming, until, as they approached May's Lick, the delight of the party knew no bounds. Here at last Kenton felt that his dream of years was completely realized: at last he had found the glorious "land of cane." This was certainly the region over which Yager had hunted with the Indians when a lad, and the beauties of which he had so often recounted. Under their feet was the thick green turf of the finest grazing land in the world; around them an open, park-like growth of timber through which deer and elk were roaming in such numbers as Kenton had never seen before; while, to crown all, a herd of buffaloes was crowding around the salt-lick in the valley below them.

Here Kenton resolved to make his home, and with his friend Williams cleared a small patch in the middle of a cane-brake, about a mile from where the town of Washington now stands, from which in the next season they ate the first roasting ears ever raised by white men in Northern Kentucky. But agricultural labor occupied but a very small part of their time; and supposing the northern tribes still to be peaceable, they fearlessly ranged the woods far and near, in which occupation Kenton learned that unerring woodcraft, and acquired that exact knowledge of the topography of the country, which was afterward of such essential service to the colonists.

At length they met with two other white men, named Hendricks and Fitzpatrick, who having been overset by a squall on the Ohio, had been for many days wandering in a half-starving condition through the woods. Hendricks at once agreed to remain with them; but Fitzpatrick was tired of the forest, and insisted on returning to the East. This could best be done by going to the Ohio and joining any party of traders that might be passing up that stream. Leaving Hendricks, therefore, in a temporary camp, with a plentiful supply of provisions, Kenton and Williams started off to escort their new acquaintance to the Limestone Point, as the site of Maysville was then called.

On their return they found the camp plundered and deserted, and, while pondering in no small dismay over such an unexpected disaster, they saw a smoke, at a little distance, rising from out of a deep ravine. Kenton was as yet but a raw Indian fighter, otherwise we could hardly forgive his conduct on this occasion; for no sooner did he and his comrade discover this "sign" than they took to their heels "and fled," says M'Clung, "faster and farther than true chivalry would seem to justify," without thinking even of reconnoitring the savage party, which was undoubtedly very small, and may have consisted of only two or three warriors; in either of which cases a brisk attack, suddenly and unexpectedly made, would probably have saved poor Hendricks from a horrible death, and would certainly have spared the two delinquents much shame and remorse when they returned next day and found the skull and bones of their friend scattered among the still smouldering brands. Kenton was certainly wanting in that invincible equanimity so remarkable in most of the chiefs of the Kentucky borderers; but to blame him with the want of chivalry is to judge him by a standard of which he was entirely ignorant. Neither the Indians nor whites knew any thing



FINDING THE REMAINS.

of that refinement of the warlike animal instinct which we call by this name. Their wars, it is true, afford many most splendid instances of self-elevating valor and generosity. But as among them valor seldom became rashness, so generosity never degenerated into folly. Boone himself, when retreating from the Blue Licks, and pressed by the Indians, abandoned his dying son in the woods and made his own escape, which he would never have done had there been even a moderate chance of preserving the young man's life by risking his own. And yet so inveterate is humbug, or so high-strung is modern chivalry, that many will regard this as a slander on the memory of the founder of Kentucky.

A few weeks after this, as the two friends were hunting near the Blue Licks, they met two other white men, who informed them that they were not the only settlers in Kain-tuck-ee, but that both Boone and Harrod had erected stations south of the river of that name, each of which had already quite a little population of settlers, hunters, and surveyors, who had been driven thither by the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country, in which the Indian tribes were instantly involved on the part of the latter. Anxious to enjoy once more the pleasures of social intercourse, Kenton at once resolved to give up for a time his own station, and visit those of whose existence he now heard for the first time.

His first sojourn, during the winter of 1775–6, was at Hinckston's, a small outlying stockade, and one of the branches of Licking in the present county of Bourbon. In the spring the savages began to be so troublesome that most of the weaker posts were abandoned, and Kenton became an inmate of Harrod's Station, between which place and Boonesborough his time was for the next four years principally divided. Residence he could not be said to have; for the Indians had now become so furious, and their attacks so frequent, that the appointment of a small body of spies and scouts was suggested by Colonel Clarke as the best means of defense within the power of the inhabitants; and with this view he recommended to Boone, Harrod,



DANIEL BOONE.



KENTON SAVING BOONE.

and Logan, the heads of the three principal settlements, that each should appoint two young and active men, in whose sagacity they had perfect confidence, to whom the arduous duty of scouring the woods, and giving warning of any hostile movement on the part of the savages, was to be committed. Boone selected Kenton as one of his appointees; and in this capacity our hero at once entered on that career of wonderful adventure which has made his name a household word throughout the West. Some few of these adventures and escapes we will produce in chronological order, without attempting even the merest outline of his life for the next seven or eight years; and this we can the more easily do as the interest of his life is entirely personal, owing nothing whatever to his connection with public events, in which he was too ignorant to take any part, except in a very subordinate capacity.

He had not been long in his new employment before he had an opportunity of wiping out any suspicion that the unfortunate abandonment of Hendricks might have left on his reputation as a brave man. He and his brother scout were standing in the gate of the little fort early one morning, consulting about their operations for the day, when two men who had gone out a few moments before were fired upon, and one of them slain and tomahawked within seventy yards of the picketing, and the daring savage was proceeding to scalp his victim when he himself was shot dead by Kenton. The two white men then gave chase to the remainder of the lurking party, which seemed but small. Boone, hearing the noise, hastened out with ten men to assist his spies, so that the whole party of white men outside the walls amounted to fourteen. After the pursuit had continued a little distance, Kenton, who was as watchful as a lynx, casting a glance behind him, saw an Indian taking aim at some of Boone's men. Quick as thought his gun was at his shoulder and discharged, the savage biting the earth of course, for our hero never missed. But at the same moment thirty or forty dusky forms seemed to start up out of the ground between them and the fort. Boone at once saw that he had committed a great blunder, but he was not the man to make it irreparable by hesitating in the face of danger. Right about! fire! charge! was the order, and the little band dashed in upon

these new foes in a desperate endeavor to reach the gate. They were met by a volley of rifles so close and well aimed that only seven out of the fourteen kept their feet, all the rest being killed or badly wounded, among the latter of whom was Boone himself. He was well known by the savages, one of whom, with an exulting yell, sprang astride his body, flourishing his hatchet for the blow which was to rid his people of their most dangerous enemy. The weapon was in the act of descending upon the head of the helpless veteran, when Kenton, who had missed him at the gate and rushed back to the rescue, discharged his gun into the breast of the Indian, and catching up his captain in his strong young arms, made good his escape into the stockade in spite of the shower of bullets that flew thickly round him and of the weight of his burden—about 170 pounds.

"Well, Simon, you have behaved yourself like a man to-day! Indeed you are a fine fellow!" Such was the compliment with which the taciturn old woodsman repaid the services of his friend; and never, perhaps, did a young soldier feel more generous pride on receiving a brevet for gallant and meritorious conduct than did our hero at such commendation from such a source. But alas! human pleasures are seldom complete, and Kenton was chagrined by the reflection that he had that morning killed three Indians without being able to obtain a single one of their scalps! Poor fellow!

Some time after this Boone set out at the head of a small force, with the intention of surprising the Indian village on Paint Creek, beyond the Ohio, which, of all their towns, lay most convenient for such an attempt. They passed the river unobserved, and had approached the vicinity of their object, when, as they were moving cautiously through the woods, Simon, who, as usual, was some hundreds of yards in advance, was suddenly surprised by the most boisterous peals of laughter a short distance in front, and evidently approaching. He instantly "treed," but had barely succeeded in concealing himself before two warriors came in sight, riding back to back on a small pony. Entirely unsuspicious of danger, they were indulging in all kinds of antics, and making the arches of the woods ring with their noisy merriment. Our scout—it really seems a pity to tell—put an abrupt end to their sport by firing at them *in line*, when they both fell, shot through the breast and back, the foremost dead and the other desperately wounded. Resolved not to lose two more honestly-earned scalps, Kenton ran up and was trying to tomahawk the wounded Indian, when his quick ear caught a slight noise, and glancing aside he saw two more savages taking aim at him from a distance of about twenty paces. A quick spring saved him, but both balls whistled close by his ears, and he had barely sheltered himself behind a tree before a dozen warriors appeared in the opposite direction. The tables were now completely turned, and he had for a few minutes hard work to avoid the aim of so many enemies, but was at length rescued by Boone, who had hurried forward with his party at the sound of the guns, thus partially discharging the obligation under which Kenton had laid him a few months before; and Kenton had the satisfaction of taking off his two scalps.

A surprise of the village being rendered impossible, most of the party returned hastily into Kentucky; but our hero and another young man resolved to finish the expedition by themselves, in order, if possible, to get a shot at a warrior or two, or at least steal some horses—a temptation which to Kenton was always irresistible. They lay for two whole days within easy rifle-range of the town, without getting a chance to accomplish the former part of their design, but on the second night succeeded in mounting a fine steed, on which they made good their return journey to the settlements.

In the following fall an expedition of some magnitude was projected by Colonel Bowman against the great Shawanee towns on the Sciota; and as it was judged expedient to obtain some previous information as to their condition, Kenton, Montgomery, and Clark were dispatched thither for that purpose. With their wonted secrecy and celerity they traversed the intervening wilderness, approached the town of Chilicothe undetected, and during the whole day lay on the edge of a corn-patch within full view of the houses, and at night issued from their ambush and traversed the streets and lanes, walked round the principal houses, undisturbed even by the dogs which abound in all places of Indian residence or sojourn.

Having thus satisfactorily performed their official business, they were in the act of leaving the town when they again stumbled on a pound full of horses. Nothing could have been more unlucky; for this was a temptation that Kenton never could be taught to resist, even after the most woeful experience of the disasters to which it was apt to lead. Nor were his companions at all behind him in eager longing after horse-flesh. But on this occasion not only caution seems to have been upset, but even common sense appears to have been utterly banished from the minds of the whole trio. To have attempted to take a single horse from the midst of four or five hundred savages proverbial for their watchfulness was very dangerous; to have secured one apiece would have been an instance of good fortune for which even the most sanguine could scarcely have hoped. But Kenton here displayed that sort of dare-devil recklessness which sometimes lent an air of comicality to his most tragical adventures, and which has caused many to identify him—much to the injury of his reputation—with the Ralph Stackpole of Dr. Bird's well-known romance. In short, absurd as it may seem, the three madcaps resolved to steal the whole drove of twelve or fifteen half-broken horses out of a pen within as many paces of their owners' huts. Of course such an operation was not carried on

without a great deal of noise, and of course the Indians were awakened thereby. First one voice, then another, then another was heard, in excited tones, announcing that the white thieves were stealing their cattle before their very doors. Undismayed, however, and undeterred, our three scouts tugged and lashed away at the refractory beasts, and actually succeeded in getting the whole drove, without the loss of a single animal, safely out of the pound, about the time that the alarm-cry had swelled into a universal roar from the throats of chiefs, braves, squaws, and papooses, who came pouring from every lane and street to the rescue of their most valuable property. Nothing but Tam O'Shanter's race with the witches could parallel that which now took place. Away dashed our exulting friends, each leading four or five horses by a long cord, while on their traces opened in full yell the whole human and canine population of Chilicothe. But swift-footed as the Indians might be, they were no match for the horses; and the clamor of pursuit grew rapidly less threatening in the ears of the fugitives until, at the end of an hour, the regular beat of their own galloping hoofs was the only sound to be heard on the wide prairie.

It may be that Kenton's resolution to take all the horses was, like many another daring act, much wiser than it at first appears. At least it now gave them a vast advantage; for though the Indians would not easily give over the pursuit, they would be compelled to suspend it until they could procure horses from the nearest towns. Our three acquaintances thus acquired many hours the start, and, riding at a brisk pace, reached the Ohio on the morning of the second day. Here it was determined that our hero should swim over, driving the drove before him, while the other two made a raft out of logs and grape-vines for the transportation of themselves and their arms. Once on the other side and they would be safe. But the wind was high and the water rough, and, after many trials, Kenton found it impossible to make the animals take to the stream. By abandoning a part of their prey they could easily have made off with the rest; but they could not bring themselves to consent to such a measure; for, could they carry such a booty safely home, their names would be famous among horse-stealers forever; and all the brethren of that noble fraternity, which included the great body of the settlers, would turn green with envy at the recital of their exploit, while even in the pecuniary point they would be no small gainers. So they quietly sat down and waited for the river to become smooth enough to permit their passage—an almost inconceivable stretch of folly, as they thereby deliberately threw away all the advantage which the horseless condition in which they had left their pursuers had given them.

Next morning the river was calm, but the horses, remembering the difficulty of their former attempts, refused to enter the water at all, and, breaking away, scattered in every direction through the woods. While trying to collect them again our adventurers became aware that the savages were at last close upon them, and they now determined to do what they ought to have done twenty-four hours before—that is, mount a horse apiece, and attempt to make their way down the river to the falls, two hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies. They accordingly set off through the woods, Kenton riding in the centre, and the others at two hundred yards' distance on either hand. But idiocy was still in the ascendant, and this gleam of common sense was as transient as it was tardy; for they had gone only a short distance when Kenton heard a loud hallo behind him, and, instead of quickening his pace, he actually stopped, dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and quietly walked back to see what it was. Of course he was vastly astonished at beholding a couple of mounted Indians in full pursuit. But he does seem to have been wise enough to guess whom they were after; for he instantly presented his gun at the foremost and pulled the trigger, but having become damp upon the raft it only snapped. He darted into a mass of fallen timber, but, on emerging into the open wood on the opposite side, met another Indian on horseback, who had ridden around the edge of the brushwood to intercept him. "Broder! broder!" repeated this fellow as he rapidly drew near, holding out his hand with a most engaging frankness, which did not much impose on Kenton, as we believe. But as he was now fairly trapped he waited quietly to hear what this new relation might have to say; but not liking the eagerness with which his own proffered hand was grasped, or interpreting as any thing but fraternal the fire that burned in the other's eyes, he was just raising his gun to punch his new brother in the face, when a strong pair of dusky arms were thrown round him, pinioning his own tightly to his side. At the same moment his brother seized him by the top of the head, and shook him till his teeth rattled and his brain reeled with dizziness. The other two Indians quickly came up, and the prisoner was being stripped and disarmed, when Montgomery, who, with more bravery than discretion, had returned to see what had become of him, appeared in sight, and seemed to be busily engaged in repriming his gun. Two of the captors sprang off in pursuit, and soon the report of their rifles announced the fate of the fugitive.

The pursuers returned in a few minutes, and dashed the bloody scalp of his gallant companion in Kenton's face. They all knew their prisoner well, hated him vindictively, and had none of that high respect for his character which they always displayed toward Boone when he fell into their power. They therefore determined to give Kenton a foretaste of what he was to suffer by the immediate infliction of the most degrading punishment known among them. His flesh cringed in anticipation as he saw them begin to draw their tough hickory ramrods, and cut almost equally tough switches from the beech-trees



A FRATERNAL HUG.

around. Nor did they allow his sufferings to continue merely imaginary long; for as soon as each had provided himself with a sufficient number of the stinging weapons they surrounded their captive and all at once fell foul of him, lashing him over the head and shoulders without mercy, intermingling their blows with the most insulting and reproachful exclamations—"You want Injun hoss, hay!—you dam hoss-steal you!"

At last, having wearied themselves and reduced their victim to a most pitiable condition, they left off that mode of infliction and adopted another, which might soon have balked their further vengeance by causing his instant death. Being about to start for home, they bound him tightly upon the back of a half-broken colt, which they released with a cut and yell, expecting to see him dart off madly through the thick woods with his helpless rider. Such a ride would have been more dangerous than that famous one of Mazeppa over the steppes of the Ukraine, and would certainly have terminated in a few minutes, so far as our hero was concerned, by dashing out his brains against some friendly tree. But the dumb brute, apparently more merciful than the human ones who had imposed such a task upon him, merely made a few springs and plunges through the undergrowth that bordered the path, returned of his own accord into line with the other horses, and was allowed to proceed quietly during the rest of the day.

Night at last came, but did not bring much relief to the wretched victim of savage hatred; for he was forced to lie down flat upon his half-flayed back, and two heavy poles were crossed upon his breast, to which his hands and feet were securely tied, much as criminals were to the wheel, except that in this case the wheel was upon the body instead of under it; while, to make assurance doubly sure, his neck was uncomfortably stretched by a stout thong fastened to a tree. He lived until morning, and even supposed that he slept; but he never recommended this manner of passing the night to his friends on the score of ease.

At the first village he was met by the famous Blackfish with the interrogatory, "Did Captain Boone tell you to steal my horses?" "No, Sir, I did it of my own accord;" which honest answer, instead of eliciting admiration, only procured

him another severe switching at the hands of the great chief—a very painful honor indeed.

To narrate the sufferings of the next week would fill the whole space allotted to this paper. Suffice it to say that he ran the gauntlet from town to town, was beaten by any one who chose to beat him, was cleft through the shoulder-joint with an axe, and was once actually fastened to the stake, so that at last even his strong powers of mind and body began to give way—not, however, until he had made one gallant effort to escape. He had been told that he was to be burned at Pickaway, and resolved to make an attempt to elude that terrible ordeal by breaking away from his guards on the journey thither, though they were some twenty-five or thirty in number, and several of them mounted. With that kind of weakness which makes us shrink from perilous attempts even when we know that our salvation depends on their being made, his heart now throbbed with a faint hope and now sank into despair, while his eyes keenly scanned the country to see what advantages it might afford him in the life or death race which he was meditating.

At length, as they approached the town of Pickaway, the sight of the place where he was to undergo the horrible torture of the stake put an end to any further hesitation, and with a startling cry of desperation he sprang through the line of guards, and flew with the speed of a deer toward a cane-brake which appeared at a few hundred yards' distance. But the odds were too much against him; he was soon surrounded by the horsemen and retaken.

When they reached the town a council was held to decide on the relative expediency of burning him at once or of sending him to Waccotomica to suffer the same fate. Kenton was little interested in the result. Hope was utterly gone; and as he stood in the middle of the council-house he was so little conscious of what was going on around him that he scarcely noticed the entrance of a new party, some of whom were renegade whites. These, who had just returned from a foray against the frontiers with half a dozen scalps, were nevertheless in a bad humor, as they had lost some of their own people in the retreat. On being informed of the matter under discussion, one of them turned on Kenton, threw him violently to the ground, and, without ceasing to maltreat him, fiercely demanded his name.

"Simon Butler," was the reply.

The effect of these words seemed magical. The ferocious renegade gazed for a moment into the other's haggard face, his own features working strangely the while; and suddenly the bewildered captive, just now so friendless and forlorn, found himself clasped in a long and close embrace.

"Don't you remember me, Butler? I am Simon Girty."

It was indeed the hated traitor—the more than savage white man, who jeered Crawford in the midst of his torments at the stake, and who never before or afterward was known to spare one of his own race whom fortune placed in his power. Yet this man, so hardened and pitiless on all other occasions, now shed tears as he



KENTON AND GIRTY.

gazed upon the wretched appearance of the friend whom he had known in his own better and happier days. A strange phenomenon, which proves how ineradicable is humanity in the human bosom.

Having given his friend his own blanket to cover his inflamed shoulders, and in some degree recovered his own calmness of feelings, Girty turned to the wondering assembly, and began an earnest plea in behalf of the already condemned prisoner. He told them that he was his early friend and companion; that he himself had done the tribes many services, and had proved his loyalty to their interests by deeds that excluded all chance of his ever leaving them; that he had never asked mercy for one of his own race before; and would they but grant this boon—would they but spare the life of this young man, the only friend he ever had among the Long Knives—he would promise never again to make an application in favor of one of that detested people; but would show his sincerity in the present case by warring more relentlessly than ever against the settlers along the border, from which, as they knew, he had just returned with seven scalps and no small amount of booty. This singular oration, delivered with the utmost earnestness of voice and gesture, produced a great deal of excitement among the listeners, and evidently of opposite kinds; and we may imagine with what breathless interest Kenton watched the war club as it passed from hand to hand, and how his heart must have dilated as he gradually became sure that the number of those who passed it on in silence would exceed that of those who struck it upon the earth.

For a time at least he was saved, and saved by an interposition which could have seemed to him at the moment little short of miraculous. It is a wonder that he did not lose his senses under such a revulsion of feeling, for he was by no means remarkable for equanimity or self-restraint. Probably his long-continued sufferings of body and mind had in a great degree destroyed his natural elasticity. But his constitution was too sound to remain long depressed when the causes of depression were removed. Under the assiduous care of Girty he rapidly recovered his bodily strength, and his naturally sanguine temper drew cheerful auguries from the changed demeanor of the savages, who, with that singular dissimulation on which they so much pride themselves, appeared to receive him precisely as one of their own people from the moment his reprieve was pronounced by the Council.

This reprieve, however, was of short duration; just long enough to recruit his love of life and his power of enduring pain. One fine morning he and Girty had sauntered forth to a short distance from the town, when they observed a horseman approaching them at a rapid pace. Nothing sharpens the faculties like fear, in a mind strong enough to resist its bewildering effects; and Kenton's heart at once misgave him that this was a messenger of evil to himself. This was confirmed by the change in Girty's countenance as the two spoke for a moment apart, and by the sullen silence in which the Indian turned away from his own greeting. It needed no words from his companion to inform him that fortune had again turned against him; but the cause of so sudden a change he was anxious to learn, and was soon satisfied. A deputation from the more northern towns had just arrived to remonstrate against the mistaken leniency of their brethren, and to insist upon a reconsideration of their verdict; the Council was now assembled to hear them, and, according to custom, the presence of the prisoner was required.

When Kenton and his friend entered the room the former passed round the circle, offering his hand to each of those who were about to decide upon his fate. But one after another folding his arms in his blanket, and regarding him with an eye of coldness or aversion, told him too well what that fate would be, and how completely the decision was already made. Girty opened the debate by an earnest plea in behalf of his friend, and was responded to by one of the Pickaway chiefs. Determined, if possible, to save his old comrade, the renegade again spoke at great length, employing all the resources of savage oratory. The principal man of the new-comers answered, and Kenton's indefatigable advocate arose to respond to him also, but the impatient murmurs and half-muttered hints about "white blood," which even the rigid decorum of an Indian deliberative meeting could not entirely suppress, at last convinced him that he was endangering himself without the least chance of saving his protégé. "Well, my friend, you must die," was all he said to the latter as he left the council-house.

After his departure the club once more passed around, and it was resolved that the prisoner should be burned at Waccotomica, a town a few leagues from Pickaway, to which place he was at once dispatched, almost the whole population accompanying him. Girty soon overtook them on horseback, and told Kenton that he had many friends in Waccotomica, therefore he would hurry on, and once more exert his whole influence for his salvation. But the hope was vain; and Girty, finding he could do nothing more, left the town before the arrival of Kenton and his escort, so that he might not witness the horrible execution which he had labored so faithfully to prevent. This transaction is the one bright spot in the great renegade's evil life. Let it be remembered to his credit.

At the entrance of this town the usual scene of brutal infliction and dogged endurance took place of course. While standing at the door of the council-room weary and hopeless, waiting the result of a deliberation going on within, our hero was approached by Logan, the famous Ming chief. This was the first time Kenton had ever beheld this truly great man, whose mien he described as wonderfully noble and attractive. And yet he saw him not in his prime; for he



KENTON AND LOGAN.

was now only the wreck of his former self, having succumbed entirely to those habits of dissipation into which the melancholy which had preyed upon his spirits ever since the murder of his wife and children had driven him. During the short war which that cowardly outrage precipitated he had indeed exacted a terrible revenge, the pursuit of which for a few months gave him a motive and an object of action. But when peace was made—that peace to which he had not consented, but to which he signified his adhesion in that mournful dithyramb preserved by Jefferson—his whole interest in life was gone, and he began that aimless, wandering sort of life that he ever afterward led; passing restlessly from village to village, a man of many woes, wishing only for a refuge from his own sorrowful thoughts and memories, and, like his great white contemporary, unfortunately finding it only in drink. But probably in the state of society in which he lived no other refuge was open to one of his poetic temperament. Certainly the white man has no right to point invidiously at Logan while he remembers Charles Lamb and Edgar Poe.

"Well, young man," said this magnanimous chieftain, as he scanned compassionately the bleeding and dejected prisoner, "these young men seem to be very mad at you."

"Yes, Sir, they certainly are."

"But don't be too down-hearted, for they have determined to send you to Sandusky, and I have sent off two runners to that place to take your part."

Cheered by such an assurance from one so widely known and respected, Kenton bore patiently the outrage and abuse that was heaped upon him without measure during the long journey. But, alas! the degrading habit of drunkenness is destructive of personal consideration in savage as well as in civilized life; and on his arrival in Sandusky he learned that the waning influence of Logan had failed to procure the reversal of his sentence. But while he was trying to nerve himself for the last trial, which now seemed inevitable, Fortune, as if resolved to vindicate to the utmost her reputation for fickleness, and who had just baffled the efforts of one friend in his behalf, now raised up another, equally unexpected, in the person of a trader named

Druyer, who, admiring Kenton's appearance and pitying his misfortunes, resolved to save him, if possible, from a death such as those suffer who die at the stake. With this view he suggested to the chiefs that they should allow him to take the youth to the Governor at Detroit, who just then was anxious to obtain correct information of the condition of the Kentucky settlements, against which he was preparing an expedition. To this the savages consented, having exacted a promise from Druyer to bring back the prisoner as soon as the desired information should be obtained. This promise the trader gave without the least intention of fulfilling; and hastily set off with his charge to Detroit, where he delivered him up to the authorities.

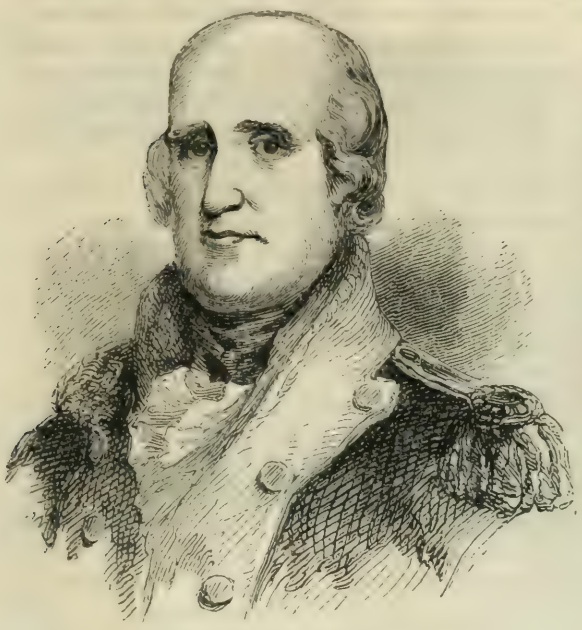
We know not whether the redemption of the good trader's pledge was ever demanded, but it is certain that Kenton remained quietly about the garrison, supporting himself by any sort of labor that he could find to do. This life he led for several weeks; but as he recovered from the effects of the terrible hardships of his captivity, the desire of liberty and the wish to revisit his friends became too strong to be resisted, and he resolved to relinquish the safety of his present condition, and run the risk of falling again into the hands of the Indians, in order to accomplish these objects. The attempt was one of difficulty and danger; but a woman, whom pity, and perhaps a still gentler feeling, had made his friend, at length furnished him with the means, and, in company with ten other prisoners, he set out on a circuitous journey of at least five hundred miles for the fall of the Ohio, through a wilderness swarming with hostile Indians. And here ends what we honestly believe to be the most wonderful series of daring adventures, terrible sufferings, and hair-breadth escapes ever crowded in the same space of a mortal's life.

We said escapes, but preservations would be the better word; for during the whole time, with one short exception, Kenton was almost as passive as a shuttle-cock beaten backward and forward between two nicely-matched players. At last, however, his good angel won the game, and after a rapid and weary march of many days and nights he reached Fort Nelson safe and sound, much to the surprise of his acquaintances, who had given up all hopes of ever beholding him again. But their amazement was hardly greater than his own when he looked back on all that he had lived through—for he had eight times been forced to run the gauntlet, besides receiving an uncounted number of private or informal beatings—he had been cut down with an axe, knocked over with guns, clubs, and hatchets, and three times tied to the stake, from which mere accident or whim had released him. He had found friends in the noblest, the most vicious, and the most unremarkable of men, and had owed his final escape to the sympathy of a woman, the wife of an Indian trader, well used to behold suffering of every kind, and probably but little accustomed to be moved by a thing so familiar to her eyes as an emaciated prisoner.

As soon as he had a little recruited his strength he set out to visit his old commander, Clarke, at Vincennes; for we failed to mention that he had



KENTON AND HIS DELIVERER.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

acted as a guide to that officer on his famous expedition into Illinois, and had been sent back by him with dispatches of great importance; on which occasion he passed through the town of Vincennes (then garrisoned by the enemy) in the night, examined minutely its condition, sent back to the General the information thus gained by a companion, stole a horse, and made his way alone to the Falls. This, so far as the writer knows, was his first exploit in horse-lifting, the cause of all his woes.

After this he returned to Harrodsburg, where he remained in comparative quiet for about a year. But when, in the summer of 1780, Clarke called for an army of Kentuckians to retaliate on the Indians the damage inflicted by Byrd's incursion, Kenton promptly hastened to his standard with a company from the vicinity of his temporary residence; and when the enemy were brought to bay at Pickaway, he led the van, and had the satisfaction of repaying some of the blows which he had endured at that very spot two years before, besides burning a part of the town through which he had then been paraded a miserable and hopeless captive.

He was not at the defeat of the Blue Licks; but when Clarke again called for volunteers to avenge that terrible disaster, he again joined him at the head of his company and piloted the army throughout the campaign, and once more tasted the sweets of revenge upon the spots where he had suffered so much. On the return march he witnessed the singular death-scene of the gallant young Captain M'Cracken, who, as his litter was borne over the crest of the hills above the site of Cincinnati, and as his dying eyes wandered over that magnificent basin in the midst of which the Licking mingles its watery tribute from the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap with that drawn from the far interior of New York, called his fellow-soldiers to his side, and asked that, fifty years from that day, all who might survive should meet together on that spot—which promise was given, and as far as possible was faithfully kept.

It was a singular idea or inspiration, and a strangely-solemn scene as we look back to it from the distance of eighty years; and eighty years forms a long vista in our busy, changeful country. The group of sad faces gathered round the expiring youth; below them the long line of glittering bayonets and the picturesque parties of mounted borderers, in more irregular order, winding down through the giant growth of forest trees; still lower, the broad stream of the "beautiful river," sweeping in a splendid curve across the landscape; and far beyond, the magnificent amphitheatre of the Kentucky hills, clothed to the top in the gorgeous autumnal foliage, bounded the view toward the south. When Captain M'Cracken cast his fast-dimming eyes over the prospect, not a hut was to be seen, and hardly a felled tree showed that a white man had ever trod its surface; now the dwellings of two hundred thousand of that race fill its extensive basin, and the spires of their churches are reflected in its rivers.

The tribes now became shy of making incursions when they found how rapid and effective were the return blows with which they were repaid; and never made another serious attempt to regain their lost domain, and the State of Kentucky grew rapidly in population and power. She had now a frontier and an interior; and Kenton, preferring a life upon the former, removed, with several families, to his old station near Washington, where a little settlement quickly grew up under his protection. His fort was for some years the principal barrier in that direction, and bore the brunt of those petty but dangerous forays which the Indians still continued to make for the purposes of murder and plunder. Imitating the tactics of his great captain, Kenton seldom failed to pursue the marauders into their own dens; and it was his fortune to chase back across the Ohio the last party of red men that is believed ever to have passed that stream with hostile intentions.

About this time, also, he heard that his father was still living, and for the first time in fifteen years he revisited his native county with the design of removing his family to the West. After a short stay, during which he paid a visit to his old antagonist Leitchman and his wife, with whom he talked over their former battles and wooings with the greatest friendliness, he again set out on his return, accompanied by his father and the remaining members of his family. The old man, however, never saw Kentucky, for he died on the journey, and lies buried in an unknown grave on the banks of the Monongahela. The rest of the family he brought to his station, and settled them in what he hoped would prove a permanent home.

Having come among the first into the country, and during his wide wanderings acquired an intimate acquaintance with almost the whole of its surface, he had been able to make extensive entries of its finest lands. This land was rapidly rising in value, and Simon Kenton was regarded

by others, and supposed himself to be, one of the richest citizens of the new State. So wealthy that, out of pure liberality, he thought himself justifiable in selling many tracts for a mere nominal price, while others he *actually gave away;* among these is said to have been the tract whereon the town of Washington now stands. But alas! that ignorance, which was the bane of so many of these old pioneers, proved the ruin of this one also. No sooner did the return of peace and safety render it worth while to rob him of his blood-bought wealth than the crowd of sharks and land-jobbers hastened greedily to begin the detestable work. His entries were disputed, his titles were attacked, and in a few years, harassed by the chicanery of law, whereof he was as ignorant as one of his old enemies, the Shawnees, and overwhelmed by difficulties, with which he was utterly incompetent to deal, he found himself once more without a home. In his simplicity he thought that as he had no more land to lose his troubles were of course at an end; but, shame to tell, he, a free rover of the woods, who could hardly bear the restraints of a fixed place of residence—who never knew what it was to pass a day in inaction—this man was arrested under the "guarantee-clause" in titles he had made to lands (part of which he had actually given away), and put into jail, almost within sight of the field where he himself had planted the first corn ever raised between the Ohio and the Kentucky rivers. But nothing was to be gained by his detention there; and at the end of twelve months he once more wandered forth, poorer and more friendless than he was when he first trod the soil of the cane land twenty years before.

But he was yet too strong in body and too brave in spirit to yield to despair. He had still a rifle and knapsack, and, like Boone and other compeers under the same circumstances, he called his family around him and set out in search of another home. His first stopping-place was near Urbanna, Ohio, where he was residing in poverty at the time of the war with Great Britain in 1812–15. When his old friend Shelby marched through that State at the head of the Kentucky troops, to reinforce Harrison on the northern frontier, General Kenton—for he had been elected Brigadier of Militia many years before—joined him as a volunteer, and was during the whole of the subsequent campaign an honored member of the Governor's military family. At the Thames he for the last time fought the Indians, forty-three years after he had been attacked by them in his camp on the Kanawoh. This decisive victory crushed the British and Indian power on that frontier, and was quickly followed by peace; and Kenton returned to poverty and obscurity.

Harassed by executions and processes from the Kentucky courts, he removed once more, and settled upon the head-waters of Mad River, almost within sight of the old Indian town of Waccotomica; and, to provide some support for the old age now gaining rapidly upon his overtasked frame, he reluctantly entered some land in the names of his wife and children. Whether this land followed the rest of his immense possessions into the hands of the sharper children of civilization and the law we know not; but we do know that a few years afterward he was in abject poverty, living in a log-hut, with but few of the rude comforts which we look for even in such a dwelling. He had still some tracts of barren, broken land, of little value, in Kentucky, which had been forfeited to the State for non-payment of taxes. Even this had now become of importance to the veteran pioneer, whose cheerless old age seemed likely to close in the poor-house, unless some relief were found; and he set out in 1824, at the age of seventy years, to visit Frankfort, in order to ask the Legislature of Kentucky to release his mountain-land from the forfeiture.

On reaching Frankfort the old man was without a single acquaintance to whom he could apply, and was himself unable to take the first step toward the accomplishment of his business. In this desolate condition he wandered for hours through the streets, looking wistfully for some familiar face among the numbers that hurried by, or stopped to wonder at the queer-looking old fellow who seemed to be so much out of place. At length he was recognized by General Fletcher, by whose care he was at once furnished with a decent suit of clothes and a comfortable lodging.

As soon as it was known that Simon Kenton, the second great adventurer of the West, was in town, the little capital was thrown into a high state of excitement. He was taken to the Legislative Hall and installed in the Speaker's chair, where the high officers of the State, with its rank, and wealth, and beauty, crowded around to gain an introduction, and press his hard hands. Speeches, of course, were not wanting; and indeed nothing was omitted that could flatter the self-complacency of the actors. And then, after all this empty parade, the General Assembly of the State of Kentucky proceeded gravely to "Resolve"—what? Why, that they would not take away his few hundred acres of almost worthless mountain-land. That is all. They voted nothing further. And yet Kenton always referred to this as the proudest day of his life—the most striking illustration that could possibly be given of his childlike simplicity. But private charity was more active on this occasion than public gratitude, and enabled him to return home in respectable clothing and on a good horse.

He had now passed the allotted threescore and ten years; infirmity was breaking up his iron constitution, and poverty was closing its grip more sharply upon him. Never had he more needed a friend than now; and Fortune accordingly supplied that need, as she had always done in the great crises of his life: at Pickaway, at Waccotomica, at Sandusky, and at Detroit. Judge Burnet and General Vance brought his case forward, and succeeded in procuring him an annual pension of two hundred



KENTON AND FLETCHER.

and forty dollars—a pitiful sum when compared with the services he had rendered to the country, yet sufficient to secure his declining years from want, but from which he could not possibly lay by any thing for his children.

As the 4th of November, 1832, approached, Kenton remembered the promise that he had made to Captain M'Cracken fifty years before; and, being anxious to meet as many of his surviving comrades of other days as possible, he published a short address, reminding them of the solemn scene they had then witnessed, and urging them to fulfill their resolution, to which they had pledged themselves in the presence of their dying friend. But when the day at last came that dreadful visitant, the cholera, had covered the whole land with gloom and mourning; and his extreme feebleness warned him not to venture so far from home at such a time. Hence, although a good number of his old friends met, he was not with them.

Four years afterward, full of a Christian's faith and hope—for he had long been a member of the Methodist Church—he quietly breathed his last, near the spot where, fifty-eight years before, he had stood face to face with death in a far more terrible form; and was laid by his neighbors, who loved and respected him, in an humble grave, where he yet sleeps in obscurity befitting his latter years. *Requiescat in pace!*



SIMON KENTON.



WHITEWASH VILLAGE.

MONOMOY.

AS New Hampshire is noted for its granite and its men, so is Cape Cod for its sea-captains, fish, and pretty girls; which articles find a ready consumption abroad, bringing in fact such high prices in outside markets that there is not always a sufficient supply for a home demand.

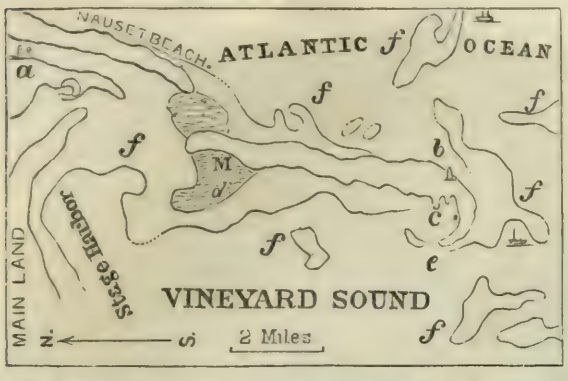
The Cape having been of late a subject of much investigation by travelers, the general knowledge of the subject has now somewhat advanced beyond the idea expressed to us by the good lady that "the Cape Codders all went fishing for a living, and that the reason they didn't go about the world more was that they were too poor to pay railroad fare."

Still, with the mass of the world, the geographical knowledge of Cape Cod is that of a thin hook of sand about a hundred miles in length of curve, whose only crop is beach-grass—a description not sufficiently accurate, and in fact altogether too general; but one which we shall not now specially lay ourselves out to controvert. Only we would remark, in passing, that when its citizens—as certain of them have done—make ten thousand dollars or more a year sitting at home, they find a way to have gardens with at least a few potatoes in 'em.

But never mind the statistics; see Patent Office Reports and that entertaining volume, the Census of 18—, for all that sort of thing. We will acknowledge that were a stranger to be suddenly, and without warning, dropped upon certain portions of the region aforesaid, he might well be satisfied that he had realized the traditionary description to its utmost extent. Sahara itself could scarce be more desolate and forbidding than the sand-hills which line the seaward extent of Provincetown, or the barrens which the wayfarer meets in some other portions of the Cape. We well remember how blankly we stared when, many years ago, on a bitter December morning, after a wave-tossed, sea-sick night, we staggered up the cabin steps of the little packet and fish-dingy *Success*, on its return trip from Boston to Provincetown. A raw



A MONOMOYER.



M, Monomoy Beach.—*a*, Chatham Lights.—*b*, Monomoy Light.—*c*, Whitewash Village and Monomoy Point.—*e*, Break in Beach.—*f*, Shoals and Light Ships.

lad, it was our first experience on salt-water; and as we gazed across the ruffled waves toward Race Point, and saw naught but a huge assemblage of sand heaps from whence the cold sunlight was pitilessly reflected, our curiosity was quenched in disgust, and we hastily tumbled down into the "bunk" for consolation. But with what alchemy have social memories of the old village beyond long since turned those barren sands to sands of gold!

But we are not going to make an essay on Cape Cod. Hath it not been lectured upon? Furthermore, did not Thoreau years ago dilate upon a bit of it in *Putnam's* in sundry queer, nice papers, sprinkled with Greek ejaculations—"poluphloisbos thalasses," and the like? Also, in *Harper's*, with ready pen and pencil, did not Porte Cr——? Wherefore we will not unfold our exceeding abundant knowledge thereof unto the still ignorant and benighted world.

We but wish to found on these introductory paragraphs the following triangulation of productiveness, viz.: As the Connecticut Valley is to Cape Cod, so is Cape Cod to Monomoy. The Connecticut Valley is fertile; Cape Cod not particularly so; Monomoy— Well, its most luxuriant portions produce beach-grass, and doubtless even the less favored portions of its soil might be made to yield the same if they could but be tied down in one position for a day or two at a time—a rest which wind and wave have for centuries unknown refused.

But what is Monomoy, and where? From the southeasternmost bend of Cape Cod there extends, in a southerly and southwesterly direction, about ten miles into Vineyard Sound, a strip of sand averaging little more than a quarter of a mile in width—in shape a miniature Cape Cod reduced to its first principles of barrenness, with the extreme curve of the hook pointing westward. The whole is in fact an island, there being a northern prolongation of the shaft of the hook in what is called Nauset Beach, running parallel with the eastern main shore of Chatham for about half a dozen miles, and extending nearly up to the limits of Eastham. It was not far, we believe, from this northern extremity of Nauset that Thoreau made his characteristic exploration of the outer beach.

Nauset and Monomoy are in boundary distinguished from each other by the connecting interposition of a sand flat near a mile in length, over which the sea flows at highest tides. At this place, a half century ago, was the entrance to the harbor of Chatham. Afterward the shifting sands closed up, and fishing-craft and coaster had to stretch away for miles to the southward, and round the extreme point of Monomoy. But some dozen years ago, on a winter's night, came a driving easterly storm, and in the morning the dwellers on the main looked out toward Nauset, and lo! a new harbor and a new entrance. For there, where the evening previous had stretched the beach a quarter of a mile in width with its usual central and longitudinal spine of grassy uprising, now poured straight through the rushing and foaming tide. The apparently indestructible barrier had been broken at a blow, and thousands of tons of sand had been swept swiftly along shore to make elsewhere still another series of obstructions. So wind and wave unceasingly ravage the long beaches, cutting away here, adding there, again to re-demolish, as though the spirit of the waters had chosen the region for his especial plaything.

"Eighty years ago," said a Monomoy Pointer, "we had no light-house here. But in a shanty up there on Sims's Knoll (it's gone now and the sea's more'n a quarter 'f a mile inside), there lived an old couple who used to answer the purpose pretty well. One or the other would come out on the risin' above the water whenever any vessel was passing by into the Sound, and would pint out the course and the marks. Channel ran pretty close inshore for schooners, and so on, and so mostways 'twan't hard to hear."

Primitive was the pilotage, and primitive the settlement of fees. "You'm pay old Betty at



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.



"TAKE HER ON THE WIND, BILL!"

Holmes Hole!" And as the schooner glided on "Two shillin'!" in accents shrill and thin closed the interview. Every voyager of the Sound knew "Old Betty," purveyor of eatables at the Hole, and the "Two shillin'" was in due time faithfully accounted for.

Near the southern extremity of Monomoy, and around the light-house, are two or three cottages, and still a mile beyond stands "Whitewash Village," composed of the Monomoy House (a weather-beaten, barracky, amphibious structure, fishermen and coasters' fitting-store on the first floor, lodging-house and excursionists' inn on the second), besides the fitting-out store of —— & Co., and a motley array of storage and packing sheds perfumed with fish-oil.

"Whitewash Village" takes its name from the tradition that, on its prominent edifices, there was, in some former era, bestowed a coating of that economical pigment, remains of which can even now be detected by a careful observation of these outer walls. But just hereabout the strip of sand, a few rods in width, curves in to the westward. One mile more, and we shall attain the utmost limit of this waif upon the waters. But look ye! the tide is rising, and ere we reach the vanishing point of the beach we are stopped by a cross-cut through which the sea flows rapidly. It does not matter; we can look to the farther point, a little way from hence. Here, where we stand, five years ago stood a fitting establishment and its accompanying sheds. It had received from Neptune warning to quit the situation, but lingered still, when one night a big, awkward billow bunted over one of the buildings. Whereupon the remainder of the concern quickly removed itself to its present station in "Whitewash Village."

We designated the Monomoy House as "amphibious." The term was not applied unadvisedly. At certain rarely occurring winter tides the sea comes part way up the front stairs, and the inmates go a visiting in boats. At lesser and frequent floods the boys wade to school and carry the girls, provided the gondola be not handy. In fact, the little territory dotted by Monomoy village is a battle-ground between sand on the one side, and wind and water on the other. At flood the sea rushes up in long, tortuous creeks, and almost touches the light-house fence on the eastern shore; and the dwellers in the cottages thereby might well look to their anchor-tackle, when going to bed of a stormy night, and make all fast, lest they should find themselves adrift in the morning.

Every body "talks ship" at Monomoy. Once on a time Bill, the Captain's bright-eyed lad, was caught in some boyish peccadillo which aroused the maternal wrath, and the portly dame seized the nearest domestic implement to inflict condign punishment; to escape which, Bill started down the beach at his swiftest pace, running with the wind. Though guiltless of crinoline, the maternal skirts were necessarily of the amplest, and with such a spanking breeze astern to aid her, she was rapidly overhauling the chase. Big Hugh, who had watched the chase with eager interest, sung out, "Luff, Bill, luff! take her on the wind!" Bill comprehended the situation, turned sharp round to windward, while the good dame shot past him like a man-of-war with all sails set, and long before she could check her speed he was sailing close in the wind's eye, upon a tack on which his trim craft had all the advantage. This nautical expedient saved Master Bill's shoulders that time.

Into this place, thus seemingly ready to go to sea at six hours' notice, came Pedagogus to induct the delights of literature into the minds of the hardy young Monomoians. One would have deemed these sands a mighty uncertain bed wherein to sow the seeds of learning. But Pedagogus thought otherwise. Furthermore, his complexion was sicklied o'er with pallid thought, and he came to the scene as to sand-bath and water-cure combined, well pleased to don patched trowsers and monkey-jacket.

"I and my trunk got here," said he, "one



THE WRECK.

December afternoon. There was a boat going to take me at Stage Harbor, on the main, but it disappointed me. And as I couldn't afford to charter a vessel, I began to consider about getting set across to the beach and walking the ten miles of sand with the trunk on my shoulder. I was beginning to feel unpleasant, when I met a man who told me that a certain schooner just off in the stream was just about starting, and might perhaps be going to the 'P'int.' And I got a boy to row me off, and found that the schooner was going to Norfolk, and would touch at the Point if wind and tide would allow; and after some dubitation, and just escaping getting swamped alongside, with my baggage, I tumbled aboard, not knowing what else to do, and not really understanding if I might not have reached Monomoy by way of Virginia and New York."

"But how do you get on with the boys?" glancing at the schoolmaster, who certainly didn't look adapted to feats of pugilism. "Rather tough customers they are, eh?"

"Not very," was the answer. "None of 'em over six feet, except Big Hugh, and he's tolerable good-natured. Not many of 'em can lick me—perhaps not."

And he looked pensively toward the horizon, as if contemplating the possible dangers of the future.

And indeed the young gentlemen were quite orderly; and were duly amenable except on particular occasions, as, for instance, on news of "wreck ashore," when they were apt to leave pretty suddenly, forgetting even to say "By'r leave." But it was well understood that this was a trivial irregularity. And Big Hugh had his seat close by the eastern corner window, where he could look up from his slate every fifteen minutes to scan the ocean horizon; and it was his especial mission to look out for wrecks in behalf of the school. And not unfrequently did his watching get a glorious nibble, when some passing craft hitched upon the outlying shoals; for very well earned was the ancient French name of Cape Malabar—the "Cape of Evil Bars"—and full many a craft, fresh from the stocks or battered with ocean-storms, has thereabout laid its bones to rest. Light-houses, and light-boats, and careful pilots, have robbed the channels of much of their ancient danger; but, scarce a season excepted, the uncertain sands still gather in a rich crop. Some venturous schooner trusts too boldly to its chart, and, in broad daylight, with the tide at full, finds itself hard and fast in a fraction of a fathom where it had counted on two. Or some gay, gallant bark, standing in from distant port, at night, mistakes Monomoy Light for Nantucket, and with all sail set plumps up on the outhooking beach. And when sounds the warning cry, "Wreck, oh!" what a scampering there is among the Pointers! The longest legs and the longest wind are then taxed to their utmost, and the runner stayeth not to look behind him. If fates are propitious, out comes cotton and flour, and topmasts and yards are sent down, and running-rigging is straying on the breeze, and the stout ship is speedily stripped. Then comes some heavy steam-tug around from Boston, and hitches to the



FAMILY WOOD-PILE.

cast-away a quarter of a mile or more of huge hawser, and puffs, and strains, and snorts, from sunrise to sunset, till maybe the beached ship is lifted and hauled bodily out of the deep hollow which its rolling struggle had churned in the sands. Or, on the contrary, it may be that a storm sets in, and the surge rises, and of the trim craft which at night touched shore in all its pride, at morn not a timber is to be seen. The winter fires of Monomoy burn with strange hues from black wreck-wood seasoned in many climes, and the family wood-pile takes its sole supply from frames bound with snug jointings, bolts, spikes, and tree-nails, and torn apart by crow-bar and levers of curious design, and beetle and wedge, and pick and axe. Many a pleasant eve had Pedagogus spent on the long bench which ran behind the rusty stove in the at once sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen of the Monomoy or *Monamoit* House (for the latter is the orthography of the battered old sign-board, and the more accurate), listening, while he toasted his thin legs, to many a tale of adventure in seas of the Old World, or in Pacific whale-ships, or amidst the semi-piratical resorts of the Gulf or the Spanish Main, the wreck fire meanwhile sputtering blue or yellow, or flaming up spitefully, as though infested with troublous ghosts of Malay, Portugee, or Buccaneer. Meanwhile the unctuous sea-fowl gave odorous smoke beside the fuming tea-pot on the supper-table, and there was genial comfort within, though the blinding storm howled against the window-panes, and cased them thick with snow. And then to bed, to sleep soundly while window-casings rattled, and the latchless door banged throughout the night: Pedagogus averred that was comfort indeed.

"Nobody to spoil your prospect," he would exclaim. "Plenty of sea-room and sea-air day and night, and no neighbor sticking his pig-sty under your bedroom window, that he might squeeze out a bit of garden by its side."

But sometimes the tempest would come at inconvenient hours; and when Pedagogus, having waded through ice-cold brine, surmounted the beach-rising on his way to his "academy," and leaned over against a storm of ocean sleet



AT THE MONAMOIT HOUSE.



THE PEDAGOGUE.

driving furious and level, trying ever and anon to get an observation from under the lee of his doubled-down "sou'wester," the flying ice particles and sharp sand stinging his nose, while his very buttons threatened to blow away—then Pedagogus was tempted to think that even pure air might be had in excess.

This was a trifle. But many a "hard old time" have the poor sailors seen in the winter waters of the South Channel and Vineyard Sound; and often, after days and nights of toil, has the wind-baffled, exhausted, and frost-bitten mariner thanked his stars and the relief-crew from the beach that have given him chance to warm his life-blood behind the stove of "mine landlord" the "Captain," of Monamoit House fame. Oh, what a change was there from the reefing, and the pumping, and the making sail on slippery yards—bones aching, eyelids glued for want of sleep, and fingers without feeling as they banged into pliability the hard-frozen cotton duck! Ugh! said Pedagogus—*not* "A life on the ocean wave for me," as he saw one reckless tar tumble thus ashore, just from New Orleans, with a thin jacket on his back!

They will tell you how, in the memorable winter of 185–, the shores of Cape Cod were barricaded, miles out to sea, with ice; Vineyard Sound was frozen from Monomoy to Nantucket headland. Bark *Chester*, from Philadelphia for Boston, caught among the ice, was soon firmly bound. The mate (in charge) ill, his little crew worn out and nearly out of provision—every thing wet and discomfortable—left the vessel and made their way toward Nantucket, some of them in their exhaustion crawling a part of the distance on their hands and knees. Near shore they met a gang, who, on information, hastened aboard the abandoned bark. After a day's stay these also, at approach of night, left the now leaky ship, thinking her firmly secured, and intending to return in the morning better prepared for a stay of uncertain duration. In the night a tempest arose, the vast frozen sheets were broken up and set adrift, and bark *Chester*, starting from her moorings, took her course before the wind, up Sound, without captain or crew. Two or three days passed, the weather moderated, and the bark's regular master and part-owner came down at evening from the main to organize an expedition in quest of her. Morning came again with a dense fog, which, presently lifting, lo! there lay the saucy *Chester* resting her keel lightly on a shoal right abreast, and gently nodding her mast-head to the astonished gazers. The upshot was that, with much pumping and plenty of hot coffee, she was by-and-by got round to Boston, her little pleasure-trip costing her owners eight thousand dollars, salvage and sundries.

Yes, that was a memorable winter, and abundant was the crop of wrecks and the wreckers (it made Pedagogus laugh to hear the Monomoy man tell of the frightened Nova Scotia man, who, on a boat's crew coming off to him through mistaking his signal, caught up his axe and threatened to cut down the first one who attempted to board!—*pirates*, you see!)—the wreckers did a thriving business. But it was an ill sight when, during the long gale, the sea and ice rolling in thunder on the beach, which quivered as though it would verily melt away, the beach men, who could handle boat wherever living man might venture, without power to help, for three days and nights looked out toward the scattered brigs and schooners heaved high on monstrous waves or sinking in their watery vales, after the long struggle dismasted, foundering, or driving out to sea.

Nevertheless, on these low sand-bars loss of life is extremely rare, and their records will scarce parallel the dreadful shipwrecks which formerly so often occurred, thirty or forty miles north, at the "Clay Pounds" bluffs, or, still further on, at Race Point.

But the golden age of Monomoy has passed away. Light-houses and light-boats, and careful charts and longshore pilots multiply, and harvest of hulk and cargo is not as it used to be. And the sand is sweeping about the entrance to the little harbor; and its habitants, mindful of the encroaching wave, have begun to forsake the beach for the main, taking with them even roof-tree and hearth-stone. And the "Captain" no more shells the native clam for the big pot upon the stove, behind which no longer Pedagogus sits; and Big Hugh and the "Captain's" bright-eyed stripling march side by side in the noble Army of the Potomac; and the good landlady is dead. And there is a shadow of sadness on the glory of Monomoy.

Let us then leave it in fancy, as we left it one pleasant eve, its hulking fish-stores and

overtopping masts sinking in the sunset sky as our boat sped onward, while before us funnily loomed in view above the low horizon the clammers on "Common Flats," rising shadowy against the light, giant water-sprites all run to legs treading the level flood, the denizens of whose oozy depths amply repaid their labor. Monomoy, farewell!



CLAMMING AT MONOMOY.

A WOMAN'S WORDS.

OH! true and steadfast, tender, brave,
Must be the heart that rules my own!
A sceptred sovereign on Love's throne—
Neither a tyrant, nor a slave.

Though willful words may linger still
On woman's lips unto the end,
A woman's heart must choose to bend
Before a stronger, loving will.

Yet men do say, "'Tis very hard
Their free and faithful love to win.
Our hearts are open. Enter in!
We leave our castle all unbarred!"

An empty house doth need, I grant,
But slight protection. Good, my lords:
Hang o'er the entrance-way your swords;
Turn loose the dogs! That's all you want.

But we are cowards, dreading thieves:
Our hidden pearls you count as naught:
And women *never* can be taught
To wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

God made us weak, while you are strong;
We hide the hearts that pulse and throb,
And learn to smother up a sob
Beneath the cadence of a song.

You call my words unjust and cold?
"Were mothers always tender, true—
Were sisters pure and gentle too,
We men would not be stern and bold."

I know it! Oh! if Childhood's faith
Could pass unchallenged o'er Life's field,
It might bring home upon its shield
Our brothers safe from deadly scath.

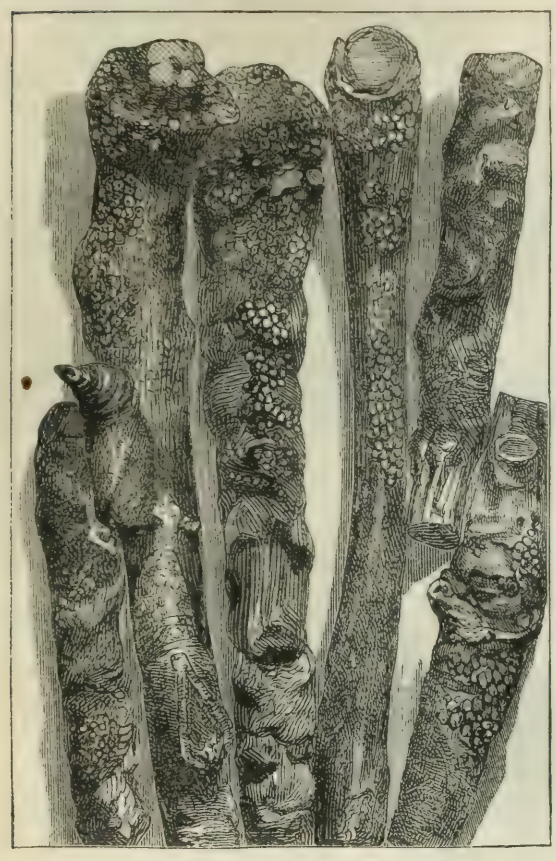
And yet it is a nobler part
To guard with jealous love the trust
Your comrades trample in the dust,
And wear it bravely on your heart.

Oh, Brothers! judge us not amiss!
One Father loves us. Let His clasp
Make holy every human grasp,
And sacred e'en a lover's kiss.

First win, then wear. But if the prize
Be deemed unworthy toil and time,
Press upward unto goals sublime,
With Heaven's own brightness in your eyes.

God needs you. Oh! be noble, true!
We'll help your battle with our prayers,
Contented, though no woman shares
The crown and palm awaiting you.

THE "GEOMETER" OR MEASURING WORM.



TWIGS, WITH EGGS AND CHRYSALIS.

THIS insect has of late years become a great annoyance by its destruction of shade and fruit trees. If any one will now carefully examine the bare twigs and branches which stand out so blackly against the bright February sky, he will discover the nests of eggs from which, three months hence, will emerge the myriads of worms which will batten on the lush foliage of spring and summer, and will, after their own fashion, ornament the garments of those who pass under the trees which have been chosen for their homes. If the observer will take a twig covered with these eggs, and place it under a good magnifier, he will be amply rewarded for his pains. If he will further, as we have done, hatch out a colony of these eggs, and observe the transformations and habits of the insects, he will find that his labor has not been thrown away.

The life of the worm begins about the middle of May, when he commences his work of devastation, which lasts about a month. It is a melancholy sight to see a tree upon which they have done their work. One would think that a fire had passed over it, and robbed it of its life and glory. Let us look a little at the creature who has performed this work of destruction. We will begin our view in the late spring or early summer, when he is in his glory.

At this period of his life our friend the geometer is a good spinner, always prepared with a silken cord, from which to suspend itself at a moment's notice, and will adhere to any thing which it happens to touch. Thus ladies and gentlemen become attached to, and are carefully measured by, this little geometer.

The caterpillar is produced from an egg deposited mainly in July on the twigs and branches of the trees that will furnish the young insect with food, which it seeks about the third day after it leaves the little cell in which it was generated; this tiny cell, or egg, is about one-twentieth of an inch in length, is an oval flattened on two sides, the width being about half its length. Under a good magnifier it appears to be a little depressed at the outer end, and when first deposited is of a pale green, which in a few days becomes of a brownish color. The earliest emission from these cells that I have observed was on the twenty-ninth of April, they continuing to come forth until June. The young insect leaves its cell in the morning, and when it first draws itself out of its winter home, appears to be stationary for some time.

After it has made its nippers and prolegs fast to the top of its cell, it appears to take into consideration which way it will go or measure first. It turns its head to the right, and then to the left, and again in front, and then seems to determine which way it will move; and thus, after deliberation, it makes its first measure of a trifling space, perhaps the tenth of an inch, and before it makes another step or measure it repeats the same movements, and surveys that it did at first, and frequently for the third or fourth



THE MEASURING WORM.

time, when it appears to have gained sufficient confidence to go on without intermission. For the remainder of the day it appears to be bent on a tour of pleasure and recreation. It seems to take great delight in measuring leaf after leaf, and spinning a tiny silken web from one leaf to another just below, and then climbing it again, going up and down like a sailor.

Thus the first day is spent, and no time having been taken to obtain food. The second day is spent in much the same manner, perhaps with more hilarity, as there is generally a large brood of the same sporting characters to join them bent on the same kind of gymnastic exercises. And so during the third, and perhaps the fourth day these tiny geometrea go through their gambols and measuring; but generally on the third day they suspend their sports to make a lunch from a tender leaf; this done, they join again in their former amusements. On the fourth day they begin to be somewhat staid and sober, giving up their playing and roving, and attaching themselves to a young leaf, there remain until it is all devoured, unless disturbed by an enemy or something that is suspicious to them. On the fourth day they are about two-tenths of an inch long, appear to have sown all their wild oats, and gone into the sober realities of life.

This being the season for putting forth the young foliage on the trees that give suitable food for them, they have an abundant supply, of which they partake freely. They grow very fast; so much so, that on the fifteenth day they measure about one and one-tenth of an inch in length, and otherwise in proportion. At this time they are coming to maturity very fast and eat voraciously for the next ten days, which brings them to the time of assuming a new form, when they decline eating altogether and pass into their new and beautiful chrysalis form, in which they remain about twelve days. The length of a well-developed geometer or measuring-worm is about an inch and three-quarters, about one-tenth of an inch through at the first joint below the head, and about three-twentieths at the prolegs, near the nipper end.

There is some slight variation of girth at each of the rings. It has three pairs of three-jointed legs, with beautiful hooks on their extremities. The three pairs of legs are placed on the space between the first ring and the head. Its nippers are on the extreme joint, and forward of the nippers are the prolegs: prolegs and nippers appear to be all muscle, without any shell or joints like the forward legs.

The inner part of the nippers and prolegs are covered with a rough skin that makes them adhere to any thing they can get hold of with great tenacity; and they are often observed to remain for hours with their heads elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with their bodies straight and stiff from their prolegs to the head, and a silken thread attached to the leaf or twig; and if disturbed or surprised they suspend themselves apparently in self-defense. In a moment after they are suspended, if not further disturbed, they begin to ascend their cord in a very peculiar manner by bending the head over and catching hold of the line with the hooks on the third pair of legs, and then throwing the head forward toward the silken fibre, they catch it by the hooks on the first pair of legs, and by this means they appear to wind up the silky thread and ascend to the place where this thread is attached.

Their color varies very much, also their ornaments. Some appear at a glance to be black, but on a close examination they are not. Those, that at first sight we would call black, are really bronze-colored, looking like polished rose-wood or mahogany; some are of a light yellowish green, others are of all shades between yellow and dark bronze. The body of the worm looks as though it had been put in a lathe and turned. Between the third pair of forelegs and the prolegs there are four rings or bands handsomely moulded, and in such a way that it gives them the appearance of a band over a band around the body, with small conical erections on the top of each ring. On the back, between the part that has the three pairs of jointed legs attached and the first ring, there are two rows of silver-colored spots: there are also ornaments on the back, between the first ring and prolegs, of various devices on different individuals. I do not discover any hair on the worm whatever, and the outer coat looks as if it were polished when well fed and healthy; but when their food fails them or is not suitable their skin becomes wrinkled and loses its beauty and lustre.

On or about the twenty-fifth day after they leave the egg they decline all food and inclose themselves in a netting made with their web of silk under a leaf, or by drawing two leaves together sufficient to hold them in when they can no longer use their nippers and prolegs. In a day or two they begin to look sickly and pale about the head, and shortly lose the use of their prolegs and nippers. For two or three days more they lie in this morbid state rejecting all nourishment. They are now prepared to throw off their old habiliments and to assume a new form—the chrysalis or aurelia—in which they remain ten or fifteen days.

The chrysalids are beautiful; and when examined under a microscope are found to be elegantly ornamented. When about to shuffle off its wormy skin, the largest or head part of the chrysalis protrudes itself near the head of the insect, and is of a deep and beautiful green. This color grows lighter and lighter as it protrudes itself from its mother worm until near the small end, which is a dark drab. In about twenty-four hours the whole of the chrysalis becomes a variegated dark and light drab, is beautifully ornamented with bands or rings below the valve that opens to let the insect escape; and particularly around the border of the valve are these chrysalids elaborately ornamented. When it opens its beautiful portals to let this white insect come forth to enjoy the happiness and vicissitudes of a few days it sows broadcast the

seed that brings forth the thousands of its kind another year.

The moth or butterfly of the geometer belongs to the order of insects scientifically called *Lepidoptera*, which means "Scaly Wings;" for the white dust or powder with which the body and wings are covered, when seen under a microscope, appear like scales of fishes with short stems implanted in the skin and fibre of the wings. It is generally known as a white "miller." Its length is about six-tenths of an inch, and the spread of wings is from one inch and a half to one inch and nine-tenths. While it exists it appears to be on a tour of pleasure, and the propagation of its successors seems to occupy its attention during its brief existence. Early in July these "millers" can be seen by the thousand flitting and flying around the trees that are genial to their production. Around these they appear to hold a grand banquet or carnival for several evenings, from about the setting of the sun until after twilight.

After a few evenings spent in this joyful way they separate; the females depositing their tiny eggs on the branches of their favorite trees in a safe place, on the under part of a branch, and generally where another limb or branch is forming. This insect, in its winged form, is at first apparently snow-white—its body, wings, and even legs, being covered with a white down or scale; but when examined under a good microscope the extremities of the wings and body have a greenish shading. This insect, in the winged form, appears to live but a few days at most. As soon as the female deposits her eggs, which are often one hundred and fifty or more in number, she flits around a short time and dies; the male often lingers a day or two longer, and he also drops out of existence. But both have done their work, and have left behind them the eggs from which a new generation will arise.

EPISODIC FARMING.

"TELL you my adventures, Marion! My dear child, what an absurd request that is! There are no adventures in going to New York and back again, nowadays; the way is made too plain, too easy, and too monotone for adventures. I rather think the gods have annihilated time and space, and they have left no room for romance or adventure. It is not now as it was in the slow days of our great grandfathers, when, as I have been told, a man was pointed out in the streets of Boston as the man who was going to New York next month; and when, in view of such a stupendous event, the prayers of the Church and Congregation were often publicly requested for the preservation and safe return of the adventurous traveler. Why, I can well remember hearing of two members of a wealthy and highly respectable family (a brother and sister), who went from Boston to Portland in their own carriage, or rather, to use the terms most in use in those days, in their own horse and shay; a pleasant summer trip it was intended to be, and they rode, and they rode, day after day, for a week; toiling up hill, and checking down hill, tired, dusty, and weary, and seemingly drawing no nearer to their place of destination, until their horse grew tired, and gave out, and they grew tired of him, and of each other; and at last, the lady, worn out with hope deferred, begged her brother to draw up to the way-side, and halt under a shady tree, and let her cry for very weariness."

"Poor thing! how I pity her; and did he grant her very reasonable request?"

"I do not know; I do not remember ever to have heard. But I fancy that, although the wisest man the world e'er saw has put it upon record that there is a time for every thing, the brother might think the time for crying and the time for riding might be judiciously combined, and so drove on, while the lady indulged herself in the coveted luxury of woe—at least I think that would have been my own course of action in the same case."

"Ah, yes! I do not doubt that; but then you are utilitarian you know, and a woman's tears would never stop you, I fancy."

"I do not know that; but I hope not, if my course was a right and necessary one."

"And so you have really nothing to tell me, after a whole week of absence? Dear me! why, I should have picked up a score of interesting items in less than half the time."

"I don't doubt it in the least. I dare say you would; you ladies have a natural talent for that sort of chiffonnière; and then, excuse me, but you have nothing else to think of. Now I had my head full of business all the time."

"Oh yes, I know; but a woman would contrive to pick a little down off of the dryest quill to be found in a lawyer's office."

"All true, dear Marion. I own it; but I can not: yet, let me see, I think I did meet with one little thing which amused me at the time, and possibly it may you, for want of a better:"

We were steaming along the magnificent North River, the day was perfect, the sky cloudless and serene, and the beautiful scenery was all in the first freshness of the early summer. I was sitting on deck enjoying it in the very fullness of content; the beautiful country seats with their finely cultivated grounds, and smoothly shaven lawns, sweeping down to the water's edge in sunshine and shadow; the fields of varied grass and grains, waving in the light summer breezes, and looking, in their many hues of green, like a beautiful and variegated ribbon; and as the queenly boat passed them, one after the other, my admiration increased, and I became, if I may use the expression, so saturated with the sense of their beauty that I at last unconsciously exclaimed aloud, "Beautiful!"

I was not aware until I heard my own voice that my enthusiasm had so carried me away, or that any one was near enough to hear my remark, but a hand was lightly laid upon my shoulder, and, turning my head, I found I had had a

listener, and saw by my side a man, short and stout in figure, with swarthy, pitted face, and profusely oiled black hair, his want of beauty being only redeemed from sheer ugliness by a pleasant, honest expression, and a cheering smile, which brought into view teeth of too much natural beauty to be the product of our country. I at once recognized the man as a Frenchman, whom I had often seen in the city, but of whom I knew only that he was a successful and honest dealer, and had gathered together a comfortable little fortune in active business of some sort; but I did not know even his name, his occupation, or his place of business. As I turned round I found his merry black eyes full upon me, twinkling with fun, and bowing, he said, as if in answer to my inquiring look, "You sall ver much to ad-mire de belle view, Sare."

Feeling a little awkwardly conscious that my rapturous expression of admiration had laid me open to ridicule, I immediately stood on the defensive, and strengthened my position, or rather, endeavored to hide its weakness, by the emphatic remark:

"Could any one help it? Look for yourself; those noble trees, those shady lawns, those richly cultivated farms! Can any one be so blind as not to admire them?"

My stranger companion here smiled genially. "Pardonnez-moi, you 'ave be a fermier, Sare?" he inquired.

"Me? a farmer? oh no!" I said, laughing, "I am not a farmer; in fact, I do not now own, and never did, and probably never shall, own land enough to plant my walking-stick upon; I do not think I have any taste that way either; but still, when I look at those beautiful country seats, I can not help thinking how pleasant it must be to lounge all day under the shade of those spreading trees, or to roam at will out into the splendid gardens and tell the gardener to gather you some asparagus and apples, some grapes, peaches, and strawberries, all fresh you know, from your own grounds."

"*Togedder*, Sare?" said the Frenchman, laughing merrily. "Ma foi! but you sall 'ave de good jardinière if he sall to do *dat!*"

"Ah, well!" said I, laughing at my own ridiculous mistake. "I'll take them one at a time, then, if you think I had better; but you know I told you I was no farmer, possibly you are."

"Non, non!" said Monsieur, laughing till he shook his fat little person, at some merry thought or jest, which, imperceptible to me, seemed to be very vivid to him; "Non, non! I am not no fermier nedder; and I do not 'ave no land; mais—but"—and here he laughed again, as the invisible joke seemed to roll in a new wave upon his memory—"but I *'ave* be fermier, I 'ave 'ad land. Sall I tell to you my experience as de fermier? You sall be velcome to ze visdom vitch I did 'ave to pay dear for. Allons, den, sit down, I sall tell to you all. But first, I must tell to you von leetle secret; leesten, den—ah, but you sall nevair to guess him, doucement; *I 'ave not be Americain, by birt!*"

"Indeed!" I said, trying hard to summon up the look of intense surprise which I saw he evidently expected me to assume.

"Non, non!" laughing again, hilariously: "dare, now, you vould nevair 'ave guess it, vould you? *but it is all true.* I am Frenchman! I vas born in Paris; but I speaks de lang'age so vell! Madame, she zay to me (Madame is Americain), she zay to me, 'Ambrose! nobody sall know you 'ave not be born here, you speaks ze Englis so vell as a native!' she zay; now, how do *you* tink I speak him?"

"Why, as Madame very justly observes," I said, bowing, "like a native" (Frenchman), I added, in mental reservation.

Now I had no sooner said that than I repented, feeling as if I had cheated the innocent and confiding little foreigner; for it was a pitiful subterfuge, and subterfuges I scorn and hate. I hold them to be worse than open lies, because they are more cowardly, and generally more deliberate. A lie is very bad, and I do not wish to make it any better, but I hold the opinion that a good, round, plump, mouth-filling lie is honesty itself by the side of a sneaking, cowardly subterfuge. A lie is a bold, swaggering villain; he knows he is going to perdition, and has made up his mind to it. He has counted the cost, and expects to pay his losings. But subterfuge is a coward in grain, all the way through. He is going one way and looking the other; availing himself of all the fruits of deception, and yet denying that he is a deceiver. He is walking by stealth, and in sanctimonious garb, in the devil's private grounds, and trusting to escape round a bush, if the owner of the dominions should chance to come in his way. So I hereby own and recant the wickedly flattering evasion I then practiced upon my innocent and unsuspecting Frenchman. But he did not stop to scrutinize my truth, or my meaning.

"Yees, yees!" he said, shrugging up his shoulders and spreading out his hands, his short, fat fingers encompassed with showy rings, "I knew, I knew, you vould nevair guess him; but it 'ave be true! I vas born in France, an' I vas poor boy, too. I did 'ave no parens, no friends, no monies, no notting! I did *come* to dis country; I vorks my vay. Vell, ven I gets here, I gets vork, and I suit; for I 'ave be steady and industrious. Vell, I lays up leetle by leetle, oh, ver slow at first. I grow rich, but oh, ver slow! den, after dat, I 'ave store of my own, and I do my own business, an' I grow richer faster. Ver good! Den I am married to my vife, she 'ave be Americain girl. Madame is good, she is jolie, she is une ange! I am ver fond of Madame! Ve 'ave tree leetle children. Ah! mon Dieu! so jolie, so good! De leetle Fabian, de boy, and Honorine an' Elise, de leetle gals. Ah, beautiful as de morning! I vould like Monsieur to behold the petits. Ah! mon ami! I tell to you, I *am* de 'appy man!

"Vell, I sall tell to you, it 'ave be so. Madame, my vife, she 'ave a broder, a von seul broder, she 'ave but de von; Monsieur Ed-ou-

ard, he is, and Madame she 'ave be fond of him, oh, ver fond!

"Ah, vell! Monsieur Ed-ou-ard is ver good man. I sall say of Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he is ze kind man; he is ze pleasant man; he is ze good company; but he sall not 'ave no turn for ze bizziness of no kind. He is sensible man, Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, but he 'ave not de grand talent for notting at all! He sall go into bizziness once, twice, tree time. I help him, an' he 'ave fair chance; an' I tink, 'ah, vell! now he sall go on vell; he sall make de petit l'argent *now*;' an' in two year, he come out of zat bizziness more poorer dan he goed in. Ah, vell! mens is different. I 'ave ze regret for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, and for Madame, his vife, an' his leetle boys! Vell, von day, Madame she 'ave say to me—'Ambrose,' she say, 'my broder Ed-ou-ard he 'ave not notting to do. I am much chagrine, vexé,' she say, 'for my broder. I do not to know vat sall become of him and his leetle famillé,' Madame zay to me.

"'Sacre!' I say; 'Ma chere Elise-a-bet! I too 'ave ze regard an' ze regret for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, an' for de vife and petits; mais,' I zay; 'vat can I to do?'

"'Oh yees!' Madame zay to me. "But if you sall get him some more bizziness for to do.'

"'Ver vell!' I zay—'Good; mais, ma belle! vat biz-ziness? You sall tell to me, if you please, vat is dat biz-ziness can he to do?'

"Den Madame she sit and tort, an' tort, vit her head in her 'and, and den she zay to me, 'If he 'ad nice leetle ferme now, vould not dat be nice?'

"Den I zay vith ze open eyes, 'Mais, can he do de ferme, do you tink?'

"'Why, Ambrose!' Madame sall zay to me, 'my brother Ed-ou-ard is not no fool! He 'ave as much sense as oder folks has.'

"'Parblieu! no—yees,' I zay. 'Excusez-moi, I did not mean. Pardonnez-moi, ma belle! I 'ave ze grand regard for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard; but I did not know, I did not comprendre dat he vas be used to be ze fermier.'

"'Ah! non,' say Madame, 'he 'ave not be, not as I knows of; but,' she say, 'every body can be fermier, I suppose. I did nevair hear of nobody vat did study for dat trade in my life.'

"I saw Madame vas leetle in a pet (she is sweet as ze new cream alvays), an' I zay to her, 'Vell, ma belle! I vish I 'ad a ferme for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard; but you know I 'ave not;' and I drops de subject.

"Vell, dat ver next day, as I 'ave read my papier, I 'appen to see a ferme to be sell; an' I read it, an' I tink of Monsieur Ed-ou-ard. It vas a fine ferme, so pro-duck-teev! De man vat 'ave owned it, he 'ave raised so much crops!—so much of hay, so much of corn, so much grain, so much manglee-wurzellee—so much every ting! Ah, mon Dieu! I vas astonish. He vas go into oder bizziness, an' vas obleege to sell dis fine pro-duck-teev ferme. Poor man! I vas sad for him to 'ave to giv it up; an' den I tink to me, vat a chance dat vould 'ave be for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard! But I did not say notting about it. I jes tink it von moment, an' no more, an' den I forgets it.

"Vell, Sare, it sall be I sall say two, tree veeks after dat, an' I am go to my place of bizziness, and I 'ave meet a man, an' he sall vant to 'ave conversation vid me, an' so ve sall step out of de street into a store to 'ave our leetle talks; and ven ve 'ave be over our conversations, an' my friend 'ave left me, den I perceive it sall be von auction store; an' vat you sall tink, eh? de crieur d'encan—ah! vat you call him?—de—ah! I 'ave it—de auctioneer, he sall be sell dat ver pro-duck-teev ferme I 'ave be read about! Vas not dat ver strange?

"Dare vas not many peoples in dare, an' ven de man, de crieur, 'ave tell all about vat a fine ferme it 'ave be, an' how much it 'ave pro-duce, he look round, and he zay, 'Come, gentlemans, give me a bid; zay someting to give us a start, can't you? Here is dis fine ferme,' he zay, 'dis pro-duck-teev ferme, going to be throw away, and nobody to bid! Ah, it 'ave be too bad now! It 'ave be vell vort ten tousan dollars,' he say, 'an' going a bargain.'

"Den he looks round, an' he see me. 'Come, Monsieur Maillard!' he say to me, 'You sall give us a bid I am certain, jest to set us going, can't you?'

"Vell, Sare, I bids four tousan dollars, jest as he say to begin vid; an' den some odder man, he bids four tousan five hundred. An' den de auction man he say, 'Ah! now yous is beginning; I likes dat—dat is someting like. Go on, gentlemen! I tank *you*, Monsieur Maillard, for that lift; dat set us going. Can't you give us an odder? Here is fine ferme, house, an' barn going, an' only four tousan five hundred dollars offered for it. *It is too bad!*' he say. 'Can't you give me five tousan?' He look at me ver hard, an' I nodded.

"'Tank you again, Monsieur,' he say. 'Five tousan, five tousan, an' no more yet! A ver pro-duck-teev ferme, house, and barn, vorth ten tousan dollars, an' going for five. Think of it! *Going, going!* Vhy, gentlemen, vill you see this property trowed avay? vill you let it go for *dat?* Going! It 'ave not be half of vat it 'ave be vorth. Do say five tousan five hundred, can't you? *Going, going!* Five tousan five hundred! Sall I have it! Five tousan four hundred! Do I hear it?' No, he did not hear it—he did not 'ave it, and he say, 'Going, going, going, for five tousan, dis fine pro-duck-teev ferme!' But dare vas not an odder bid. '*Going, going!* I sall knock it down for five tousan!'

"An' he did knock it down, right down *onto me*—ferme, house, barn, an' all! I tort it would 'ave crushed me. I vas dumb; I could not to speak I vas so astonish. I did no more tink to buy dat ferme dat day dan you 'ave dis day. But I 'ad been fool, an' I must pay for my folly. Ah! vell, after de sale 'ave be over, dey all come round me, an' feliciter me an' congratuler me, an' tell me I 'ave made un bon marché, and vat

fine ferme it 'ave be. An' den, all at vonce, I tinks of Monsieur Ed-ou-ard.

"Vell, I go home; I tell to Madame I 'ave buy a ferme (I do not tell to her how I 'ave bought it); but I say I tink it sall be a good ting for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard. Madame embrasser moi; she say to me it zo kind of me to be so good to her broder, Monsieur Ed-ou-ard; an' she so 'appy over it dat I 'ave be 'appy too. And den she send for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, and she tell to him, an' he is pleased ver much too. An' den she is more pleaseder still; an' den I go out an' get some bonbons, an' ve 'ave a petit souper, and let all de leetle ones be up; and ve drink Monsieur Ed-ou-ard's health, an' Madame's health, an' my health, an' success to de ferme in eau-de-sucre, an' make joyful, all of us.

"Vell, dey do say, 'Sometimes luck 'ave be trowed at a man's head;' an' I did begin to tink I vas dat man, an' 'ave 'im trow at my head. So ven de papiers 'ave all been made out Monsieur Ed-ou-ard an' I go down to see the property. An' it 'ave be agree between us dat Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, he sall take the maniement of de affaires of my ferme for me; an' he sall keep de books, an' I sall look at dem ven evair I sall choose; an' I am to pay all de bills an' 'ave all de monies; an' I sall pay to him so much every year for his maniement, and he sall 'ave his living for himself an' his famillé.

"Vell, I make a fair appointment for his salaire, for you comprendez he 'ave be Madame's seul brother, an' I vould vish to be libéral. An' den de ferme vas such a fine pro-duck-teev ferme I could vell afford to pay him. So I name a good round sum for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard's gages.

"So we go down to see de ferme. And it vas a fine ferme—no better!—vell vooded—vell vatered—good house, good barn, good land! Mon Dieu! I vas lucky man, Monsieur Ed-ou-ard say, and I say so too.

"Dare vas von leetle ting, de fence, dey vas all bad. 'Dey must be put up at vonce,' say Monsieur Ed-ou-ard; an' I say, 'Oh yees! dey must be put up at vonce; dat is von leetle ting vitch must be do—de ver first ting; I sall see to dat d'abord.'

"So ven I 'ave go back to town I see a charpentier, an' I tell to him he sall go down to my place, an' he sall make me my fence. An' he say to me, 'How do you vant your fence built, Monsieur Maillard?' An' I say to him, 'Vat do you to ask *me* dat for? I am not no charpentier, and you 'ave be: do not you know how to build fence, eh?' 'Oh yees!' he say, 'I can build fence fast enough,' he say; 'but I tort you might vant some particulier kind of fence, or say how you would have them built,' he say. Den I say, 'Make dem de ver best way; as odder people's fence is made.' An' he say, 'An' about de gates, Monsieur Maillard?' An' I say, 'Certainement; dere must be gates. How can ve get into de fields, if dere is not no gates? You know yourself dere must be gates.' 'Yees,' he say, 'I know; but vat kind of gates vill you to 'ave?' 'Vell!' I say, 'I vants gates to open an' shut; I do not care no more about dem.' An' den he say, 'You 'ave got all your lumbair dare, on de ground, I expect?' 'Ah, non! non! I 'ave not got notting planted yeet; I 'ave jest buy my farm,' I say to him. De charpentier laugh; 'I say lumbair,' he say. 'Vell!' I say, 'an' vat is dat?' 'Vhy, stuff to make your fence of,' he say: 'I suppose you 'ave got all dat?' 'Ha! ha!' I say, 'I did not to comprendre you: non! I am not vell acquaint vith de étoffe; dat lumbair I 'ave be no judge of dat. Can not you to get all dat for me, an' put it in your leetle bill?' An' he say, Yees, oh yees! he could. An' I tort dat vas very easy settle.

"Den Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he zay, 'Now we must stock ze ferme.' An' I say to Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, 'Oh yees, ve must: mais, vat is dat *stock?*' 'Vell,' he say, 'you know ve must 'ave cattle, horses, pigs, poultry, seeds, an' tools.' 'Oh yees!' I say, 'certainement; ve can not to ferme vidout dem tings; an' you know de monies sall all come back again. N'importe! ve sall not do tings by de half; ve vill 'ave de meilleur of every ting, Monsieur Ed-ou-ard.'

"Vell, but I did find dem tings costs much monies. Ve sall 'ave spend one tousan dollars for dem ferme crea-ters—dem horse, an' cow, an' pigs; an' about five hundred more for de plows, de spades, de hoe—for de big ting vat couper l'herbe, an' make de hay of him, an' for de big horsey-rake, an' for seeds, an' all sich tings. Ah, ma foi! but it 'ave take a many much ting to do a ferme vid!

"Vell, I buy, an' I buy; an' at last Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he say now he 'ave all he can vants, an' now he sall begin to do de ferme. 'But,' he say to me, 'you must give me time,' he say. 'You must be patient. Ve sall not make notting dis year, I don't expec. Ve are only getting ready—*getting up de steam*,' dat vas vat he say; 'an' *nex* year, if ve sall live, ve sall see vat ve sall see. But dis year it sall be all *pay out*.'

"An' I say to him, 'Oh vell, ver good! I comprendre; I can vait; I 'ave de grand talent for patience. You sall take your time.'

"But before de herbe vas to cut he write to me dat de toit of de barn is no good, is broke, is bad, an' he can not to put his hay under him. It sall be vet if he put it in dere; an' vat sall he do?

"I writes to him, 'Don't do it! Ve must not to 'ave de hay vetted for notting. Tell to de charpentier who is make my leetle fence he sall couvir d'un toit de barn; dat is how you sall do.'

"Vell, le temps passé. Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he is ver busy and ver happy, and Madame his vife an' de petits dey is grow fat. Dere is grand call for de monies; but I pays it out with contentement. I laugh, an' I say, 'N'importe! every dollar sall come back, you know, an' bring two more dollar in his mouth.' But ven I sall call on de charpentier to ask for my leetle bill,

mon Dieu! it sall astonish me. It 'ave be five hundred dollar for dem leetle fence, an' tree hundred dollar for de new couvir d'un toit, an' odder leetle repair on de barn!

"I say to him, 'Monsieur Charpentier, I 'ave surpris. I did not to expect a leetle fence sall 'ave cost half zo much: dat is great monies.' An' he say to me, 'You 'ave give me no directions, Monsieur Maillard, you know. You say to me to make de best kind of fence I can; an' I 'ave made you de best and de most handsomest fence dere is in de State; an' dere vas thirdy-seven gates,' he say; 'an dere sall not be no prettier nor no better gates to be zeen no veres,' he say. 'Mais, but,' I say, 'I did not vant sich ver expensive fence.' 'Vell,' he say, 'den you should 'ave say so. I ask you, an' you left it all to me,' he say. 'Dat is true,' I say. 'Yees,' he say, 'you did; an' it is a good fence, well built, an' of de best of étoffe.' 'It should 'ave be,' I say, tristement, 'to cost so much monies.' 'An' den,' he say, 'I did find all de lumbair, an' cart it down to your place; an' dat did cost a good deal to 'ave it bring so far.' 'But,' I say, 'vhy cart it all down? could I not 'ave buy it as well nearer ma place, an' save all dat monies for cart down?' 'Vell, yees; I s'pose you *might* 'ave,' he say; 'but you tell me to find it, an' I always buy of my broder, who 'ave a lumbair-yard,' he say. 'Ver vell!' I say; 'I see; ve must to pay for all ve has in dis vorld, I know dat; but, if I 'ave lost on de lumbair, I 'ave gained in experience; an' l'experience is de best an' de safest fence a man can 'ave round him, an' dat he sall build for his self. Ah yees! visdom is vorth paying for, even at high price,' I say; 'an' I sall not to cry over de spilt milk.' So I pay de man's bill, but I know den I vas cheat half of dat monies.

"Vell, le temps passé, and de second year he 'ave come round. All vas in good order on de ferme; but de var, dis terrible var, 'ave begin; and Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he write to me dat help ver scarce, an' gages uncommon high; but vat if dey vas? dere vas not no stopping on de ferme, you sall comprendre: de lan' must be till, an' de crops dey must be attended to, if it do cost monies. It cost more dan it 'ave do de first year; but den de crops dey vas so good! for my ferme vas ver pro-duck-teev.

"Every month Monsieur Ed-ou-ard did send me in his account—Monsieur Ed-ou-ard vas great at de figures! an' my heart grow light ven I look at dem figures, an' I checks dem off in my leetle note-book I carries in my pocket. Over one hundred quarts of milk a day! Tink of dat. My ferme vas so good. I ask Madame vat she sall give a quart for milk, an' she tell to me 'six cents.' Six cents! dat ave be six dollars every day for milk alone. Dieu merci! over two tousan dollars a year for only de milk! 'Two hundred tonses of de ver best Englis hay got in vithout von drop of rain on him; nevair vas better hay saved,' say Monsieur Ed-ou-ard. So den I ask de man vat 'ave de écurie in de street back of vere I live vat sall be de price of de ver best Englis hay vidout a drop of rain on him? an' he tell to me he give twenty-seven dollars a ton for his. Five tousan four hundred dollars! jest for de hay! more dan de cost of de whole ferme! Den dere vas—oh! I can not to tell you how much of black grass; I do not to remembair dat I did evair see no black grass in all ma life; but my land did grow every ting it 'ave be so good! An' den de potatoes, de corn, de barley, de carrots, de cabbage, de manglee-wurzellee, de pigs, de hens, de chickens. Ah, I vas proud man ven I read dem figures. I say to me, 'Vat a bargain I 'ave made, it is be a ver pro-duck-teev ferme!'

"Vell, ven de year vas done, I tink to myself I vill go down now an' see Monsieur Ed-ou-ard an' 'ave settlement of our accounts. So von night I takes out my leetle book an' I looks over all my figures two, tree times; I vill 'ave no mistake, an' I makes out my list. Ah, vell, I sall not to tell you all, but it did begin vid, 'Two hundred tonses of hay at five tousan four hundred dollar;' an' 'Thirty-six tousan five hundred quarts of milk.' Dat vas over two tousan dollar more.

"Ah! I vas so pleased. I say to me, Two years sall pay to me back all I 'ave spend an' more; an' den vat sall I do vith dis fine pro-duck-teev ferme? Ah! I know; I sall buy a fine ship for de leetle Fabian; an', let me see, I sall buy a pretty house for Honorine an' de petit Elise; I 'ave know of two beauties vid de pretty bow-windows an' de marble steps; yees, I sall buy dem an' 'ave dem in de names of my two leetle demoiselles; an' I sall rent dem an' lay up all de monies in bank; an' von 'appy day, ven dey sall be old enough to be married, I sall give dem each de house an' de fortune vitch sall 'ave come of it by dat time; an' I am so please tinking of dat day I pull Fabian's curls 'till he grow red in de face; an' I valtz round de salon vith Honorine; an' I toss de leetle Elise up in to the air 'till she scream, ma heart vas so light.

"An' next day I go to see Monsieur Ed-ou-ard.

"Vell! Monsieur Ed-ou-ard vas ver pleasant; an' so vas Madame his vife, an' his leetle boys dey vas glad to see dair kind oncle; but more gladder to see de bonbons I did bring vid me. An' dey sall valk me all round an' show to me all de tings—de cows an' de oxes, de horses an' de pigs, de infant cows, de hens an' chickens, an' de—vat you sall call him now—de horse's leetle baby?—ah! yees, tank you—de colt—dat is it. Den I 'ave go over de ferme an' all vas in good order; dem expensive fence vas all right, an' de barn not 'ave no leak now.

"Monsieur Ed-ou-ard vas ver pleasant; but he did not say not von vord about de monies. I vait an' vait; an' at last I say, 'An' now, Monsieur, as I must return to town ve sall 'ave one leetle settlement, if you pleases.'

"'Settlement?' he say.

"'Yees,' I say to him. 'De monies, you know, for de crops, de pro-duce.'

"He look at me bewilder. 'Monies?' he say; 'I 'ave not no monies, Monsieur!' 'Sacre!' I

say, 'My dear boy! You do not comprender moi; de monies for de ferme.' An' den I pull out my leetle book an' I say, 'Au commencement. For two hundred tonses of Englis hay delivered at de barn in prime order'—dem vas his own vords—'dat vas vorth twenty-seven dollar a ton, I suppose?' I say. 'Of course it vas,' he say; 'dare vas never better hay cut or saved in better order.' 'Ver good,' I say, 'I 'ave not no doubt of dat. An' vat did you receive for dat hay, den?' 'Receive for it?' 'Yees, vat did it be sell for?' 'Vhy! Monsieur Maillard!' he say; 'I did not to sell de hay. It vas all for de use of de farm. You remembair ve 'ave twenty-five cows, four oxes, and tree horses to feed.' 'Mon Dieu!' I say. 'An' vill dem cattles eat up all my hay?' 'Oh yees,' he say. 'An' I don't know,' he say, 'if it sall carry dem round; not if the vinter sall be a ver cold von,' he say.

"Dis vas a heavy blow to my hopes. I feel bad; but I get my courage come to me again soon, an' I say, 'Vell, den, de oats an' de carrots—vat did you to do vid dem?' 'Ah yees; I feed dem to my horses vid de hay an' corn; dey vorks hard an' dey must be vell kept,' say Monsieur Ed-ou-ard. 'Oh yees, of course dey must,' I say. 'I vishes dem to be vell kept, poor tings. But de cabbage an' de manglee-wurzellee? did de horses eats all of dem too?' 'No,' he say — Monsieur Ed-ou-ard—'Horses von't eat dem tings, I believe; but the cows vill. I 'ave feed dem out to de cows.' 'An' de cows eat dem all?' I say. 'Vell, now, dat vas ver kind, ver am-i-a-ble in Mesdames cow to eat vat de horse vill not; ve sall be much grateful to de cow for her obliging condescension.'

"Den dare vas a leetle silence; and den Monsieur Ed-ou-ard he say, 'I don't know,' he say, 'how I can 'ave do any better. I suppose you expect cows that are kept sould be feed; dey vill not give no milk if dey are not feed.' 'Oh yees,' I say; 'of course dey must be feed, I expect dat.' An' den a new tort strike me an' I cry out, 'Oh! I see—I 'ave it now; *de milk*, you did 'ave de milk.' Den I looks at ma leetle note-book an' I say, 'Von hundred quarts of milk a day; oh yees. Vell, vat did de milk sell for? six cents a quart?' 'Ve did not *sell* de milk,' say Monsieur Ed-ou-ard; 'dere is not no market for it here. Ve use a good deal in de house; it turns in in a large family, you know. An' vat ve did not use as milk ve make into butter an' cheese. My vife an' her Scotch girl are ver nice dairy-vimmen.' 'Ah! ver good,' I say; 'butter an' cheese is good tings. I likes butter an' cheese, an' dey 'ave be ver high in de market dis year; dat vas a ver good plan of yours. An' vat did you 'ave get for de butter an' cheese?' 'Vhy, Mister Maillard!' say Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, 've did not sell it; you seem to 'ave forgeet, I 'ave eight or ten men to feed; it vas use in the famillé.' 'Vell,' I say meekly, for I vas découragé, 'you 'ad fine potatoes.' 'Yees,' he say, 'ver fine, an' no potatoe rot; I did not evair to see finer crop or a more abundant one; dey vere fine!' 'Eh! vell,' I say, 'an' vat 'ave you do vid *dem?*' 'I 'ave saved enough for next year's seed,' he say, 'An, enough for de house, an' de leetle vons I boil for de pigs.' 'Oh yees,' I say, 'I 'ave forgeet de pigs; how does dey do?' 'Oh,' he say, 'dey is first-rate. I 'ave kill seven fat 'ogs, an' I 'ave put up bacon an' pork enough to carry me through de year; first-rate pork, fed on skim-milk, potatoes, an' corn; could not be finer pork in the country.'

"Vell, it vas so in every ting. The hens an' ze chickens dey eat de barley, and de men dey eat de eggs an' de chickens. Dere did not seem to be notting to sell but de skin of some leetle baby calves he 'ave kill, an' some straw to make de fedder-beds of. Ah! non, non, I 'ave made meestake—pardonnez-moi—vat I sall call dem?—ah, paellasse, eh?—vel, matelas, den; an' I apprehend de mens, de horse, de cow, and de pig vould not to eat dem, and so dey sell dem.

"Vell, I did not to say much to Monsieur Ed-ou-ard den; it 'ave not be vell to be in hurry. But I go home, an' as I drive along I—vell, I vhistle, I vhistle, I vhistle, till I 'ave not no breath to vhistle no longer. An' ven I gets back to de city I did not go trough de street vhere is de two pretty houses for Honorine an' Elise.

"De next day, as I 'ave go to my place of bizziness, I go into dat auction-room again, an' I look round; and ven I see mon ami, de crieur, I say to him, ''Ave you still the leetle avertissement for dat fine pro-duck-teev ferme you 'ave sell to me about two year go by?' An' he say yees, he tink he 'ave it still. An' I say to him, 'You sall put him in again, if you pleases, an' sell him for me; an' you sall say dat the present owner 'ave put up new fence, an' new top to barn, vidout no regard to vat it sall cost. An' de bon Dieu knows dat is de holy truth.' An' he say to me, 'Ah, Monsieur Maillard, is it possible? Vat is be de trouble? Is it not good ferme—good land?' 'Oh yees,' I say, 'fine ferme, excellent land.' 'An' yet you sall sell it?' he say. An' I say, 'Yees, I vill sell it. It is too far off. I can not see to it myself.' 'Sale positive?' he say. An' I answer to him, 'Sale positive.'

"Vell, ven I tells to Madame she is much disturbé, an' she say, 'It is too bad. An' my broder Ed-ou-ard is turn out such a capital fermier too. Could any von make better crops?' she vanted to know. 'No,' I say; 'but I tink it sall be more cheaper to board him an' his vife an' children at de Fivth Avenue Hotel, if he vould like it as vell.'

"Madame she vas vexé ven I say dat. She vould 'ave pout, only she nevair do 'ave pout. Ah! she 'ave de tempare of de holy anges—Madame she is heavenly.

"An' den I tells to her about de bills—how all de monies is go out, an' no monies is come in; but she could not to see it as I did, an' she

keep saying, 'But is not he 'ave raise ze good crops?' An' I say, 'Certainement, he 'ave.' Den she say, 'If he 'ave raise ze good crops is not he 'ave be de good fermier?' An' I say, 'Yees, yees, he is good fermier.' An' den she say, 'If you 'ave hire him to be good fermier, an' he is good fermier, vat for can you find fault vith him an' send him avay? It is ver hard an' unjust.'

"Vell, ven I find I could not to make her understand, den I tell her about de petits, an' my disappointment about de ship an' de houses. Aha! den she begin to see. An' ven I tell her of de pretty bow-vindows an' de marble steps (Ah! she is true moder, Madame is), den she begin to cry, an' she say, 'Ma poor Honorine! ma pretty leetle Elise! Oh, it is too bad for dem to lose dem two pretty houses!' An' I say to her, 'So, so, my belle. Dey can not to lose vat dey nevair did 'ave.' But she say, 'It is too bad; it is too great disappointment.' An' I say, 'Oh no; dey sall nevair to know it, an' so it sall not be no disappointment at all.' But Madame vas inconsolable, désolé; an' after dat it vas I could not to sell my ferme quick enough to please her.

"Vell, ven de time did come to sell my land, I did 'ave de good luck den. De var, dis terrible, bloody var, 'ave raise de price of land, an' my ferme did sell for seven tousan four hundred dollar! I vas delight—I could not to believe it at de first. Yees; an' de man vat buy it he did take all my cattles an' my ferme tools; dat big ting to cut vid, an' de rake de horse carry, an' all; an' he give me passable fair price for dem. Oh, not de von half I did give for dem; but, ma foi! I vas so glad to be vell rid of dem I tink I vould most give dem to him to see de last of dem.

"Vell, Sare, vat vid de tax, an' de inzurance, an' de salaire for Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, an' all my bills, I did lose by dat pleasant leetle experiment some two or tree tousan of dollars; an' I 'ave get de ill-vill of my broder-in-law, Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, an' Madame his vife, an' his leetle boys. Ah, vell, it is kind, it is am-i-a-ble to 'ave do for our friens; but, ma foi! it is ver silly. I vas fool to try to help my broder Monsieur Ed-ou-ard, and I tink I vill nevair try to do dat again.

"Vell, after de sale vas over, an' all vas settle, de man who buy my ferme he come to me an' he say, 'Monsieur Maillard, I 'ave bought your land, you sall understand.' An' I say to him, 'Yees, I hope so.' An' he say, 'Vell, den, you sall so far oblige me, if you pleases, as to tell me vhy you did vish to sell him, vill you?' An' I say, 'Certainement, I sall have dat plaisir. I vas not no fermier; I did not to know how to ferme de land.' 'Ah,' he say, 'dat vas it, vas it?' An' I say, 'Yees, dat vas it.' Den he say to me next, 'It is good land, hey?' An' I say to him, 'First-rate land.' An' he say, 'De land is in good heart, is it?' An' I say to him, 'Parbleu! it should 'ave be, for it 'ave take all de heart out of me.' 'Vhy,' he say, 'is not de land pro-duck-teev?' he say. An' I say, 'Oh yees, very pro-duck-teev; dat vas de trouble.' 'How?' he say. 'I do not comprender you. Dat vas de trouble? too pro-duck-teev?' 'Yees,' I say, 'it vas too pro-duck-teev; it vas a ver pro-duck-teev ferme; it vas so ver pro-duck-teev dat I did 'ave to keep twenty-five cows an' four oxes, tree horses an' eight men to eat up all the pro-duck-teev-ness of it. An' dat vas expensive rather, an' I did not care to do it no more.'

"Vell, I 'ave pay dear for my lesson, but den I 'ave learn him thoroughly. Visdom is vorth buying. I sall stick to my own bizziness; I understands him, an' I can do him myself. I sall nevair be de fermier no more. An' I tink before de many years 'ave go by de petits sall own de two pretty brick houses vith de bow-vindows." An' den poor Madame she vill be at her ease again. Ah, poor Madame! she is une ange; but I suppose de anges 'aves dere leetle upsets sometimes, don't dey?"

THE THREE WATCHERS.

WISTFULLY through the sunshine,
Wistfully through the rain,
They watch for his returning
Who will never return again.

Three little cherub faces,
Close to the window pane,
Wistfully watching and waiting
For him who returns not again.

Frigidly under the sunbeams,
Frigidly under the storm,
Where the battle dead are thickest,
Lies a pallid and pulseless form.

Sign, nor mark, nor token
To tell of the hero's name,
But clasped to his gory bosom
Is a fragile picture-frame.

A simple, poor medallion,
Death-clutched with a wisp of grass;
But three little cherub faces
Smile through the blood-stained glass.

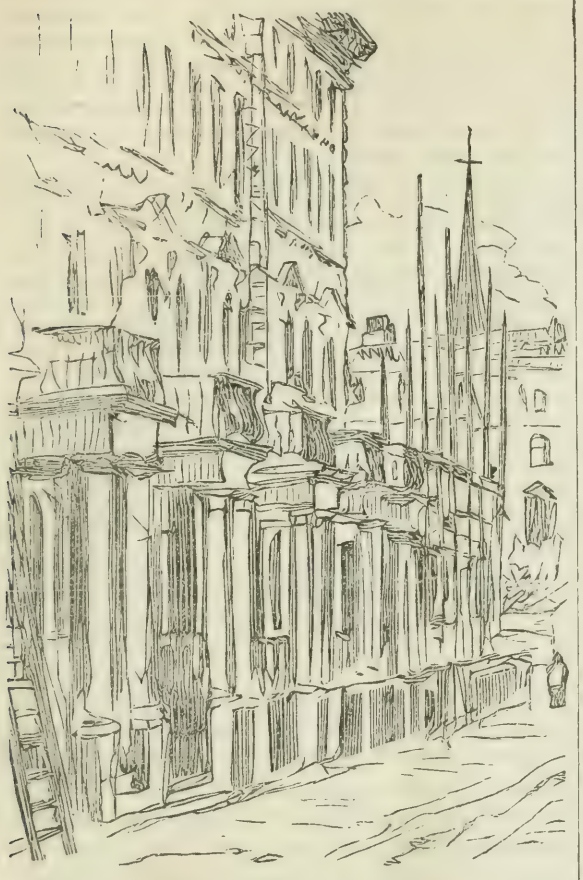
Rude are the hands that lay him
On the soldier's humble pall;
Yet tears from the bearded faces
On the cherub faces fall.

The grasp of the Dead hath stiffened
Round the picture on his breast,
And they leave those faces smiling
On the nameless soldier's rest.

Then there came a voice, like an echo,
Through the sunshine and the rain:
"Look up! for on earth, your father
Shall never return again!"

And the eldest, looking upward,
"Our Father in heaven," she said,
"Thou hast taken our other father,
Let us come to Thee instead!"

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XLVI.

JOHN EAMES AT HIS OFFICE.

MR. CROSBIE and his wife went upon their honey-moon tour to Folkestone in the middle of February, and returned to London about the end of March. Nothing of special moment to the interests of our story occurred during those six weeks, unless the proceedings of the young married couple by the sea-side may be thought to have any special interest. With regard to those proceedings I can only say that Crosbie was very glad when they were brought to a close. All holiday-making is hard work, but holiday-making with nothing to do is the hardest work of all. At the end of March they went into their new house, and we will hope that Lady Alexandrina did not find it very cold.

During this time Lily's recovery from her illness was being completed. She had no relapse, nor did any thing occur to create a new fear on her account. But, nevertheless, Dr. Crofts gave it as his opinion that it would be inexpedient to move her into a fresh house at Lady-day. March is not a kindly month for invalids; and therefore, with some regret on the part of Mrs. Dale, with much impatience on that of Bell, and with considerable outspoken remonstrance from Lily herself, the squire was requested to let them remain through the month of April. How the squire received this request, and in what way he assented to the doctor's reasoning, will be told in the course of a chapter or two.

In the mean time John Eames had continued his career in London without much immediate satisfaction to himself, or to the lady who boasted to be his heart's chosen queen. Miss Amelia Roper, indeed, was becoming very cross, and in her ill temper was playing a game that was tending to create a frightful amount of hot water in Burton Crescent. She was devoting herself to a flirtation with Mr. Cradell, not only under the immediate eyes of Johnny Eames, but also under those of Mrs. Lupex. John Eames, the blockhead, did not like it. He was above all things anxious to get rid of Amelia and her claims; so anxious, that on certain moody occasions he would threaten himself with diverse tragical terminations to his career in London. He would enlist. He would go to Australia. He would blow out his brains. He would have "an explanation" with Amelia, tell her that she was a vixen, and proclaim his hatred. He would rush down to Allington and throw himself in despair at Lily's feet. Amelia was the bugbear of his life. Nevertheless, when she flirted with Cradell, he did not like it, and was ass enough to speak to Cradell about it.

"Of course I don't care," he said, "only it seems to me that you are making a fool of yourself."

"I thought you wanted to get rid of her."

"She's nothing on earth to me; only it does, you know—"

"Does do what?" asked Cradell.

"Why, if I was to be fal-lalling with that married woman, you wouldn't like it. That's all about it. Do you mean to marry her?"

"What!—Amelia?"

"Yes; Amelia."

"Not if I know it."

"Then if I were you I would leave her alone. She's only making a fool of you."

Eames's advice may have been good, and the view taken by him of Amelia's proceedings may have been correct; but as regarded his own part in the affair, he was not wise. Miss Roper, no doubt, wished to make him jealous; and she succeeded in the teeth of his aversion to her and of his love elsewhere. He had no desire to say soft things to Miss Roper. Miss Roper, with all her skill, could not extract a word pleasantly soft from him once a week. But, nevertheless, soft words to her and from her in another quarter made him uneasy. Such being the case, must we not acknowledge that John Eames was still floundering in the ignorance of his hobbledehoyhood?

The Lupexes at this time still held their ground in the Crescent, although repeated warnings to go had been given them. Mrs. Roper, though she constantly spoke of sacrificing all that they owed her, still hankered, with a natural hankering, after her money. And as each warning was accompanied by a demand for payment, and usually produced some slight subsidy

on account, the thing went on from week to week; and at the beginning of April Mr. and Mrs. Lupex were still boarders at Mrs. Roper's house.

Eames had heard nothing from Allington since the time of his Christmas visit, and his subsequent correspondence with Lord De Guest. In his letters from his mother he was told that game came frequently from Guestwick Manor, and in this way he knew that he was not forgotten by the earl. But of Lily he had heard not a word—except, indeed, the rumor, which had now become general, that the Dales from the Small House were about to move themselves into Guestwick. When first he learned this he construed the tidings as favorable to himself, thinking that Lily, removed from the grandeur of Allington, might possibly be more easily within his reach; but, latterly, he had given up any such hope as that, and was telling himself that his friend at the Manor had abandoned all idea of making up the marriage. Three months had already elapsed since his visit. Five months had passed since Crosbie had surrendered his claim. Surely such a knave as Crosbie might be forgotten in five months! If any steps could have been taken through the squire, surely three months would have sufficed for them! It was very manifest to him that there was no ground of hope for him at Allington, and it would certainly be well for him to go off to Australia. He would go to Australia, but he would thrash Cradell first for having dared to interfere with Amelia Roper. That, generally, was the state of his mind during the first week in April.

Then there came to him a letter from the earl which instantly effected a great change in all his feelings; which taught him to regard Australia as a dream, and almost put him into a good humor with Cradell. The earl had by no means lost sight of his friend's interests at Allington; and, moreover, those interests were now backed by an ally who in this matter must be regarded as much more powerful than the earl. The squire had given his consent to the Eames alliance.

The earl's letter was as follows:

"Guestwick Manor, *April* 7, 18—.

"My dear John,—I told you to write to me again, and you haven't done it. I saw your mother the other day, or else you might have been dead for any thing I knew. A young man always ought to write letters when he is told to do so. [Eames, when he had got so far, felt himself rather aggrieved by this rebuke, knowing that he had abstained from writing to his patron simply from an unwillingness to intrude upon him with his letters. 'By Jove, I'll write to him every week of his life, till he's sick of me,' Johnny said to himself when he found himself thus instructed as to a young man's duties.]

"And now I have got to tell you a long story, and I should like it much better if you were down here, so that I might save myself the trouble; but you would think me ill-natured if I were to keep you waiting. I happened to meet Mr. Dale the other day, and he said that he should be very glad if a certain young lady would make up her mind to listen to a certain young friend of mine. So I asked him what he meant to do about the young lady's fortune, and he declared himself willing to give her a hundred a year during his life, and to settle four thousand pounds upon her after his death. I said that I would do as much on my part by the young man; but as two hundred a year, with your salary, would hardly give you enough to begin with, I'll make mine a hundred and fifty. You'll be getting up in your office soon, and with five hundred a year you ought to be able to get along; especially as you need not insure your life. I should live somewhere near Bloomsbury Square at first, because I'm told you can get a house for nothing. After all, what's fashion worth? You can bring your wife down here in the autumn, and have some shooting. She won't let you go to sleep under the trees, I'll be bound.

"But you must look after the young lady. You will understand that no one has said a word to her about it; or, if they have, I don't know it. You'll find the squire on your side, that's all. Couldn't you manage to come down this Easter? Tell old Buffle, with my compliments, that I want you. I'll write to him if you like it. I did know him at one time, though I can't say I was ever very fond of him. It stands to reason that you can't get on with Miss Lily without seeing her; unless, indeed, you like better to write to her, which always seems to me to be very poor sort of fun. You'd much better come down, and go a wooing in the regular old-fashioned way. I need not tell you that Lady Julia will be delighted to see you. You are a prime favorite with her since that affair at the railway station. She thinks a great deal more about that than she does about the bull.

"Now, my dear fellow, you know all about it, and I shall take it very much amiss of you if you don't answer my letter soon.—Your very sincere friend,

"De Guest."

When Eames had finished this letter, sitting at his office-desk, his surprise and elation were so great that he hardly knew where he was or what he ought to do. Could it be the truth that Lily's uncle had not only consented that the match should be made, but that he had also promised to give his niece a considerable fortune? For a few minutes it seemed to Johnny as though all obstacles to his happiness were removed, and that there was no impediment between him and an amount of bliss of which he had hitherto hardly dared to dream. Then, when he considered the earl's munificence, he almost cried. He found that he could not compose his mind to think, or even his hand to write. He did not know whether it would be right in him to accept such pecuniary liberality from any living man, and almost thought that he should feel himself bound to reject the earl's offer. As to the squire's money, that he knew he might accept. All that comes in the shape of a young woman's fortune may be taken by any man.

He would certainly answer the earl's letter, and that at once. He would not leave the office till he had done so. His friend should have cause to bring no further charge against him of that kind. And then again he reverted to the injustice which had been done to him in the matter of letter-writing—as if that consideration were of moment in such a state of circumstances as was now existing. But at last his thoughts brought themselves to the real question at issue. Would Lily Dale accept him? After all, the realization of his good fortune depended altogether upon her feelings; and, as he remembered this, his mind misgave him sorely. It was filled not only with a young lover's ordinary doubts—with the fear and trembling incidental to the bashfulness of hobbledehoyhood—but with an

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idea that that affair with Crosbie would still stand in his way. He did not, perhaps, rightly understand all that Lily had suffered, but he conceived it to be probable that there had been wounds which even the last five months might not yet have cured. Could it be that she would allow him to cure these wounds? As he thought of this he felt almost crushed to the earth by an indomitable bashfulness and conviction of his own unworthiness. What had he to offer worthy of the acceptance of such a girl as Lilian Dale?

I fear that the Crown did not get out of John Eames an adequate return for his salary on that day. So adequate, however, had been the return given by him for some time past, that promotion was supposed throughout the Income-tax Office to be coming in his way, much to the jealousy of Cradell, Fisher, and others, his immediate compeers and cronies. And the place assigned to him by rumor was one which was generally regarded as a perfect Elysium upon earth in the Civil Service world. He was, so rumor said, to become private secretary to the First Commissioner. He would be removed by such a change as this from the large uncarpeted room in which he at present sat; occupying the same desk with another man to whom he had felt himself to be ignominiously bound, as dogs must feel when they are coupled. This room had been the bear-garden of the office. Twelve or fourteen men sat in it. Large pewter pots were brought into it daily at one o'clock, giving it an air that was not aristocratic. The senior of the room, one Mr. Love, who was presumed to have it under his immediate dominion, was a clerk of the ancient stamp, dull, heavy, unambitious, living out on the farther side of Islington, and unknown beyond the limits of his office to any of his younger brethren. He was generally regarded as having given a bad tone to the room. And then the clerks in this room would not unfrequently be blown up—with very palpable blowings up—by an official swell, a certain chief clerk, named Kissing, much higher in standing though younger in age than the gentleman of whom we have before spoken. He would hurry in, out of his own neighboring chamber, with quick step and nose in the air, shuffling in his office slippers, looking on each occasion as though there were some cause to fear that the whole Civil Service were coming to an abrupt termination, and would lay about him with hard words, which some of those in the big room did not find it very easy to bear. His hair was always brushed straight up, his eyes were always very wide open—and he usually carried a big letter-book with him, keeping in it a certain place with his finger. This book was almost too much for his strength, and he would flop it down, now on this man's desk and now on that man's, and in a long career of such floppings had made himself to be very much hated. On the score of some old grudge he and Mr. Love did not speak to each other; and for this reason, on all occasions of fault-finding, the blown up young man would refer Mr. Kissing to his enemy.

"I know nothing about it," Mr. Love would say, not lifting his face from his desk for a moment.

"I shall certainly lay the matter before the Board," Mr. Kissing would reply, and would then shuffle out of the room with the big book.

Sometimes Mr. Kissing would lay the matter before the Board, and then he, and Mr. Love, and two or three delinquent clerks would be summoned thither. It seldom led to much. The delinquent clerks would be cautioned. One Commissioner would say a word in private to Mr. Love, and another a word in private to Mr. Kissing. Then, when left alone, the Commissioners would have their little jokes, saying that Kissing, they feared, went by favor; and that Love should still be lord of all. But these things were done in the mild days, before Sir Raffle Buffle came to the Board.

There had been some fun in this at first; but of late John Eames had become tired of it. He disliked Mr. Kissing, and the big book out of which Mr. Kissing was always endeavoring to convict him of some official sin, and had got tired of that joke of setting Kissing and Love by the ears together. When the Assistant Secretary first suggested to him that Sir Raffle had an idea of selecting him as private secretary, and when he remembered the cozy little room, all carpeted, with a leathern arm-chair and a separate washing-stand, which in such case would be devoted to his use, and remembered also that he would be put into receipt of an additional hundred a year, and would stand in the way of still better promotion, he was overjoyed. But there were certain drawbacks. The present private secretary—who had been private secretary also to the late First Commissioner—was giving up his Elysium because he could not endure the tones of Sir Raffle's voice. It was understood that Sir Raffle required rather more of a private secretary, in the way of obsequious attendance, than was desirable, and Eames almost doubted his own fitness for the place.

"And why should he choose me?" he had asked the Assistant Secretary.

"Well, we have talked it over together, and I think that he prefers you to any other that has been named."

"But he was so very hard upon me about the affair at the railway station."

"I think he has heard more about that since; I think that some message has reached him from your friend, Earl De Guest."

"Oh, indeed!" said Johnny, beginning to comprehend what it was to have an earl for his friend. Since his acquaintance with the nobleman had commenced he had studiously avoided all mention of the earl's name at his office; and yet he received almost daily intimation that the fact was well known there, and not a little considered.

"But he is so very rough," said Johnny.

"You can put up with that," said his friend the Assistant Secretary. "His bark is worse than his bite, as you know; and then a hundred a year is worth having." Eames was at that moment inclined to take a gloomy view of life in general, and was disposed to refuse the place, should it be offered to him. He had not then received the earl's letter; but now, as he sat with that letter open before him, lying in the drawer beneath his desk so that he could still read it as he leaned back in his chair, he was enabled to look at things in general through a different atmosphere. In the first place, Lilian Dale's husband ought to have a room to himself, with a carpet and an arm-chair; and then that additional hundred a year would raise his income at once to the sum as to which the earl had made some sort of stipulation. But could he get that leave of absence at Easter? If he consented to be Sir Raffle's private secretary he would make that a part of the bargain.

At this moment the door of the big room was opened, and Mr. Kissing shuffled in with very quick little steps. He shuffled in, and coming direct up to John's desk, flopped his ledger down upon it before its owner had had time to close the drawer which contained the precious letter.

"What have you got in that drawer, Mr. Eames?"

"A private letter, Mr. Kissing."

"Oh, a private letter!" said Mr. Kissing, feeling strongly convinced there was a novel hidden there, but not daring to express his belief. "I have been half the morning, Mr. Eames, looking for this letter to the Admiralty, and you've put it under S!" A by-stander listening to Mr. Kissing's tone would have been led to believe that the whole Income-tax Office was jeopardized by the terrible iniquity thus disclosed.

"Somerset House," pleaded Johnny.

"Pshaw;—Somerset House! Half the offices in London—"

"You'd better ask Mr. Love," said Eames. "It's all done under his special instructions." Mr. Kissing looked at Mr. Love, and Mr. Love looked steadfastly at his desk. "Mr. Love knows all about the indexing," continued Johnny. "He's index master general to the department."

"No, I'm not, Mr. Eames," said Mr. Love, who rather liked John Eames, and hated Mr. Kissing with his whole heart. "But I believe the indexes, on the whole, are very well done in this room. Some people don't know how to find letters."

"Mr. Eames," began Mr. Kissing, still pointing with a finger of bitter reproach to the misused S, and beginning an oration which was intended for the benefit of the whole room, and for the annihilation of old Mr. Love, "if you have yet to learn that the word Admiralty begins with A and not with S, you have much to learn which should have been acquired before you first came into this office. Somerset House is not a department." Then he turned round to the room at large, and repeated the last words, as though they might become very useful if taken well to heart—"Is not a department. The Treasury is a department; the Home Office is a department; the India Board is a department—"

"No, Mr. Kissing, it isn't," said a young clerk from the other end of the room.

"You know very well what I mean, Sir. The India Office is a department."

"There's no Board, Sir."

"Never mind; but how any gentleman who has been in the service three months—not to say three years—can suppose Somerset House to be a department, is beyond my comprehension. If you have been improperly instructed—"

"We shall know all about it another time," said Eames. "Mr. Love will make a memorandum of it."

"I sha'n't do any thing of the kind," said Mr. Love.

"If you have been wrongly instructed—" Mr. Kissing began again, stealing a glance at Mr. Love as he did so; but at this moment the door was again opened, and a messenger summoned Johnny to the presence of the really great man. "Mr. Eames, to wait upon Sir Raffle." Upon hearing this Johnny immediately started, and left Mr. Kissing and the big book in possession of his desk. How the battle was waged, and how it raged in the large room, we can not stop to hear, as it is necessary that we should follow our hero into the presence of Sir Raffle Buffle.

"Ah, Eames—yes," said Sir Raffle, looking up from his desk when the young man entered; "just wait half a minute, will you?" And the knight went to work at his papers, as though fearing that any delay in what he was doing might be very prejudicial to the nation at large. "Ah, Eames—well—yes," he said again, as he pushed away from him, almost with a jerk, the papers on which he had been writing. "They tell me that you know the business of this office pretty well."

"Some of it, Sir," said Eames.

"Well, yes; some of it. But you'll have to understand the whole of it if you come to me. And you must be very sharp about it too. You know that FitzHoward is leaving me?"

"I have heard of it, Sir."

"A very excellent young man, though perhaps not— But we won't mind that. The work is a little too much for him, and he's going back into the office. I believe Lord De Guest is a friend of yours; isn't he?"

"Yes; he is a friend of mine, certainly. He's been very kind to me."

"Ah, well. I've known the earl for many years—for very many years; and intimately at one time. Perhaps you may have heard him mention my name?"

"Yes, I have, Sir Raffle."

"We were intimate once, but those things go

off, you know. He's been the country mouse and I've been the town mouse. Ha, ha, ha! You may tell him that I say so. He won't mind that coming from me."

"Oh no; not at all," said Eames.

"Mind you tell him when you see him. The earl is a man for whom I've always had a great respect—a very great respect—I may say regard. And now, Eames, what do you say to taking FitzHoward's place? The work is hard. It is fair that I should tell you that. The work will, no doubt, be very hard. I take a greater share of what's going than my predecessors have done; and I don't mind telling you that I have been sent here, because a man was wanted who would do that." The voice of Sir Raffle, as he continued, became more and more harsh, and Eames began to think how wise FitzHoward had been. "I mean to do my duty, and I shall expect that my private secretary will do his. But, Mr. Eames, I never forget a man. Whether he be good or bad, I never forget a man. You don't dislike late hours, I suppose."

"Coming late to the office, you mean? Oh no, not in the least."

"Staying late—staying late. Six or seven o'clock if necessary—putting your shoulder to the wheel when the coach gets into the mud. That's what I've been doing all my life. They've known what I am very well. They've always kept me for the heavy roads. If they paid, in the Civil Service, by the hour, I believe I should have drawn a larger income than any man in it. If you take the vacant chair in the next room you'll find it's no joke. It's only fair that I should tell you that."

"I can work as hard as any man," said Eames.

"That's right. That's right. Stick to that and I'll stick to you. It will be a great gratification to me to have by me a friend of my old friend De Guest. Tell him I say so. And now you may as well get into harness at once. FitzHoward is there. You can go into him, and at half past four exactly I'll see you both. I'm very exact, mind—very; and therefore you must be exact." Then Sir Raffle looked as though he desired to be left alone.

"Sir Raffle, there's one favor I want to ask of you," said Johnny.

"And what's that?"

"I am most anxious to be absent for a fortnight or three weeks, just at Easter. I shall want to go in about ten days."

"Absent for three weeks at Easter, when the parliamentary work is beginning! That won't do for a private secretary."

"But it's very important, Sir Raffle."

"Out of the question, Eames; quite out of the question."

"It's almost life and death to me."

"Almost life and death! Why, what are you going to do?" With all his grandeur and national importance Sir Raffle would be very curious as to little people.

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, and I'm not quite sure myself."

"Then don't talk nonsense. It's impossible that I should spare my private secretary just at that time of the year. I couldn't do it. The service won't admit of it. You're not entitled to leave at that season. Private secretaries always take their leave in the autumn."

"I should like to be absent in the autumn too, but—"

"It's out of the question, Mr. Eames."

Then John Eames reflected that it behooved him in such an emergency to fire off his big gun. He had a great dislike to firing this big gun, but, as he said to himself, there are occasions which make a big gun very necessary. "I got a letter from Lord De Guest this morning, pressing me very much to go to him at Easter. It's about business," added Johnny. "If there was any difficulty, he said, he should write to you."

"Write to me!" said Sir Raffle, who did not like to be approached too familiarly in his office, even by an earl.

"Of course I shouldn't tell him to do that. But, Sir Raffle, if I remained out there in the office"—and Johnny pointed toward the big room with his head—"I could choose April for my month. And as the matter is so important to me and to the earl—"

"What can it be?" said Sir Raffle.

"It's quite private," said John Eames.

Hereupon Sir Raffle became very petulant, feeling that a bargain was being made with him. This young man would only consent to become his private secretary upon certain terms! "Well, go in to FitzHoward now. I can't lose all my day in this way."

"But I shall be able to get away at Easter?"

"I don't know. We shall see about it. But don't stand talking there now." Then John Eames went into FitzHoward's room and received that gentleman's congratulations on his appointment. "I hope you like being rung for, like a servant, every minute, for he's always ringing that bell. And he'll roar at you till you're deaf. You must give up all dinner engagements; for though there is not much to do, he'll never let you go. I don't think any body ever asks him out to dinner, for he likes being here till seven. And you'll have to write all manner of lies about big people. And sometimes, when he has sent Rafferty out about his private business, he'll ask you to bring him his shoes." Now Rafferty was the First Commissioner's messenger.

It must be remembered, however, that this little account was given by an outgoing and discomfited private secretary. "A man is not asked to bring another man his shoes," said Eames to himself, "until he shows himself fit for that sort of business." Then he made within his own breast a little resolution about Sir Raffle's shoes.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.

"INCOME-TAX OFFICE, *April* 8, 18—.

"MY DEAR LORD DE GUEST,—I hardly know how to answer your letter, it is so very kind—more than kind. And about not writing before. I must explain that I have not liked to trouble you with letters. I should have seemed to be encroaching if I had written much. Indeed it didn't come from not thinking about you. And first of all, about the money—as to your offer, I mean. I really feel that I do not know what I ought to say to you about it, without appearing to be a simpleton. The truth is, I don't know what I ought to do, and can only trust to you not to put me wrong. I have an idea that a man ought not to accept a present of money, unless from his father, or somebody like that. And the sum you mention is so very large that it makes me wish you had not named it. If you choose to be so generous, would it not be better that you should leave it me in your will?"

"So that he might always want me to be dying," said Lord De Guest, as he read the letter out loud to his sister.

"I'm sure he wouldn't want that," said Lady Julia. "But you may live for twenty-five years, you know."

"Say fifty," said the earl. And then he continued the reading of his letter:

"But all that depends so much upon another person that it is hardly worth while talking about it. Of course I am very much obliged to Mr. Dale—very much indeed—and I think that he is behaving very handsomely to his niece. But whether it will do me any good, that is quite another thing. However, I shall certainly accept your kind invitation for Easter, and find out whether I have a chance or not. I must tell you that Sir Raffle Buffle has made me his private secretary, by which I get a hundred a year. He says he was a great crony of yours many years ago, and seems to like talking about you very much. You will understand what all that means. He has sent you ever so many messages, but I don't suppose you will care to get them. I am to go to him to-morrow, and from all I hear I shall have a hard time of it."

"By George, he will," said the earl. "Poor fellow!"

"But I thought a private secretary never had any thing to do," said Lady Julia.

"I shouldn't like to be private secretary to Sir Raffle myself. But he's young, and a hundred a year is a great thing. How we all of us used to hate that man! His voice sounded like a bell with a crack in it. We always used to be asking for some one to muffle the Buffle. They call him Huffle Scuffle at his office. Poor Johnny!" Then he finished the letter:

"I told him that I must have leave of absence at Easter, and he at first declared that it was impossible. But I shall carry my point about that. I would not stay away to be made private secretary to the Prime Minister; and yet I almost feel that I might as well stay away for any good that I shall do.

"Give my kind regards to Lady Julia, and tell her how very much obliged to her I am. I can not express the gratitude which I owe to you. But pray believe me, my dear Lord De Guest, always very faithfully yours,

"JOHN EAMES."

It was late before Eames had finished his letter. He had been making himself ready for his exodus from the big room, and preparing his desk and papers for his successor. About half past five Cradell came up to him, and suggested that they should walk home together.

"What! you here still?" said Eames. "I thought you always went at four." Cradell had remained, hanging about the office, in order that he might walk home with the new private secretary. But Eames did not desire this. He had much of which he desired to think alone, and would fain have been allowed to walk by himself.

"Yes; I had things to do. I say, Johnny, I congratulate you most heartily; I do, indeed."

"Thank you, old fellow!"

"It is such a grand thing, you know. A hundred a year all at once! And then such a snug room to yourself—and that fellow, Kissing, never can come near you. He has been making himself such a beast all day. But, Johnny, I always knew you'd come to something more than common. I always said so."

"There's nothing uncommon about this; except that Fitz says that old Huffle Scuffle makes himself uncommon nasty."

"Never mind what Fitz says. It's all jealousy. You'll have it all your own way, if you look sharp. I think you always do have it all your own way. Are you nearly ready?"

"Well—not quite. Don't wait for me, Caudle."

"Oh, I'll wait. I don't mind waiting. They'll keep dinner for us if we both stay. Besides, what matters? I'd do more than that for you."

"I have some idea of working on till eight, and having a chop sent in," said Johnny. "Besides—I've got somewhere to call, by myself."

Then Cradell almost cried. He remained silent for two or three minutes, striving to master his emotion; and at last, when he did speak, had hardly succeeded in doing so. "Oh, Johnny," he said, "I know what that means. You are going to throw me over because you are getting up in the world. I have always stuck to you, through every thing; haven't I?"

"Don't make yourself a fool, Caudle."

"Well; so I have. And if they had made me private secretary I should have been just the same to you as ever. You'd have found no change in me."

"What a goose you are! Do you say I'm changed, because I want to dine in the city?"

"It's all because you don't want to walk home with me, as we used to do. I'm not such a goose but what I can see. But, Johnny— I suppose I mustn't call you Johnny, now."

"Don't be such a—con—founded—" Then Eames got up, and walked about the room. "Come along," said he, "I don't care about staying, and don't mind where I dine." And he bustled away with his hat and gloves, hardly giving Cradell time to catch him before he got out into the streets. "I tell you what it is, Caudle," said he, "all that kind of thing is disgusting."

"But how would you feel?" whimpered Cradell, who had never succeeded in putting himself quite on a par with his friend, even in his own estimation, since that glorious victory at the railway station. If he could only have

thrashed Lupex as Johnny had thrashed Crosbie; then indeed they might have been equal—a pair of heroes. But he had not done so. He had never told himself that he was a coward, but he considered that circumstances had been specially unkind to him. "But how would you feel," he whimpered, "if the friend whom you liked better than any body else in the world turned his back upon you?"

"I haven't turned my back upon you, except that I can't get you to walk fast enough. Come along, old fellow! and don't talk confounded nonsense. I hate all that kind of thing. You never ought to suppose that a man will give himself airs, but wait till he does. I don't believe I shall remain with old Scuffles above a month or two. From all that I can hear that's as much as any one can bear."

Then Cradell by degrees became happy and cordial, and during the whole walk flattered Eames with all the flattery of which he was master. And Johnny, though he did profess himself to be averse to "all that kind of thing," was nevertheless open to flattery. When Cradell told him that though FitzHoward could not manage the Tartar knight, he might probably do so, he was inclined to believe what Cradell said. "And as to getting him his shoes," said Cradell, "I don't suppose he'd ever think of asking you to do such a thing, unless he was in a very great hurry, or something of that kind."

"Look here, Johnny," said Cradell, as they got into one of the streets bordering on Burton Crescent, "you know the last thing in the world I should like to do would be to offend you."

"All right, Caudle," said Eames, going on, whereas his companion had shown a tendency toward stopping.

"Look here, now; if I have vexed you about Amelia Roper, I'll make you a promise never to speak to her again."

"D— Amelia Roper," said Eames, suddenly stopping himself and stopping Cradell as well. The exclamation was made in a deep, angry voice which attracted the notice of one or two who were passing. Johnny was very wrong—wrong to utter any curse—very wrong to ejaculate that curse against a human being; and especially wrong to fulminate it against a woman, a woman whom he had professed to love! But he did do so, and I can not tell my story thoroughly without repeating the wicked word.

Cradell looked up at him and stared. "I only meant to say," said Cradell, "I'll do any thing you like in the matter."

"Then never mention her name to me again. And as to talking to her, you may talk to her till you're both blue in the face, if you please."

"Oh—I didn't know. You didn't seem to like it the other day."

"I was a fool the other day—a confounded fool. And so I have been all my life. Amelia Roper! Look here, Caudle; if she makes up to you this evening, as I've no doubt she will, for she seems to be playing that game constantly now, just let her have her fling. Never mind me; I'll amuse myself with Mrs. Lupex or Miss Spruce."

"But there'll be the deuce to pay with Mrs. Lupex. She's as cross as possible already whenever Amelia speaks to me. You don't know what a jealous woman is, Johnny." Cradell had got upon what he considered to be his high ground. And on that he felt himself equal to any man. It was no doubt true that Eames had thrashed a man, and that he had not; it was true also that Eames had risen to very high place in the social world, having become a private secretary; but for a dangerous, mysterious, overwhelming, life-enveloping intrigue, was not he the acknowledged hero of such an affair? He had paid very dearly, both in pocket and in comfort, for the blessing of Mrs. Lupex's society; but he hardly considered that he had paid too dearly. There are certain luxuries which a man will find to be expensive; but, for all that, they may be worth their price. Nevertheless as he went up the steps of Mrs. Roper's house he made up his mind that he would oblige his friend. The intrigue might in that way become more mysterious, and more life-enveloping; whereas it would not become more dangerous, seeing that Mr. Lupex could hardly find himself to be aggrieved by such a proceeding.

The whole number of Mrs. Roper's boarders were assembled at dinner that day. Mr. Lupex seldom joined that festive board, but on this occasion he was present, appearing from his voice and manner to be in high good-humor. Cradell had communicated to the company in the drawing-room the great good fortune which had fallen upon his friend, and Johnny had thereby become the mark of a certain amount of hero-worship.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Roper. "An 'appy woman your mother will be when she hears it. But I always said you'd come down right side uppermost."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Miss Spruce.

"Oh, Mr. Eames!" exclaimed Mrs. Lupex, with graceful enthusiasm, "I wish you joy from the very depth of my heart. It is such an elegant appointment."

"Accept the hand of a true and disinterested friend," said Lupex. And Johnny did accept the hand, though it was very dirty and stained all over with paint.

Amelia stood apart and conveyed her congratulations by a glance, or, I might better say, by a series of glances. "And now—now will you not be mine," the glance said; "now that you are rolling in wealth and prosperity?" And then before they went down stairs she did whisper one word to him. "Oh, I am so happy, John—so very happy."

"Bother!" said Johnny, in a tone quite loud enough to reach the lady's ear. Then, making his way round the room, he gave his arm to Miss Spruce. Amelia, as she walked down stairs alone, declared to herself that she would wring his heart. She had been employed in wringing

it for some days past, and had been astonished at her own success. It had been clear enough to her that Eames had been piqued by her overtures to Cradell, and she resolved therefore to play out that game.

"Oh, Mr. Cradell," she said, as she took her seat next to him. "The friends I like are the friends that remain always the same. I hate your sudden rises. They do so often make a man upsetting."

"I should like to try, myself, all the same," said Cradell.

"Well, I don't think it would make any difference in you; I don't, indeed. And of course your time will come too, It's that earl as has done it—he that was worried by the bull. Since we have known an earl we have been so mighty fine." And Amelia gave her head a little toss, and then smiled archly, in a manner which, to Cradell's eyes, was really very becoming. But he saw that Mrs. Lupex was looking at him from the other side of the table, and he could not quite enjoy the goods which the gods had provided for him.

When the ladies left the dining-room Lupex and the two young men drew their chairs near the fire, and each prepared for himself a moderate potation. Eames made a little attempt at leaving the room, but he was implored by Lupex with such earnest protestation of friendship to remain, and was so weakly fearful of being charged with giving himself airs that he did as he was desired.

"And here, Mr. Eames, is to your very good health," said Lupex, raising to his mouth a steaming goblet of gin-and-water, "and wishing you many years to enjoy your official prosperity!"

"Thank ye," said Eames. "I don't know much about the prosperity, but I'm just as much obliged."

"Yes, Sir; when I see a young man of your age beginning to rise in the world, I know he'll go on. Now look at me, Mr. Eames. Mr. Cradell, here's your very good health, and may all unkindness be drowned in the flowing bowl!—Look at me, Mr. Eames. I've never risen in the world; I've never done any good in the world, and never shall."

"Oh, Mr. Lupex, don't say that."

"Ah, but I do say it. I've always been pulling the devil by the tail, and never yet got as much as a good hold on to that. And I'll tell you why; I never got a chance when I was young. If I could have got any big fellow, a star, you know, to let me paint his portrait when I was your age—such a one, let us say, as your friend Sir Raffle—"

"What a star!" said Cradell.

"Well, I suppose he's pretty much known in the world, isn't he? Or Lord Derby, or Mr. Spurgeon. You know what I mean. If I'd got such a chance as that when I was young, I should never have been doing jobs of scene-painting at the minor theatres at so much a square yard. You've got the chance now, but I never had it." Whereupon Mr. Lupex finished his first measure of gin-and-water.

"It's a very queer thing—life is," continued Lupex; and, though he did not at once go to work boldly at the mixing of another glass of toddy, he began gradually, and as if by instinct, to finger the things which would be necessary for that operation. "A very queer thing. Now, remember, young gentleman, I'm not denying that success in life will depend upon good conduct; of course it does; but, then, how often good conduct comes from success? Should I have been what I am now, do you suppose, if some big fellow had taken me by the hand when I was struggling to make an artist of myself? I could have drunk claret and Champagne just as well as gin-and-water, and worn ruffles to my shirt as gracefully as many a fellow who used to be very fond of me, and now won't speak to me if he meets me in the streets. I never got a chance—never."

"But it's not too late yet, Mr. Lupex," said Eames.

"Yes, it is, Eames—yes, it is." And now Mr. Lupex had grasped the gin-bottle. "It's too late now. The game's over, and the match is lost. The talent is here. I'm as sure of that now as ever I was. I've never doubted my own ability—never for a moment. There are men this very day making a thousand a year off their easels who haven't so good and true an eye in drawing as I have, or so good a feeling in colors. I could name them; only I won't."

"And why shouldn't you try again?" said Eames.

"If I were to paint the finest piece that ever delighted the eye of man, who would come and look at it? Who would have enough belief in me to come as far as this place and see if it were true? No, Eames; I know my own position and my own ways, and I know my own weakness. I couldn't do a day's work now unless I were certain of getting a certain number of shillings at the end of it. That's what a man comes to when things have gone against him."

"But I thought men got lots of money by scene-painting?"

"I don't know what you may call lots, Mr. Cradell; I don't call it lots. But I'm not complaining. I know who I have to thank; and if ever I blow my own brains out I sha'n't be putting the blame on the wrong shoulders. If you'll take my advice"—and now he turned round to Eames—"you'll beware of marrying too soon in life."

"I think a man should marry early, if he marries well," said Eames.

"Don't misunderstand me," continued Lupex. "It isn't about Mrs. L. I'm speaking. I've always regarded my wife as a very fascinating woman."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said Cradell, thumping the table.

"Indeed she is," said Eames.

"And when I caution you against marrying, don't you misunderstand me. I've never said a

word against her to any man, and never will. If a man don't stand by his wife who will he stand by? I blame no one but myself. But I do say this; I never had a chance—I never had a chance—never had a chance." And as he repeated the words for the third time, his lips were already fixed to the rim of his tumbler.

At this moment the door of the dining-room was opened and Mrs. Lupex put in her head.

"Lupex," she said, "what are you doing?"

"Yes, my dear. I can't say I'm doing any thing at the present moment. I was giving a little advice to these young gentlemen."

"Mr. Cradell, I wonder at you. And, Mr. Eames, I wonder at you, too—in your position! Lupex, come up stairs at once." She then stepped into the room and secured the gin-bottle.

"Oh, Mr. Cradell, do come here," said Amelia, in her liveliest tone, as soon as the men made their appearance above. "I've been waiting for you this half-hour. I've got such a puzzle for you." And she made way for him to a chair which was between herself and the wall. Cradell looked half afraid of his fortunes as he took the proffered seat; but he did take it, and was soon secured from any positive physical attack by the strength and breadth of Miss Roper's crinoline.

"Dear me! Here's a change," said Mrs. Lupex, out aloud.

Johnny Eames was standing close, and whispered into her ear, "Changes are so pleasant sometimes! Don't you think so? I do."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEMESIS.

Crosbie had now settled down to the calm realities of married life, and was beginning to think that the odium was dying away which for a week or two had attached itself to him, partly on account of his usage of Miss Dale, but more strongly in consequence of the thrashing which he had received from John Eames. Not that he had in any way recovered his former tone of life, or that he ever hoped to do so. But he was able to go in and out of his club without embarrassment. He could talk with his wonted voice, and act with his wonted authority at his office. He could tell his friends, with some little degree of pleasure in the sound, that Lady Alexandrina would be very happy to see them. And he could make himself comfortable in his own chair after dinner, with his slippers and his newspaper. He could make himself comfortable—or at any rate could tell his wife that he did so.

It was very dull. He was obliged to acknowledge to himself, when he thought over the subject, that the life which he was leading was dull. Though he could go into his club without annoyance, nobody there ever thought of asking him to join them at dinner. It was taken for granted that he was going to dine at home; and in the absence of any provocation to the contrary he always did dine at home. He had now been in his house for three weeks, and had been asked with his wife to a few bridal dinner-parties, given chiefly by friends of the De Courcy family. Except on such occasions he never passed an evening out of his own house, and had not yet, since his marriage, dined once away from his wife. He told himself that his good conduct in this respect was the result of his own resolution; but, nevertheless, he felt that there was nothing else left for him to do. Nobody asked him to go to the theatre. Nobody begged him to drop in of an evening. Men never asked him why he did not play a rubber. He would generally saunter into Sebright's after he left his office, and lounge about the room for half an hour, talking to a few men. Nobody was uncivil to him. But he knew that the whole thing was changed, and he resolved, with some wisdom, to accommodate himself to his altered circumstances.

Lady Alexandrina also found her new life rather dull, and was sometimes inclined to be a little querulous. She would tell her husband that she never got out, and would declare, when he offered to walk with her, that she did not care for walking in the streets. "I don't exactly see, then, where you are to walk," he once replied. She did not tell him that she was fond of riding, and that the Park was a very fitting place for such exercise; but she looked it, and he understood her. "I'll do all I can for her," he said to himself; "but I'll not ruin myself." "Amelia is coming to take me for a drive," she said another time. "Ah, that'll be very nice," he answered. "No; it won't be very nice," said Alexandrina. "Amelia is always shopping and bargaining with the trades-people. But it will be better than being kept in the house without ever stirring out."

They breakfasted nominally at half past nine; in truth, it was always nearly ten, as Lady Alexandrina found it difficult to get herself out of her room. At half past ten punctually he left his house for his office. He usually got home by six, and then spent the greatest part of the hour before dinner in the ceremony of dressing. He went, at least, into his dressing-room, after speaking a few words to his wife, and there remained, pulling things about, clipping his nails, looking over any paper that came in his way, and killing the time. He expected his dinner punctually at seven, and began to feel a little cross if he were kept waiting. After dinner he drank one glass of wine in company with his wife, and one other by himself, during which latter ceremony he would stare at the hot coals, and think of the thing he had done. Then he would go up stairs, and have, first, a cup of coffee, and then a cup of tea. He would read his newspaper, open a book or two, hide his face when he yawned, and try to make believe that he liked it. She had no signs or words of love for him. She never sat on his knee, or caressed him. She never showed him that any happiness had come to her in being allowed to live close to him. They thought that they loved each other—each thought

so; but there was no love, no sympathy, no warmth. The very atmosphere was cold—so cold that no fire could remove the chill.

In what way would it have been different had Lily Dale sat opposite to him there as his wife, instead of Lady Alexandrina? He told himself frequently that either with one or with the other life would have been the same; that he had made himself for a while unfit for domestic life, and that he must cure himself of that unfitness. But though he declared this to himself in one set of half-spoken thoughts, he would also declare to himself in another set that Lily would have made the whole house bright with her brightness; that had he brought her home to his hearth, there would have been a sun shining on him every morning and every evening. But nevertheless he strove to do his duty, and remembered that the excitement of official life was still open to him. From eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon he could still hold a position which made it necessary that men should regard him with respect, and speak to him with deference. In this respect he was better off than his wife, for she had no office to which she could betake herself.

"Yes," she said to Amelia, "it is all very nice, and I don't mind the house being damp; but I get so tired of being alone."

"That must be the case with women who are married to men of business."

"Oh, I don't complain. Of course I knew what I was about. I suppose it won't be so very dull when every body is up in London."

"I don't find the season makes much difference to us after Christmas," said Amelia; "but no doubt London is gayer in May. You'll find you'll like it better next year; and perhaps you'll have a baby, you know."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Alexandrina; "I don't want a baby, and don't suppose I shall have one."

"It's always something to do, you know."

Lady Alexandrina, though she was not of an energetic temperament, could not but confess to herself that she had made a mistake. She had been tempted to marry Crosbie because Crosbie was a man of fashion, and now she was told that the London season would make no difference to her—the London season which had hitherto always brought to her the excitement of parties, if it had not given her the satisfaction of amusement. She had been tempted to marry at all because it appeared to her that a married woman could enjoy society with less restraint than a girl who was subject to her mother or her chaperon; that she would have more freedom of action as a married woman; and now she was told that she must wait for a baby before she could have any thing to do. Courcy Castle was sometimes dull, but Courcy Castle would have been better than this.

When Crosbie returned home after this little conversation about the baby, he was told by his wife that they were to dine with the Gazebees on the next Sunday. On hearing this he shook his head with vexation. He knew, however, that he had no right to make complaint, as he had been only taken to St. John's Wood once since they had come home from their marriage trip. There was, however, one point as to which he could grumble. "Why, on earth, on Sunday?"

"Because Amelia asked me for Sunday. If you are asked for Sunday, you can not say you'll go on Monday."

"It is so terrible on a Sunday afternoon. At what hour?"

"She said half past five."

"Heavens and earth! What are we to do all the evening?"

"It is not kind of you, Adolphus, to speak in that way of my relations."

"Come, my love, that's a joke; as if I hadn't heard you say the same thing twenty times. You've complained of having to go up there much more bitterly than I ever did. You know I like your sister, and, in his way, Gazebee is a very good fellow; but, after three or four hours, one begins to have had enough of him."

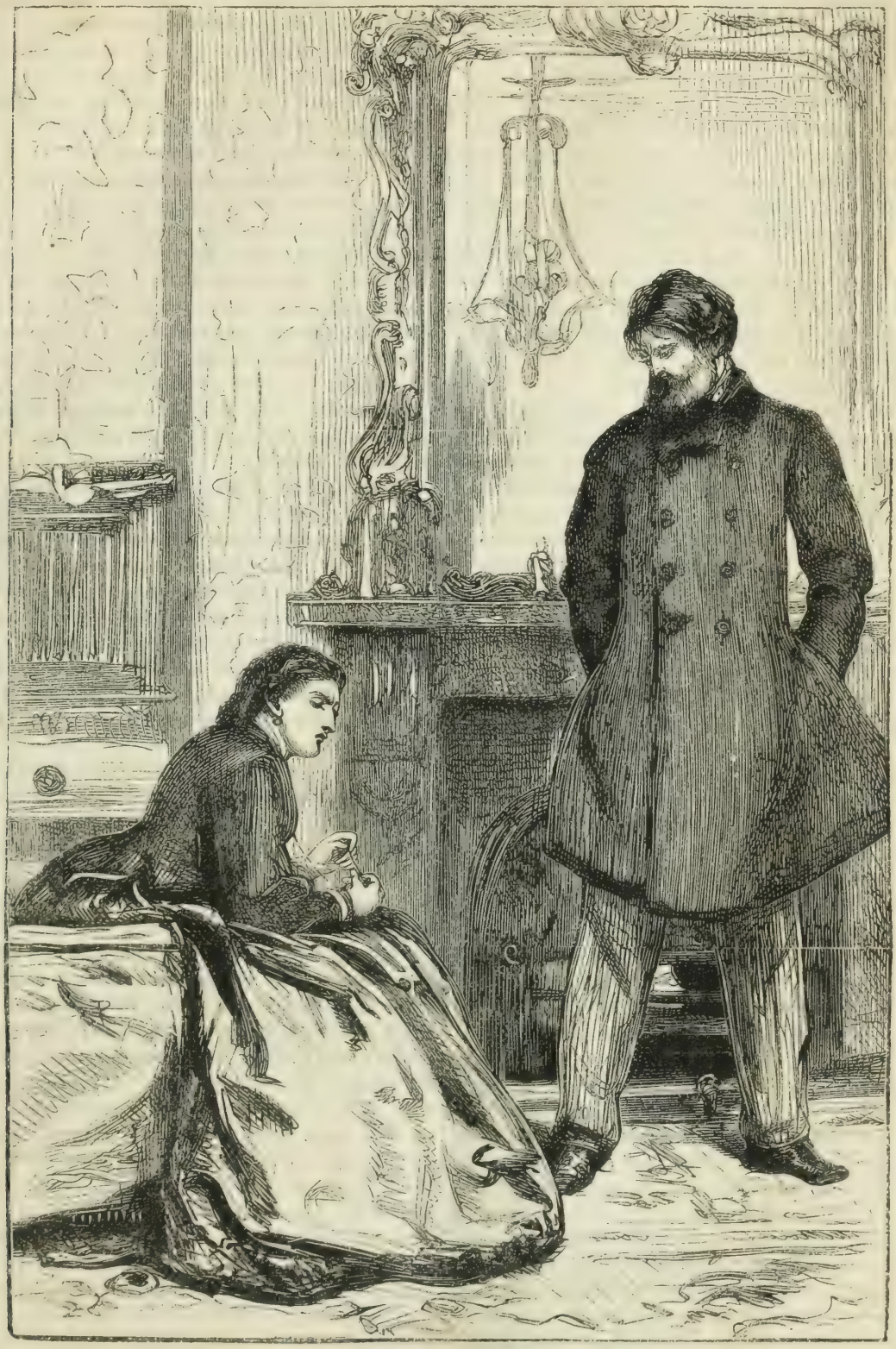
"It can't be much duller than it is—" but Lady Alexandrina stopped herself before she finished her speech.

"One can always read at home, at any rate," said Crosbie.

"One can't always be reading. However, I have said you would go. If you choose to refuse you must write and explain."

When the Sunday came the Crosbies, of course, did go to St. John's Wood, arriving punctually at that door which he so hated at half past five. One of the earliest resolutions which he made when he first contemplated the De Courcy match was altogether hostile to the Gazebees. He would see but very little of them. He would shake himself free of that connection. It was not with that branch of the family that he desired an alliance. But now, as things had gone, that was the only branch of the family with which he seemed to be allied. He was always hearing of the Gazebees. Amelia and Alexandrina were constantly together. He was now dragged there to a Sunday dinner; and he knew that he should often be dragged there—that he could not avoid such draggings. He already owed money to Mortimer Gazebee, and was aware that his affairs had been allowed to fall into that lawyer's hands in such a way that he could not take them out again. His house was very thoroughly furnished, and he knew that the bills had been paid; but he had not them: every shilling had been paid through Mortimer Gazebee.

"Go with your mother and aunt, De Courcy," the attorney said to the lingering child after dinner; and then Crosbie was left alone with his wife's brother-in-law. This was the period of the St. John's Wood purgatory which was so dreadful to him. With his sister-in-law he could talk, remembering perhaps always that she was an earl's daughter. But with Gazebee he had nothing in common. And he felt that Gazebee, who had once treated him with great



"WHY, ON EARTH, ON SUNDAY?"

deference, had now lost all such feeling. Crosbie had once been a man of fashion in the estimation of the attorney, but that was all over. Crosbie, in the attorney's estimation, was now simply the secretary of a public office—a man who owed him money. The two had married sisters, and there was no reason why the light of the prosperous attorney should pale before that of the civil servant, who was not very prosperous. All this was understood thoroughly by both the men.

"There's terrible bad news from Courcy" said the attorney, as soon as the boy was gone.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Porlock has married—that woman, you know."

"Nonsense!"

"He has. The old lady has been obliged to tell me, and she's nearly broken-hearted about it. But that's not the worst of it to my mind. All the world knows that Porlock had gone to the mischief. But he is going to bring an ac-

tion against his father for some arrears of his allowance, and he threatens to have every thing out in court, if he doesn't get his money."

"But is there money due to him?"

"Yes, there is. A couple of thousand pounds or so. I suppose I shall have to find it. But, upon my honor, I don't know where it's to come from; I don't, indeed. In one way or another I've paid over fourteen hundred pounds for you."

"Fourteen hundred pounds!"

"Yes, indeed: what with the insurance and the furniture, and the bill from our house for the settlements. That's not paid yet, but it's the same thing. A man doesn't get married for nothing, I can tell you."

"But you've got security."

"Oh yes, I've got security. But the thing is the ready money. Our house has advanced so much on the Courcy property that they don't like going any further; and therefore it is that I have to do this myself. They'll all have to go abroad—that'll be the end of it. There's been such a scene between the earl and George. George lost his temper, and told the earl that Porlock's marriage was his fault. It has ended in George with his wife being turned out."

"He has money of his own."

"Yes, but he won't spend it. He's coming up here, and we shall find him hanging about us. I don't mean to give him a bed here, and I advise you not to do so either. You'll not get rid of him if you do."

"I have the greatest possible dislike to him."

"Yes; he's a bad fellow. So is John. Porlock was the best, but he's gone altogether to ruin. They've made a nice mess of it between them; haven't they?"

This was the family for whose sake Crosbie had jilted Lily Dale! His single and simple ambition had been that of being an earl's son-in-law. To achieve that it had been necessary that he should make himself a villain. In achieving it he had gone through all manner of dirt and disgrace. He had married a woman whom he knew he did not love. He was thinking almost hourly of a girl whom he had loved, whom he did love, but whom he had so injured that, under no circumstances, could he be allowed to speak to her again. The attorney there, who sat opposite to him, talking about his thousands of pounds with that disgusting assumed solicitude which such men put on, when they know very well what they are doing, had made a similar marriage. But he had known what he was about. He had got from his marriage all that he had expected. But what had Crosbie got?

"They're a bad set—a bad set," said he, in his bitterness.

"The men are," said Gazebee, very comfortably.

"H—m," said Crosbie. It was manifest to Gazebee that his friend was expressing a feeling that the women also were not all that they should be; but he took no offense, though some portion of the censure might thereby be supposed to attach to his own wife.

"The countess means well," said Gazebee. "But she's had a hard life of it—a very hard life. I've heard him call her names that would frighten a coal-heaver. I have, indeed. But he'll die soon, and then she'll be comfortable. She has three thousand a year jointure."

He'll die soon, and then she'll be comfortable! That was one phase of married life. As Crosbie's mind dwelt upon the words he remembered Lily's promise, made in the fields, that she would do every thing for him. He remembered her kisses; the touch of her fingers; the low silvery laughing voice; the feel of her dress as she would press close to him. After that he reflected whether it would not be well that he too should die, so that Alexandrina might be comfortable. She and her mother might be very comfortable together, with plenty of money, at Baden Baden!

The squire at Allington, and Mrs. Dale, and Lady Julia De Guest had been, and still were, uneasy in their minds because no punishment had fallen upon Crosbie—no vengeance had overtaken him in consequence of his great sin. How little did they know about it! Could he have been prosecuted, and put into prison, with hard labor, for twelve months, the punishment would not have been heavier. He would in that case, at any rate, have been saved from Lady Alexandrina.

"George and his wife are coming up to town; couldn't we ask them to come to us for a week or so?" said his wife to him, as soon as they were in the fly together going home.

"No," shouted Crosbie; "we will do no such thing." There was not another word said on the subject—nor on any other subject till they got home. When they reached their house Alexandrina had a headache, and went up to her room immediately. Crosbie threw himself into a chair before the remains of a fire in the dining-room, and resolved that he would cut the whole De Courcy family together. His wife, as his wife, should obey him. She should obey him—or else leave him, and go her way by herself, leaving him to go his way. There was an income of twelve hundred a year. Would it not be a fine thing for him if he could keep six hundred for himself, and return to his old manner of life? All his old comforts, of course, he would not have—nor the old esteem and regard of men. But the luxury of a club dinner he might enjoy. Unembarrassed evenings might be his—with liberty to him to pass them as he pleased. He knew many men who were separated from their wives, and who seemed to be as happy as their neighbors. And then he remembered how ugly Alexandrina had been this evening, wearing a great tinsel coronet full of false stones, with a cold in her head which had reddened her nose. There had, too, fallen upon her in these her married days a certain fixed dreary dowdiness. She certainly was very plain! So he said to himself, and then he went to bed. I myself am inclined to think that his punishment was sufficiently severe.

The next morning his wife still complained of headache, so that he breakfasted alone. Since that positive refusal which he had given to her proposition for inviting her brother there had not been much conversation between them. "My head is splitting, and Sarah shall bring some tea and toast up to me if you will not mind it."

He did not mind it in the least, and ate his breakfast by himself, with more enjoyment than usually attended that meal.

It was clear to him that all the present satisfaction of his life must come to him from his office work. There are men who find it difficult to live without some source of daily comfort, and he was such a man. He could hardly endure his life unless there were some page in it on which he could look with gratified eyes. He had always liked his work, and he now determined that he would like it better than ever. But in order that he might do so it was necessary that he should have much of his own way. According to the theory of his office, it was incumbent on him as Secretary simply to take the orders of the Commissioners, and see that they were executed; and to such work as this his predecessor had strictly confined himself. But he had already done more than this, and had conceived the ambition of holding the Board almost under his thumb. He flattered himself that he knew his own work and theirs better than they knew either, and that by a little management he might be their master. It is not impossible that such might have been the case had there been no fracas at the Paddington station; but, as we all know, the dominant cock of the farm-yard must be ever dominant. When he shall once have had his wings so smeared with mud as to give him even the appearance of adversity, no other cock will ever respect him again. Mr. Optimist and Mr. Butterwell knew very well that their secretary had been cudgeled, and they could not submit themselves to a secretary who had been so treated.

"Oh, by-the-by, Crosbie," said Butterwell, coming into his room, soon after his arrival at his office on that day of his solitary breakfast, "I want to say just a few words to you." And Butterwell turned round and closed the door, the lock of which had not previously been fastened. Crosbie, without much thinking, immediately foretold himself the nature of the coming conversation.

"Do you know—" said Butterwell, beginning.

"Sit down, won't you?" said Crosbie, seating himself as he spoke. If there was to be a contest, he would make the best fight he could. He would show a better spirit here than he had done on the railway platform. Butterwell did sit down, and felt, as he did so, that the very motion of sitting took away some of his power. He ought to have sent for Crosbie into his own room. A man, when he wishes to reprimand another, should always have the benefit of his own atmosphere.

"I don't want to find any fault," Butterwell began.

"I hope you have not any cause," said Crosbie.

"No, no; I don't say that I have. But we think at the Board—"

"Stop, stop, Butterwell. If any thing unpleasant is coming, it had better come from the Board. I should take it in better spirit; I should, indeed."

"What takes place at the Board must be official."

"I shall not mind that in the least. I should rather like it than otherwise."

"It simply amounts to this—that we think you are taking a little too much on yourself. No doubt it's a fault on the right side, and arises from your wishing to have the work well done."

"And if I don't do it, who will?" asked Crosbie.

"The Board is very well able to get through all that appertains to it. Come, Crosbie, you and I have known each other a great many years, and it would be a pity that we should have any words. I have come to you in this way because it would be disagreeable to you to have any question raised officially. Optimist isn't given to being very angry, but he was downright angry yesterday. You had better take what I say in good part, and go along a little quieter."

But Crosbie was not in a humor to take any thing quietly. He was sore all over, and prone to hit out at every body that he met. "I have done my duty to the best of my ability, Mr. Butterwell," he said, "and I believe I have done it well. I believe I know my duty here as well as any one can teach me. If I have done more than my share of the work, it is because other people have done less than theirs." As he spoke there was a black cloud upon his brow, and the Commissioner could perceive that the Secretary was very wrathful.

"Oh, very well," said Butterwell, rising from his chair. "I can only, under such circumstances, speak to the Chairman, and he will tell you what he thinks at the Board. I think you're foolish; I do, indeed. As for myself, I have only meant to act kindly by you." After that Mr. Butterwell took himself off.

On the same afternoon Crosbie was summoned into the board-room in the usual way, between two and three. This was a daily occurrence, as he always sat for about an hour with two out of the three Commissioners, after they had fortified themselves with a biscuit and a glass of sherry. On the present occasion the usual amount of business was transacted, but it was done in a manner which made Crosbie feel that they did not all stand together on their usual footing. The three Commissioners were all there. The Chairman gave his directions in a solemn, pompous voice, which was by no means usual to him when he was in good humor. The major said little or nothing; but there was a gleam of satisfied sarcasm in his eye. Things

were going wrong at the Board, and he was pleased. Mr. Butterwell was exceedingly civil in his demeanor, and rather more than ordinarily brisk. As soon as the regular work of the day was over, Mr. Optimist shuffled about on his chair, rising from his seat, and then sitting down again. He looked through a lot of papers close to his hand, peering at them over his spectacles. Then he selected one, took off his spectacles, leaned back in his chair, and began his little speech.

"Mr. Crosbie," he said, "we are all very much gratified—very much gratified, indeed—by your zeal and energy in the service."

"Thank you, Sir," said Crosbie; "I am fond of the service."

"Exactly, exactly; we all feel that. But we think that you—if I were to say take too much upon yourself, I should say, perhaps, more than we mean."

"Don't say more than you mean, Mr. Optimist." Crosbie's eyes, as he spoke, gleamed slightly with his momentary triumph; as did also those of Major Fiasco.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Optimist; "I would say rather less than more to so very good a public servant as yourself. But you, doubtless, understand me."

"I don't think I do quite, Sir. If I have not taken too much on me, what is it that I have done that I ought not to have done?"

"You have given directions in many cases for which you ought first to have received authority. Here is an instance," and the selected paper was at once brought out.

It was a matter in which the Secretary had been manifestly wrong according to written law, and he could not defend it on its own merits.

"If you wish me," said he, "to confine myself exactly to the positive instructions of the office I will do so; but I think you will find it inconvenient."

"It will be far the best," said Mr. Optimist.

"Very well," said Mr. Crosbie, "it shall be done." And he at once determined to make himself as unpleasant to the three gentlemen in the room as he might find it within his power to do. He could make himself very unpleasant, but the unpleasantness would be as much to him as to them.

Nothing would now go right with him. He could look in no direction for satisfaction. He sauntered into Sebright's as he went home, but he could not find words to speak to any one about the little matters of the day. He went home, and his wife, though she was up, complained still of her headache.

"I haven't been out of the house all day," she said, "and that has made it worse."

"I don't know how you are to get out, if you won't walk," he answered.

Then there was no more said between them till they sat down to their meal.

Had the squire at Allington known all, he might, I think, have been satisfied with the punishment which Crosbie had encountered.

A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

WITHIN a short walk of Dresden lies a pretty valley, the Plauensche Grund by name. At the end of the valley, the little river Weisseritz running close to it, stands a gloomy, haunted mansion, called the Plauen Palais. No window of the house has been allowed to admit the light of day for nearly thirty years—closed, barred, and secured by outside shutters of the most complicated description, the house remains at this moment, as it has done for these long years, impervious to the light of day. Walls surround the Plauen Palais, and these walls are painted black; the shutters, and the iron bars, and every moulding and cornice are black also; the house itself is of a deep dingy ochre color, and the roof of a murky red. Wild trees—some of them large, full-grown oaks, others of a younger date springing up between them—hem the mansion round, and choke up the garden, while creeping plants of almost preternatural luxuriance throw themselves over the black walls, and rest on the sluggish waters of the Weisseritz below.

Beyond the walls on one side lie the gardens of an adjoining Restaurant, which itself has a haunted look. They partake of the gloomy characteristics of the Plauen Palais; the fountains are broken and defaced, the walls ill-kept, and shaded by trees running to waste; the ground swampy; but there is a small door in the wall between the gardens and those of the Plauen Palais, and for years the inhabitants of this Restaurant have heard strange sounds proceeding from the Palais, and have seen many lights gleaming through the bars of its gloomy shutters. And these lights are still to be seen even in the daytime, although the thirty years' denizen of the dark abode has passed to her last account. Still the shutters and windows remain closed, and still the strange trampling noises issue at night from the garden.

Suppose at this time last year we could have penetrated into the interior of the Plauen Palais—could we have passed the guard of men who watched inside by night, and the guard of fierce hounds who lay in the passages leading to the apartment of the mistress of the mansion—what should we have found? What should we have seen in that apartment where the ancient Gräfin is sitting? She is old—very old; but the eyes are still bright—none of their intelligence is lost, and yet there is a displeasing acuteness, and entire want of softness in their glance; it would seem as if, the outward objects of life so long shut out from view, their restless gaze turned eagerly inward to the memories of long-past years. There is intellect in the face, and abundance of power, and if the beauty which was once so remarkable no longer lingers there, it is because its softening lines have year by year been effaced by the force and pressure of an indomitable will. She wears a white cap suitable to her years, but of no modern fashion; her dress is a mixture of black and gray, loosely wrapping

her figure and concealing its proportions. But what is that encircling her neck? Can it be a rope? It is a rope—the ends are hidden in her dress. And who is that man, his face masked, who enters unbidden her apartment? He bows lowly, without speaking; he approaches the ancient lady; he looks for a moment—it is enough; he retires, bowing as before. Can this be the executioner from Dresden? It is so: every week he comes, to see if the terrible sign of justice unfulfilled remains where it was placed many many years ago. Is this true, we ask? It is one of the mysteries of the Plauen Palais.

Common and scanty is the furniture of the apartment, but there is much that is curious to be found there. There are piles of MSS. written in the French language—she is adding the finishing pages to the story of the last eighty-six years gone by. It is finished; and she inscribes on it a solemn injunction that the contents of the MSS. are not to be given to the public until fifty years after her own decease.

She has been twice married, but no portraits of either of her husbands hang there to cheer the gloomy apartment; there is, however, on the table a beautiful miniature in its rich case. Whose are those Italian features which lie on the ivory, in calm, majestic beauty and repose? They are chiseled features of the great Emperor —Napoleon the First. Whose is the face of that lovely child in that second miniature painted by the same matchless hand? Whose are the fair bright locks which are plaited thickly at the back of the miniature? Doubtless the face and hair of a beloved lost child. No: the face is that of the young King of Rome—the bright locks, undimmed by time, were cut from his sunny hair fifty years before.

Both the miniatures are by Isabey, and were the gift of the great Emperor, before the star of his glory was dimmed in the disastrous campaign of Russia. The aged Gräfin looks on the picture of the Emperor and utters, "*Etoile de ma vie!*" He had been to her the star of her existence.

Her thoughts, as she looks down on her homely gray robes, revert to the Palace of St. Cloud, where, dazzling in beauty, splendid in talent, she was presented in an attire and a blaze of jewels which, together with a long train of luxuries, obliged her to alienate a considerable portion of the property left her by her father. One more glance she gives to the lovely childish face of the miniature, and her thoughts suddenly rush forward from St. Cloud and its brilliant court to the events of the year 1830. Is it possible that she then conspired, supported by a considerable party in France, to carry off the Duke of Reichstadt from Vienna, and have him proclaimed Emperor of the French? It was so; and upon that she thinks, and of her journey to Vienna, when, the plot being discovered, she was brought back, under a military escort, to Dresden. The year after, 1831, the Duke of Reichstadt died. Life had no longer any interest for her, and she retreated, not only from the world, but from the light of day.

Her memory wanders back to the time when a young son was born to her, about the time of the Russian campaign. She can not but remember him, for her mind is strong and perfect. Where has he been ever since? Has she any miniature of him, to place side by side with that of the King of Rome? No. And what are her thoughts about him? We can not tell that; this, too, is one of the mysteries of the Plauen Palais, shrouded in impenetrable darkness. And yet he lives—even in Dresden he lives—his occupations are menial, his face is the counterpart of the great Emperor's, and he calls himself Napoleon Bonaparte. Is it true that, supplied with money by the Saxon embassador, he went in 1852 to Paris to prosecute a claim as son of the late Emperor Napoleon I.—that his claim was not altogether repudiated by the then President of the Republic—that as he stood on the esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides, witnessing the last honors paid to the memory of Marshal Soult, a gentleman put into his hand a card of introduction to the Minister Morny, adding in words that he would receive from him a permission to visit the tomb of his father, thus fulfilling his earnest wish—that he did receive permission, and did visit the tomb of the first Napoleon? He has appealed to the King of Saxony to be present when the Gräfin's will is read.

Her thoughts go back to the mysterious Heinrich, living as he has always lived for fifty years —transferred, when the estate of D—— was sold by herself, and again when it passed into other hands, like a serf from one owner to another—absolved from military service as incapable—apprenticed to a cooper—discharged as incapable of learning the trade—employed by the purchasers of the estate as an errand-boy. The resemblance to herself is striking—she knows that he is looked upon as her son, and, for some cause or other, she sends him a small pittance in thalers for his subsistence. Does this balance the account in the strange hard mind of this eccentric woman? Has she no affections except for him who was "l'étoile de sa vie?"

Beyond the time of the great Emperor, she goes back in thought to her second husband, whose name she yet bears, and from whom she was divorced in 1813. When she departed from his house did she leave behind her a young daughter? It is not improbable. Further back, her thoughts revert to her first husband, to whom (the young Graf zu L——) she was married at nineteen, in all the fresh bloom of her beauty and talents. Does she see in vision his young life cut off at the age of twenty-seven? Is there any connection between the rope which encircles her neck and the event of the 1st of August, 1800, when the Graf is said to have eaten a cherry cake which she had prepared, and almost immediately after died? We can not solve that mystery; but that also is believed to be true. We hope not. Was there a young son of the Graf zu L——? It appears proba-

ble, for the Plauen Palais is at this moment in possession, by police force, of his grandson.

Amidst the crowd of dark recollections, does she also turn back to a time when she abjured the Lutheran faith of her family, and entered the Roman Church? It is believed that she has done so, and that she has left her property to the Church. This is one of the mysteries of the Plauen Palais. It is not unlikely that she rests on this step as an atonement for her strange deeds. She has confessed the dark passages of her existence, and thus got rid of some of its burden.

But now, at eighty, the review of life is over, and whatever may have been her griefs, her regrets, her reflections on the past, the old leaven of the great world of former days is not all gone. She is quite aware of her own value as the mysterious lady of the Plauen Palais. She leaves her dark abode one day in an old worn-out drosky, and proceeds to the studio of the celebrated photographer, Herr Krone, in the Friederich's Allée. Dressed in her usual gray attire, and her white cap, she has her likeness taken, and she tells the artist that after she is gone he will reap a rich harvest by her portrait.

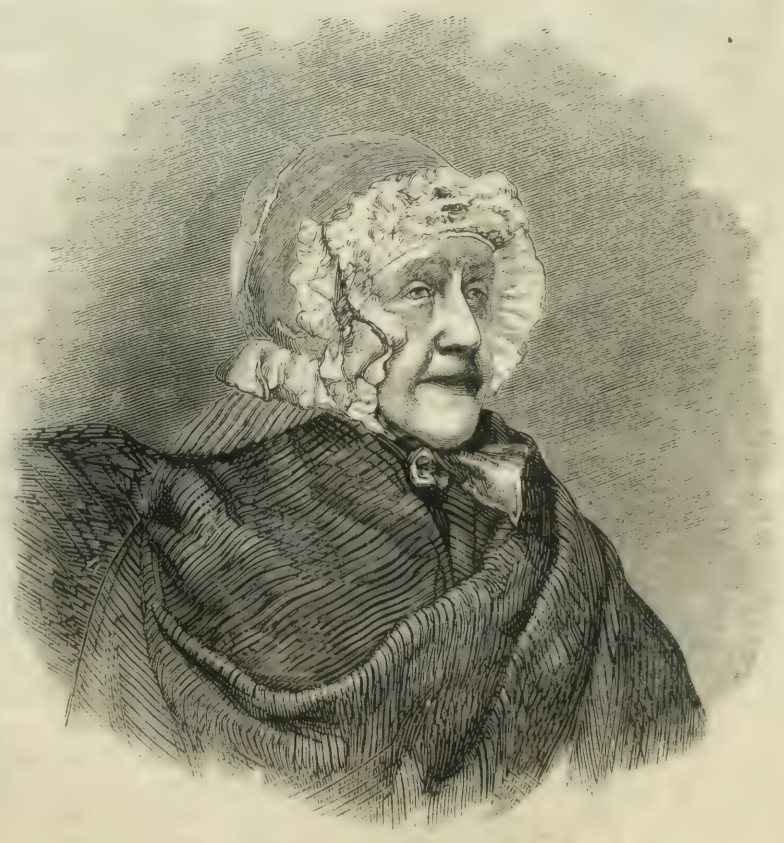
She returns to her dark abode, and in a very few months she is on her death-bed. A female figure, elegant but plain in dress to conventual plainness, is seen in the chamber bending over the bed. Can this be the daughter of her second husband, the Count K——? To her the ancient Gräfin talks of her willful checkered life; and even at that last hour of existence, she speaks of him, "l'etoile de sa vie," the great Napoleon, now lying in his grave nearly forty years.

A few of the heroes of Wagram and Austerlitz yet linger on sunny mornings on the esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides, but how soon "the wave of time, returning hoarse, will sweep them from the strand!" Jerome, the last of the old race, is gone; Montholon with his "*fidélité du chien*," as the French were wont to call it, is gone; and now, too, this strange link between the present and the past is broken. We may look on, and contemplate with wonder, the spectacle of singular enduring devotion from one strong unscrupulous mind, to another mind, strong, great, and unscrupulous also.

On the 26th of April in last year died the Gräfin K—— within a few days of completing her eighty-sixth year. On the 28th of the same month her body was placed in a simple hearse; lonely and unattended, she was taken from the Plauen Palais, and solitary in death, as in life, she was buried in the vaults of the Friederichstädter Kirchof.

Some years ago, portions of this singular story of German romance were floating about the world, and though forgotten by some, others remember well the name of the heroine, the history of her first husband, and of the rope, which, in their edition, was said to have been twisted of silk and silver cords. It is a name not entirely unknown in the annals of our history. It came into England with the House of Hanover, and to an individual of the family we are as a nation indebted for our hitherto exclusive possession of the musical glories of Handel. When the then King was angry that Handel would not be his Capellmeister at Hanover, and forbade him his presence, a distinguished member of the House of K—— suggested to him that he should compose some music to be performed during an excursion his Majesty was about to make on the Thames. Handel wrote his well-known Water Music. The King was charmed, and appeased, and the great musician was thenceforward established in England. Another member of the family led the Hanoverian horse at Waterloo against the Gräfin's idol, thus unconsciously, as it were, performing for his family the part of an avenging Nemesis.

The name has also formed a theme for poetry —but it may be well believed that the young lady celebrated by Hood was no relative of the family.



Edinburgh after Flodden.



I.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle? who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate:
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

V.

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

VI.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
All keen to do and dare;
And proudly did that gallant boy
Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh! woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It can not be disgrace!"

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud;
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

VIII.

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?

Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

IX.

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
While the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow:
He was gone—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshiped so!
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

X.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been periled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou needst not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For by the might of Mary!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

XI.

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his Monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall!
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our Monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southron lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woeful wall,
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

XII.

So he ended, and the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near!

XIII.

No! not yet, thou high Dunedid!
Shalt thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not there to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birth-right at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace crime!
Have they not a voice among us,
While their hallowed dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago:

Up! and keep our graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye can not save them,
Come to us in blood and fire:
Midst the crash of falling turrets
Let the last of Scots expire!

XIV.

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder;
Till the Provost rises up,
Calm as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
Rose the old undaunted Chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
"Rouse ye, Sirs!" he said; "we may not
Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do!
Up! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true!
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before:
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their Monarch's gore!

XV.

"Let them cease that dismal knelling!
It is time enough to ring,
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terror or alarm;
When they next are heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woeful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain?
Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunder-bolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray,—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his hot insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
While we bear a torch or brand!
Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—
But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble,
Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father, will not fail us,
In that last tremendous hour,—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower;
Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town;
There is yet one place of shelter,
Where the foeman can not come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their king and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge,
With our dear departed brave;
And the ashes of the city
Be our universal grave!"

The great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September, 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, resulting mainly from the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record. For several hours the issue seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right they were broken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valor of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose. Both parties did wonders, but none performed more than the King. He would fight not only in person, but on foot. At first he had abundance of success; but at length his battalion was surrounded, and the Scots formed themselves into a ring, and being resolved to die nobly with their sovereign, who scorned to ask quarter, were altogether cut off. The loss of the Scots was about ten thousand men. The loss to Edinburgh was peculiarly great. All the magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their King to Flodden, whence very few of them returned. The news of the overthrow on the field of Flodden overwhelmed the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women, seeking intelligence about their friends, clamoring, and weeping. The city banner, referred to in the poem, is a standard still held in great honor by the burghers, having been presented to them by James III., in return for their loyal service in 1482. This banner, still conspicuous in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, was honorably brought back from Flodden, and could certainly never have been displayed on a more memorable field. No event in Scottish history ever took a more lasting hold on the public mind than the "woeful fight" of Flodden; and even now the songs and traditions which are current on the Border recall the memory of a contest unsullied by disgrace, though terminating in disaster and defeat.

JOHN HEATHBURN'S TITLE.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I.—DOCTOR BYSEPS.

I CONFESS myself a lover of what Charles Kingsley calls "muscular Christianity"—though I can not quite accept his definition of what it means. I have been something of a gymnast, yet more of a horseman, and pull an oar which often renders the stern of my *Jolly Waterman* distinctly visible to crack competitors. In spite of the general prejudice to the contrary, I am bound to assert that my *penchant* for athletic sports was acquired at an American school. My first instructors and models in the training of the physique were Doctor Theodore Byseps, master of Dresser Institute, and John Heathburn, pupil in the same.

Doctor Byseps stood six feet one in his hose, and measured sixty-six inches around the chest. I remember him as holding the theory (to this day heretical to boarding-school codes) that "hash" was unfit for the consumption of any human being, and carrying out the theory into practice by having beef-steak, or round, or loin upon the table of Dresser Institute twice a day. He recurs to me also in connection with an extreme distaste for whipping small boys. "You are not of my size, Billy Waters," I often heard him say to a peculiarly obstreperous lad of that name, aged thirteen years; "I can not hit softly, and if I hit hard I should punish you too much. Go pile wood all this morning's recess, and think what a contemptible fellow you were to pitch into little Tommy Longback, only ten years old!"

The Doctor always accompanied us to the Hudson River, where we swam—not to be disagreeable, and sit on the little wharf of the town, scowling at us over some inseparable "Cicero de Officiis," which he read when he ought to be exercising, and blowing a savage tin whistle to bring us ashore before we had wet our heads; but plunging in with us, teaching neophytes the stroke, and applauding the skillfulest with those two words, spoken in his deep-chested, leonine voice, "First rate!" which were worth more to us than a dozen comparisons with Leander from the lips of an even more classical man who couldn't swim.

At our swimming-place we were often much molested by the river-border citizens of the town, variously known as "dock-rats" and "townies." Every school knows what such trouble means. Inextinguishable feud every where exists between the privileged class whom Heaven favors with opportunities for getting grammar and thrashings, and the unprivileged, who defy syntax and do their "licking" among themselves. But few are the schools who know what it is to have a champion in their master. Dresser Institute *did*. Well do I recollect one occasion when our Coryphæus stood forth in his glory. All through the summer Dresser Institute swam once a day as regularly as it dined or went to evening prayers. For several days previous to the Fourth of July we had been in one way or another harassed by our unsoaped marauders—unwashed I can not call them; for they were in the water quite as much of the twenty-four hours as on the land, and we used to style them the *floating* population of the town. While Doctor Byseps was swimming with us they had contrived on one occasion to make what boys call "roast beef" of his clothes—tying intricate knots in every portion of them that was tyable; and the boys suffered universally in a similar way, besides being stoned from the dock, and mud-showered when they reached it.

On the Fourth of July matters came to a crisis. The Doctor, being a clergyman—though he never preached, for the reason (so the irreverent said) that no congregation was wealthy enough to keep his fist in pulpit cushions—had hitherto counseled persuasive behavior, and himself pursued a course of unarmed intervention. But Independence-day brought to the dock a reinforcement of the "rats'" big brothers. Immense fellows from machine-shops, hay-fields, and foundries; engine gentry and sporting hack-drivers, who took the Saturnalian liberty of the day to drink villainous whisky, and hit the timid from the shoulder. These, to the number of a dozen or more, were lounging on the wharf when the Doctor and Dresser Institute reached it, an hour before sundown. In the distance alongshore the more youthful Goths squatted or stood in ominously-peaceful groups, apparently making dirt-pies for their own private consumption. One of the Dresser boys whispered something in the Doctor's ear. "No," replied the Doctor, in a quiet but steady tone; "you will go in just as usual." The boys stripped silently, interchanging looks with each other; but one after another followed the lead of our stoutest spirit, Jack Heathburn, and dove off the wharf as if nothing were to happen. We noticed, however, that the Doctor retained his seat on the bulkhead, which he had taken when we first came down.

For five minutes nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of our bathers. A few crackers and squibs were exploded off the edge of the wharf, but nobody took the slightest notice of that, and we boys began to disport ourselves in the river without anxiety. I turned heels up, and began swimming downward, to see if I could bring up bottom. I succeeded, and rose; but hardly had my head emerged above the surface before the air became so thick with mud and stones as to suggest the breaking out of some extinct crater. The rats were upon us. That was evident, not only from the missiles, which, by good luck and bad aim, hurt nobody seriously, but also from the prospect of the Doctor chasing our minor enemies to a great distance, and speedily returning to his station on the bulk-

head. As he reached that spot, I, treading water about two rods from the wharf, saw one of the largest of the elder rowdies, a fellow nearly the height of the Doctor, twist his arm for a throw, and his hand held in it a young paving-stone, which would easily have let daylight into any common skull. He seemed to be selecting me, as if nettled that the first volley had been so aimless; he was evidently liquor-mad, and intended to hit me if he could. I dodged instinctively, as if that could be of any avail; but the next moment the Doctor's grasp shut like an iron vice on the fellow's wrist, and pinioned him.

"Give me that stone, my man," spoke the Doctor, quietly.

"Leave go o' my wrist, d—n you!" was the answer of the vagabond. And at the same time he drew his free fist back for a blow. That also was instantly seized by the Doctor, who with a dextrous twist which brought a yell from his prisoner made him drop the stone, and kicked it into river. Then, flinging the man from him, he simply remarked,

"Do not throw any more stones; it will be dangerous."

This quiet equivoque, if possible, infuriated the fellow still more. With another oath he came back to the Doctor, and bellowed out,

"Oh, you want to pitch in, do ye?"

At the same time rolling up his sleeves to settle the controversy by his best-known argument. It was doomed to a different settlement. As the compeers of the man gathered around to see fair play, the Doctor, in his usual deep-chested tone, remarked,

"You do not use the word 'pitch in' in its right sense, young man. You mean this by it"—at the same time warding off with one of those immense arms of his a right-hander aimed straight at his face. "Yes, very well done; but I mean this by it—for instance," and bringing down his great hands with a clench on the neck and waistband of the man so forcibly that he quivered all over, the Doctor lifted him from his feet as easily as if he had been a fourteen-pound dumb-bell, and pitched him head-foremost into the river.

The majority of the boys were several rods further than I out in the river, and I struck for them as quickly as possible to be out of the way of the rowdy, should he make toward me as an object of vengeance. There was little enough need for that movement. As he came up he uttered the bitterest, most despairing cry that I ever heard from man or woman. And then we all saw that he could not swim. The Doctor, who stood erect by the bulkhead, with an air which invited the other paralyzed dozen to come and be "pitched in" too, heard that shriek with sudden astonishment. He had counted certainly on the man's knowledge of swimming in common with his brethren, the lesser rats. But this astonishment did not act paralytically on *him*, by any means. For just as one of our little marauders came rushing to the dock, peered over the edge in an agony of terror, and cried out, piteously, "Save my brother Tom! he's drowning!" the Doctor, stripped to his shirt and stockings, went off the planks and struck the water close behind his foe. With a grasp as strong as that which had punished the man a minute before, he caught him by the shoulders, reaching down into the river where he was disappearing among bubbles, and buoyed him safely to the edge of the wharf. Then, locking his arm around a pile, he lifted his man upon it as on to the round of a ladder, and so mounted him again upon the dry boards. Thoroughly sobered, but nearly stupefied from the sense of his late danger, the fellow stood dripping for a moment; and then, yells of delight pealed from all Dresser Institute above their watery campus.

"Silence!" said the Doctor, in his deepest bass, extending his hand authoritatively from the tide, like a commanding Neptune. "He has had enough without that. What does your Reader say about *parcere victis?*"

The boys lulled instantly; but just at that moment the very damp member of No. 2 Hose, whom their master had saved, came to a generous sense of his indebtedness; and picking up the hat which had fallen from his head early in the encounter, waved it aloft, and shouted as if he had the trumpet at his mouth,

"Three cheers and a tiger for Old Byseps and Fourth of July!"

The electric impulse ran through the whole crowd afloat and ashore. For once Dresser Institute and the Townies became of one mind; and the Doctor climbed to the wharf to shake his dripping shaggy head amidst a volley of hurrahs which the Latin Reader had no rule against.

"Time's up!" cried the Doctor.

We all clambered out, entered our clothes and went home. That Fourth of July was *our* Independence-day in true earnest. While I staid at Dresser Institute our bathing was never seriously disturbed by the dock-rats again. Tom Pollock, of No. 2 Hose, came up to Dresser Institute, a few days after his sousing, delivered a neat speech of apology and compliment to the Doctor, and presented him with a bludgeon of hickory three feet and a half long, by as many inches thick at the lower end, which he assured him had been intended for him and his school after another fashion. "But now," Thomas Pollock concluded naïvely, dating from the day of the sousing aforesaid, "I hain't no further use for it, having changed my mind, so it's yourn, ef you'll take it." The Doctor did take it and put it in his cabinet of curiosities, slung between an Australian boomerang and a Pottawatomie tomahawk, whither I have often seen him point, saying, with a chuckle to astonished parents and guardians who came to regale themselves on the moral tendencies of the Institution, "A tribute of the savage mind to Learning. *Spolia opima*, Sir!"

It may be said, and plausibly, that all this long recital advances nothing the history either of John Heathburn or his Title. Nevertheless

it has not been without its intention and its use. To know the boy John it is helpful, perhaps strictly necessary, to know the influences which assisted to make him. And chief of all those influences (to his eternal honor be it spoken, in this day when the Pedagogue so often belies his name by being not a boy-leader but a boy-shover) was that grand old robust modern Greek, Theodore, or, as we all called him, Agamemnon Byseps. For he was, as he was worthy to be, a very king of men. He is dead years since—that is, as dead as such a man can be; but I have seen strong battlers with the world, whose minds and muscles he taught how to grow, come back and weep upon his plain, representative granite tombstone. Then rising from the grass of the burial-ground, I have heard one of them say, "There lies the man who showed me that a lie was worse than to be whipped for it."

At Dresser Institute then, under Doctor Byseps, no matter how many years ago, I grew up with John Heathburn and the hundred and fifty boys besides, who worshiped him and the Doctor. At Dresser Institute happened the incidents of the next chapter.

II.—THE FRUIT OF EXAMPLE.

I was in John Heathburn's room one morning just before school. It was situated in the northwest corner of the quadrangle, and, like all the corner rooms of Dresser Institute, was of diamond shape, having a window at one acute angle toward the court, and another at the opposite one toward the river. John's chum was George Solero. This boy, with the half Saxon, half Spanish name, was equally mingled as to blood. His father had been a Cuban consul in one of our southern ports, who, marrying the sister of John Heathburn's father, took her back with him, on his resignation of the office, to Matanzas, and died insolvent three months after the birth of this only child. The widowed mother gave her son the name of her brother—George Heathburn Solero—returned to the States with him, and was endeavoring to rear him with all the affectionate help that her own family could furnish, when the yellow-fever came to Charleston, where she resided, and took her away, leaving the little boy an orphan at the age of three years. From that day George became an inmate of his uncle's family, and received every care, privilege, and advantage which was given to John.

We three boys were all together in the corner room. The summer of the last chapter had given way to one of the briskest of Northern winters. I stood by the front window and looked out, with my arm on John Heathburn's shoulder. North and south we could see the Hudson, in occasional glimpses at least, half-way from the Highlands to the Kaatskills; and every where it was one steel-gray plain of ice, eighteen inches thick. Our window framed many pictures, miles apart. Here was a solitary skater, pursuing his steady way along the western shore, small in the distance as the minutest fly creeping on a great mirror; here farm-sleighs slid soberly along, carrying the utilitarian gravity of their summer wheels into their heavy winter runners; here rows of lightning-rapid single cutters shot past the dusky cedar openings of the shore, like magic shuttles weaving league-long threads.

"What are you looking at, fellows?" said George Solero, wearily throwing down the Tacitus on which he had been engaged since breakfast, and coming up toward us. "Is it the ice? Well, I don't wonder; it is splendid; and if I haven't to stay in this afternoon to make up this confounded Agricola, hang me if I don't give those new English bottoms that father sent me last week a little chance to show their metal!" (Both the boys equally called George Heathburn father.)

"I had been looking at the ice," answered John, throwing back a stray lock of his crisp black hair with his fingers; "but just then, when you spoke, I was thinking of the water under the ice, and the time when glorious old Agamemnon saved the rowdy from it."

"More fool he!" exclaimed George, curling his small feminine upper lip with the Andalusian scorn that came of his father's blood. "I saw it done, and hurrahed at the time as loud as any body; but I swear I couldn't see the use of it. One of the silliest things in the world! The dog had insulted him, and threatened his life, besides abusing all the Dresser boys to the very length of his rope; and then, when he had such a splendid chance to do for him quietly, and could very easily have pleaded self-defense if he'd been hauled up for it, why he goes and risks his life to get him ashore again! I'd have let him drown like a kitten—and served him right too!"

John Heathburn stood still and looked at his cousin for a moment, with the blood mantling his face to the very forehead. I myself gazed first at the one, then at the other, with a sense of shame at listening to such words, and fearing an instant explosion. It did not come. John seemed struggling with his strong heart lest it should make him say something too strong, and then spoke with a quiet earnestness:

"I would not have believed that my cousin could *think* such a thing!"

"I'd like to know what you mean by that?" exclaimed George, in a fiery tone, nettled as much by the reserved as the expressed feeling of his cousin. "Perhaps you don't understand what I say, so I'll tell you again, a little plainer. If a man insults me, and God Almighty takes the business of paying him up into His own hands before I can, I don't interfere, mind you. If he insults me and then hangs, I let him hang. If he burns up, I let him burn. If he drowns, why he may drown, for all me. And that's just what any insulted fellow of the least spirit would say."

John Heathburn took his arm from my shoulder and stood by himself, lifting his hand toward the Avenger that his cousin had been talking

of. In a lesser nature this would have been gesticulation; with him, unconsciously, powerfully dramatic as he was, it was as natural as speech.

"When God Almighty puts *my* enemy into the halter, or the fire, or the water, I believe He means nothing less by it than this: 'John Heathburn, you profess to wish to be like Me; here is your opportunity. You may let this man die who has insulted you; but in his death you will die the worse death of the two—you'll die to honor, to manliness, to Godlikeness, if you can save him and don't save him.' And I would save him! That's just what I believe any insulted man of the least nobleness would say."

His lip quivered and he became silent, looking sadly at his cousin. George took a long step toward him, with his black eyes flashing and his soft olive face turned crimson.

"So you mean to say that I haven't the least nobleness, do you?"

"I had rather say nothing about it now, Cousin George."

"Then take that to make you say it!" As he uttered these last words fiercely he brought his open hand with its full force flat upon John Heathburn's cheek. The blow rang loud and sharp, leaving the spot on which it fell red as blood, but every other portion of John's face was deadly pale. The next moment George's passion-fit was over. He would evidently have given all he possessed to have the deed undone, and retreated with his arms raised before his face, uttering a forced laugh, as if he expected punishment, and would have warded it by pretending to have been in play. But even before he expected it his cousin's iron hands were on his shoulders. I, though knowing John's nobleness so well, and having just heard him express it, expected to see the insulter tumble headlong. Both the boys were of the same age—sixteen—and of the same height, which, in the code of school-boy fairness, constituted George a fair mark for John's anger: "of his size," as they say, though a pigmy in strength compared with him.

But John held him silently for nearly a minute, looking him full in his cowering face with a gaze that flashed like a lion's. Then he essayed to speak, but could not; and finally, without having uttered a syllable, he removed his hands from George's shoulders and strode out of the door. I followed him. And so George was left to his own reproaches.

Just then the big bell began tolling to call us in to school. John, still unable to speak, went by my side as far as the threshold of the great study-room, where all intercourse must cease; and there, just before we separated to go to our desks, he found words:

"Arthur," said he, "let this be our secret, please." And he went down his aisle, trying to hide from the boys already at their seats that burning spot upon his pale left cheek by running his hand carelessly through the curling locks that could not cover it. I seem to see him still as plain as then, the beloved and the too soon departed, hiding the shame of his weaker cousin rather than any insult which could not possibly cling to him.

All that day the cousins had no communication with each other of any kind. I was in two classes with them—Trigonometry and Greek. In the latter John was at the head, as indeed he was in every thing, physical or intellectual. George stood second when the recitation began, and I third; but when his turn came he made, in quick succession, two blunders in the construction of a sentence, which any boy in the Reader could have translated fluently, and went down below me and my next neighbor with the most evident intention of being as far as possible from the sufferer and the witness of the morning's wrong. At dinner he obtained permission to change his seat, which was next to John Heathburn, on the ground that he had a headache, and found it too near the stove. In the play-ground and on our sliding-hill he appeared at first with the utmost timidity, feeling his way among the smaller boys to ascertain whether the knowledge of his insult had become the property of the school. Then finding, as he might have known, that neither John nor I had uttered a syllable of the conduct which would have sent him to Coventry for the rest of the winter term, he joined in the sports, though avoiding us two, and trying in vain to conceal his heavy-heartedness. Altogether, he was the most miserable of boys during that whole day.

The afternoon session of Dresser lasted from two until four o'clock. As the Doctor put down the large hand-bell which rang us in from our class-rooms for dismissal we saw the well-known pleasant twinkle in his eye which announced good news for the boys. He brought his great knuckles down on his table till the inkstand bounced—for the little twopenny ruler that tradition gives to schoolmasters never seemed to make a noise satisfactory to his ear—and the most interested attention being secured he shouted forth:

"The First Class in Skating—consisting of every body with two capable legs—will recite on the Hudson River immediately after school is dismissed. All those who have deficiencies to make up for this day's recitations may be excused this afternoon, and attend to the matter during the evening's study-hours; for it is the attribute of a good man to be merciful, and —and"—here the Doctor paused a moment to hunt up some other ethical reason, and, failing, abruptly concluded with the real one—"the skating is prime! I shall attend you as usual, and perhaps try it a little myself. You will take the ice at Brick Kiln Dock, and skate up stream. Do not go below; they were cutting clear across all day yesterday for the ice-houses there. School is dismissed. First Division; Second," etc., etc.

Wild with joy, Dresser Institute could hardly take its turns at going out.

About twenty minutes past four we struck the ice, with a prospect of a clear hour and a half before dark. Sixscore ringing heels, in various stages of muscular and technical development, went flying up the river, danced polkas, cut their owners' names, or set those owners on the chilly floor in an attitude known as the spread-eagle—according to the stages referred to. John Heathburn, as ever, was glorious in the character of Dresser's Admirable Crichton. I have known him to turn quietly on his skate-heel fifteen times. He began performing similar feats now, and staid comparatively near the wharf, in preference to enjoying the easy, straightforward sails of the other boys. Frank Lincoln —a lad of about fourteen, who was my especial *protégé*—Dick Eldridge—a boy perhaps still younger—and myself skated around him, trying to perfect ourselves by his example.

As for George Solero, he, feeling more and more of that self-reproach which had made him ill at ease with his companions all day, sentenced himself to voluntary banishment from the rest of the school, who were now, with Doctor Byseps, well up the river, and began skating, with a sort of dogged air, toward the opposite side of the stream and back again, as if cherishing a desperate fondness for being as near as possible to the proscribed line of danger. He was slight in form, and so might have been selected for a lithe, good skater; but his indolent, tropical temper in reality fitted him much better for his paternal Matanzas sun than our northern ice, so that he never made much progress in boys' winter arts. We four were still at our old place near the wharf when he returned from the other shore, skating slowly, and near, far too near, the edge of the thin skim over the ice-house cut. Frank Lincoln was just calling out to him, "Look out, George! keep further up!" when we saw the treacherous surface wave up and down beneath his feet, then give way in fifty spoke-like cracks, and, with a piteous cry, he went under. We all sped toward him like a shot.

His head reappeared once, and throwing out his arms he made the most terrible efforts at propping himself against the solid ice that was just north of him, and thus climbing back again. But the tide was running the other way, down, and swept him from his support resistlessly. When we reached the furthest limit that we dared to venture, we saw two yards beyond us eight deep furrows, side by side, plowed by desperate nails in their last agony, and still beyond the shining black hair of George Solero, floating upward from below. There was the usual clamor of "Get a board!" "Bring a rope!" Even I, though one of the older boys, stood paralyzed for the moment like the younger ones. John alone was calm, collected, and silent. Quicker than I shall take to say it, he had stripped off his skating-jacket and vest, unbuckled his instep straps and pulled off his boots. Then feeling in the pocket of the vest, he drew out of that boys' omnium-gatherum a stout hemp line which had remained there since the earlier autumn's pickerel fishing. This he fastened into one of the button-holes of his pantaloons, placed the coil in my hands, said, "For God's sake don't let go! pay out and keep taut;" and then sprung into the bitter waters where George had gone down.

To this day all that followed seems like a dream. I only know that I mechanically obeyed him; felt him swimming strongly downward with the tide and toward the bottom. Then came a halt; the line slackened a little; pulled suddenly taut again; shook so that it took all my strength, driving my heels into the ice and leaning backward, to hold it in my hands; slackened again; kept slacking, and I began to wind in.

"Is it any heavier?" whispered little Lincoln, with bloodless lips.

"Yes," was all I could say. I had reeled out at least fifteen feet, and oh the fearful agony with which I was compelled to wind back so slowly! The moments swelled to a lifetime. Still the line slacked; John was swimming still.

"My God!" I cried in my soul, "keep him up! Keep him up a little longer!" And, by-and-by, John Heathburn's head came through the hole—his eyes shut tight as in death, but his great right arm beating the icy water back with hammer strokes, his left motionless, but the iron muscles of the shoulder swelling so that they rounded out his clinging shirt. He drew in the blessed air with a loud gasp, and called to me,

"Quickly, but not too quick—it may snap; and it's nearly too late for George now!" Even in that moment he could not think of John Heathburn!

The next moment, and the burden of that stout left arm was visible. With the long womanly, jet eyelashes raying down upon his ashen cheek, his thin, fine nostrils pinched and motionless, the straight, black locks clinging in glistening ribbons to his face, his white lips shut upon each other in a frosty agony, George Solero emerged from that treacherous well of death. Another moment and we three boys, braced by holding to each other's hands in line, drew the two over the slippery edge and took them in our arms. I spoke to John, he could not answer. "O my God! is *he* dead?"

As they lay upon our breasts, equally silent and motionless, we could not say in our agony that either or both would ever speak to us again. The insulted and the insulter, the lost and the saviour, seemed both alike to have gone up into that Presence where Life's base and heroic inequalities are balanced. And the only prayer of faith that I could think of in the silence of that terrible dream was:

"My God, if these two be with Thee, let the Christlikeness of the noble one make forgotten the error of the weak one. Let the spot on that brave cheek and that frail soul be washed out by the water where the brave one died for

the frail one. Let him who perished to save his enemy save him indeed!"

We carried the two motionless forms ashore into the brick-kiln. The workmen, though "townies," forgot all mean differences, and melting out of their rough shells, became gently kind and helpful as mothers. They brought us boards and placed them on horses, then assisted us to lay our burdens down tenderly, and robbed themselves of their own warm woolen garments to new-dress the drowned.

By the most diligent use of all the proper means, both the boys, thank God, were resuscitated. John Heathburn was the first to move, possessing the more powerfully reactive constitution, and having been under water the shorter time. His very first words were, "Is *he* dead?" And when we told him that we hoped not, but feared that he might be, all exhausted as the brave boy was, it was hard enough for us to prevent him from spending his remaining strength in labor for George with us. Half an hour elapsed, during which the chest of the weaker boy heaved more and more regularly under our tireless efforts. John, lying on his rude bed, clasped his hands and thanked God, while for the first time in my life I saw the big tears roll down his cheeks, and presently George Solero opened his eyes. An expression of bitter pain and terror convulsed his face; he looked wildly all around him, saw the unknown workmen in their strange clothing stoking the lurid fires, saw the blackened beams of the kiln above him, and the begrimed faces of the rough, kind fellows who were then taking their turn at the work for his life, and at the same time the fierce self-reproachings which all day he had felt in silence returned with tenfold intensity, mingling with his physical pangs. I did not wonder then—and I understood him, though he could not complete his sentence—when he said, wildly, in that passionate, Southron tone of his:

"Am I in —?"

John heard his cousin, and leaping with his old vigor from the boards where he lay, caught George in his arms.

"No, my dear boy! You are on earth with those who love you, and God be thanked!"

"Who saved me?"

His cousin did not—could not—answer a word. But from all our lips at once broke forth in one impassioned voice, "John Heathburn!"

Yes, that is right. Borrow from woman her tenderest, intensest sign, and be manly, manlier than ever, still. It is meet, George Solero, that you dew those noble saviour hands with kisses—those hands that were wet with icier caresses, well-nigh with the dews of death, for you. Yes! kiss that pure forehead that for your sake looked straight at Eternity and was not ashamed or afraid. And for once let none with the name of Man call this tropical fire of yours effeminate, as you stamp with your lips that cheek where yet has hardly died out the red of the morning's wrong—kiss the stain away, purge it out with the fire of your wildest kisses; for at this moment of your life words will not come, and even could they, they would wrong, not help the moment. It is a time when the Past of the soul must grow clear and fair by silence.

Thus, in water and in fire—the water in which he braved death, the fire of that new life which burned on his face from the lips of a saved soul, was the mark on John Heathburn's cheek forever blotted out. And he was avenged.

III.—A HERITAGE OF RUIN.

Many summers and winters had gone since the walls of Dresser Institute bid me good-by—seeming to look with a human sadness at our parting. No saving of lives had I been privy to either as second or principal. The world outside of my school and succeeding college appeared much more of an everyday sort of affair than I had found it in even their routine life. Its dramatic interest often dragged; and sometimes I indulged the bitter reflection, common to many young men who have not the wealth to buy and doubt their strength to win a principal part, that I was only a scene-shifter in the play, and could well be spared by those who were walking their proud hour on the stage. Nevertheless, like the pendulum, by one laborious tick at a time through all the days and nights I had reached what might be called the striking point of my existence. I had worked, namely, till I was ready to work. In a subordinate office, upon one of the New York dailies, I had supported myself while I studied until now, on the first day of June, 185—, I found myself with a diploma from the Twenty-third Street College of Medicine in my pocket, and eight hundred thousand souls lying around me with bodies in various stages of dilapidation covering them, all of whom employed other men to do the mending. Truly, quoth I, a vast prospect and a glittering!

In all this time I had seen John Heathburn but once. He was settled in Norfolk, a partner in his wealthy father's large business. Five years after we both left Dresser Institute did glorious old King Agamemnon fall before a greater king than he. But not a King of Terrors. He died bravely, piously, simply, and quickly too, as all men of his physique do. One Sunday he sat at the head of his boy-troops listening to old Dominie Millverse upon the text, "Prepare to meet thy God"—the next Wednesday and he had met Him, his whole life having been one steadfast preparation. He died without speaking any last words; he left behind him deeds to which there is no end. It was at the funeral that I clasped for the first time again the hand of John Heathburn. Body and soul he was just the man that gladdened old Agamemnon in the germ—the same, amplified, as then, in the vigor of all that is best in manliness. And yet, as he on one side and I on the other stood head pall-bearers, I felt his strong arm shake with something that

was not the weight of our great master's abandoned dwelling.

Though so far apart we had kept up a correspondence with each other to a degree of regularity which is unusual in school-boy friends. And now, as on this first day of June I stood with my diploma in my pocket, I was expecting a letter from him. When I reached my lodgings from the office of the last professor whose signature I had to obtain to the document I was not disappointed. An envelope post-marked Norfolk, and directed in his well-known hand, looked cheerfully up from my table awaiting me. I tore it open and read:

My dear Arthur,—By this time you will be standing in the shoes of Æsculapius. You deserve them I know: may they fit you snugly without pinching! While I speak thus playfully I have reason not to; for, in the first place, you are my best friend among all that grew up with me from swaddling-clothes, and I know well that life must be to you at present no laughing matter. Your tutelar god, whose sole-leather you inherit, rejoices in so large a cordwainer's business, and makes of that vast Babylon of yours so very a Lynn, whence so many pairs issue yearly to the devotees of his art, that I am sure you can not hope for very much opportunity of wearing your own buskins out, at least for the present. I have a large invoice to ship before three o'clock, and so I'll be briefer than my friendship would fain persuade me to be, and tell you, with business-like plainness, just what moves me now particularly to write to you. One of our first physicians here has just moved to Key West, and his place is not yet supplied, nor, so far as I can learn, likely to be for some time. I have spoken to my father and several of our other prominent citizens about you—saying all that my long friendship with you so well enables and warrants me to say—and they all concur with me that you would be well received, and could not do better than to come on directly. There will, of course, be the difficulties in your way at first which oppose every young man such as your age, short experience, etc., etc., *save one*, the lack of recommendation. That I need not say you will never experience. I am so anxious to have you avail yourself of this chance that you will see I have taken the liberty (I know you'll forgive it from me) of loaning you our firm name to a check for $150. I don't know, you see, that you are in funds just now to enable you to wind up in New York and make the start, and if possible you must do it. I am selfish in this; for besides my longing so much to see you once more, poor George is very ill again. I beg you'll let me expect you by one of the next three or four steamers. In haste, but most affectionately, J. H.

I considered this letter for ten minutes, and then severed my connection with the paper by a note to the editors thereof, resigning my humble position in the corps, so delicately worded that the shock to their feelings was as light as possible. I mailed it, and then felt like the little boy who jumped off the main truck before he had struck the water. I had voluntarily knocked away the props of my only present support, and stood looking at hunger and nakedness over a fence consisting of one hundred and fifty dollars debit and a decent wardrobe *plus* my faith in God, John Heathburn, and Arthur Grosvenor. A man of worldly habits who counts his distance from those grim companions by the flight of eagles (solid currency) would have been uncomfortable. I never could acquire such habits, and was comfortable. I had nothing to "wind up," having lived on the principle that my own soda-biscuit and Croton assimilated better than Mr. Delmonico's steaks and Chablis, which that gentleman might still hold a legal lien upon after they had been converted into my physical tissues.

Therefore, with all my household gods and goods I stood on the deck of the very next steamer for Norfolk, and in due time arrived at that port to find John Heathburn standing on the wharf awaiting me. Notwithstanding the earnestness of his invitation, and the fact that he had resolved to meet every steamer for the next month in expectation of seeing me step forth, he was much surprised at my promptness. His hearty welcome instantly made Norfolk home. He insisted upon my taking up my quarters, for the present at least, at his father's house. Every body would be delighted to see me, he said, and every body when I reached that pleasant home, a mile out of town up Hampton Roads, seemed anxious to fulfill his promise.

The family was a small one. John's mother had been dead for many years, and his father never married again. Sister or brother he had none, and the household was thus composed of his father, George Solero, and himself, with an ancient maiden cousin, very prim and very kind, who acted according to the traditional wont of such relatives as housekeeper, familiar friend, and supervisor of the basement family of negroes.

By the father and the cousin house-mistress I was received with the most unobtrusive and cordial hospitality. George was not at the table at dinner, and when I made inquiries after him there were two red spots on the cheek-bones of the presiding cousin which came not of radiations from the soup, and she answered with civil stiffness that the young gentleman had been ill for several days, and though now recovering still confined to his room. I noticed at that dinner also that when the wine came to John, he left it untasted and passed the decanter with a repellant motion as if he loathed its touch.

The evening was cool, fair, and moonlight. After we rose from the chairs where we had taken our sociable coffee and smoked our Oronoko, Mr. Heathburn excused himself and went up stairs, while John proposed a stroll over the place. I assented gladly, having had for several days no further scope for the practice of Peripatetic Philosophy than was afforded by the slippery deck of a little steamer. Arm in arm we rambled through the pleasant locust and horse-chestnut avenues, talking of the dear old days at Dresser, of Doctor Byseps and the boys, the one now lifted to his fuller manhood in the land of great light, the others struggling toward that height, more or less followed by our loving eyes, through their checkered way of sun and shadow. And imperceptibly our thoughts and talk again came back to George Solero.

"What has he been doing since we left the Institute?" I was just asking, when we came to the little settlement of negro houses, merry with banjos and shuffling heels, that basked in the moonlight sifted between great pine boughs.

And while I heard all this reveling I saw one of the cabins lying in a confused heap of charred ruins, which still sent up blue curls of smoke, telling of a recent fire. Around the black timbers, among heaps of ashes and burned household utensils, were little darkeys of all ages playing, and making the woods ring with their shouts, as they discovered some new plaything in a ruined pot-hook or a big fire-eaten spike.

"You ask me what George has been doing," said John, in a bitter voice that was very unlike him. "Look there!"

"Why, what do you mean? Doing what?"

"That burned-down house that you see—the houseless family whom you don't see—an old crippled woman of eighty, mother of half these servants, taken from her bed and carried out on her son's shoulders at one o'clock in the morning, while his wife and three little children followed him clinging to his skirts in terror, and the six only bringing themselves off with life-long scars, clothing, house, all being lost behind them!"

"But I don't understand you—what accident caused it all? who did it?"

"My cousin—George Solero!"

"Good Heavens! You don't mean to tell me that he has become deranged?"

"I wish I could say that, and mean it in the ordinary sense. He is worse than a man deprived of his reason by Heaven—he has deprived himself of it—he is, I must say it, an inveterate, so far as man can see, a hopeless drunkard!"

"But what about his connection with this house-burning?"

"Our Sam, who lived there, is the coachman. A more perfectly upright, faithful servant never breathed. George had been off on a drinking bout for three days, with some of the very most abandoned characters in the neighborhood. There was Tom Farrall, a noted cock-fighter; and Jem Bassett, keeper of a low, sailor-swindling groggery in Gosport; and three or four others, who are sunk so deep in the mire of their earthly hell that even ordinarily depraved drunkards won't associate with them; and George fell in with them, and was directly taken in tow. I can't believe that in his sober moments—which, God knows! are far between—he would have deliberately chosen them to go on a spree with; but he has become so broken-down in nerve that a couple of horns of rum quite deprive him of responsibility. So my idea is that they happened purposely to be lounging around some comparatively decent, or less indecent, place where he was drinking, and pounced on him as soon as he had become incapable of discriminating. When he left home he had been keeping pretty straight for a week, and we began to hope a little for him once more. He told father, who happened to be the only one in the house at the time, that he felt the need of a little relaxation, and was going away for a day's shooting up the river. I hope in my soul that he believed that was what he meant to do; but no one can tell—he doesn't hesitate to lie flatly nowadays. At any rate, he took with him my best double-barreled fowling-piece, having lost his own somewhere the last time he was out; and father, desiring to feel, or appear to feel, full confidence in him, gave him all the money he had about him—fifteen or twenty dollars—saying to him, the very last thing as he stood on the veranda, 'Dear George, remember your weakness, and don't touch a drop of the cursed stuff while you're gone.' George answered that the last glass had touched his lips—damning himself if the assertion wasn't true. You can imagine that such a promise as that didn't very much increase my father's hopefulness; but he tried to look on the bright side, and let him depart without a word like reproof. Well, the upshot of it all was that he never came back for three days, and then his last cent was gone. He had sold the gun for rum, or bet it away at a drunken game of bluff; he had pledged his very vest, and the watch his mother left him; his diamond shirt-studs either went the same way, or were stolen from him; and he was raving mad with delirium tremens. The least hardened of all his villainous associates, Tom Farrall, brought him back as far as the lodge, and there left him to rave his way to the house as well as he could. I was standing at the door when he came up, and the very first thing he did on seeing me was to raise his arms, supposing in his craze that he still held the gun, and take imaginary aim at me. Then he waited a moment, seemed to hear the report and feel the piece recoil; and seeing me stand looking at him as before, cried out, 'Why don't you fall? I hit your heart, and thought you went to h—l, where I meant to send you before me!'"

"Horrible! horrible!" I exclaimed, hardly believing my ears.

"You may well say horrible! I ran out on the gravel where he stood, and caught him up in my arms easier than I would have done when we were at school, for he is emaciated to a shadow, and while he glared at me with eyes that seemed leaping from their sockets, and shrieked, 'Don't touch me, fiend! I'm as low down as I can get in the fire now!' I carried him into the house, up stairs to his room, and laid him on the bed. Shrunken as he is, it brought the sweat out all over my face to hold him. His fearful struggles and cries brought up all the servants; father and cousin, thank Heaven, were spared the agony of seeing and hearing him, being both down in town for the day; and we took our turns in keeping him on the bed till he wearied himself out, and fell into a slumber, which lasted twenty-four hours—a slumber, I say, but every now and then, at intervals of from ten to forty minutes, he went into fierce convulsions, tried to break away—now crying that the judgment was come, and a great black fiend was branding his forehead with the word 'Lost'—now saying that a red-hot rock was falling on his head from heaven, and now full of the idea that he was chased by lions and tigers through laby-

rinths that had no end, over precipices, and into wells of boiling lead. I have seen him suffer awfully before, but I never knew what horror meant till that time."

"But did you have no medical help? didn't you administer any sedative?"

"Yes; we got a doctor up from town, who gave him a dose of Indian Hemp—'Cannabis,' I believe, he called it—but it only made him wilder, and, if possible, put him into greater agony."

"Of course! It is a drug whose effects after those of liquor are most fearful. I remember its nearly proving fatal in the hospital once; but excuse me, go on."

"The fact is, we didn't dare to give him opium, which is the only other adequate sedative that seems to be known. It was tried once before, when he was suffering from the after-effects of a debauch, and though it relieved him at the time, his knowledge of its effects made him substitute it after that for liquor, as I shall tell you; and he was tending to the still worse hell if possible of that awful narcotic, when a supper, arranged by his *friends*, turned him to liquor again. But I have my suspicions that he has been alternating the two ever since. To return to the account I was giving you. Toward dawn the next morning he began to gain possession of his faculties. Sam, the coachman, was sitting up alone with him. Besides being a good he's a very powerful man, and George was by this time so quiet that we fancied one attendant was enough to take care of him. As soon as he could talk coherently he felt the fierce thirst for rum come on again, and besought Sam, for the love of God, to go down to Norfolk and get him a bottle. For of course our cellar and pantry were locked up, and the keys put in safe hands as a precautionary measure for our very lives. Sam told him respectfully that it was against the Doctor's orders for him to have any thing stronger than the weak sangaree, which had been mixed to assuage his thirst. Still George pleaded with him—offered him trinket after trinket that was in his bureau until he had reached a value not far from a hundred dollars—told him that as soon as he was able to rise he would give him that amount in money. But Sam remained firm. 'Massa George,' said he, 'if you were to kill me I couldn't do what I think would kill you.' Then George tried threats, and Sam told me that he also struck him several times on the head, though not till I'd cross-examined it out of him, seeing the strip of plaster on the place where a heavy boot-heel hit him, and when he spoke there were tears in his eyes. 'And *him* to go and do dat —*him*, de dear little fellah dat I used to be so proud of, and sot on de fuss hoss he ever rode, goin' round with him and callin' him my little king, showin' his pretty black eyes to all de boys, bress his heart!' So at last George in his agony drank the whole pitcher of sangaree at one draught, and with an awful curse upon Sam sank into a heavy sleep again. You know the vindictiveness of George's nature—how it used to show itself at Dresser, mingled with so many contending generous impulses. I used to think he'd outgrown it, and that when he came to be a man the good qualities would strengthen and take the rein; but it hasn't proved so. And in the worst state at which he's arrived, I can't help pity's triumphing over judgment in my estimate of him. The evil's in his blood. He makes me think many times of the old Greek idea of family fate. His father was a man of the most terrible passions, was a hard drinker all the latter part of his life, and died in a fit of apoplexy brought on by anger with one of his servants for some trivial offense. He made my poor aunt very wretched. And *his* father had been a drunkard before him. So that this fearful cumulative impulse to evil has descended into George from two ruined generations. I sometimes doubt whether his moral responsibility has ever been that of a sane man. But the night air is getting a little chilly. Let's walk toward the house, and I'll finish this long account as we go.

"All the next day George slept with fewer disturbances, and we hoped he was getting on pretty well. At nightfall he woke, seemed more natural, and took some nourishment. Then he went to sleep quietly again; and I suppose that the anxiety of Job, the waiter, who was taking his turn at watching, relaxed. At any rate, toward midnight he left the room for a few moments, and when he returned found George gone. All the clothes were on the chair at the foot of the bed except a pair of pantaloons and slippers. Job supposed, consequently, that his charge had not gone far, and for a quarter of an hour felt no uneasiness about him. But when the time grew on and he did not return, in considerable anxiety Job went out to look for him. Finding him nowhere in the house, he pursued his search about the grounds for an hour, still fruitlessly. Just as he was returning to arouse me he heard the clock in the kitchen strike one, and simultaneously a loud cry of 'Fire!' rang from the direction of the negro houses. Half frightened out of his wits, the boy looked around and saw the flames rolling up among the branches of the pines. In a moment every body in the house was awake. My father and I were first at the fire. Just as we came up to the place where I first showed you the ruins, such an awful sight met our eyes as we shall never forget. In his pantaloons alone, with his breast and back all bare, the shirt hanging from it in shreds, George ran out from the crackling pines. His face, breast, and arms were blackened with coal and smoke; in his hand he swung a blazing pine-knot, and he laughed wildly like a demon. I could hardly keep my father from falling on him and putting an end to his miserable life, even crazy and irresponsible as he knew him to be, so shocked and infuriated did the sight make him. 'It was I!' cried George; 'I roasted the black devil that let me roast with hell inside me, and wouldn't give me a drop to cool my tongue!'

"Happily, as I told you, all the inmates of the house escaped with their lives, though saving nothing else, and badly burned. We enjoined our servants not to speak a word to a soul off the place about George's agency in the fire, for they, every one of them, couldn't help knowing it. On the morrow we immediately set about building Sam a nice new house next to the coach-house; a stone building this time, that could not be burned, to pay him for his sufferings; and brought George back that same night to the house. He has been in his room ever since; and a more utterly broken, miserable, despairing soul never lived under God's heaven. A violent fever immediately set in upon him, and he is so wasted that I doubt if he ever rises from it. It's a dreadful thing to say, but perhaps it's better he should not."

"Will it be unadvisable for me to see him?"

"No, I don't think so; but I'll ask father, and if he consents, you will have the most painful privilege of your lifetime. I don't think you would know George now if you did see him. It's eight years ago this summer since he parted from you last, and he has been going down, down, down ever since."

"But what has he been doing—I mean in the way of profession or business—any thing?"

"Every thing. When he was expelled from William and Mary's College for a most exaggerated and passionate insult to a professor, father's influence got him a place in the office of one of the first lawyers in Richmond. He staid there for a year, during which he got into several disgraceful street brawls, and was absent from his studies for days at a time. His preceptor knew of this, but bore with him for the family's sake, and did all that a man could to reform him without avail. George was easily affected; often, when his antagonism was not excited, acknowledged his fault with many tears, but still went down. He seemed to be possessed; he had no more control of himself than an infant. As he said to the lawyer once, he had an anvil chained to each foot, and there was no swimming for him. At the close of the year an eccentric impulse seized him—though totally unprepared, he went into the examination for admission to the bar, that came on then, trusting to his good, or rather evil, genius to carry him through. He failed, ignominiously, as he might have expected, and in a paroxysm of despair went off on a spree that lasted a week. That closed his trial of the law.

"Then he made an experiment in your profession. For six months he seemed studying assiduously in the office of the physician whose vacant place we wish you to fill. The Doctor gave us good accounts of his progress; he came home regularly from town every evening in the carriage that brought father to dinner, and seemed to have abandoned drink entirely. He had his books in his room, here at home, and studied very often nearly all night. I never saw him interested so long in any one pursuit. All this time he was growing paler and thinner, his eyes assumed a hollower, more wildly intense look, and we began to fear for his brain. Father and I repeatedly counseled him not to sit up so late at night; to finish his study in the daytime. His answer always was that he could work better at night, that he couldn't sleep, that he was not hurting himself, and that now he was resolved to wipe out all the past by becoming great in this profession. But we used to say, 'If you eat and sleep so little as you do now, you will be in your own grave before you can save any one else from his.' He always shook his head and replied with a sadness that now makes me believe he had my idea of his family fate: 'The grave is not a bad place; some things above-ground are much worse.' I have seen my tender-hearted, impulsive father absolutely shed tears when he repeated this answer of George's, and told us how kindly he always took his admonitions nowadays, in spite of the painful irritability under which he seemed to labor. 'But,' at last said my father, 'we can not have him die now that he has just reformed and is doing so nobly in his studies; he must live to be an honor to himself and the poor dear mother, who, I have no doubt, rejoices over him where she has gone. I will speak to Doctor Parley about him.'

"So he did speak. 'You must take care of your student; he is very ambitious, and I'm afraid he's killing himself with overtasking of the brain by late study.' 'Ah! do you think it's that?' answered the Doctor, shaking his head, sadly. 'Why, what else do you think it is?' inquired father. Then Doctor Parley took him to a little drug-store, in a quiet, unfrequented part of town, and showed him on its entries six and a quarter pounds of laudanum sold to George Solero within the last five months. So that all this time he had been living on that stimulus while he studied, at the average rate of half an ounce a night. Doctor Parley had suspected it for a long time, and made inquiries, quietly, of all the other apothecaries in Norfolk before he bethought himself of this shop: and there, with the greatest difficulty, he wormed the truth out of an errand-boy who had been bribed to keep George's secret. This discovery almost broke my father's heart, loving my cousin as he does; I am glad to say like a son; but not so much as the solemn denial which George persisted in, in the very face of the plain proofs. To such depths of degradation, such utter annihilation of the moral sense, does that damnable narcotic sink men, that I am not sure but he really argued himself into the belief that he had not used it. Father then put him under the care of Doctor Parley as a patient, and tried every means to break him gradually from the indulgence, at the same time persuading him to keep up his studies. After miserable sufferings here at home, I hoped, though I couldn't tell positively, that he had become free from it. But as soon as his stimulus failed him, study seemed to become altogether impossible, and in his despair he went back to drink once more. Thus

ended the six months' struggle toward your profession.

"He was a good accountant by nature; and even if he hadn't been, father would have made this last effort to put him into a position of respectability. He became an invoice clerk in our counting-house nearly a year ago; but there was not the slightest dependence to be placed upon him. He has the finest talents—the most versatile mind, capable of winning him eminence in any work of life he chose to lay his strength to; but he lacks the *morale*. The very spine of manhood, the keystone of our nature's arch, is utterly deficient in him. Oh, Arthur! I love that poor boy like a brother this very hour, after all the past, yet hell seems burning in his blood, breaking out afresh in some new spot, when we have quenched it in the last one. I can see no way to keep it from finally devouring him."

John Heathburn finished this terrible history just as we struck into the horse-chestnuts that guarded the way to the house. He ceased not only because the story was complete, but because he could not command his voice for another word. His arm, locked in mine, drew it close to his heart, and his pure, noble face worked convulsively, as if that heart were choking itself down. I walked silently at his side for a moment, and then uttered, thinking aloud more than talking, "I believe that, with God's help, I can save him." John looked into my eyes with inquiring wonder. I went on: "Even in my short medical experience I have witnessed at least a dozen cases like his. In some of them the results to other lives and happiness were quite as terrible. In all of them the men and the women (for two-thirds of them were the last, and are still, by the general average, though you start to hear it, in New York) were just as near the bottom of their earthly hell as he. And these cases have been my peculiar study; indeed the subject is a specialty to which I hope to devote my medical life. For old remembrance' sake I think that my utmost strength would be called forth by this case, and if you and your father are satisfied that it is best, I will take George Solero into my own hands."

Without saying any thing more upon the subject we entered the house and I retired to rest, being very tired. I do not know how long I had been asleep when a light in my room, and that indescribable fascinating sense of being looked at steadily, woke me. I sprang up in bed. There were two persons in the room. One was a young negro man employed as a house servant. The other, a white man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, whom I did not remember ever to have seen before. His step was irresolute and tottering, his eyes dull as death, deeply cavernous, and marked with crows-feet at the corners. His mouth was tightly shut, as if by some spasm of great pain; two mottled spots of livid red and chalky white marked his high cheek-bones; the rest of his face was a mortal sallow, and but for his jet black matted hair, which straggled wildly over his forehead to his very eyebrows, I should not have supposed him even as young as thirty-five. When I woke the servant seemed entreating him in whispers and gestures to leave the room, but he put him off with trembling, passionate hands, and kept retreating from the door to my bedside.

"Hallo!" said I, "what's the meaning of all this?"

"Oh, please 'scuse me, Sah; but I was tryin' to 'suade Massa George to go back to bed and not 'sturb you!"

That seemingly middle-aged man was George Solero.

"Go out, Cato; go out, I tell you! It will be hard for you if you don't mind me!"

"Yes, Cato," I interrupted, becoming wider awake. "You may leave Mr. Solero. I will be responsible for you. Return to his room and stay till I come for you: we prefer to be alone."

The negro obeyed and shut the door behind him.

I held out my hand, and, driving all surprise from my face, said,

"Come and sit down by my bed. I am very glad you came to see me, dear George."

"Don't say *that*, Arthur Grosvenor! Don't say that, or I'll think you are in hell too and fly from you! There's one fiend who always says to me, 'I am glad to see you,' whenever I come into the fire where he stays, and he is the fearfulest of all! The grisliest of all, with a soul and a clutch like cold iron! He grasps me by the spine and I lie in his arms like a dead baby, though within me I'm shrieking my heart to pieces where nobody can hear me. Then he keeps whispering into my ear, as if he were speaking icicles and drops of hot lead, '*I'm glad to see you!*' There are other fiends that don't say that, that are humanly mad and hateful: I hug them, I kiss them, but when I come to him I know I'm in hell! '*I'm glad to see you!*' Oh, oh!"

It is impossible to represent the tone in which George Solero spoke these last words. The only approach to describing his manner is to say simply that they let me lower into the knowledge of abysmal terror than I had gone in all the experiences of my life. Rather did the fiend speak through him with his own voice than he for the fiend. A convulsion of agony went through his whole gaunt frame as he stopped, and communicated itself to me in a quick shudder.

"Say that you would shun me like the pestilence! Say that if you came upon me at a street corner you would turn and flee as from a mad dog! Say that if you had known what I am, and that I was in this house, you would not have dared to enter it even to save John Heathburn from dying! Say that even now you sit quaking in your bed as if the room were full of serpents, and I the slimiest, sharpest-fanged, quickest-darting, longest, strongest coiled, most poisonous of them all; that you fear me with a mad fear, that you loathe me, curse me back to my perdition, but don't say those horrid words,

'I'm glad.' Hell is glad. When I used to hear them talk of heaven—when I thought there was a heaven—I believed that was glad too: but let earth be full of wild weeping, and wringing of hands, and hung in funeral mourning when I come back to walk it for a little while. Then perhaps I can endure it; then, maybe, I can be let stay in it a little longer, till I have time to sit still!"

"George, come and sit down by my bedside now."

"Sit! who talks of sitting to me? I have been walking—walking for hours and days and months and years and Eternities! Walking when four of them were straining their utmost, and thought they held me on my back—walking when they believed I slept—walking when I did sleep. Walking through waste places—through great wildernesses of sand—through a desert universe full of a red-hot iron light, where mountain shapes grew out of the air, and whispered and hissed and cursed. Walking always—every where. Never stopping to rest or breathe or drink. There is a wandering Ahasuerus who walks till God shall come, and I am he."

"But you must sit now; take this chair by the side of my bed."

"Do you think that can hold me when eight stout men's arms could not? You knew my will in those days far back—centuries back it looks now—when we were together: that will is in me yet, and it has grown a devil! Were I bolted to that chair it would take my soul out of me and make that walk still."

"Nevertheless, sit down on this chair."

As I told John Heathburn, I had seen and dealt with many such cases before. They are anomalies in human suffering. Mere medical treatment will not do for them in their worst stages. They react against all sedatives, anodynes, counter-stimulants whatsoever, until the spiritual fiend within them is cast out. I have seen three drachms, nearly a half-ounce—think of it—of pulverized opium administered to a man in this state who had never taken it in any form before; and that force which held the citadel within him so utterly mastered it that it had no more effect upon him than as much liquorice powder. Yet opium is a giant. It controls men for damnable evil—sometimes for temporary good, long, yes years, after the nervous system, which narcotics require as their basis for operation, has been utterly destroyed for all other purposes. Yet eventually there comes an hour when even opium is powerless, whether it or other indulgences have wrought the disorganization which baffles it. The all-powerful spirit, frenzied into Promethean stubbornness, stands between it and the nerve—says, "Opium! even you shall not touch the body: I am your wall!" Then the business of the physician is to conquer that soul if he can; and if he can not, he had better leave it to some one else and devote himself to measles. His patient must feel that the Evil within him, and so far as he can see encircling him externally also like a globe of adamant, is still penetrable, vanquishable by the Good of another stronger soul still further outside. In fine, must be forced to see the incredible truth that, in this Universe with whose horrible realities he has become intimately acquainted, the Good is still the only all-powerful, all-whelming Principle; that it alone, but it certainly, shall bring his and every other Evil under. In such a case was George Solero. And therefore I repeated firmly, as expecting to be obeyed,

"You *must* sit down upon this chair."

At first he looked at me with a searching gaze, half-suspicious, half-scornful. I returned it with a steady look, kind, to meet the first feeling, calm and unflinching, to cope with the second. He drew nearer and nearer, and finally dropped down at my side. I took his hand with a gentle unostentation, and never moved my eyes from him.

"You have been having a hard time, George, but from this moment you will grow better. You are coming out of the bad company you have been in; you will hereafter get into less turbulent society. They are all as bad as you say they are—worse than the worst who still call themselves men, and the suffering you are in now is only their effort to get you back with them. The tiger's teeth shut tightest when the prey is taken from him."

"What?" exclaimed George Solero. "How did you know that it was a tiger which followed me? I did not tell you of the tiger."

"I have seen him."

"You? Were you ever in hell?"

"Yes, many times. I have been there to bring other men out."

"But did you? *Did* you ever bring them out?"

"Over and over again. And I have witnessed their bringing out by other hands still oftener. I do not mean that you shall ever go back there after this time. When you feel the pain that you are bearing now, you must not hereafter say, 'This is my aching brain, or burning throat, or shivering spine.' I can teach you something about yourself which even you do not know with all your experience. When you are at the worst, your eyes are so opened that you see clearly who it is that really is tormenting you. But when you become a little easier the pain is not great enough to quicken your sight, and you trace your sufferings falsely to the body. That has always been your mistake. Your pangs, as I told you, are nothing else but the enemies your eyes are not sharp enough at that time to see, trying to scourge you back to their wildernesses. And this is what you must say to them, 'You are liars: you may come as my head, my throat, my spine; but you are not these. You are only felons breaking into them, making a burglarious hell of them for the time being, but just as real and personal as you were a week ago. I feel you—I know you—though I can't see you. You are the tiger—and you the ice-

fiend—you are the grisly, gibbering ape—and you are the boa-constrictor. You can not get me. Altogether you are to be conquered at last—and because you know it you are making this uproar. You are children—fools—idiots showing your pique; not strong, unconquerable foes, with victory before you, and therefore patience to wait for it. Bite hard! claw and tear! you are having your last chance, make your best of it. I am holding by the hand an old schoolfellow of mine who loves me as hard as you hate me. God, who loves me better than all, gave him a vigorous, thorough course of training in battle with just such mean rascals as you—taught him your whole secret—mapped out for him every winding of your course—showed him all your tactics, your marching and countermarching, your truces, your ambuscades, your espials, your breaches of faith—plainly acquainted him with the fact of your real weakness and final defeat—then put a sword into his hand that can never be broken—and told him of a sudden, one morning when he least expected it, to go down all the long way to Norfolk and take me away from you. And he is going to take me away.' That is what you must say to them—and that last, particularly, you may say with full truth, for I am going to."

While I said this George Solero's manner became less excited—his attention more and more fixed. Still I held his hand and kept my eyes steadily upon him. At my last word he took my other hand into his and burst into tears, uttering brokenly, that I was the first man who ever knew what he had seen and where he had been. I felt that the very first step of my course was a success. The ice-bound floods within him had broken up. For nearly an hour longer I continued conversing with him, always managing to have him feel my grasp and my eye somewhere—making it evident to him that I treated his torments as they were, as realities, not phantasms, and gradually drawing him off into the field of quieter subjects than the present. We spoke of good old Agamemnon—the boys at Dresser—our sports and studies there—our mishaps, our excursions, our practical jokes even. And before we were through with these reminiscences I was astonished by hearing from him that most encouraging sign of returning sanity, physical and mental, a natural laugh. After this I arose and took my medicine-chest from my trunk. In it lay a box of the solid extract of Cannabis Indica—the Indian Hemp or Hasheesh of the East—then little known to the practice, and now too little known in its highest office of controlling bad mental symptoms, but which I had already used with great success in cases of the most terrible delirium among those feeless patients whom I had treated in New York. Of this I made up a ten-grain pill, mixed it with a little myrrh to prevent the taste affording any clew to my patient should he seek it out as an indulgence, and then asked him how long it was since he had tasted rum. Five days, he told me, and I thought this probable from comparison with the data given me by John.

"Then," said I, "take this pill, and immediately afterward we will go back to your room; you will lie down, and I will relieve Cato for an hour, sitting at your side."

He seemed completely in the possession of my will, and without an objection swallowed the dose mechanically. I took him back to his room, and, throwing a wrapper around me, sat at his side. In fifteen minutes he was sleeping like a child. No spasm, no stertorous breathing; and a profuse sweat covered his face, so lately glazed and feverish. Cato was gone from the room. I quietly rose from my chair, and, kneeling down by the side of that sad possessed one, who had suffered as he had sinned, prayed the Almighty Father and Healer that, even as he had sinned, so might he also be forgiven—prayed as in my too careless, worldly life I had never done before, with an earnestness which nearly forced itself through my lips in words to awake the sleeper—that I might be the means of saving this dismasted, rudderless soul from the black ocean where he was drifting without a star, bringing him back to a quiet harbor, while He who wielded me, and the skill which was His gift, took to His Holy Name all the glory. And particularly that he would so invigorate and work through that human Will which must be my chief enginery, that the greatest exigency should never make me swerve; that the monster Evil within my patient should feel it, cower under it, and be cast out. "For he hath a devil, and hath been brought unto Thy other disciples of the Divine Wisdom of Healing, and they could not cast him out. I believe: help my unbelief!"

The eastern sky was shedding a silvery twilight from its regions of dewy quiet when I arose with a better refreshment than sleep. I looked out of the open window; the carol of the first birds trickled in from the far cedars, and the cool wind that foreruns oncoming day seemed blowing straight from the morning-star. Sitting clear in its tranquil gray field of sky, it looked like an island of the Blessed on that waveless sea of light, which is so far off to our weary, world-hampered hearts that we call it only Dawn. And to me in that moment it was an earnest of still grander beatitudes; it rested once more, as in the far first year of man's longing fulfilled—God's meaning made intelligible—over the spot where Hope was born. Then Bethlehem, the perfect certainty of sublimest Good to every home-coming creature, seemed not only below it, but above it, around it, every where. Yes, every where through the highest heights where its Maker is sung—through the lowest depths where man's short-sighted unfaith thinks Him forever conquered. Hope! Hope! The Evil, after all its oscillations from least to greatest, from greatest to least, forever extinct through all times and spaces. The Good on the throne of the whole universe!

I drew back the curtain. "Blessed Star, shine on the soul of the sleeper, who thinks thee set!"

The servant returned, and I left George quietly. Throwing myself down upon my bed, I was soon restored to a better sleep than that from which I had been wakened. On coming down to breakfast at nine o'clock John's beaming face met me at the foot of the stairs, and he took my hands warmly in his own.

"I have spoken to father," said he, "and he gives his consent to your seeing George; in fact, to undertaking the entire care of his case. God bless you in it!"

"My dear John, I have already done that; and I believe that God has answered your prayer beforehand." Then I told him the events of the night.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

IT is well known that in the early history of this country the French claimed, by right of discovery, all the Canadas, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the great lakes; while England, on the same ground, claimed the entire country, extending from Nova Scotia to Georgia. France held also the Mississippi River, which she declared gave her a right to its tributaries. Although the first attempt to connect this river with the lakes was foiled by the Chickasaws, who killed in battle or tortured to death the entire party who made it, a second proved successful. Still the route by the Mississippi to the head waters of the lakes was too circuitous to be of practical use to her Canadian provinces; hence the possession of the Gulf of St. Lawrence became of paramount importance to her.

Cape Breton, an island from thirty to sixty miles across, and separated from Nova Scotia only by a narrow channel, called Canso, stood sentinel on the south side of the gulf; while Newfoundland, thirty leagues distant, was its companion in keeping a perpetual guard over its entrance. But Cape Breton, so necessary to France if she wished to hold the navigation of the St. Lawrence, was only four hours' sail from the great Fishing Banks, and in case of war ships under the protection of fortifications erected there could easily destroy the English fisheries. It stood, moreover, right in the track of trading vessels passing between the Provinces and the mother country, and hence was of vital importance to England, as in case of war the commerce would at once be cut off.

The result was that these places, or rather Cape Breton, was from the first settlement of the country a bone of contention between the two Governments, and passed backward and forward, according to the chances and changes of war, until by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Cape Breton was ceded to France and Nova Scotia to Great Britain. France immediately commenced fortifying the former in the most formidable manner. She built a walled town on the southeast part, with gates and ditch and draw-bridge as in feudal times. The ramparts were of massive stone, and from thirty to thirty-six feet high. The walls were surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide, and made a circuit two and a half miles in extent. These were strengthened with fortifications at every point where an enemy could approach. There was one portion, however, on the sea-side where there was no wall. A simple ditch with pickets protected this, as the water there was so shallow that no vessel could approach the shore. At the entrance of the harbor lay a little island, scarce a quarter of a mile across, on which the French erected a battery of thirty 28-pounders, which they called the Island Battery. The light-house stood on an eminence in the northeast part, and near it the magazine, and houses containing naval stores, etc.

The town of Louisburg was regularly laid out in squares with broad streets. Around the west entrance where there was a draw-bridge, the French erected a circular battery of thirteen 24-pounders which completely enfolded the gate in its fire. At the bottom of the harbor stood the grand Royal Battery, frowning with its twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounders. France had been twenty-five years at a cost of $6,000,000 in building this almost invulnerable position, and it was still unfinished when war broke out in 1775 between her and England.

France declared war March 15th, and England two weeks later. England had but two forts in Nova Scotia—one on the island of Canso in the mouth of the Strait, another on the Bay of Fundy, named Annapolis.

The French at Louisburg, taking advantage of the two weeks' interval between her declaration of war and that of her enemy, attacked Nova Scotia at once. Canso, wholly unprepared for such a movement, surrendered without attempting any resistance, and the garrison was captured. Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, immediately sent reinforcements to the latter place, in time to save it from sharing the same fate. Soon after the formal declaration of war by England was received in the provinces and produced the greatest excitement. All was immediately in commotion, and the bustle of preparation was heard on every side. The French on one hand and the Indians on the other caused a great deal of alarm, and called forth the most vigorous efforts for self-protection.

All through the autumn there was much talk in Boston among the colonists about the necessity of taking Louisburg if they wished to have navigation secure between them and the mother country. About this time an exchange of prisoners was made between the belligerents, and those at Louisburg returned to Boston. These gave such an account of the strength of the fortifications there that Governor Shirley, to whom the capture of this place had become a settled resolution and the absorbing idea of his life, decided that it could not be reduced by regular siege, but must be taken by surprise. Vaughan, of New Hampshire, was also busy in collecting all the information he could, and having ascertained from some men who had been prisoners in Louisburg that in winter-time, on one side,

where no cannon were mounted, and where there were no embrasures for them, the snow drifted to a height nearly on a level with the wall, and was packed so hard and close by the fierce north winds that it would bear a man, conceived the original idea of taking Louisburg by *snow*, which would thus obviate the necessity of scaling-ladders. But there were many objections to this plan. Among others, it was not so easy to effect a landing in mid-winter on an ice-bound shore; besides, snow-drifts were not always to be depended upon, and if they were not on hand at the right time and in the proper spot were not things that troops could create or shift from place to place as circumstances or the nature of the case might require. A thaw at a certain juncture would be particularly embarrassing.

In the mean time Shirley wrote letters home asking that orders might be dispatched to Commodore Warren, commanding the fleet on the West India station, directing him to co-operate with the Colonies in the contemplated attack on Louisburg. He then called the General Court together, and, as a preliminary proceeding, required the astounded members to take an oath of secrecy before he would lay before them his communication. They yielded to the unprecedented request, when the Governor revealed to them his purpose and plan of taking Louisburg. The secret, however, was too weighty for one of those to whom it was intrusted to bear alone. He became so filled with the solemnity and momentousness of the project that one day, in his family devotions, he burst forth with a fervent invocation that the blessing of Heaven might attend the enterprise. Whether the good old deacon thought that telling the Lord was no violation of trust or breach of confidence, or feeling that he must tell somebody, and the Lord was the safest one to confide it to, or whether it burst forth in the sudden overflow of his feelings, does not appear; but the news soon spread like wild-fire that the deacon had prayed for the blessing of Heaven on Governor Shirley's project for taking Louisburg. The deacon was at once closely interrogated, and the whole thing came out. The Legislature, which was in session at the time, was thunder-struck and alarmed at the boldness of the undertaking, and immediately appointed a committee to investigate and report on the subject.

The report was wholly and strongly against it. The Governor, though somewhat chagrined at this dead-lock with the Legislature, was determined not to be so easily driven from his favorite project, and he adroitly caused a petition asking a reconsideration of the question to be signed by the principal merchants in the city and Salem, and presented to the Legislature. This was referred to another committee, which reported in its favor. On this a very animated and stormy discussion arose in the House, which lasted for two days. It was plain that there was a majority against the scheme. But by one of those political tricks which we are apt to believe are the offspring of these degenerate days it was finally carried by a majority of one. Several members who were known to be opposed to it absented themselves, whether necessarily or by persuasion is not known. The friends of the measure took advantage of it, however, and the question was pushed to a vote, and carried, as said before, by one majority.

Although its opponents fought it stoutly, as soon as it was decided the greatest unanimity prevailed in carrying out the measure, while the people were wild with enthusiasm in its favor. Fishermen being thrown out of employment by the war, were willing to enlist as soldiers; while the abundant crops of the past year, and the unusually mild winter that kept the waters open and the Indians away, seemed to conspire together to favor the enterprise.

It was thought that 4000 men, with such naval force as the Colonies could raise, would be sufficient. At all events they could retake Canso and capture merchantmen, if they failed in the attack on Louisburg.

Circulars were at once sent to the different Colonies, and it was soon found that more volunteers would offer themselves than were needed.

The chief difficulty was to find a man competent to command so large an army, and conduct the siege of so formidable a place as Louisburg; for there was not a man in the Colonies who had ever witnessed a regular siege, or been in a pitched battle. The choice finally fell on Colonel William Pepperell, a wealthy merchant, heavily engaged in the fisheries, and withal exceedingly popular among all classes. He at first hesitated to accept so great a trust, and asked the advice of the celebrated preacher Whitfield, who was then staying at his house. The minister told him that the prospect was not very flattering. All eyes would be upon him: and if he failed, the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle would upbraid him; and if he succeeded, he would be the object of envy and jealousy. Still, if he would go with a single eye to God's glory, and intent only on doing his duty, strength would be given him according to his necessities. He afterward, by request, furnished the following motto for the flag: "*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*"

This declaration that Christ was their leader gave a religious character to the enterprise, and many of Whitfield's followers enlisted. The fact too that the French were Catholics, holding the hated religion of their persecutors, caused the people to look upon it as a holy crusade; and it became an absorbing part of all religious services. From the pulpit, in the public prayer-meeting, and at the family altar, it called forth the most impassioned appeals to Heaven for its favor. Many chaplains volunteered to serve, one of whom carried a hatchet with which to demolish the images he expected to find in the French churches. Religious men from every part of the province wrote to Pepperell, bidding him God-speed. One Deacon John Gray, of Biddeford, wrote: "Oh that I could be with you and dear Parson Moody, to destroy the im-

ages set up in the churches, and hear the true Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ preached in their place! My wife, who is ill and confined to her bed, yet is so spirited in the affair that she is willing all her sons should wait on you, though it is greatly to our damage one of them is already enlisted."

Pepperell, cheered by the enthusiasm he witnessed on every side, threw himself heart and soul into the enterprise, and advanced £5000 out of his own fortune to pay the expenses. Courteous, frank, and of a bold and chivalrous spirit, he was just the man to command such a crowd of fishermen, mechanics, and laborers as he designed to pour around the impregnable walls of Louisburg.

Governor Shirley thought that it would be well, out of compliment, and to enlist the vigorous co-operation of the Governor of New Hampshire, to appear to wish that he was Commander-in-chief. So after Pepperell was appointed, he —knowing that the Governor was so afflicted with the gout as to be a cripple and unable to move about his house even unassisted—wrote him a polite note, saying that he should have proposed to him to take charge of the expedition, only he knew his lameness would prevent him from accepting. The plucky old Governor immediately threw away his crutches, and replied that he was ready to go. This unexpected turn of affairs took Shirley quite aback, so he made an apology, and stated that any change in the command at that late hour would prove disastrous to the enterprise.

To prevent the French at Louisburg from getting wind of what was preparing for them, no vessels were allowed to depart toward Nova Scotia, and no proclamation to enlist soldiers was allowed to be copied. A hundred vessels were selected to carry the army, which numbered all told 4300 soldiers, and the siege trains, provisions, and munitions of war. Before their departure Shirley drew up an elaborate plan of attack, for he still resolved to take the place by surprise.

It required nearly a quarter of an hour to read over these explicit directions, and it is impossible to say how long it would take to commit them to memory. Even if every thing went on as glibly as the Governor traced it out on paper, a commander would need a prompter constantly at his elbow to jog his memory now and then or he would omit some part of the extensive programme. Probably another such a military paper can not be found on record. The simultaneous arrival before the place of a hundred vessels; the landing on a rocky shore, without regard to weather or surf; the march of two or three miles through woods and swamps to the town; the scaling of walls 36 feet high; and taking one by one of those formidable batteries, he timed as accurately as one times a fast-trotting horse.

Although it was in the stormy spring months the fleet of a hundred sail was to reach the point of rendezvous the same night despite of calms and gales. Thus the first part of the programme having failed to be performed the whole of course broke down. Some of the vessels sailed in the middle of March to cruise off the port of the place and capture French merchantmen on their way thither. Those carrying the Massachusetts troops left on the 24th of March and reached Canso the 1st of April. The Rhode Island troops, numbering only a few hundred, were already there, and in a few days those of Connecticut followed.

The departure of this force was a momentous event to Boston, and the deepest solemnity pervaded the population. A day of public fasting and prayer was appointed, and in some of the churches weekly prayer-meetings were established for the especial purpose of praying for the success of the expedition; while every where earnest supplications were sent up that God would make the army victorious over those who had set up images in the land to worship instead of the one true God.

The expedition had started too early in the season; for when they arrived at Canso they found the shores of Cape Breton fringed with heavy ice, through which it would be impossible to force the boats. They therefore employed the time in building a block-house to receive the sick and wounded, as well as for purposes of defense, and in making cartridges for the siege; for all thoughts of taking it by surprise were now abandoned, and preparations were set on foot for a close investment.

Some skirmishes occurred with the French and Indians, in which a few of the latter were taken prisoners, but the garrison remained quiet. On the 28th the ship *Eltham*, of 40 guns, was seen standing toward the harbor. Her arrival was hailed with acclamations, for she brought the welcome news that Warren's fleet was close at hand. By none was this announcement received with greater pleasure than by Pepperell; for Warren had decided a short time before the expedition sailed not to accompany it or assist in any way in the reduction of the place. This disheartening decision Pepperell kept from his troops lest it should discourage them; but it did not affect his purpose, for he at once resolved to proceed without him. Since the departure of the army, however, Warren had received orders from England to co-operate with Pepperell; and he immediately hurried forward with his fleet. The vessel brought also a flattering letter from Shirley, in which he promised reinforcements and provisions, and added that he had received a package from England containing expressions of the good-will and deep interest of the Government in his movements.

At length the sun and rain having melted the ice where it adhered to the shore, the ponderous masses drifted slowly out to sea, leaving the harbor clear. As soon as this was observed all was bustle and preparation on board the fleet. The French had discovered the vessels some time before, but supposed they were privateers lying in wait for merchantmen, never dreaming

that an attack was to be made on Louisburg. They deemed the place impregnable. Indeed it had been reported to the Home Government that women alone could defend it against any force the Colonies could bring against it. They therefore took no precautions, and made no preparations.

Pepperell embarked his troops on the evening of the 28th, intending to make a landing under cover of night. But the wind died away, so that the transports did not reach Cabarus Bay till eight o'clock in the morning—one of the little possible circumstances that Governor Shirley entirely overlooked in drawing up his plan. The surprise of the French was unbounded when they awoke in the morning, and saw from the ramparts a bay white with countless vessels standing steadily on toward the town. At first they were paralyzed at the unexpected sight, and for a while did nothing, and seemed to think it must be a mere vision, which would vanish as suddenly as it had appeared. But when they saw boat after boat, crowded with men and glittering with bayonets, put off from the ships, they suddenly awoke from their delusion, and all the bells were set ringing, and the roll of the drum and shriek of the fife were heard within the walls, summoning the soldiers to arouse; while the sullen thunder of cannon proclaimed to the alarmed inhabitants that the foe was at hand.

The formidable appearance of this first warlike attempt on a large scale by the Colonies would not disgrace our country at the present time. Those 100 transports, accompanied by the heavy men-of-war of Warren's fleet, the vast crowd of boats pulling steadily to the shore, presented an appearance that might fill with anxiety the commander of any fortress. But this exhibition of force was all on one side; it was several miles from the shore to Louisburg, and there was nothing but some scattered fishermen's huts on shore, against which this imposing armament could apparently be directed. There were the woods and the desolate beach, but no fortress or army. The far-off booming cannon alone told that an enemy lay intrenched in that remote and uninhabited region.

As the boats approached the shore strains of martial music were heard issuing from the woods; and soon after a detachment of French troops, with drums beating and colors flying, appeared on the banks to dispute the landing. The leading boats pulled for a certain point, as if to land there; and the troops immediately marched to the threatened spot. But this movement of the American commander was a feint to draw the enemy thither. Having done this, he changed his course and pulled for a point two miles farther inland. Then commenced a race between the troops on land and the boats on the bay. The latter had smooth water and a straight course; the former were compelled to follow, more or less, the sinuosities of the shore, and make their way over irregular and broken ground, and through marshes which impeded their march. The boats out of shot pulled cheerily on to the steady chant of the sailors and the inspiriting yet defiant music of the bands; while the roll of drums on shore—now faint, and now more distinct, as they advanced or receded from the sea—followed after. Though but few of these Provincial troops had ever been in battle, all were in the highest spirits, and laughed and shouted as if going to some festivity, instead of to the deadly encounter.

Reaching their point of destination they shot their boats swiftly to the beach, and leaping ashore were soon in battle-array. The officers dressed the line, and seeing the French approaching determined not to wait to be attacked, but breaking into order of battle marched swiftly forward to meet the enemy. As they approached within shot the Provincials gave a loud hurrah and poured in a volley. The French returned a wild and scattering fire, and immediately wheeled and fled in disorder toward the garrison, leaving six killed and several wounded or taken prisoners. The Americans did not pursue them, as their first object was to secure the landing of the troops, cannon, stores, and provisions. The French seeing they were not followed, retraced their steps leisurely, setting fire to all the houses on their way; so that a line of conflagrations marked their passage back, the smoke and flames of which, rolling and shooting heavenward, furnished a fitting prelude to the more terrific scenes that were soon to be enacted.

The other boats now rapidly arrived loaded to the gunwales with troops, and by night half the army was landed. In the mean time the tents had been pitched, camp-fires lighted, and supper cooked. These mechanics, farmers, and citizens, bivouacked on the ground with the nonchalance and gayety of old soldiers, and the camp rang with their merry laughter and snatches of song.

At length the hour of retiring came, when sudden silence and darkness fell on the tented field, and the only moving objects that disturbed the repose of the scene were the sentinels as they trod their regular beats. The boats lay stretched in a long row upon the beach, a little further inland; the tents shone white through the gloom; while farther beyond stretched the dark belt of forest. Dim in the distance was seen the fleet riding lazily at anchor, and over all bent the tranquil sky luminous with stars. The sea on one side and the boundless wilderness on the other, inclosing this picturesque scene, gave to it a sweet and tranquil aspect rather than a warlike one.

The morning bugle sounding the réveillé suddenly transformed it into one of bustle and activity. After breakfast the work of disembarkation recommenced. Provisions and cannon were both landed, and the latter placed so as to protect the camp in case of attack. By night nearly the whole army was under canvas.

The third day the heavy siege guns were got on shore. This was a labor of more difficulty; but it was effected in safety, and at night Pep-

perell lay down under his tent feeling that his great undertaking had now fairly commenced.

It was but two miles from camp to the town; but the difficulties of the way made the distance seem three times as great. There were no roads, while the line of march crossed a deep marsh and rocky hills. The troops could pass these with comparative ease, but they found it to be a different and far more difficult matter to carry the heavy siege guns along. The marsh would not bear the weight of oxen which could drag them over the rougher portions, and there was no other course left but to turn the soldiers into beasts of burden. Pepperell selected for this service men who had been accustomed to drag pine-trees through the forests for masts, and over ground where cattle could not be employed. This tasked the strongest frontiersmen severely, and was harder to endure than the shock of battle. Two ropes were fastened to one of these monstrous guns and the soldiers strung along them like firemen before an engine. They bent resolutely to the work, but with their utmost efforts they could scarcely move the ponderous pieces from the deep mire in which they became imbedded. The wheels sunk to their axles with every revolution, and had to be lifted by main force. If this severe labor had been required only to transport the pieces a short distance it would not have been so difficult to bear, but a stretch of two miles was enough to discourage the stoutest heart.

But Pepperell was one of those few men who never see impossibilities, and do not understand the meaning of the word discouragement. Besides he had under him men who had been accustomed to the severest exposures and trials of a frontier life until they had become men with sinews of iron, and possessed with a will and resolution to match, and steadily, though slowly, they made their way across to firm land. Thus, one by one, the heavy forty-twos were dragged over, but it was such slow and exhausting work that it took several days to get them all across. Then came the ammunition and provision wagons, which had to be transported in the same manner. This severe labor at the outset was discouraging. Pepperell, however, did not wait for the arrival of the main part of the siege guns, or of the ammunition and provision wagons, but advanced with the main army before the walls of the place and began to pitch the tents. The camp was scarcely begun, however, when the heavy round shot dropping in their midst and plowing up the earth around them, admonished them that they had chosen their camping-ground a little too near the enemy's batteries, and they quickly withdrew to a safer distance. Early the next morning, the 1st of May, preparations were made for commencing the siege in earnest. Spots for erecting batteries were selected, and every thing betokened the rapidly approaching earthquake which was to shake that little island to its centre.

In the mean time Pepperell sent Vaughan with 400 men to reconnoitre. Stealing through the woods, this officer succeeded in approaching undiscovered very near to the garrison, when he halted and ordered his men to give three cheers. This they did with a will. The woods resounded with the loud "hurrahs!" which, being borne to the ears of the garrison, filled them with consternation. They supposed the entire army were about to make a sudden assault in that unexpected quarter. But the Colonel being satisfied with his achievement, circled around to Green Hill that overlooked the town from the northeast part of the harbor. Here he found some dozen houses, containing naval stores, pitch, tar, wine, and brandy, and other combustible materials. These he set fire to, when they blazed up almost with the suddenness of gunpowder. The smoke was so dense, and rolled up and away in such immense volumes, that it obliterated every thing that it enveloped. The wind, being in the right direction, drove it almost in a level line straight upon the Royal Battery three quarters of a mile distant. Enveloped in its impenetrable folds, half-suffocated and unable to see any object unless close upon them, and believing that under cover of this impenetrable gloom the entire army was advancing to the assault, the garrison, seized with a panic, spiked their guns, and throwing the powder in the well, turned and fled. They commenced sawing off the axle-trees of the gun-carriages, but had dismounted but few, when, carried away by their fears, they rushed for the gate, and streamed in wild disorder across the country, and never stopped in their flight till they reached the town a mile distant; a few stragglers only, among whom was one woman, alone remained behind.

Entirely ignorant of the panic he had occasioned, Vaughan encamped for the night. Next morning, as he was returning to camp to report what he had done and seen, he thought he would creep to the top of Green Hill to reconnoitre the Grand Battery. Cautiously looking over the summit, he saw, to his utter amazement, that the flag was gone, while no smoke arose from the barracks, and every thing bore the marks of desertion. He watched it for some time, completely puzzled what to make out of it, and finally sent a friendly Indian to unravel the mystery. The savage crept stealthily over the walls, and, finding the place abandoned, flung open the gates, and the delighted Colonel found himself in possession of the Grand, or Royal Battery, mounted with twenty-eight 42-pounders, without firing a shot. There were, besides, 280 shells and other munitions of war which the besiegers would stand sadly in need of before the place could be reduced. This was a great triumph; for this battery overlooked the town, while the 42-pounders furnished an important addition to Pepperell's siege-train.

Vaughan immediately dispatched a messenger to Pepperell, announcing the good news, and asking for a flag and reinforcements. While the messenger was gone he extemporized a flag by a red shirt, which an Indian, seizing with

his teeth, carried to the top of the flag-staff, and nailed it there, amidst the loud shouts and uproarious mirth of the soldiers.

The French soon discovered the blunder they had committed, and endeavored to repair it by sending four boats containing a hundred men to retake the fort. Vaughan no sooner discovered them approaching than he ordered his little band to march to the shore. Here he drew them up, and as soon as the enemy came within range opened his fire upon them. The exposed beach on which he stood was within the range of the guns of the town, which were immediately turned upon him. The heavy shot came plowing up the sand around him, or rushed like a sudden gust of wind overhead; but he never stirred, maintaining his exposed position and repelling every effort of the enemy to effect a landing. At length the sound of martial music came over the hill, and soon the reinforcements he had sent for appeared in view. These, seeing the conflict on shore, gave a cheer and rushed forward. The French, perceiving this new force approach, pulled swiftly out of fire and returned to the garrison.

They hardly knew what to think of their enemy. On the first landing they rushed to the fight with the fury and appalling shouts of madmen rather than of well-trained soldiers; and instead of being content with the ordinary slaughter of volley-firing picked off their foes as they would squirrels from tree-tops. With such clamor and desperation did they close in conflict that the French gave them the name which the Mexicans a few years ago gave our troops, "Devils." That frenzy and fury in battle has always been characteristic of American soldiers, and was only kept in abeyance in the Revolution by the constant effort to make our armies combat the English in their own formal, scientific way, which the latter understood so much better than we. The fiery, headlong charge of Arnold into the very sally-port of the enemy at Saratoga showed how native courage and enthusiasm, unshackled by mere tactics, could triumph over discipline. The singular banner with its strange device, "Christ our Leader," increased their bewilderment; for it seemed to proclaim that the colonists had come on a holy crusade against them as pagans and infidels.

In their panic-stricken flight from the fort the night before the garrison did not stop to collect the live-stock which were roaming in herds over the fields. These the Americans caught and secured, thus adding materially to their stock of provisions. The loss of twenty-eight 42-pounders was a serious one to the enemy; and when it was ascertained how foolishly they had been given up, the rage of the French was unbounded; for the banner, flaunting so proudly from the flag-staff, proclaimed not only their defeat but their folly and cowardice.

Immediately on the return of the boats they opened all the guns that could be made to bear on the battery. All day long it flamed and thundered there with a power apparently sufficient to level that battery with the earth. The air was darkened with the round shot and shell that burst overhead or went tearing along the hill-side; yet but little damage was done, for the guns had not been placed so as to command their own battery. They had always supposed it would be able to take care of itself.

While this iron storm was hurtling overhead and around them the Americans were quietly drilling out the spiked cannon so as to return the fire. As fast as those 42-pounders were cleared they opened in response to the heavy guns of the garrison, and the ponderous shot fell with crushing weight upon the buildings of the town.

The Royal Battery being thus captured and put in working order against the enemy, Pepperell next turned his attention to the Island Battery, whose formidable guns kept the men-of-war from approaching near enough to shell the town. In the mean time the greatest effort was made to get all his artillery across the marsh. The difficulty of the undertaking may be known from the fact that it took two weeks of unremitting exhausting toil before all the guns could be brought into camp; but as fast as they arrived they were placed in battery and opened their fire on the devoted town. The batteries were all erected in the night time, to avoid the shots of the enemy till they were completed. The first battery was built on Green Hill, which directly overlooked the town and was only three quarters of a mile distant from the northwest bastion. The fire from this tormented the garrison dreadfully, and with the Royal Battery would soon have reduced the place but for its marvelous strength. Indeed such was the impregnable character of the defenses that the place had been christened the "Little Gibraltar."

Soon after Pepperell planted another battery within half a mile of the walls, and on the 5th of May these two, with the Grand Battery, the guns of which had all been got in working condition, were in full play, and a hurricane of shot and shell smote the town. Houses tumbled in upon the frightened inhabitants who fled to the cellars for protection; for the 42-pound shot fell with terrible force into the place, and the dull, heavy concussion, as they dropped on the roofs and pavement, was almost as rapid as falling hailstones.

When night came on the scene was terrifically sublime. Huge shells rose in graceful curves, and leaving long trains of fire as they descended, burst in mid air, or disappeared for a moment behind the walls, only to make a still greater illumination as they exploded. The Town and Island Batteries replied with all their guns, shedding a strange light far out to sea, and illumining the back-ground of forest and the white tents of the camp like a great conflagration.

The Provincials had never seen war on such a grand scale before, yet they took to their work like veterans. Under cover of this terrific fire a third battery was erected within 700 yards of

the walls, making in all four batteries, which, concentrating their fire on the place, threw shot and shell with fearful rapidity and without cessation into the garrison.

For two entire days this crushing fire was kept up, the shores trembling under the heavy explosions as though shaken by an earthquake. It then ceased, and Pepperell sent a flag of truce to the French commander demanding a surrender of the place. The latter curtly replied that when he did it would be at the cannon's mouth. When this answer was received the signal was given to reopen the fire, and it recommenced fiercer than ever, and was kept up till dark. Pepperell then ordered a fascine battery to be erected within 250 yards of the west gate. The Provincials knew nothing of the regular scientific way of making approaches; and when an engineer, by the name of Bastide, sent by the Governor to instruct them, arrived and began to talk about zigzags, epaulements, and parallels, they took it as a good joke, made merry at his expense, and went on in the old way.

While this heavy cannonading was going on Pepperell made three attempts to storm the Island Battery, but high winds, making a heavy surf, or dense fogs, prevented him from embarking, and he finally abandoned it for the present.

The night of the 13th was dark and stormy, and a French brig taking advantage of it succeeded in running the blockade and getting into the harbor. The fleet discovered her soon after she had passed and opened its fire. The Island Battery returned it, and under cover of its guns the brig dropped her anchor before the town. The garrison of the Royal Battery, seeing by the blaze of the guns which lighted up the whole harbor what was going on, brought out some cannon, and with red-hot shot endeavored to burn the brig. The fire of the Island Battery and the Town was immediately concentrated on them, which soon made the place so hot that they had to flee from their guns, leaving several of their number dead behind them. The town was alarmed, thinking a general assault was about to be made. This excitement had scarcely subsided when the port was illuminated by a fire-ship sent by the Commodore, which came driving shoreward before the fierce sea blast. The flames ran up the tall masts, and swayed like streamers in the gale, as she plunged boldly and like a fiery demon among the alarmed shipping. The next moment she blew up with a tremendous explosion that shook the town, and again sent the frightened inhabitants into the streets. The walls in some places were damaged by it as well as the shipping in port.

On the 15th the fascine battery was finished, and mounted with two 42-pounders and two 18-pounders. The next day thirty cannon were discovered below low-water mark, evidently left there by the French in order to mount new batteries. A regiment was sent to raise and mount them. The French observing the movement dispatched a party to thwart it, but they were driven back and the guns raised and mounted. On the night of the 18th the fascine battery was in full play, and its effect was terrible. Planted at the short distance of only 250 yards from the gate, it sent the 42-shot through and through the thick walls as if they had been pasteboard, leaving huge round holes where they passed. The damage would have been greater had the battery been farther off. Under this close and murderous fire the gate soon fell with a crash, the drawbridge was shattered into fragments, and a part of the wall carried away. So close were the besiegers and besieged that conversation was frequently carried on. Once in the cessation of the firing it lasted nearly half an hour, and in the morning twilight they called to each other to come over and take breakfast or a glass of wine, followed by a laugh at some witty retort or attempt to speak each other's language. Such good feeling appeared to exist among them, that a mere listener might have taken them for two friendly camps instead of deadly foes seeking for each other's blood. About this time the spirits of the army were very much exhilarated by the news that the French ship *Vigilant*, of 64 guns, had been captured while attempting to enter the port.

The troops had been now a month or more under tents, and, unaccustomed to outdoor life, the exposures to which the cold spring months in these high latitudes subjected them began at length to tell on their health. Dysentery broke out in camp, prostrating the soldiers in such vast numbers that it soon looked like a hospital. The men began to grow impatient and distrustful. Warren also had got tired of riding quietly at anchor there for a month, and urged Pepperell to storm the Island Battery so that he could move up his ships.

Things began to wear a gloomy aspect. Gunners were scarce, as many of those on whom they had relied had been killed or wounded. The services of most of the remainder in a short time were not wanted, for powder had become so scarce that a great portion of the batteries had to cease firing. Pepperell sent home for more, accounting for the scarcity by saying that the 42's used it up very fast. Warren sent a proposal to Pepperell to attack the Island Battery, but the plan was arranged so as to put the entire command of land and sea forces under the former, which Pepperell was not inclined to permit. Besides, the proposition, if carried out, would oblige him to leave his camp but slightly protected from an attack by the French Indians, to which he objected. In the mean time the Commodore learned casually, from some remarks dropped by the prisoners taken with the *Vigilant*, that several war ships were expected daily from France. This did not serve to cool his impatience or furnish much comfort to Pepperell. Still, what could be done? That little Gibraltar bore pounding like a rock; and it seemed problematical if any amount of iron and shells could reduce it. Warren finally sent word to Pepperell that the Island Battery *must* be stormed so as to make way for his ships, or the place

would never be taken. The latter seeing with alarm how rapidly his army was diminishing by sickness, was willing to make the attempt, and called a council of war to take the subject into consideration.

A spirited discussion followed, for the council was nearly equally divided. The frequent attempts already made were urged against it as hopeless, while repeated failures only discouraged the army. Pepperell, on the other hand, pointed to his sick army diminishing with alarming rapidity, to the expected arrival of the French fleet, and urged the propriety and necessity of complying with the Commodore's request. At length he carried his point by a small majority, and preparations were immediately set on foot to make the assault.

The storming party was to embark after dark and pull quietly across to the island, and then with scaling-ladders mount the ramparts and carry the battery at the point of the bayonet. Captain Brooks, with four hundred men, was appointed to lead this desperate undertaking. Pepperell was unwilling to detail men for such a service, and called for volunteers. The brave fellows, eager to undertake any thing that would break up the monotony of the long siege and bring things to a crisis, volunteered almost to a man.

The preparations were soon made—the boats drawn up in readiness, and the scaling-ladders placed in them. But as night approached Pepperell grew anxious; for, independent of the hazardous, doubtful nature of the expedition under the most favorable circumstances, the wind had arisen, and betokened an angry sea and a heavy surf for the storming party when it should reach the island. He determined, however, that nothing but impossibilities should make him change his resolution; so after dark the soldiers were marched down to the boats and embarked. Their comrades on shore saw them shove off and disappear in the gloom with no very pleasant forebodings; for the extremely hazardous nature of the undertaking was understood by all. But the brave fellows who were departing felt no misgivings as the rowers in dead silence pulled steady and strong toward the island.

Long before it loomed out of the darkness their ears were saluted by an ominous sound that grew louder and angrier every moment. It was the roar of the surf as it fell in thunder on the shore. It boded no good to them, yet there was no halting or hesitation. But little was said, for each well knew the other's thoughts and determination. Soon the white line of foam made by the breakers could be distinctly seen stretching along the beach. It was a sight that might have alarmed even sailors accustomed to the sea. Yet these undaunted landsmen never wavered, but pressed straight on. That little fleet of boats carried as gallant a crew as ever pressed toward the gates of death. But while they were approaching the line of foam, intent only on taking their boats safely through the surf, the battery suddenly blazed up like a volcano in the darkness, and the next moment the iron storm came down smiting the boats and dashing the sea into spray around them. Knowing that balls fired in the darkness at those scattered and swiftly-advancing boats would do but little damage, the French loaded the guns with grape shot, or pieces of iron, which, scattering over the surface of the water, did fearful execution, and made it literally an iron storm. Their approach had in some way been discovered, and so, as soon as they came within range, the firing commenced.

This unexpected reception, at the very moment when all their attention was occupied in getting safely through the breakers, threw them into disorder. The critical situation in which they now found themselves would test the nerves of the oldest troops. The thunder of the surf before them sending its spray into the air, blending with the thunder of the battery overhead sending an iron hurricane amidst their heavily-laden boats as they rose and fell on the combing breakers before they burst on the beach, combined to render their position appalling and desperate. These twofold perils presented too much terror for some of the boats, and they pulled back out of range. Yet the majority, with Brooks at their head, never flinched, but kept on toward the shore. As they entered the rollers the boats were in imminent peril of being swamped. The surf broke over the sides, wetting the muskets so that many of them became useless.

Notwithstanding all these discouragements and the loss of part of his detachment, Captain Brooks, seeing the boats beached in safety, rapidly formed his men and gave the order to advance. The brave fellows rushed straight for the battery through a withering fire that drifted like hail along the thin little column. But every effort to scale those formidable batteries was vain; and after a heroic struggle of an hour Brooks gave the order to retreat, leaving 172 behind him killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. He reached his boats with only half his command, and hastily shoving them through the surf, pulled back under the enemy's fire to camp. It was a sad report he had to make as he once more drew up the half of his battered detachment on shore.

This serious disaster shed a gloom over the camp, and each one asked, What next was to be done? The depression was augmented next morning when the town shook with cheers and shouts of exultation. As the echoes died away over the hills and through the woods they had an ominous sound, and seemed to the dispirited soldier like the knell of the army.

During the next day Pepperell took a careful survey of his forces, and found that out of the army of 4300 with which he had landed only 2100 remained fit for duty. Half of his force had been killed, wounded, captured, or were on the sick list; while of the 2100 left 600 were absent in pursuit of a large body of French and

Indians, thus leaving him only 1500 with which to continue the siege. Affairs were evidently coming to a crisis, and yet neither he nor his council could tell what was to be done. In this dilemma he resolved to visit the Commodore and consult with him. For this purpose he went on board a schooner, and cruised about four hours in the fog trying to find Warren's vessel, but was finally compelled to return without succeeding.

But Pepperell was a man who could not remain inactive; and though his powder was gone, and he did not know when the supplies he had ordered would arrive, he sent to the captain of the *Vigilant*, and borrowed fifty barrels and five hundred cannon-balls, promising to return them when his own ammunition should come. These he distributed among the different batteries, and soon the heavy balls were crashing through the buildings of Louisburg. Meanwhile, having failed in carrying the Island Battery by storm, he determined to try the effect of a battery erected near the light-house, which overlooked it. He did so, and, having completed it, he commenced and kept up an incessant and terrific cannonade night and day, until the fifty barrels of powder were nearly gone, and some of the guns were compelled to cease firing. Nothing daunted, and determined that the place should fall, even if he had to knock it down stone by stone, he sent to the Commodore and borrowed a hundred and eighty-seven barrels of powder of him, and reopened all his guns. One of his heavy mortars and some of the 42-pounders burst; but he kept shot and shell still incessantly flying into the town.

On the 7th of June a deserter came in with the discouraging news that there were 3600 men capable of bearing arms in the place, seven or eight hundred of whom were regular soldiers. But this did not stop the cannonading, which, if possible, grew more violent. By the 7th it was ascertained that Warren's fleet, from successive arrivals, had nearly doubled, and it was resolved to make a combined attempt of both land and sea forces on the town itself.

In the mean time the Commodore, in order to dishearten the garrison, resolved on a ruse, by which he could convey to them the news of the capture of the *Vigilant*, of which they were still ignorant. He took the French commander of the *Vigilant* around, and showed him the quarters of his crew, and asked him how he was pleased with their treatment. He replied that he was perfectly satisfied. He was then informed that the American prisoners taken by the French were cruelly treated, and asked if he would not write to the Governor, requesting him to change his course. The courteous Frenchman cheerfully consented, and Captain M'Donald was sent, under a flag of truce, to bear it to the Governor. The captain understood French perfectly, but pretended not to, so as better to judge of the effect of the news on the garrison. The French were taken by surprise, and appeared much disheartened at the capture of the *Vigilant;* but nothing came of it. At length Pepperell had used up the one hundred and eighty-seven barrels of powder he had borrowed of the Commodore, and the batteries again became silent. The council, in this discouraging state of affairs, met to consult on the next step to be taken; but, after revolving every plan, they at last came to the old conclusion, that nothing could be done until the Island Battery was silenced, so that the fleet could come up. Having come to this barren decision, which they had reached a dozen times before, they adjourned.

Pepperell, whom adversity seemed to make only the more determined, was thus left to his own resources. Yet he could see nothing to be done but to pound on. At length a little light seemed to break through the gloom that surrounded him. On the 9th two Swiss deserters came in, and reported the French very much disheartened; and, being close questioned as to the best way to annoy the garrison, stated that if a mortar was placed in the Light-House Battery, to throw shells into the Island Battery, the latter would soon become untenable. Pepperell immediately sent one over; and an abundance of powder having arrived from Boston, he ordered all the batteries to be supplied, and to play furiously on both the town and Island Battery. Red-hot shot fell in fiery showers upon the garrison, and searched every part of the doomed place, while shells continually exploded along the streets.

The garrison answered with shells; and it thundered and shook there more terribly than ever. The explosion almost simultaneously of so many heavy pieces in so limited a space was both sublime and appalling. The shores shook and trembled, and the very sea seemed troubled, as the sullen echoes died away over its bosom. The Swiss deserters were right in their statement of the effect which shells thrown from the Light-House Battery into the Island Battery would have; for it soon became a ruinous heap, so that scarce half its guns could be worked.

On the 10th and 12th three large ships of war joined Warren's fleet. The news of this accession of strength raised at once the spirits of the army, while it determined Warren to sail in at once and attack the town. He wrote to Pepperell, informing him of his resolution, and saying that as soon as the wind was fair he should start, and that a Dutch flag hoisted under his pennant at the mast-head would be the signal that he was ready. He also requested Pepperell to indicate if he was ready also by sending up three columns of smoke as an answering signal. As soon as these signals were interchanged he wished him to march straight on the town, with drums beating and colors flying. To make the attack simultaneous, he said that when he saw the red flag run up the flag-staff he might understand by it that he would be in the port in half an hour and commence firing.

Pepperell immediately had all the boats collected and supplied with oars and scaling-lad-

ders, sent all the oakum and moss he could collect to the ships, and scaling-ladders to the advanced batteries, and gathered brush in three huge piles on Green Hill for the signal. While all the preparations for a final assault was being made he redoubled his fire on the city. Having got two more 42-pounders to bear on the Circular Battery, he made sad work with, while the fire from the Light-house, on the Island Battery, became so terrific that some of the gunners were compelled to run into the sea to escape it. In the mean time the fire from the close fascine batteries was so hot and heavy that the enemy could not stand to their guns, and were forced to flee to places of shelter.

In the midst of this tremendous cannonade Warren came on shore to see Pepperell. The troops were drawn up as on parade, when the two harangued them, expressing confidence that in the coming battle they would not disgrace the flag under which they fought. Loud cheers rolled down the line, and every heart beat high for the onset. The Commodore then returned to his ship, and, at a given signal, his fleet of eleven men-of-war, of from forty to sixty guns each, moved majestically up and anchored in line before the town.

The French Governor, Duchambon, to whom all these movements had been reported, saw that the final struggle was about to take place, and surveyed his condition and prospects with a sinking heart. He trembled when he saw the fire of the Island Battery, which was the key of the place, growing feebler every moment. His northeast battery was partly demolished. His circular battery was knocked to pieces, and the dismounted guns lay scattered around; the next gate was down, the wall near it gone, and the houses demolished; while the fire from the close fascine batteries was so hot that nothing could stand before it. Indeed not a soldier dared show his head above cover, so completely was the place enveloped in the fire of Pepperell's batteries, while the whole town was a mass of ruins. Added to all this the garrison was worn down with the prolonged siege of forty-nine days and incessant fighting, and could not be expected to resist the imposing force now closing slowly and sternly around them. He saw that resistance was hopeless, and that in a short time the enemy would come with the strength of the inrolling tide of the sea and surge over his shattered walls, sweeping every thing before them; and he reluctantly gave orders to send a flag of truce proposing a capitulation.

Commands were immediately issued to cease firing, and a sudden silence followed the deafening uproar. The Light-house Battery, not knowing of the parley, alone kept up its fire on the Island Battery.

The terms were soon agreed upon; the place was to be given up, the garrison being allowed to march out with drums beating and colors flying, and depart unmolested for France. In the afternoon Pepperell marched in and received the keys of the place. The French were drawn up as on parade to receive the troops, and the conquered and the conquerors exchanged salutations. It was afterward reported that Warren claimed and took precedence, and himself received the surrender of the place, which engendered a bitter feeling in the colonists that lasted for a long time.

The town presented a most lamentable appearance, and it could not well be otherwise, for it had received in the last seven weeks nine thousand cannon-balls, mostly of forty-two pounds weight, and six hundred bomb-shells. It was a perfect wreck; gaping, tottering walls, demolished buildings, and shattered gun-carriages, met the eye whichever way it turned. Only three houses in the whole town were left standing. The ruin was complete; and it reflects great credit on the heroism of the garrison that it held out so long as it did under such discouraging state of the defenses. How much more pounding it would have stood had not a final combined assault been threatened it is impossible to say. Notwithstanding the total wreck of the place and ruinous condition of the batteries, enough remained to make the officers stand aghast as they reflected on the inevitable result which would have followed an attempt to take the place by surprise.

Had Shirley's plan been adhered to, Louisburg would have been the grave of Pepperell and his brave army. There were 650 veteran troops, 1300 militiamen, and 2000 inhabitants—4130 in all—taken prisoners; 76 cannon and mortars, together with munitions of war and provisions for six months, were the trophies of this glorious victory. Not a gun was fired except by the Provincial army. The plan originated in the Colonies, and was carried out by them at their own expense. The country has never achieved a triumph in which the obstacles to be overcome were so vastly disproportionate to its means as the taking of Louisburg by the New England colonies.

As a decoy to French merchantmen the French flag was kept flying by which prizes valued at a million of dollars were beguiled into port and taken, one-half of which went to the Crown, the other half to the captors.

Pepperell immediately dispatched a messenger with the glad news to Boston, and then gave a banquet to the officers. Several chaplains were present, and a blessing of course would be expected. Old Parson Moody, uncle of Pepperell's wife, was the senior chaplain, and they knew beforehand that the duty would devolve on him. But he was very long-winded in his exercises on all ordinary occasions, and his friends were fearful that on this extraordinary occasion he would make an almost endless prayer, which would disgust the guests. They wished to speak with him on the subject, but the parson was such a testy old fellow, and took such interference so savagely, that none dared to undertake the unwelcome task of advising him, and they finally concluded to let events take their course.

But the old man, in his way, felt like the

very profane man, who, on a great provocation, when the boys gathered around to hear him swear, looked on his misfortune a while in silence, then remarked, "I can't do the subject justice." Parson Moody seemed to be in precisely this condition, for rising, he said, "Good Lord, we have so many things to thank thee for that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship upon this joyful occasion for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen."

None could repress a smile at the novel reason given by the good old divine for his asking a short grace.

Captain Bennet, the messenger whom Pepperell had dispatched with the news to Governor Shirley, reached Boston at one o'clock in the morning, July 3. On his way to the Governor's mansion he communicated his momentous message to Colonel Wendall, who commanded a company of militia, then on duty as watch. Employed to maintain the quiet of the town, he kept his excited soldiers from arousing the inhabitants until four o'clock in the morning. He could wait no longer, and ordered them to fire off their muskets and all the drums to beat. The rapid and continuous roll roused up the frightened inhabitants, who rushed into the streets to inquire what was the matter. When they learned the cause of the alarm they rent the air with huzzas, and hastening to the churches set all the bells ringing. By five o'clock the whole city was abroad shouting like madmen. All business was suspended for that day. Each congratulated his neighbor, while with the shouts of the populace, ringing of bells, and salvos of artillery the day passed in the wildest excitement. The news spread to the neighboring towns, and all day long excited crowds kept streaming into Boston till the city was packed from limit to limit. At night there was a great display of fire-works, and the whole city was illuminated, while the ringing of bells and salvos of cannon swelled the enthusiasm. A huge bonfire was built in the common for the lower classes, where liquor was furnished free to all. A day of thanksgiving was set apart, and never, even when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached Boston, was the excitement more intense among all classes. When the messenger arrived in New York the city was illuminated, and the same scene of excitement and enthusiasm was enacted. A grand dinner was given, and a huge bonfire kindled on the battery. Similar exhibitions were made in Philadelphia.

Pepperell was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation from every quarter, and the most unbounded exultation reigned throughout the Colonies. An express was sent to London conveying the important tidings, and Captain Montague, the bearer of them, was presented by the Lords of Admiralty with $2500. The Lords of Regency ordered the guns of the Tower and Park to be fired, and at night London and the adjacent towns were ablaze with illuminations; and never did any great victory on the Continent fill England with more tumultuous rejoicings than this conquest of Louisburg by the Provincial troops. The heavens were reddened with bonfires kindled in every direction, and from highest to lowest one feeling of exultation filled every bosom. Warren was immediately promoted, while Pepperell, the fish-merchant, was made baronet. Nothing exhibits the extravagant estimate put upon this conquest by the English Government more than this bestowment of a title on a provincial merchant; for this was the first and the only distinction of the kind ever conferred on an inhabitant of the Colonies.

ON THE STAGE.

THINGS dramatic and things theatrical are often confounded together in the minds of English people, who, being for the most part neither the one nor the other, speak and write of them as if they were identical, instead of, as they are, so dissimilar that they are nearly opposite.

That which is dramatic in human nature is the passionate emotional humorous element, the simplest portion of our composition, after our mere instincts, to which it is closely allied, and this has no relation whatever, beyond its momentary excitement and gratification, to that which imitates it, and is its theatrical reproduction; the dramatic is the *real*, of which the theatrical is the *false*.

Both nations and individuals in whom the dramatic temperament strongly preponderates are rather remarkable for a certain vivid simplicity of nature, which produces sincerity and vehemence of emotion and expression, but is entirely without the *consciousness* which is never absent from the theatrical element.

Children are always dramatic, but only theatrical when they become aware that they are objects of admiring attention; in which case the assuming and dissembling capacity of *acting* develops itself comically and sadly enough in them.

The Italians, nationally and individually, are dramatic; the French, on the contrary, theatrical; we English of the present day are neither the one nor the other, though our possession of the noblest dramatic literature in the world proves how deeply at one time our national character was imbued with elements which are now so latent as almost to be of doubtful existence; while on the other hand, our American progeny are, as a nation, devoid of the dramatic element, and have a considerable infusion of that which is theatrical, delighting, like the Athenians of old, in processions, shows, speeches, oratory, demonstrations, celebrations, and declarations, and such displays of public and private sentiment as would be repugnant to English taste and feeling; to which theatrical tendency, and the morbid love of excitement which is akin to it, I attribute the fact that Americans, both na-

tionally and individually, are capable of a certain sympathy with the French character, in which we are wanting.

The combination of the power of representing passion and emotion with that of imagining or conceiving it, that is, of the theatrical talent with the dramatic temperament, is essential to make a good actor; their combination in the highest possible degree alone makes a great one.

There is a specific comprehension of effect and the means of producing it which, in some persons, is a distinct capacity, and this forms what actors call the study of their profession; and in this, which is the alloy necessary to make theatrical that which is only dramatic, lies the heart of their mystery and the snare of their craft in more ways than one: and this, the actor's *business*, goes sometimes absolutely against the dramatic temperament, which is nevertheless essential to it.

Every day lessens the frequency of this specific combination among ourselves, for the dramatic temperament, always exceptional in England, is becoming daily more so under the various adverse influences of a state of civilization and society which fosters a genuine dislike to exhibitions of emotion, and a cynical disbelief in the reality of it, both necessarily repressing, first, its expression, and next, its existence. On the other hand, greater intellectual cultivation and a purer and more elevated taste are unfavorable to the existence of the true theatrical spirit; and English actors of the present day are of the public, by being "nothing if not critical," and are not of their craft, having literally ceased to know "what belongs to a frippery." They have lost for the most part alike the dramatic emotional temperament and the scenic science of mere effect, and our stage is and must be supplied, if supplied at all, by persons less sophisticated and less civilized. The plays brought out and revived at our theatres of late years bear doleful witness to this. We have in them archæology, ethnology, history, geography, botany (even to the curiosity of ascertaining the Danish wild-flowers that Ophelia might twist with her mad straws), and upholstery; every thing, in short, but acting, which it seems we can not have.

When Mrs. Siddons, in her spectacles and mob-cap, read *Macbeth* or *King John*, it was one of the grandest dramatic achievements that could be imagined, with the least possible admixture of the theatrical element; the representation of the *Duke's Motto*, with all its resources of scenic effect, is a striking and interesting theatrical entertainment, with hardly an admixture of that which is truly dramatic.

Garrick was, I suppose, the most perfect actor that our stage has ever produced, equaling in tragedy and comedy the greatest performers of both; but while his dramatic organization enabled him to represent with exquisite power and pathos the principal characters of Shakspeare's noblest plays, his theatrical taste induced him to garble, desecrate, and disfigure the masterpieces of which he was so fine an interpreter, in order to produce or enhance those peculiar effects which constitute the chief merit and principal attraction of all theatrical exhibitions.

Mrs. Siddons could lay no claim to versatility —it was not in her nature; she was without mobility of mind, countenance, or manner; and her dramatic organization was in that respect inferior to Garrick's; but out of a family of twenty-eight persons, all of whom made the stage their vocation, she alone pre-eminently combined the qualities requisite to make a great theatrical performer in the highest degree.

Another member of that family—a foreigner by birth, and endowed with the most powerful and vivid dramatic organization—possessed in so small a degree the faculty of the stage, that the parts which she represented successfully were few in number, and though among them there were some dramatic *creations* of extraordinary originality and beauty, she never rose to the highest rank in her profession, nor could claim in any sense the title of a great theatrical artist —This was my mother. And I suppose no member of that large histrionic family was endowed to the same degree with the natural dramatic temperament. The truth of her intonation, accent, and emphasis made her common speech as good as a play to hear (oh, how much better than some we *do* hear!), and whereas I have seen the Shakspeare of my father, and the Shakspeare and Milton of Mrs. Siddons, with every emphatic word underlined and accentuated, lest they should omit the right inflection in delivering the lines, my mother could no more have needed such notes whereby to speak *true* than she would a candle to have walked by at noonday. She was an incomparable critic; and though the intrepid sincerity of her nature made her strictures sometimes more accurate than acceptable, they were inestimable for the fine tact for truth, which made her instinctively reject in nature and art whatever sinned against it.

I do not know whether I shall be considered competent to pass a judgment on myself in this matter, but I think I am. Inheriting from my father a theatrical descent of two generations, and my mother's vivid and versatile organization, the stage itself, though it became from the force of circumstances my career, was—partly from my nature, and partly from my education —so repugnant to me, that I failed to accomplish any result at all worthy of my many advantages. I imagine I disappointed alike those who did and those who did not think me endowed with the talent of my family, and incurred, toward the very close of my theatrical career, the severe verdict from one of the masters of the stage of the present day, that I was "ignorant of the first rudiments of my profession."

In my father and mother I have had frequent opportunities of observing in most marked contrast the rapid intuitive perception of the dramatic instinct in an organization where it preponderated, and the laborious process of logical

argument by which the same result, on a given question, was reached by a mind of different constitution (my father's), and reached with much doubt and hesitation, caused by the very application of analytical reasoning. The slow mental process *might* with time have achieved a right result in all such cases; but the dramatic instinct, aided by a fine organization, was unerring; and this leads me to observe, that there is no reason whatever to expect that fine actors shall be necessarily profound commentators on the parts that they sustain most successfully, but rather the contrary.

I trust I shall not be found wanting in due respect for the greatness that is gone from us, if I say that Mrs. Siddons's analysis of the part of "Lady Macbeth" was to be found *alone* in her representation of it—of the magnificence of which the "essay" she has left upon the character gives not the faintest idea.

If that great actress had possessed the order of mind capable of conceiving and producing a philosophical analysis of any of the wonderful poetical creations which she so wonderfully embodied, she would surely never have been able to embody them as she did. For to whom are all things given? and to whom were ever given, in such abundant measure, consenting and harmonious endowments of mind and body for the peculiar labor of her life?

The dramatic faculty, as I have said, lies in a power of apprehension quicker than the disintegrating process of critical analysis, and when it is powerful, and the organization fine, as with Mrs. Siddons, perception rather than reflection reaches the aim proposed; and the persons endowed with this specific gift will hardly unite with it the mental qualifications of philosophers and metaphysicians; no better proof of which can be adduced than Mrs. Siddons herself, whose performances were, in the strict sense of the word, excellent, while the two treatises she has left upon the characters of "Queen Constance" and "Lady Macbeth"—two of her finest parts—are feeble and superficial. Kean, who possessed, beyond all actors whom I have seen, tragic inspiration, could very hardly, I should think, have given a satisfactory reason for any one of the great effects which he produced. Of Mdlle. Rachel, whose impersonations fulfilled to me the idea of perfect works of art of their kind, I heard, from one who knew her well, that her intellectual processes were limited to the consideration of the most purely mechanical part of her vocation; and Pasta, the great lyric tragedian, who, Mrs. Siddons said, was capable of giving her lessons, replied to the observation, "Vous avez dû beaucoup étudier l'antique," "Je l'ai beaucoup senti." The reflective and analytical quality has little to do with the complex process of acting, and is alike remote from what is dramatic and what is theatrical.

There is something anomalous in that which we call the dramatic art that has often arrested my attention and exercised my thoughts; the special gift and sole industry of so many of my kindred, and the only labor of my own life, it has been a subject of constant and curious speculation with me, combining as it does elements at once so congenial and so antagonistic to my nature.

Its most original process—that is, the conception of the character to be represented—is a mere reception of the creation of another mind; and its mechanical part—that is, the representation of the character thus apprehended—has no reference to the intrinsic, poetical, or dramatic merit of the original creation, but merely to the accuracy and power of the actor's perception of it; thus the character of "Lady Macbeth" is as majestic, awful, and poetical, whether it be worthily filled by its pre-eminent representative, Mrs. Siddons, or unworthily by the most incompetent of ignorant provincial tragedy queens.

This same dramatic art has neither fixed rules, specific principles, indispensable rudiments, nor fundamental laws; it has no basis in positive science, as music, painting, sculpture, and architecture have; and differs from them all, in that the mere appearance of spontaneity, which is an acknowledged assumption, is its chief merit. And yet—

> This younger of the sister arts,
> Where all their charms combine—

requires in its professors the imagination of the poet, the ear of the musician, the eye of the painter and sculptor, and over and above these, a faculty peculiar to itself, inasmuch as the actor personally fulfills and embodies his conception; his own voice is his cunningly modulated instrument; his own face the canvas whereon he portrays the various expressions of his passion; his own frame the mould in which he casts the images of beauty and majesty that fill his brain; and whereas the painter and sculptor may select, of all possible attitudes, occupations, and expressions, the most favorable to the beautiful effect they desire to produce, and fix, and bid it so remain fixed forever, the actor must live and move through a temporary existence of poetry and passion, and preserve throughout its duration that ideal grace and dignity, of which the canvas and the marble give but a silent and motionless image. And yet it is an art that requires no study worthy of the name: it creates nothing—it perpetuates nothing; to its professors, whose personal qualifications form half their merit, is justly given the meed of personal admiration, and the reward of contemporaneous popularity is well bestowed on those whose labor consists in exciting momentary emotion. Their most persevering and successful efforts can only benefit, by a passionate pleasure of at most a few years' duration, the play-going public of their own immediate day, and they are fitly recompensed with money and applause, to whom may not justly belong the rapture of creation, the glory of patient and protracted toil, and the love and honor of grateful posterity.

MEHETABEL ROGERS'S CRANBERRY SWAMP.

I.

"MAN proposes, God disposes;" so says an old proverb. Sometimes women propose.

Mehetabel Rogers proposed to go to Boston to-morrow. She had been there once before in her life—for Boston is a long ways off, and the old colony railroad runs only to Barnstable as yet; and Mehetabel Rogers lived below Chatham, on old Cape Cod.

Captain Rogers was light-house keeper at Nausett. There are three lights there to look after; they stand on a high bluff, at the foot of which washes the Atlantic, while back of it stretches a sandy plain, the greater part of which is yet "Congress land," which our Uncle Samuel does not find it easy to sell, even at a shilling an acre. Captain Rogers was a sailor, that you might see at the first glance. He was a ship captain, not a militia captain; that is to say, he had been a ship captain, now he was a shore captain, and his lights were his ship. It made little difference to him, so far as responsibility went, or work either; for though he had no longer a lee-shore to fear for himself, every easterly gale made him fidget at his lights, thinking of the poor fellows who might be warned off by their gleam; and for the rest, his observations, which were formerly taken at noon, were now made at midnight; where he would before have got a pull on the main-sheet, he now ordered a rub of the lantern-glasses; and if he had no dead-reckoning to work up, he yet kept a log—no light job to an old tar whose fingers are handier at a long splice or a timber hitch than at pot-hooks and hangers.

Captain Rogers was a man of regular habits—for you see, a light-house keeper is a responsible person. He is not like a Governor of a State, or member of the Cabinet, who has all night in, and has only to sign letters, and order things to be done, which are of no consequence when they are done. A light-house keeper must keep his lights bright, and if he should be a careless person, or a sleepy-head, or, perhaps, even a lover of strong drink, don't you see, some night a poor mariner, steering for his light in fullest confidence, would run his ship ashore, and perhaps lose his crew as well as his cargo. From which you will quickly gather that only the most trusty men in the State ought to be appointed light-house keepers, and a man who could not be elected hog-reeve in his town ought to be ashamed of himself for asking the Secretary of the Treasury—who knows no better, mere ignorant creetur!—to trust him with a light.

I advise you not to ask Captain Rogers if *he* could be elected hog-reeve. That is beside the matter.

"I wish you warn't goin' to Boston," said the Captain, for the twentieth time, on the evening of the day before Aunt Mehetable was to set out. She was packing up, and it made him nervous to see now one thing and then another, now a comb, and then a piece of molasses cake, and then a pair of stockings, slipped into the carpet-sack which was to accompany the good lady on her journey.

"Too late," said she, catching up a hymn-book, which her eye happened to light upon just then, and putting it into a handy pocket in the all-containing carpet sack, by way of light reading.

"Seems to break up every thing so," groaned Uncle Rogers. "I don't see what's the use of Boston."

"You ain't goin'," was the triumphant reply, as a shiny and well-preserved pair of shoes were hauled out of a corner and crammed into the bag.

Aunt Mehetabel was determined not to be vexed with the old man. She was going to Boston; she was sure of that, and why should she lose her temper? "Men is sich poor, helpless creeturs. Ef they don't hev every thin' jest so, they'm all upsot, 'nd no more use 'n a cod-hook without a bait."

"Now then, old man, there's the ile, and there's the wick, 'nd there's yer cloths for the lanterns, 'nd there's the gal, she knows how to cook 's well 's her marm. Now then, let's turn in, for you've got to drive me over to the stage soon 's you put out your lights in the mornin'."

The gal's name was Rachel, and she was pretty. There are a good many pretty girls on old Cape Cod; a Cape man once told me in confidence that in all his voyages he had not seen such women as they breed on the Cape, and I think he was right. Rachel was not only pretty; she could cook, as her mother said; she could iron a shirt, and wash it too; she knew how to clean the lantern-glasses—all except the last finishing touch, which the old Captain administered himself, with a cloth locked up in a separate locker.

Rachel was "hanging round the room," her mother said, "'s though she expected a feller." Poor child! her "feller" was in Boston, getting ready for a voyage to the Bank Querall after cod; and Rachel was "hangin' round" in hopes that she might, at the last moment, gain permission of her mother to go along in the stage to-morrow.

Aleck Nickerson was captain of the *Lucy Ann*, banker; and the *Lucy Ann* was getting her outfit in Boston for an early start to the Banks. Captain Aleck was determined to fish for "high line" out of Chatham; it was his first voyage as master, and he was what they call a "fishy man"—not a man given to incredible stories, but one who meant to fill his ship, or to "wet his salt," as they say.

He had selected a good crew, and his brother was his mate. Down in Chatham people said that the *Lucy Ann* was likely to come home with a good stint of fish.

It used to puzzle the gossips which of the two it was that Rachel Rogers favored, whether Aleck, or Mulford his brother. I am not sure that

she knew herself. Aleck had committed the indiscretion of almost offering himself to her; and her mother had been indiscreet enough to say once that Aleck Nickerson was a "likely feller," which makes me think that Mulford had the best chance just then. But the two were always together; and some people pretended to say that they went courting in common, and that either would have been satisfied with the other's success.

"Cape folks" are not cold-blooded, but they are careful. There is an old rule, never to dance with the mate if you can dance with the captain, which is sound enough, so far as I know. Some young women, who live by rule, follow this one among others, and I have known them to profit by its observance. In a cold country and a barren, where bread and butter is not over-plentiful, the captain's house has perhaps attractions which the mate's has not; and women, as every body knows, have to live a great deal indoors. But where promotion goes by merit the captain is apt to be the better man; and, so being, he has a right to the prettiest girl, which no pretty girl *I* ever knew would dispute. So that, perhaps, after all, Captain Aleck had the best chance.

Aunt Mehetabel arrived safely in Boston, and at once took charge of the *Lucy Ann's* cabin. She had a plan to talk over with Captain Aleck —a plan which had occurred to her during her last visit to Harwich. At this time the gradual failure of the fish, and the somewhat rapid increase of the population of the Cape, caused a good deal of uneasiness to the people of that thrifty region. All the young men and most of the old fellows are fishermen; the whole living of the Cape is taken from the ocean. Hitherto there had been abundance for all, according to their frugal expectations; but now the prospect grew dark. The great fish days off Chatham were no longer what they had been in former years. The fleet, which was formerly always "hauled up" before Thanksgiving-day, now cruised anxiously after the missing schools till far into December, and could not find them; and the Banks no longer furnished codfish in the wonted abundance. And yet every Cape boy is a born sailor and fisherman. They are a web-footed race; and, to add to the difficulty, a curiously home-loving race. Any other people would have emigrated. The California and Oregon coasts yield fish in such abundance as no Cape man ever even dreamed of, and to a sailor the world is open. But to these curious Cape men there is no place in the world so beautiful or so dear as their own flat, sandy, tide-washed waste, where the corn scarcely grows breast-high, and the sand is ankle-deep in the best cultivated garden. Once Uncle Shubal Robbins drove me out in his hay-wagon, and coming to a knoll a little higher and a little greener than the surrounding flats, the enthusiastic old fellow cried out, in great exultation, "Let us stop here and look around: far's you've traveled, *I* know you never saw so fine a piece of country as this!" Place him where you will—in the most fertile and beautiful part of the globe if you please—and the Cape Cod man will sigh wearily for his sand, his pine needles, and the moan of the ocean on his flat beach. That is in the nature of the creature, and you can not change it.

Given, then, that no one would move away; that all were bent on fishing; that, in fact, this was the only possible employment for the mass of the people, the single source of their prosperity; and finally that there were not fish for all the fishermen: and you will understand that the old folks began to fear a famine for the next generation, and to talk drearily of the fading glories of the Cape.

Just at this time an ingenious Yankee invented the cranberry culture, and saved the Cape. The cranberry is a fruit which grows best on swamp lands, which can be overflowed at will with fresh water. It is an amphibious berry, which dwindles and becomes diseased if deprived of an occasional soaking. It is a God-send therefore to a people living in the midst of fresh-water ponds, and a third of whose land lay in worthless swamp, dear at a dollar an acre, useless to all, and owned only because it was a part of the place.

Enoch Doane read about cranberry swamps in his agricultural paper, saw that the berries were in good demand in the Boston market, made a careful calculation overnight, and next morning rode out and bought a dozen acres of the worst looking swamp land in the neighborhood of Harwich. It took him a year to prepare a ten-acre lot. He had to cut drains, to build proper flood-gates, to clear the land of the rank growth of scrub oak which covered it, to cart away a foot deep of the sour top earth, to carry on new soil, to cover that with a layer of white beach sand, and lastly to set out his berries. He laid out three hundred dollars on each acre of his "patch," and the neighbors united to call him a fool. In three years he was a rich man, swamp lands were worth fifty dollars per acre, and the Cape was saved from starvation.

Now Aunt Mehetabel had heard of Enoch Doane's folly, which was in every body's mouth. She knew he was a shrewd old fellow; and one day she rode down to Harwich in the stage to inspect his operations. She came back next day in a fluster, and before she ate her dinner had selected the site for a cranberry patch of her own.

The question was, how to raise money enough to get a couple of acres under cultivation. The old light-house keeper had money in bank; but he plainly told his wife he meant to keep it there; if Enoch Doane was a fool he was not; every body knew that cranberries would presently be worth no more in Boston than beach plums; and then where would all the dollars be which silly people buried in swamps! Fortunately for Aunt Mehetabel the berry fever had not yet got so far down as Nausett, and she was able to buy her two acres of well selected but tangled swamp for little more than a song. Her own savings, from knitting socks, and entertaining

chance strangers, were sufficient for that. But how to get it into cultivation? How to clear it of that mass of scrub oak and rank stringy grass which now made it an impregnable fortress? How to pay for drains, and flood-gates, for the much digging, and carting, and hoeing, and planting, which must precede a crop? Captain Aleck Nickerson had a little money in bank, and from him, as one of her nearest neighbors and confidential friends, she resolved to get help. All winter she had done her best to infect him with her own enthusiasm; and now she had come to Boston to make a last effort with him.

"Ef I had jist five hundred dollars I'd hev the pesky swamp all cleared and sot out before you cum back with your first fare," said she.

"But I want to build my house, Aunt Mehetabel," replied the Captain.

"Ye ain't got nobody to put in it, Aleck."

"Never you mind about that," retorted the Captain with a smile; "how's Rachel?"

"Rachel's ready to wait," said she. "Besides, you haven't asked her."

"Wait till I come back, high line," said Aleck, smiling.

"By that time I can hev the patch clear 's the palm o' yer hand."

"You won't get yer money back in three year."

"But the first crop 'll build you two housen, Aleck."

"I don't want but one, old lady, and a pooty gal to live in it."

"You young fellers is always thinkin' 'bout pooty gals. I swan, ef I was a man I'd think o' somethin' else."

"Cranberries, Aunt Mehetabel?" queried Captain Aleck, who was lazy and inclined to tease, and besides owed a grudge to the old woman because she had left Rachel at home.

"Yes, cranberries," she replied; "cranberries is wuth ten dollars a berril, 'nd an acre 'll yield fifty berrils easy."

"And the worms 'll eet 'em before ye pick 'em," said Aleck.

"And yer wife 'll git cross 'nd ugly," said Aunt Mehetabel.

"And half crazy 'bout cranberry swamp," said Aleck, with an irrepressible chuckle, swinging himself suddenly from the transom, where he was lying, through the open skylight on deck.

"You'm a fool, Aleck Nickerson!" screamed the old woman after him. "O Lordy, what fools men be! Here, you boy, ye lazy hound, split some wood quick: here's ten o'clock, 'nd no dinner on the fire. See 'f I don't worry him into it!" she grumbled to herself, as she poured a mess of beans into the pot.

Captain Aleck "had more'n half a mind to do it," as he said to himself. But "better look twice before you jump once;" and he went into the hold and began to roll salt barrels and water barrels about, and help stow the ship for her voyage, "so's to kind o' settle down his idees." It is unnecessary to recount the farther strife between these two; the reader already knows, if he has a proper notion of what an ambitious middle-aged woman can do, if she once sets her heart upon a matter, that Aunt Mehetabel won the battle. The Captain was not averse to the speculation. He had five hundred dollars laid aside on interest; he had no doubt of the success of the enterprise. Cranberries were a "sure thing," as he well knew. The difficulty was here: he had determined to build himself a house that fall; the place was chosen and already bought; and he intended that while the house was building he would court Rachel Rogers, and when it was finished he would marry her and stay at home that winter, as he could easily afford to do if he had only moderate luck on the Banks. The prospect was an alluring one; like most of the enterprising young fellows on the Cape, he had been going "south"—that is to say, to the West Indies, or the Brazils, or Demerara, or Mobile, every winter, to make up the year's work; and the thought of staying at home, in a snug house of his own, all winter, with a pretty young wife, while other fellows were freezing their fingers and toes on the coast, or toiling among molasses hogsheads or cotton bales in the South, was one not lightly to be given up. But "you must keep on the right side of your mother-in-law—at least till you marry your wife," says an old Cape proverb; and Captain Aleck gave way, and made up his mind to go another, and perhaps another winter South, and build his house the grander when the cranberries came in. As he sailed out of the harbor Aunt Mehetabel stood on the dock, her precious bank bills tightly clutched in her hand.

"Remember us both to Rachel, Auntie," said Aleck, pointing toward his brother on the forecastle, "and don't lose the ribbon I sent her;" and so they sailed off for the Banks.

I would not like to have been one of the poor fellows whom Aunt Mehetabel employed to work on her cranberry patch. She looked after them sharply. She did not spare her own hands from the brush, and you may be sure no one else was spared. Even the old Captain was induced to devote his spare hours to the work, which went on rapidly, though slowly enough to the old woman's eager temper. She was determined to surprise Captain Aleck on his return; and before the end of July the whole two-acre lot was cleared and fenced, and a small part of it was already of that strange, unearthly white which surprises and disgusts one who sees for the first time a Cape Cod cranberry plantation.

The drains were neatly cut, the flood-gates securely built, and before the autumn frosts she hoped to have the whole ground in readiness for planting.

"Miss Rogers is a hard boss," grumbled the two men who cleared, and dug, and carted fresh earth on to this waste; but "Miss Rogers" was a general who led her troops, and looked very sharply after skulkers.

II.

Meantime while Rachel cooked, and washed, and ironed, and kept house like a well-trained Cape girl, the *Lucy Ann* was fast anchored on the Banks, and her brace of lovers were such unsightly objects, covered with fish gurry, clad in oil-skins, stamping about in huge sea-boots, and enveloped in barvil, and sou'wester, and awkward fish-mittens, that she would scarcely have recognized them. There are Sundays on fish-ground, when all hands shave, and wash, and clean-shirt themselves—if the weather happens to be fine, that is to say. But if it is rough, a pipe and an old novel and the warm bunk in the cabin are preferred; and the most that is done to renovate the outer man is to wash in warm water and wrap in clean rags the sore fingers which a good fish day produces.

Aleck Nickerson was commonly a lucky man; he struck fish if any body did. He lifted his anchors less often than most men; and he had a crew that could catch fish if any were within reach of their skillfully contrived baits. But this time his usual luck seemed to forsake him. He dropped his cod-lead in vain; "picking fishing," one fish in an hour, and small at that, was the best which fell in his way. Nothing is so disheartening as poor luck in fishing; men lose even their skill, as their confidence oozes out at their fingers' end; and it is only the most sagacious who have the wit to keep their temper, and saw their lines on the rail with the patience which is sure to win in the end.

One day Captain Aleck anchored and struck fish; but not in such abundance as he desired.

"I'll go down in the boat; lower away there, two or three of you," said he, at last. "I'll try 'em a little ways off; it's clear weather."

The day was almost cloudless, as fair and smooth as a calm June day off Sandy Hook. The boat was lowered, and Captain Aleck jumped into it with a bucket full of good baits and his codcraft, and pulled away about a mile off, where he had no sooner dropped his lead than he got a bite. The men on board watched him, greedily, for half an hour, sawing their own lines the while across the rail, when, suddenly, they too "struck a school," and in a moment every man was hauling in a twenty pounder. The Captain was forgotten in the excitement till the cook chanced to stick his head out of the companion-way, who cried out, "Why it's as thick as mush!"

So it was. The treacherous fog had settled down all at once, as it often does on the Banks; and where a short half hour ago all was clear as a bell, now you could not see the jib-boom end. "Where's the Skipper?" was the question, as all hands held up a moment and stared in each other's faces.

"Ring the bell, quick, some one!" said Mulford. "Skipper's all right, he'll be along soon's he hears the sound." Nevertheless, Mulford went forward himself, and with an iron belaying-pin beat lustily on the fluke of the spare anchor.

"Hold up a minute," he said, presently; "listen, every body!" The men stopped talking and bent their ears to the rail; but they heard no plashing of oars, no shout through the white darkness.

"Shout; sing out all together, now!" ordered Mulford. They "sung out" from full throats; then listened again, eagerly, for an answering cry, but none came.

"Ring the bell there, somebody, and ring loud," said Mulford; "he'll be here, directly."

"Somebody rung, and somebody beat the anchor, while another man climbed to the mast-head, to see if he could peer above the fog, and perhaps beyond it; but he came down shaking his head, and declaring that it was thicker up there than down on deck.

Mulford slipped down on the dolphin striker and stretched his head along the surface of the ocean, hoping to get a glimpse in that way, but in vain.

"Sh—sh!" said Uncle David Meeker, suddenly; "I heard a cry." In a moment all was still, and presently there came a wail; but it was from the mast-head, and was the lonely voice of a sea-bird welcoming the companionship of man in the thick fog.

"It's only a gull," said some one.

"Good God, this is dreadful! Shout again, men; sing out loud, every man. What would mother say if she was here?" muttered Mulford.

They shouted again and again; they rung the bell and beat the anchor; they listened as men listen on whose hearing depends the life of a shipmate.

"How did the boat bear?" asked the cook.

"Nor-northeast," was the reply. "Let's up anchor and look after him; maybe he laid to his line when the fog came up."

"Not yet," was Mulford's reply; "he might have drifted apast us, and then we'd be leaving him."

But now the wind began to sigh through the shrouds, and the little *Lucy Ann* began to roll with the swell which foretold an approaching gale. Her crew looked at each other with solemn faces. In such a fog, once miss the direction, once get out of ear-shot, and the chances are slim of ever finding your ship again.

They went to the windlass presently and hove out the anchor, set the mainsail and jib, and cruised about, making short tacks through the fog, and shouting and listening by turns. All hands remained on deck; the cook in vain cried out, "Sate ye, one half"—the customary call to dinner on a Cape fishing schooner; the dinner was put away untasted; the growing anxiety for their Captain kept every man at his post. The fog did not lift; it began to drive, thick and fast, as the northeast wind blew up; and presently the swash of the sea against the bows became so loud as to make any cry of a human voice inaudible. Then night came on, and at last, after running half a dozen miles dead to leeward, the anchor was let go, a double watch

set, and the remainder of the crew went below to their berths in silence.

And thus Captain Aleck was lost to the *Lucy Ann*. To lose a man at sea, and that man the Captain, the leader of the small band, casts a gloom over the whole voyage. Mulford was a capable fellow, he knew the fish-ground as well as his brother; and by a curious turn of luck, when the northeaster blew itself out, the cod seemed to seek the little vessel whose master was drifting no one knew whither or how. The men drew in their fish in silence; the wonted joke was omitted; and every body drew a sigh of relief when at last, in three weeks after the loss of Captain Aleck, the last barrel of salt was wet, the anchor was hove up for the last time, and all sail set to a fair wind for home.

And now came the most wretched days for Mulford. In the hurry of fishing, and the anxiety of caring for the vessel, his mind had been too fully occupied to leave space for thought about his brother. But now, with a fair wind to fill the sails, and no labor except to work up his reckoning, he began to think, for the first time, that he was to be the bearer of ill-news—and such ill-news. How should he tell the mother who was living quietly and happily at home, waiting in confidence for her son's return, proudly thinking of him as smartest and best among the young men on her "shore" or neighborhood? How should he go to Rachel alone—he who had never visited her except in company with Aleck?

And yet it was pleasant to think that now he might win Rachel for himself. He hated himself for the thought—and yet he thought it. You can not help thinking, that's the mischief of it; and in the midst of the most real sorrow this ugly ray of comfort obtruded itself till poor Mulford, half-distracted, wished the girl at the deuce, whose pretty face made him indulge in a thought which was mean, as he felt, and which had no proper place in his grieving heart. So long as Aleck lived Mulford had been content that Rachel should be his sister-in-law; it was not till now it occurred to him that she could be his own wife. Why not? and yet, why? Should he take advantage by his brother's death? Could he ever forgive himself the joy of such a wedding?

Mulford was not the first generous-hearted man tormented by such thoughts of unwelcome compensations for a great sorrow. And yet how unreasonable, said a voice in his heart. What is done is done; Aleck was lost: should he, for a punctilio, cast away what he felt would be a happiness for him? Should he give to some stranger that which Aleck would have most certainly preferred him to have, under the circumstances? Was he not his brother's heir? He would inherit his savings—why not also the wife of his heart?

III.

When Mehetabel Rogers heard the news she was "thrown all in a fluster," according to her own account. "What'll Miss Nickerson do?" she cried; "what'll Rachel say, poor gal? O Lordy, what'll become of the cranberry patch?"

This last question was the most important. She had given a summer to that barren swamp, and now it was a fair, smooth, chalky, ugly, but very promising plain, with ditches run through it, and water ready to cover it. She had spent the enormous sum of four hundred and fifty dollars upon it; and she was scared at the outlay, for whose return she and her partner would have so long to wait. She had thought with dread of the account she would have to give to Aleck—and now she must render this account to Mulford—or perhaps, worse yet, to strangers, executors, *lawyers!* men who were sure to understand nothing except that a frightful sum of money had been wasted, and no sign of profit appeared.

"Maybe Aleck was picked up!" she at last exclaimed, ran for her bonnet, and set off for the widow Nickerson's to communicate her hopeful doubt. The two old women hugged the sweet thought to their hearts, and watched daily for some news of the lost Captain. But no news came; the first fare men were all in and out again, and no tidings were heard; in Cape Ann no one had seen or heard of a missing boat; the second fare men got home and fitted out for a fall cruise after mackerel. At last it was time to give up Aleck for lost; no hope remained; and when the last banker was hauled up for the winter, Mrs. Nickerson put on black and gave up her boy for lost.

Rachel Rogers, too, was clad in mourning, but underneath the black stuff gown there beat a very contented little heart. So long as the two brothers came courting together she had had no heart in the courtship. While Aleck was near she would have surrendered to him, because he was the older of the two, and came with an air which was that of a man used to have his own way, and to be helped first. Besides he was nearest to that nest-building which, in Cape Cod life, as among the birds, precedes the wedding. But as Mulford and Rachel sat together, talking of the brother lost, she began to find her heart warming to the brother living; and their common sorrow opened the way to a common confidence of love.

When Aleck was given up Rachel was promised to Mulford; and, to Aunt Mehetabel's great satisfaction, the young fellow proved to have great faith in cranberries. He insisted that the plants should be set out that fall yet; and before the pond froze over the patch had been flooded. The work was done; and during the winter she rested and was thankful; not only thankful, indeed, but triumphant. She dragged the old captain down to see her work; she boasted in his ears of the bushels of crimson berries which should reward her labors and justify the outlay. She had scarcely patience to wait till spring.

The spring came; Mulford was off to the Banks in a new vessel; the swamp was drained,

and the cranberries were in bloom; when, one day, Captain Aleck Nickerson walked into his mother's house, sat down on a chair in the kitchen, and said, "How's all at home?" The poor mother thought at first she saw a ghost, but when she felt her boy's arms around her she fell away in a happy swoon. While Aleck was yet busy with her came in to these two—Rachel Rogers. She gave a little scream of terror when she saw her old lover, and, obeying the first impulse, ran out of the house. But presently she turned and came back. She could not leave Captain Aleck alone with his fainting mother; he needed help; and for the rest—she must see him at some time. But as she walked slowly back to the door, how her heart hardened toward the poor fellow within! "What business had *he* to come back?" she was saying to herself.

"Glad to see you've come back safe, Captain Nickerson," she said to Aleck as she stepped into the kitchen again.

"All right, Rachel," said he, looking up. "But first let's get the old woman to rights. I hope my droppin' in on her hain't killed her."

The poor old mother presently came to herself. She clung to her son, whom the deep had given up; but as she gathered her thoughts in order, and saw Rachel standing there, with stony face, her joy was distracted by the thought of the changes which a year had produced.

"We thought you were dead, boy," said she, fondly, smoothing his hair.

"You see I'm as live as any man of my size and weight," replied Aleck, shaking himself to prove that he was real flesh and blood.

"Go home, Rachel, and tell your mother," said she, dismissing the young girl, who turned and went out silently.

"What's the matter with Rachel?" asked Captain Aleck. "She don't seem glad to see me back."

"She thought you was lost, my son."

"And then?"

"She's promised to Mulford, my son," said the old woman, looking at him anxiously. "But oh, Aleck, I'm so happy! Don't mind her. Look at *me*. It was so weary without you, boy."

Captain Aleck sat himself down silently in a chair beside her. It was not such a coming home as he had looked forward to.

"Where's Mulford, mother?" he asked, after a while.

"He's got a new vessel, and he's gone to the Banks."

"Did he do well last year?"

"Yes, he was lucky. He made money. But he grieved for you, Aleck; it was a blow to him."

"And Rachel's promised to him?"

"Yes, boy. But what makes you sit there so solemn? Why don't you look to *me?* Don't you see *I'm* glad you've come home?"

Her old eyes filled with tears of longing love. Hard-featured she was, hard-handed, wrinkled, faded, with a harsh, cracked voice—now curiously soft and womanly. She looked at him as though she feared he would fly out of window; she studied the shadows flitting across his dark face as though her life depended upon his humor.

"Come, sit you down close by me," she said, as he began to walk about the room, and examine the walls and windows, and the dishes in the pantry. "I can't abear you out of my sight, Aleck. What's the use of botherin' about that gal. *I'm* your mother, that bore you, 'nd nussed you, 'nd kerried you round in my arms. *I* love you, Aleck; *I'm* glad you've come home. I've got more right to you than any gal on the Cape.

"Tell me how it was," said she, presently, curious to hear how he was saved from the death which must have been so near him, and ready, too, to divert his mind from poor Rachel.

The story was simple enough. He had been able to keep his little shallop afloat till, late at night, he saw suddenly the huge hull of a ship looming through the fog, and bearing straight down upon him. Unable to get out of her path, death seemed certain. But with a seaman's presence of mind he saw his opportunity; with a seaman's eye he measured the distance for a leap for life; and as the vast hull swept down upon his cockle-shell he jumped for her dolphin-striker, caught it, and was saved. Twice he was dipped in the ocean as the ship pitched her bows under in the sea-way. But at last he clambered to the bowsprit, and in on deck, where he had hard work to persuade the superstitious French crew not to throw him overboard, so scared and amazed were they at his appearance. The ship was a French Indiaman, carrying a cargo of fish to Pondicherry. The captain set him off upon a homeward-bound American ship in the Indian Ocean. And here he was, with nearly a twelvemonth lost out of his life, as he said.

"But you're saved to your old mother," said she.

"And Rachel Rogers is promised to Mulford?" said Captain Aleck.

"You mustn't think hard on her, Aleck; gals don't know much—and she thought you was gone."

"Was it so long to wait?" he asked, conscious that he would have waited twice a twelvemonth for her.

"Mehetabel was willin', and Rachel didn't know which she liked best of you two, Aleck. You always went courtin' in couples."

"It's not too late to go to the Banks yet," he said, thinking aloud. "I can go down to Provincetown to-morrow, and get a pinky for myself."

"Not so soon, Aleck; not so soon, boy; I want you a little while. I want to look at you, to see how you've growed."

"Lord a-massy! and so you've come back, Aleck Nickerson!" shouted Aunt Mehetabel, coming into the kitchen; "glad to see ye alive! The cranberries is all in: won't you come over and look at the swamp?"

"I'm goin' to Provincetown to-morrow to look up a vessel fit to go to the Banks," said Captain Aleck. "I dare say the cranberries 'll keep."

"But I can't; I've got my work to show you, and the swamp belongs to ye till you get your money back, Aleck."

"Never mind, Aunt Mehetabel, I don't want to build my house now."

"For why don't ye? Don't look grouty the first time I see ye; I'll be sorry about the money I owe ye."

Poor Aleck was sadly badgered with these women. He had expected to come home and find Miss Rachel receive him as a lover lost and found; he heard only about cranberry swamps. He had never thought about her except as his own, and yet he vexed himself with the thought that his own ill-luck, and not Rachel, was in fault; and that his ill-humor was neither manly, nor fair to her who caused it, or to his poor old mother, who was sad on his account when she ought to have been entirely happy.

"I'll send my old man over for you by-and-by, Aleck," said Aunt Mehetabel, feeling—the crafty old woman!—that she was not likely just yet to get a good word from him.

"I'm a mean fool to be puttin' on a sour face, mother, about this gal," said Aleck, looking up after she was gone. "It'll be all right when I see Mulford once. Better let me go off to-morrow. This 'll all wear off when I get on fish ground again."

He rode over to Provincetown in the stage next morning; found a little pink-sterned schooner laid up, which no one had thought worthy of another trip to the Banks; hauled her up, cleaned her bottom, painted it in two tides, picked up a crew, got his outfit, and in a week was on the way to the region of fogs and fish. Before he sailed he visited the lights, and to Aunt Mehetabel's great delight expressed his satisfaction at the condition of the cranberry patch. Also he met Miss Rachel, who held out her hand to him, like a girl who bears no grudge against a discarded lover—a piece of generosity which not many young women are capable of.

"I'm goin' to look up Mulford, Rachel; take care of yourself till I bring him home," he said. His heart was light once more; a week of hard work, and a foretaste of the Banks, had set his thoughts in order. "I felt mean to ye at first, Rachel," he said, as they walked out together toward the road; "but it wasn't your fault, gal. And Mulford's a good fellow as ever lived."

So he sailed away.

One day his little vessel lay, pitching like a mad bull, in a northeasterly gale, with all her cable out and a rag of storm-sail fluttering in the gale, while in the high stern sat Skipper Aleck, with two or three weather-beaten fishermen in sou'westers and oiled-clothes, watching the weather. The sea was too heavy to fish, and the fog was so thick that a good look-out was necessary.

"When it broke away a while ago I saw a vessel off yonder, to windward," said uncle David Meeker; "'t looked like Mulford's schooner, too. Hed jist sich a kink in her top-mast. But I couldn't see her but for a minute; maybe 't warn't."

"Anchored?" asked the Skipper.

"No; onder way. Dreffle work to be onder way sich weather."

"Too thick to bang about much," said Sylvie Baker. "I'd ruther lay to anchor than onder sail."

"We'll have to look out for that fellow, boys," said Aleck, cheerfully. "Hope he'll not foul our hawse."

"Guess he stood across, on the starboard tack; he's all clear before this."

"Whew! how it howls!" said uncle Sylvie Baker, as a squall burst fiercely over the little vessel, and for a moment bore her down, and held her and the sea almost still.

Just then the fog bank lifted a little, and the alert eyes of the little group peered curiously around, as the vessel rose on a great sea, in search of possible companions.

"By gracious! how wild it looks—hello! what's that?" shouted one, pointing directly to windward, where now only a great black mass of water was to be seen as the schooner sank with a receding billow. "That's a wreck, ef my old eyes is wuth any thing."

All hands watched eagerly. It was quite a minute before the vessel was thrown up on a sufficiently high sea to enable them to get a fair view. Then all cried, with one voice, "A wreck! a wreck!"

"Turn out there, boys!" cried Skipper Aleck down the companion-hatch; "this fellow 'll be down on top of us if he don't mind!"

The sleepers tumbled out of their warm berths, and crawled in to their oiled jackets and fish-boots as hurriedly as they could. It was unwelcome news which the Skipper had cried down the hatch, and some who were dressing themselves in the cabin were pale at the thought of it. Leave them alone, and they were safe, there, in the midst of the ocean, with a fierce northeaster blowing great guns, and the sea rolling mountains high—safe as though they had been sleeping with their wives at home. Let the wind howl; let the sea bellow, and hiss, and tumble their little cockle-shell about, as though it was bent now on dashing her on the sand a hundred fathoms down below, and again tossing her up to the pale full moon, of which they got a glimpse overhead once in a while. Their cable was new and strong; their little sharp-sterned craft was of a build to outride many a line-of-battle ship; only leave them alone, and these accustomed seamen ate their cold cut of beef and slept in their narrow berths as securely as any Wall Street banker in his Fifth Avenue mansion. But once slip the cable; once derange, in the middle of such a gale, the conditions on which their comfort and safety depended, and they knew that they would have such a struggle with the storm as not one but dreaded—such a battle

for life as none of them could be sure of winning in.

The vessel which was drifting down upon them was about two miles away when she was first seen. She was dismasted; her main-mast was a mere stump; her foremast was swept away flush with the deck. She was tossed about like a helpless chip, a bit of rag fluttering from the stump of the mainmast barely sufficing to keep her head to the wind. Captain Aleck and his crew watched her with eager and careful eyes. It was only at intervals they got a momentary glimpse of her. The sea ran so high that it was only when both vessels happened to be at the same time tossed upward, and when no intermediate mountain roller obstructed the sight, that they could see the helpless, dismasted craft.

"She's not anchored, Skipper," shouted David Meeker into Aleck's ear.

"No, she's drifting down on us," replied Aleck, looking nervously forward, where a few flakes of his stout hempen cable still lay faked neatly on the deck—too few to be of use in getting out of the way of the approaching vessel.

"We can't stick out any more; there ain't enough," shouted David, in answer to his Captain's glance.

"She's going to leeward like mad; looks 's though she'd fetch agin us, sure."

The discipline of a fishing vessel is not very strict. The men obey the captain, but they know as much as he does, and they do not always wait for orders. Every man aboard understood the necessities of the case perfectly, and it did not need Skipper Aleck's orders to set them to reefing the main-sail and foresail.

"Balance reef's the best, Skipper?" roared some one, making himself understood as well by signs.

Aleck nodded; and the sails were so reefed that only a small triangular piece of each would be exposed if it became necessary to raise them.

"Lash down the throat solid," shouted the Skipper. "Don't let any thing get adrift—look out!" as a great sea swept under the schooner, and lifted her for a moment nearly straight up. The cook's tin pans rattled drearily in the galley—a sound which those who have heard it in a great storm at sea never forget. It strikes the ears of seamen as a sign of the utmost violence of a gale.

The men at the sails were swung off their feet, and clung to the rigging with their hands till she settled down again. Those in the high stern used the moment when they were tossed high up to watch the fast-approaching wreck.

"She comes down on us awful fast," said Uncle David.

She was not more than half a mile away now. She had drifted a full mile in seven or eight minutes; the sea and wind were sweeping her along at the rate of not less than eight knots an hour. In less than five minutes more it would be decided whether Captain Aleck's little *Swallow* was safe or no.

"Go forward now with your axe, Uncle David; don't cut till I tell ye, old man; and stand clear when ye cut. Sylvie Baker, stand by the foresail and keep yer eye on me. Tell the boys to lash themselves fast. Drive half a dozen nails into this companion slide here; if we ship a sea it may wash it off else, and fill the cabin."

"She's not a dozen ship's lengths off now, Skipper," said Job Scudder, pointing with his finger at the schooner, on whose deck a few helpless mites could by this time be seen clinging to the bulwarks and motioning, as though dumbly entreating them for help. There was no longer any fog to obscure the vision. The blinding spoon-drift swept constantly across, impelled with such violence by the fury of the gale that it struck the face like needle-points or like sharp hail. The sea was white with foam, and the tops of the huge black mountain billows curled over in foam rifts, which broke with a hoarse, sullen roar, and were swept by or under the *Swallow* with a dull hiss, as of ten thousand venomous serpents eager for the lives of the poor crew. At such times the waves no longer appear of a sea-green; their vast masses, rolled up by the steady fury of the wind, are dark and gloomy, as though laden with ten thousand deaths; they have a resistless weight and momentum; they move with the same majestic grandeur which distinguishes and makes awful the great tide which rolls over the Canadian fall at Niagara. They break slowly, and the curling top of such a wave is instantly seized by the wind and dashed, in sheets of fiercely-driven drops, along the surface: this is called "spoon-drift."

As the dismasted hull swept down toward them, the crew of the little *Swallow* forgot for a moment their own peril, in watching eagerly the helpless creatures who were now so near that their faces could be seen. The wreck was almost directly ahead. "She'll drift athwart our cable, sure, and then we're gone," old David was saying to himself, while all held their breath in dread suspense. Just then, when their own fate seemed already sealed, a huge wave seized the hulk and carried her in one great bold sweep down past the *Swallow's* bow. As both vessels rose on the high crest of a sea they lay for a moment abreast, and not twenty yards apart, and the two crews scanned eagerly each other's faces.

"Good God! it's your brother Mulford, Skipper!" roared the cook, who stood at Captain Aleck's side, clinging to the same shroud, and pointing to a figure, with flying hair and sea-washed clothes, which was lashed to the quarter of the wreck.

Captain Aleck had seen him already; he stood, pale and silent, looking with scared eyes at the vision, which lasted but a moment. In the next the vessel was hidden by an intervening wave; but as she disappeared a cry of mortal terror came from her crew—a cry so sharp, so full of horror that it pierced through the roaring gale, and reached even to the ears of the *Swallow's* men. Well might they cry out, the hapless crew; for, with death clutching at them in

every wave, they saw suddenly before their eyes the apparition of one whom the seas had swallowed up a year ago, as they believed—they saw Captain Aleck Nickerson standing there, one risen from the dead, to call them to a fate like his own.

"They've gone down!" screamed David, who had worked his way aft again; he understood the cry they had heard as the last utterance of the drowning wretches.

"Not yet—there they drift," shouted Aleck, who had leaped upon the top of the main gaff, and held himself there by the throat halyards. "There they drift, poor fellows! We can't help them now; they're too far off." He comprehended well enough the meaning of the cry which had come from Mulford and his crew; he waved wildly with his arms toward the fast-disappearing hulk, eager to assure the poor fellows that he was no spirit summoning them to death; but his motions, if they saw them, were not calculated to reassure.

IV.

The gale blew itself out that night; and a sharp rain, which set in for some hours toward morning, cut down the sea so much that when the sun rose, bright and cheery, and the blue sky was once more seen, all hands were quickly called to weigh anchor and set sail in search of the wreck. Aleck buckled on his spy-glass and mounted to the main cross-trees, to look out. The wind blew lightly from the southward, and as they sailed slowly along half the crew gathered in the cross-trees and rigging, every eye scanning the horizon for some sign of the wreck. For many hours they saw nothing; but about two o'clock in the afternoon Captain Aleck, who had tasted no food yet that day, nor felt the need of any, in his anxiety for his brother, sung out sharply, "Look out on the starboard bow there; I think I see a spar or something floating."

"Keep her away a point," he ordered the helmsman presently, when he had viewed the object through his glass.

As they bore down upon it it proved to be a mast, but no live thing was attached to it.

"That belongs to some one else than Mulford. It warn't lost in this gale; see the barnacles on it," said one of the men before they came up to it.

"Haul her up again!" ordered Captain Aleck.

But presently they came to other signs of shipwreck—floating barrels, a bucket, part of a stoven boat; and at last, in the far distance, sharp-eyed David declared he saw a spar, with something like a flag waving.

"It's only the sea breaking over it," said the Skipper, nervously, not daring to gives his hopes an airing in words; yet he watched intently the piece of wreck which the *Swallow* was now sailing toward. Certainly there was something like a fluttering rag visible on it as it was lifted by the swell; and what was that black thing which clung to the spars? "I do believe there's a man on that wreck!" shouted Captain Aleck, suddenly, in some excitement. "Here, David, take a careful look with the glass."

"He's waving to us," said David, after some minutes. "It's a man; I see his arms waving; now I see him trying to stand up. He sees us plainly. He is on three spars lashed together. He keeps waving, poor creetur!" This much David reported in a monotonous voice, without removing his eye from the glass.

"Bring up the colors, some of you," ordered Aleck; "we'll let him know we see him, any how. Look sharp there! It's not comfortable waiting on that spar for a sign from us. Get the boat ready, down there!"

"Boat's all ready, Sir," was the reply.

"O Lordy, how slow we do go ahead!" fidgeted the Captain at the mast-head. "Seems to me we don't get any nearer at all. There, thank God! he sees the colors. Look, David, he's set down. Thank the Lord! he's comfortable now, poor fellow!"

"There's more wreck on the lee bow, Skipper!" sung out a man who was perched on the foremast-head. "By Godfrey, there's two men on that piece! I see 'em both. Seems to me one's dead; he don't move."

"Take hold there and launch that boat; I can't wait any longer," cried Aleck, swinging himself from the cross-trees, and sliding rapidly down on deck. "Get in here with me, Tom; it's only a quarter of a mile, and we can pull it easy."

"Keep an eye on the others, aloft there," he ordered, as they struck out from the *Swallow*. "First come first served: they'll have to wait."

The two oarsmen had no easy task before them. The sea was still high. The rain of last night had smoothed the tops of the billows; the sea no longer broke angrily; but there remained the long ground-swell, which takes always some days to subside. The little shell of a boat was not a very safe conveyance; but Skipper Aleck did not think of safety for himself. He and his companion tugged at their oars, now forcing the boat up the great mountain-side of a long wave, and presently propelled with a fearful rush into a deep pit of waters. The wind had nearly died out, and, slowly as they made headway, they progressed more rapidly than the *Swallow*, whose sails were half the time becalmed under the lee of the great seas.

"I'd give all I'll ever be worth ef that was Mulford Nickerson," said Captain Aleck, half to himself. "Pull, Tom Connor; do your best; I want to see the man's face."

It was a long pull; but at last they heard a faint shout, and, turning their heads the next time the boat rose on the swell, they saw the poor fellow whom they came to save.

"All right, my man!" shouted Aleck, in reply. "Look at his face, Tom Connor, and see ef you know him. I can't bear to look."

"It's not your brother, Skipper," reported Tom, in a few minutes. "It's Dan'el Twyer, of Barnstable."

The poor Skipper gave a groan, but pulled ahead. "We'll make *his* wife glad, any how, please God," said he. "Hold fast, Uncle Dan'el!" he shouted; "we'll get you safe aboard directly!"

With skillful management they got the boat alongside the floating spar for a moment, without knocking a hole in her bottom; and in that moment Daniel Twyer, summoning for the effort all the little strength he had left, leaped into the stern sheets, and sank down in a heap, with dazed eyes and a frightened look, asking, "Be *you* alive, Aleck Nickerson, or be you a sperrit?"

"He's more alive than you, you old fool!" answered Tom Connor, gruffly, ready to quarrel with the poor fellow, now that he had saved his life; "where's your Skipper?"

But Daniel Twyer was too weak to reply; the feeling that he was safe, that presently he would be on a ship's deck, overcame him, and he dropped insensible in the stern sheets, and was not aroused till Tom Connor had put a bowline under his arms, and he felt himself swung on board, and lying upon the deck of the *Swallow*.

"Keep her away for the other men!" shouted the Captain, as he leaped on board, and the boat was hauled in over the low rail of the schooner. "Now then, Dan'el Twyer, where's your Skipper?" he demanded.

"Mulford Nickerson and Zebah Snow were lashed to the main-hatchway when I saw 'em last."

The wind had freshened, and the *Swallow* was running down toward the two men rapidly. David Meeker sat in the cross-trees, with the glass, watching them, and waving his hat every few minutes, to reassure their hopes.

Presently he sung out, "'Pears to me one on 'em's Zebah Snow—"

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted Aleck, his anxious face at last lighted up with joy.

"T'other one's dead," added David.

"'Tain't so!" instantly shouted the Skipper in return. "'Tain't so; ef he was dead his weight wouldn't cumber the raft." And in a moment he had "shinned" to the cross-trees and held the glass to his own eye.

"'Tain't so, Uncle David," he repeated; "you don't know nothing 'bout it, old man. T'other one's Mulford Nickerson, and he ain't dead, by Godfrey, for—there! I saw him move!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "Get that boat ready to launch, down there on deck!"

Down he slid, and in a minute was once more afloat in the boat, pulling with eager strokes for the raft, which the *Swallow* dared not approach too nearly for fear of being flung on top of it by the sea.

"Who's that on the hatch with you, Snow?" he called out, as the boat neared the raft.

The man who had been declared dead tottered half to his feet, but fell again, crying out, "Is it you, Aleck Nickerson?" It was all he could say. The next minute Zebah Snow was jerked off the raft, and flung into the boat, and Captain Aleck stood in his place.

"Thank God, it's you, sure," said he, grasping Mulford's hands in both his; "but what's the matter?"

"My leg's broke in two places. And you're alive, dear old fellow! Thank God for that, any how. I don't care now. We thought it was your ghost when we drifted past you in the gale."

They got him on to the boat and into the *Swallow's* cabin as carefully as they could; and here his leg was dressed, and he was cared for as tenderly as rough but kind-hearted seamen knew how. They are a rude set, no doubt, the men of the sea, and have but little pity for the minor ails. They are merciless toward men with headaches, or nerves, or dyspepsia; they can not believe a man sick if he can walk or eat; but there is no tenderer nurse, no more thoughtful, skillful, long-suffering, self-denying attendant on a real and serious sick bed than the roughest old tar in the forecastle.

When Skipper Aleck had seen Mulford comfortably tucked away in his own berth, and had administered a cup of tea and such other nourishment to him as was fit and at hand, he went on deck and called his crew around him. Codfishermen are not paid wages; each man keeps account of his own fish, and receives their value when they are sold, less a certain share reserved for the owners of the vessel, and another smaller share which the Captain has for his conduct of the voyage. Aleck was determined to steer at once for home; but the *Swallow* was not more than half full of fish, and to make what is called a broken voyage would be a serious loss to men who had families to feed and clothe.

The seniors of the crew had already agreed upon their course, however; and when their Captain said, "Men, I want to take the *Swallow* home as fast as she can sail," David Meeker put the helm up, Tom Connor bent on the stay-sail, and with a ready "All right, Skipper!" the little craft was put upon her proper course with all sail set.

On the tenth day they sailed into Provincetown. It was a bright June day, and Mulford, who had been gradually sinking, lay upon the deck with his brother by him.

"Don't think hardly of poor Rachel," he said, for the hundredth time. "It was I that persuaded her; and God knows I was sorry for you, brother; but we all thought you dead."

"I'll dance at your wedding, dear old fellow, this winter," said Aleck.

"You'll bury me in the old grave-yard next to father," replied Mulford, solemnly; "and, Aleck, promise me that you'll take Rachel. She loves you now; she's a good gal; don't let me go, feelin' that I parted you two."

Aleck held the poor fellow's hot hands in his own. He did not suspect how near his brother was to death. There was not much pain in the broken leg now; but that was because mortification had set in. The fractured limb had been too badly wounded when it was jammed between two heavy floating spars, to afford hopes of recov-

ery, even had Mulford had more skillful treatment than the poor fishermen could give him. He died shortly after they had cast anchor; and poor Aleck, broken with grief, set out for home to carry the sad tidings to his mother.

It is a true story which I have told you; and the poor mother who sorrowed for two sons lost at sea, and yet thanked God for one of them saved, still lives with that one who now brought home his dead brother. The women of the Cape have need of stout hearts, for they do not know what moment their dearest are suffering the agony of death: they can not tell what minute shall make any one of them a widow or childless. I could show you a row of white houses in a little Cape village, in seven of which live the widows made by one great gale. It is not often the greedy sea gives up its dead; it is not always, alas! that of two sons one is saved; and when the widow Nickerson had heard all this sad tale it was not without proper cause she said, through her tears, "I've saved one, any how. Thank God, who took away, but who also gave me back you, my boy!"

She lives yet, this old woman, and is happy too; for is she not spoiling a white-haired grandson, who, at three years old, is impatient to be six, that he may be cook of his father's schooner?

Rachel and Aleck sorrowed together over Mulford's death. They are now man and wife. Captain Aleck had to "go away South" for a couple of winters to restore his broken fortunes; but with this and two good fish years he gained back more than he had lost. And one Thanksgiving afternoon he went over and asked Rachel if she would marry him.

The cranberry patch in these years had borne so abundantly that Aunt Mehetabel was regarded in her neighborhood as a woman of great capacity and good luck; and when Captain Aleck came to ask her and the old light-house keeper for their daughter, she said, "Rachel's been waitin' for ye, Aleck; she wouldn't hev none else but you—and this year's crop of berries 'll build you yer house."

"The worms 'll eat 'em before you pick 'em," said Aleck, remembering the old bout in the *Lucy Ann's* cabin.

"They'm all picked, and not a worm amongst 'em," she replied. "And ef it warn't for them cranberries you'd hev to go away this winter, little as you thought it, instead of sittin' comfortable in your own house. Tell ye what, boy, cranberry swamp's better'n goin' to the banks."

If the respectable reader will accept that last sentence as a moral to this true tale he is welcome to it.

PICKED UP.

I.—WHAT IT WAS.

YOU never picked up any thing? But Mr. Philip Arne did! Nothing so strange in that, you think. No; I have known many to be lucky in that way. Yet how many ever found what Philip found? But then he needed something to cheer him, something to amuse, when his slight arm grew tremulous wielding the magic bow; when the spirit of music within him seemed to faint and grow weary with its arduous struggle to burst its prison bars! Besides, in the wide world no kith or kin had he, no kind welcoming eyes ever met his, no eager hand waited for his clasp—he was so very much alone when he found this.

His days were spent in an attic chamber, though not happily, still almost cheerfully; his evenings he lent for a slender interest to the second violin of the orchestra of a second-rate theatre. When seated before the blazing footlights, with his bow capering, of its own will it seemed to him, across the strings, and the music vaulting itself over his bowed head, he was no longer the poor, striving, hungry, half-clad vagrant, but a sublime worshiper in a temple not made with hands, a soul feeding on the fruition of the future, a grand ideal soul, with an immortal hunger, though inheriting a kingdom clothed with the glory of a rainbow, whose arch scaled heaven and yet disdained not to touch the earth of humanity, a glad inspired wanderer through all the realms of light, and joy, and melody intense.

It was a damp, foggy night that he found himself in the half-deserted streets, scarcely roused from his visions, the glare of lamps still blinding him; the air was more than damp, it seemed to exude warm drops that fell like stealthy tears upon him and soaked his thin apparel. He had left the principal thoroughfares and was hastening through zigzag lanes and by-ways when the string of his violin-bag snapped, and the instrument would have splintered on the pavement but that his nimble hand broke the fall. "Ah, Ariel," he sighed, "that was a naughty freak of yours! Have you grown already tired of your limits and my company? Wait: I will yet give your voice to the uttermost parts of the earth, and make your memory fragrant. Who knows," he continued, while securing it from future mishaps—"who knows, my little Ariel, but that some future age will treasure you as the mouth-piece of my inspiration? Be patient, little one!" As he raised himself he paused and listened. Close beside towered an arched doorway, all its recess wrapped in densest shadow; it seemed to him that a little stir issued from this doorway; he bent forward, without perceiving any thing, then lifted the violin to his ear. "What! grumbling, Ariel?" he said, and as though Ariel indeed spoke a timid questioner broke the quiet:

"Speak to me?" For a moment it appeared to Philip Arne as if he had passed out from the actual world into that of fancy and faëry, into the beautifully fantastic world of the magicians; that his violin had become an entity, a living and voiced soul; then he found space and breath to interrogate it: "Who are you?" His voice had always the caressing softness of a June wind; just now it was as though Alcyone had spoken, but there was no reply. He grew impatient, per-

haps disappointed; in all his life nothing stranger than disappointment and distress had come to him. Here was, who could tell what? He repeated the question; the answer was ready now. "I don't know; will you—will you—hurt me?"

"Oh, a child! No, no, how could *I* hurt you? what are you doing here, out in the rain? Can't you get in? Is this your home?"

"I sleeps here," sighed the little flute.

"You mustn't do so; your mother will be angry. Did you run away? Shall I pull the knocker for you?"

"No. Do you know where my mother is?"

"Don't you?"

"No; she left me t'other day just round the corner there. I looks for her every day till dark, then I comes here and sleeps. Will you tell? The perlece doesn't catch me in this place." And the tiny voice retreated.

"Where did your mother go?" recommenced the questioner.

"To get us a hunk of bread. I wish she'd come soon, I'm *so* hungry."

"Has she been gone long?"

"Oh, how long!"

"Have you eaten nothing since?"

"Every day an old woman that keeps one of them stalls there gives me an apple, and I sings her a song; and sometimes she gives me a cake too; but that's when she's had a drop, you know."

"Come with me," he said; "I will give you both."

He held out his hand. In an instant she had sprung from the niche and clung to it. Two dark, starry eyes flashed up to him their sad appeal. Surprised to find her so small, he lifted and carried her in his arms. This was what Philip Arne picked up.

II.—WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

She might have been seven when this occurred.

"But now what shall I call you?" he asked, one day. "Lichen, because I found you growing on a stone? or Saint? for you were in a niche."

She chose Saint.

In the long, lonesome days, while he thrummed his scales and toiled through the pieces preparatory to rehearsals, she sat contentedly on her little stool, conning a pictured primer, and lilting the *a b abs* to the measure of his tunes; and when he left her for a few moments found her, upon his return, singing, in her baby way, bits of the old street ballads caught and kept. But when the requisite exercises had been gone through with, and he could resign himself to his own fancies to weave garlands of harmony, and intoxicate sense and sight with an elixir of delightsome thoughts; or when on the wings of Mendelssohn he sought heaven, or heard the foot-beats of the stars in the grand strains of Beethoven, or felt all love, and pathos, and infinite beauty throng from out the human spells of Mozart to enfold him, then he would find her pausing from her little tasks, drawing near his elbow, gazing into the sky, with large-eyed absorption, or plunged in tears, her head hidden among the pillows of her bed, not to be soothed by tenderness or wooed by reasons, till, through exhaustion, she fell asleep and woke smiling. He had added to his apartment a very dainty room, and called it Saint's. From out his miserable pittance he dressed her tastily and neatly, reserved for her the most delicate morsel of his table, bought her fruits and flowers at the stalls, instructed her in her lessons, and paid a trifle to a poor lodger who taught her needlework. Too young to be left alone evenings, he accustomed himself to carry her with him to the theatre, leave her, perhaps, in charge of some woman in the green-room, or she would nestle on a cushion and nod off into dreams. Whereas he had before thought first, upon waking, of his violin, he now thought of her. Poor Ariel! you are like to play second-fiddle indeed. He taught her to call him her brother Philip, and the children in the court, apt at abbreviations, called *her* Saint Ann.

At length the Fates let fall one significant night upon the earth for these two—youth and child. Having taken her with him as usual, he left her in the green-room with the children who were to sing in some part of the grand gala play. It was no novel or interesting thing to them, and one with a headache grumbled incessantly.

"Let me go and sing in your place," suggested Saint.

"Will you? Oh, but you don't know the part!"

"Can't you sing it to me?" persisted Saint.

"Pooh! I might as well sing to them as you."

"Won't the others sing it over a little? I shall catch it soon. I have some of it now. See!" and she trilled a bar or two; the others, glad of the excitement, crowding about her with corrections, interruptions, and additions—making a fascinating hurly-burly, while they dressed her in the stage-garb of the little shirk, and in the pell-mell and confusion made her entrée unobserved. It so happened that she had become somewhat familiar with the different parts, having listened with attention upon successive nights as the voices from the stage rung in upon her, waiting in the passage-way, or stealing up to the very entrances of the side-scenes; so that now, as the leader, beside herself with merriment at the success of her scheme, tripped, hesitated, and paused at the second bar of her solo, Saint caught it up, and drew it along, through all its airy and delicate meanderings, till at last her voice seemed to smite the clouds and die there in perfect ecstasy, as it were a lark's. Philip sat below in calm concern. At first the song seemed to mingle with his dream. He was at home in his garret, expressing a lovely image, and Saint's voice supplied a want he must otherwise have experienced: it spanned the actual and ideal; but soon the applause

aroused him. Then, glancing upward, he saw and heard without any keen surprise, only murmuring half-audibly, "Oh, it is Saint!" His neighbor believed that he called it saintly, and, not nice in discrimination, returned, "Exactly!" When all was over the manager waited upon Philip to engage Saint. He declined; she acquiesced. "Saint," he asked, "do you wish to go and sing for this gentleman?"

"No; I wish to sing to you only!"

From that night he gave her constant instructions, spared no pains, left often and often his musical devoirs to superintend her musical recitations. Alas, Ariel! thou first love. Is it no fable, then, this fate of first love? Still he grew; his genius pushed its plumed wings through all these engrossing labors; it found a thousand escapements, which proved its genuineness; at last it soared! His name was in every mouth, his skill the topic and enthusiasm of the day. He grew rich as well as great; he, the once poor, neglected violinist, became the fêted, the courted, the toasted, the every thing that was splendid of court or county. Those who only knew of the result could form little conception of the terrible means, the persistent labor, the continued sacrifice, the cramped necessities that all went to make up this grand sum total. Just as there has been since, a frenzy for Sontag or Lind in hats, capes, and fal-lals, so his name was invoked to add lustre to toy or trinket. Saint and he no longer inhabited a garret and drank bitter draughts from pewter cups, but a lovely suburban retreat made his Eden, a villa smothered in roses. Here, after having done his best for Saint, he brought her instructors from far and near; they modeled, they perfected her rare voice; they lingered needlessly in her rare presence. Philip perceived, without deeply considering; only a vague unrest tortured him, made his nights sleepless, left strange footsteps at his temples, scattered star-dust in his curls; people said his soul had worn thin his body that it might have clearer vision. In the mean while, he thought, Saint must go to Italy—the land where sound first awoke to the bliss of melody: it would ripen her voice, give a roundness, a lusciousness that it yet needed; not that it needed any thing to him; but Art, he knew, was no regarder of persons. He would go too, but some one must chaperon her: he was not her brother; he knew *that* gladly; by-and-by the world would know it too. Just now, why he could hardly say, he could not tell this heedless, selfish world. It would be so like losing foothold; after that why should he more than another regulate her steps; follow in her dazzling wake; be the nearest to her! No, there would be time enough and to spare, when she had been proved by variety of face and place, by the loud world's acclaim, when gorgeous opportunity had beckoned, and she had turned to him instead; but now, should he divulge it, present and future might both be shipwrecked in the mighty sea of possibilities. Direful thought!

You see what Philip Arne had done with this that he found? He had enshrined it within his heart!

III.—WHAT IT DID WITH HIM.

They went to Italy; they drank the draughts distilled from its sky, and earth, and sea; they wandered among the ghosts of the past, among the beautiful records of an ancient magnificence. It endowed him with its melancholy; but for Saint, her spirits rose and fell like the iridescent foam-bows of glancing waterfalls. Whether the blue wave at Naples coaxed them to wander idly on its threshold, or the long low moan of the Genoese waters chanted in their ears perpetual *miserere* for the drowned poet, or whether Venice, sad Venice, opened her palaces, and spread her sea with black torch-lit gondolas and singing gondoliers, before their eyes, it was still the same: a presaging sadness on the one hand, an unnatural joy on the other, surrounded the two —the unequal ebb and flow of that broad river, Inspiration, having its fountain-head in the limitless, unexplored sea of the Soul! In Italy she achieved her major of reputation; England and America have echoed only the dolorous minor thereof: they have never known the splendid ebullience of her song—only its regretful anguish. The enthusiasm of this Italian world built triumphal arches in her path, propelled her chariot with its energy, crowned her Empress of Song; and Philip saw all with proud dismay he too had attained—but to such emptiness! She had not turned to him; he could wait; still she looked for his counsel, was glad to have him always near, prattled to him as the summer sea prattles to the beach — that was something. But now it was her time to love, he thought; no longer a child, she might assemble the world at her feet, and choose; he would not stand in the way, nor obscure her sight; gratitude she might mistake for love, he must be generous and just. Poor fool! why not give yourself an equal chance?

At Florence, whither crowds followed them, change followed as well. This haughty young Englishman, with his nut-brown beauty, his keen, cruel eyes, his voice like a harp-sigh or a trumpet's call, what did he forever in their train? what did his rapturous glance seek? To Philip all woe and misery was comprised in the beam of those eyes; the smiles clustering about the perfect lips, a mirage of poisonous asps in myriad convolutions! Ah, but Saint and he were not so much alike as brother and sister! She felt differently all this, you may be sure, and came even to him for sympathy. How, alas! this bond of brotherhood fretted him! It had worn a deep gash in his heart, suddenly perceived and felt; had done its work insidiously and in silence. Blind and dumb, it had wrought no opposition. Should he loose the bond now the dreadful wound might gape still wider and more threateningly. Alas, Philip! and yet you would not have left her, shivering and hungry, in the old arched doorway.

"I listen to the crystal voice of your sister Saint for the first time to-morrow night, Signor," simpered the bland and widowed Countess Girondi, with one eye on Arthur Grattan, the handsome Englishman. The unconscious shaft shivered Philip. This eternal din of sister or brother perplexed him; the heavy odors, the blinding brilliancy, the color, the flash of eyes and jewels, in this Countess's saloon, made his brain giddy. He was out of himself, and answered, with dreamy boldness, "Signora, you mistake; she is not my sister." It was his thought that took voice; he knew not that he had spoken till the astonished faces reflected his words, as in so many magnifying mirrors. At dusk next day the Englishman desired a conference with Philip Arne. He spoke with all the disdainful assumption of his nation.

"Allow me to demand," said he, "the circumstances of your connection with this young lady, whom you have represented as your sister."

"Upon what ground?" as arrogantly questioned Philip.

"Upon that of a suitor who scorns to ally his ancient blood with disgrace!" This Grattan, who wore only a *form* like a god's, suspected Philip Arne, whose soul was panoplied with the purity of a very god! There was no escape. "Then you shall hear," said Philip, coldly calm. "Strange she had not told me of this," he murmured, dreamily: "true, I remember, she sent for me to-day, but I was too ill to go; all this day I have not seen her. It was well to have begun the test— Yes, you shall hear. She was such a tiny thing—the night was so chilly, and she lay in a doorway when I found and took her to my garret. I was poor then, Mr. Grattan, and only twenty. I have kept her ever since. Her mother had left her to find a bite of bread: she never returned. I called her my sister Saint, to shield her youth. . Nothing—"

"Enough!" interrupted Grattan, "your oaths are not worth an appoggiatura. I believe you are a parcel of knaves! I relinquish all claim to your beggar-girl. As for yourself, you may challenge if you please."

"I certainly shall not please."

As the Countess had said, Saint was to sing that night; when therefore Philip, sad, heart-aching Philip, went to conduct her she met him at the door, a whole heaven in her countenance —laughing eyes, smiling mouth, joy in every shifting expression. Does not joy or sorrow make us unobservant—veil us with rays? It seems to me that the calm unruffled hearts note faithfulest, see earliest the inverted sunshine, or the prophetic promise after storms of their neighbors' hearts, or else surely Saint had detected the subtle sadness of his demeanor. There was no time for words, he had delayed her so long in order to gain composure, she could only say to him, while assisting her to the carriage: "Naughty Philip, couldn't you have postponed your indisposition that I might have told you of my disposition? How little you know, Sir, what you've missed! Dear Philip! kind brother." "Dear little Saint," he said, shutting the carriage-door, "to-morrow."

Oh, Philip Arne, there is a long and bright to-morrow waiting for you! But he could not break her pretty bubble to-night, though the pretty thing had so balked him. The house was crowded, every square inch of space flaunted plumes and diamonds and glittering faces; as she appeared it was as though a bit of swan's-down had been blown before the foot-lights and oscillated there upon the blast of applause that it encountered—so petite, so exquisite, so shining, yet full of such magnificent power, all felt spelled, speechless, and awed, as though gazing upon a mirage—an unreality. Silence fell like a pall about them, till silvery sweet her song cleft it and soared into the empyrean of melody: now it rippled and toyed with careless grace, glided forward, returned—like a butterfly loth to leave the dear blossom it may never find again—pirouetted a second in mid-air, then floated in fullest, grandest resonance from sweetness to gladness, from gladness to an eternity of joy. Ladies held their breath, bent toward her, drawn by her electric wand; men of the world, who had squandered life and innocence without a sigh, heard the invitation of angelic choirs; "saw distant gates of Eden gleam;" felt, with the unbounded misery of the rich man tortured with a glimpse of Paradise, how miraculously beautiful was holiness. Well might they attune their souls to this spirituality of harmony, it was the last strain of Saint's they would ever hear till in heaven she joins the Jubilee! For, look you, fingers of flame are clutching at her garments—snatching, clambering, racing, they multiply around her, play with the ribbons of her hair, catch at the hangings of the stage, and wrap all in undistinguishable terror! She had seen them as they leaped from her feet and confronted her; paralyzed with fear, unable to cry out, she felt herself smothered in woolens and lifted away from Death and Destruction. And whispering, "I knew *you* would save me, Arthur!" she raised her head from its pillows only to behold the living love in the dead pallid face of Philip Arne—there, where he had fallen close beside her, half-resting on the same cushions!

Every one said he died from inhaling flame. And suppose he did, you know how it came about!

There stood long in Florence a stately mansion, sculptured and splendid, with gardens swathing it on every side save that where the river went singing by; if one in a boat floated lazily below it at every window they would see cherub faces clustering, hear laughter and song, and perhaps descry the scarred and disfigured phantom of that memorable night; Saint Ann, the children call her still, the mute cantatrice. And beyond, from the bosom of foliage and flowers, springs the white cross that marks Philip Arne's grave and breaks the sunshine into a thousand smiles!

For years Saint Ann taught children, poor homeless children, to sing; took them into her heart as Philip Arne had taken her, and, dying, divided her fortune among them. So now at lovely Florence they show you two small flower-grown graves and an old bewildered violin. This is Ariel!

FOUR DAYS AT GETTYSBURG.

A SUGGESTIVE scene was presented at Ascension Church, in Philadelphia, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1863. Two days before the great Battle of Gettysburg had been fought. The nation knew already that victory crowned our arms; but it stood yet on the tip-toe of expectation. As to the consequences of the rebel reverse suspense still prevailed. Hourly bulletins from the field announced the most terrible suffering among the wounded, and appeals for help—for nurses, surgeons, and stores—rung with painful pathos over the North. Thirty thousand men were lying on the field, helpless, dying, just as they fell. Ascension Church had acted upon this information. The hearts of its Christian men and women had been stirred by the sad appeal; and here, on this Sabbath morning, with the bells beating their morning psalms all around them, two hundred or more, nimble-handed women chiefly, were assembled, busily at work preparing supplies for the field. In place of a sermon the clergyman had brought a sewing-machine; instead of Sabbath-day finery each woman wore the more royal ornament of plain working-apparel. In every available niche a sewing-machine was shrined; even the pulpit-desk was removed, and a brood, noisy as so many canaries, clustered and chattered upon the platform. Here were some preparing lint; there were others cutting shirts, drawers, bandages; while in another place others were sizing rags—of all things on a battle-field most necessary and useful. Now and then young men staggered in under great burdens of material contributed at the houses in the vicinity, or poured into the treasury the gifts of friends and neighbors. The scene was a picture of war-time. Christian love and sympathy shone through it and over it like a benediction. There was a heart-beat in every click of the needle.

By the following noon, through the efforts of the women and young men, several tons of stores, including garments, delicacies, and medicines, with a large money collection, had been accumulated. With these a delegation of active workers was immediately dispatched to the field. It was my fortune to accompany these young men. It is the story of their experience, and something of my own, during Four Days at Gettysburg, that I propose to tell.

The journey to the scene of action was by no means without incident: bridges, railroads, every thing within rebel reach, had been destroyed; horses, wagons, and even cattle had been carried off, and travel was difficult. Now and then some dilapidated vehicle crept cautiously along the highway; occasionally a company of returning refugees crowded to join our little caravan; but otherwise the pulses of life seemed to have stopped their beating in all the smitten region. Even sleeping accommodations were scarcely to be had; as we neared our destination every house seemed to be stripped of the most ordinary conveniences.

We arrived at Gettysburg in a drizzling rain, on the evening of Friday, July 10, and, reporting at the head-quarters of the Christian Commission, were immediately assigned to duty at the Second Army Corps field-hospital, situated on a wooded slope on the Baltimore pike, some four miles from the town. The scene which presented itself as we proceeded toward our destination no words can depict. Every where the scars and rents of the conflict which had raged along these hills were painfully visible. Every field was an Aceldama. Every tree was scarred and torn, a chilly blight resting upon its summer crown of beauty. Almost every bush was a lair into which some one had crept for refuge, and found it in agonizing death. Far and near along the hills and in the stretches of lowlands tents stood out against the gathering shadows, revealing where the wounded and dying lay. Here and there great girdles of fire blazoned the slopes, telling of slaughtered animals slowly consuming. Broken caissons, knapsacks, canteens, and small-arms were strewn on every path. Fences were prostrate, and blood sprinkled every tuft of grass which the feet of the contending armies had not trampled down. The houses presented marks of the conflict. One, which was occupied as a hospital, revealed a gaping wound in the second story, where a cannon-ball had gone straight through, shattering as it went a mirror hanging on the wall, but leaving the frame without a blemish. What was yet more remarkable, the ball in its passage struck and shivered the head-board of a bed on which one of the occupants was lying, but had not brushed a hair from his forehead. Other buildings were riddled in a hundred places; and all, except those used for hospital purposes, were deserted, not a light flashing in the windows, not a child playing on the door-steps, not even a dog growling at the gate as we marched on toward our destination through the gathering night.

No part of the extended field presented more conspicuous evidences of the grand and terrific struggle than Round Top Hill. Here one of the fiercest engagements of Thursday was fought. The enemy had attacked our left and centre with strong columns. The left, held by Sykes, rested on Round Top; and against that position first, at four o'clock in the afternoon, an overwhelming column was precipitated. Sickles threw himself in the way of the advancing avalanche, but was steadily pushed back, until Sykes, seeing his peril, hurried to his help. But even thus reinforced, our force was scarcely able to foil the purpose of the enemy, which was to break our left and flank us. Steadily the ad-

vancing column pressed up to the very summit of Little Round Top, and the day seemed lost. But after a contest of two hours—in which the belligerents had fought desperately hand to hand, taking and retaking guns—the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, until then held in reserve, rushed with a shout upon the foe, driving them in confusion down the rocky sides of Little Round Top, across the valley below, and over the hill beyond into the woods whence they came, leaving us masters of the position. The bloody testimonies of that struggle were for weeks afterward offensively apparent. The slope was one horrid waste; far and near unburied corpses were lying for days afterward, scores of wounded rebels crouching among them unable to move. In some places bodies, caught in the thickets as they fell, were still hanging midway between the summit and the hill's foot, dense clouds of insects hovering over them. Broken guns, shells, cartridges, and fragments of rebel uniforms were scattered every where.

In front of the position held by Hancock in the fight of Friday a similar scene was presented. That position was assailed by the enemy in two massive lines, both of which, as they advanced, were shattered in pieces by our artillery and musketry; whole regiments disappearing before our canister as if blown away by the wind. The broken ranks of Lee never returned to the charge after that repulse. We needed but to look upon the field to understand why it was the battle was never renewed; no army could recover from such a blow.

It is said that Lee himself felt that his fate depended upon the result of the attack on this position. Before it had been ordered, he had reconnoitred the field from the college cupola, and had determined that the left centre, held by Hancock, was the weakest part of our lines. At every other point the battle had gone against him; here, therefore, he must strike and succeed, or his invasion would end in disaster. We were told that among the wounded who were picked up after the battle was a rebel officer, found lying directly in front of our defenses, who had on his person an order from Lee commanding him to carry the position if it cost him every man in his command.

The following morning our labors commenced in earnest. Stores had come up, and their distribution was a duty and a necessity. On all sides the wounded and sick were pleading for help. "Do carry me to a tent." "Must we lie here forever?" "I am *so* weak; can't you give me something to revive me?" "Please give me a drink of water." "I want something to eat." "O God! must I die here alone?" Such were the appeals which sounded in our ears. Especially were the rebels in need of attention. While Lee, in retreating, had left a detail of men and a number of surgeons to look after his wounded, the necessity of effort was so urgent and immediate that, had they been disposed, they could hardly care for a tenth part of those who were actually suffering. To the care of our enemies, therefore, we devoted our chief attention. Their condition was horrible. All were dirty, many were filthy, while some were almost absolutely naked, and crouched in their tents, as if ashamed to look into any human face. Almost the first sufferer we encountered was destitute of every article of clothing except a torn shirt; he lay huddled in a heap, striving, in obedience to an irrepressible instinct, to hide his shame and nakedness. Many others we found stretched upon the ground, silent and helpless, with only blankets flung over them. All lay upon the ground, with pools of water all around them, often with channels the rains had made flowing under them in the hollow of the soil.

It may as well be said here as elsewhere that much in this distressing condition of the rebel wounded was owing to the neglect and indifference of their own surgeons. Many of these surgeons seemed altogether destitute of those sensibilities which lend a softening influence to the rugged necessities and always forbidding duties of this important office. Some were almost brutal in their treatment of the men left to their care. Indeed, among all the officers and men whom the rebel commanders had intrusted with this work, we saw but a single one—a captain—who appeared to appreciate the gravity and importance of his office. Night and day, regardless of personal comfort, indifferent to every thing except the welfare of his suffering soldiers, he planned and worked, facing bravely all emergencies, overcoming all obstacles, and so commending himself to those about him that every face kindled at his coming, and all felt the influence of his high example.

In that part of the field to which we were assigned there was a barn, which had been taken as a hospital by the rebel surgeons. The building was broad and strong, but was rather slatternly than otherwise, and by no means, in the matter of cleanliness, what was desirable for hospital use. The rebel surgeons, however, every thing having been removed by the rebel cavalry upon their first appearance, had piled the ground-floor with their wounded, placing them so thickly that it was almost impossible for one to stir without communicating a shock to all. In the centre of the floor the surgeons planted a table for amputating purposes; and there, in full view of hundreds of enfeebled wretches, the process of cutting, and carving, and butchering (for it was nothing else) went on day after day. The scene, as we saw it on more than one occasion, was horrible. It was torture for the faint, disheartened wounded to lie, hour after hour, perfectly helpless, compulsory witnesses of the atrocities which these surgeons dignified by the name of "operations." During every minute of fifteen hours every day some sufferer was upon the table. Groans, shrieks, and curses constantly filled the air, the sound of the knife and crash of the saw blending continuously with the din of agony. Legs and arms falling from the table to the floor beneath were raked out in

armfuls, with every eye fixed on the spectacle, and carried away for burial.

One circumstance alone which fell under my personal observation will quite suffice, without elaborating further this unpleasant topic, the utter insensibility and want of feeling on the part of the rebel surgeons.

The day after our arrival the wife of a rebel officer, who was supposed to have been wounded, rode up to the place we have described, thinking that possibly she might there discover her husband. The groans and screams of agony which saluted her were quite sufficient to fill her mind with dread and sickening fear; but she was doomed to see in a worse form still the barbarous nature of the treatment which might possibly fall to the lot of the one she sought. Hardly had she stated to an officer the object of her visit, when a rebel surgeon, with a knife in his hand, leaving a victim on the table, came to the door, and in a loud voice directed one of the hospital detail to "fetch him a carving-knife," adding that he would like to have also a razor-strop, as his "instrument was getting dull." The scene was too much for the smitten woman. Covering her face, she urged the driver to his quickest pace, and, with the unutterable wail surging in her ears, was hurried away.

The effect upon the enemy of the kindly ministrations of the representatives of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, who thronged the field, in such marked contrast with the treatment of their own nurses, was most marked and palpable. At first many did not seem able to understand it; but when the fact dawned upon them their surprise knew no bounds. They had been taught to regard Northern men as savages; but they found that they had tender hearts, and carried blessings instead of curses in their palms, and for the most part they accepted the kindness frankly and thankfully in the spirit in which it was offered. Scores of men said to us daily, "We are disappointed in you Northern men; you are doing more for us than we deserve, and much as you are doing, we see that you would gladly do more if you could." In all my conversations I found only one man who was willing to admit that he had deliberately taken aim at a Union soldier; he confessed he had done so repeatedly, and avowed that he would do so again.

The Georgians uniformly declared, and our own soldiers confirmed the statement, that they never engaged in picket-firing; they held the practice to be little less than murder, and they could not stain their hands unnecessarily with blood. They added that in battle or out they only did what their officers commanded, which suggested the inference that it is most probably true there is much of the old leaven of Unionism still in Georgia.

It was touching to see how the suffering victims who had faced batteries vomiting death and slaughter melted and were subdued at the mention of home. In one of our rambles over the field we found a soldier who, although not apparently a severe sufferer, was anxious to rehearse his ills. The surgeon of our party, after some cursory examination of his wounds, remarked,

"You must have that limb examined, my good fellow; I will send for you to-morrow and have you brought up."

A look of unutterable longing came into the soldier's face. He knew the thought of the surgeon's mind; that examination meant amputation, and he exclaimed, half-savagely, but with a childish entreaty mellowing the defiance of his voice,

"I can't lose that leg—I can't, can't!"

"But why?" we said.

He paused a moment, and a startled look passed over his face, as if in a flash he had thought of his dear ones at home and their dependence upon him, and his possible inability to care for them in the future. Then he answered, haltingly,

"Because, because, Sir, I have use for it."

Yes, poor fellow, doubtless he *had* use for it. At home, possibly, there were little children clustering around a wan-faced, feeble mother—children with want and suffering written in the lines on their young faces, but with great depths of love in their hearts. They were thinking, maybe, this very hour of the father, upon whose knee they used to sit at twilight, and wondering when he would come again to bless them with his love.

There was another case that affected us not a little. A soldier from Georgia was brought to our hospital greatly prostrated from the loss of his left leg. We at once saw that his case was hopeless, and bestowed upon him the closest care possible under the circumstances. From the first his mind seemed full of images of home, and he talked of little else besides his relatives. "I have an old father at home," he would say, "and brothers and sisters; oh, if I could only go to them and sit in their midst once more!" Then his thoughts would seem to go back to the beginning of the war, and he would bemoan his folly in having entered the army, declaring, with despairing voice, that his heart had never been in the contest—that he would give years of his life if he could only go back again and be as he was before he took up arms.

"You can never know," he said, "what we have suffered in our army. We thought when we enlisted that the life of a soldier was full of charms—even those of us who volunteered purely in obedience to popular clamor and not from any principle, thought we should not after all be so very badly off; but we have all long ago found out our mistake."

As the time slipped on, and it became apparent that the poor fellow must die, all agreed that it was our duty to apprise him of his danger. So one evening, sitting down at his side, I said to him,

"William, you have often spoken of your

home and friends; if you have any thing to say to them, I think you had better write them as soon as you can."

He comprehended in a moment what I meant. For the first time the thought that he might die presented itself distinctly to his consciousness. He was young; he had a long way yet to walk, as he had dreamed, in life's pleasant paths; and now, right in the June of his years, death looked out from their bloom and pointed downward to the grave. In one moment all this and more seemed to flash through his mind; then he said,

"You mean, then, that I must die?"

I answered him that such was the opinion of the surgeon, adding that probably he could survive but a day or two at furthest. Then I asked him if he was ready to die.

"Oh no!" he cried, with a great sob, "I am not prepared to go. My mother taught me, long years ago, my duty to God; she died praying for me, but I have forgotten it all, and now I am to die and be shut forever from her presence."

I shall never forget the agony that throbbed in that last sentence. It was the cry of a smitten soul, yearning and feeling in the deep dark after God and heaven, and despairing of finding the boon it sought.

I told him life was still his, and it was not yet too late. Then prayer was offered, and the exhausted soldier lay for a time perfectly silent.

But after a while he roused himself and begged me to write what he should dictate. Then all the love in his heart poured forth. He told his father how he had suffered on the field; how he had been wounded and cared for by strangers and enemies; how he was dying with no hands but theirs to soothe and minister to him. Then he implored the father never to permit his younger brothers to go to the field, telling him they would but go to their death, and it would be in vain; victory could never be theirs. Then, when all else was said, he bade me write a word of farewell to each of the dear ones by name, concluding all with: "Father, brothers, sisters, I hope to meet you in heaven"—a sob lying between each word as he gave them to me to write.

The following day William was much worse, and it was clear he could not survive many hours. During all the morning, tightly clasping my hand in his as if afraid of losing a friend in that last hour, he talked of death and the judgment, weeping over his wayward life, sometimes giving way to paroxysms of despair. Toward noon, as he lay calm and silent for a moment, a lady visiting the tent came to his side and soothed him a while with her gentle speech, bidding him lay hold upon the Hand that carries the keys of the Celestial City. That womanly hand seemed to touch his deeper nature; and he wept as he had never done before, with a flash of joy shining through his tears. So the hours with muffled step passed on. The afternoon faded down the slopes and grew dim in the valleys, and the night crept up starless and grim. At last William Yeargan's hour was struck. Clasping my hand closely still, he whispered,

"Turn me over, please, and put me on my knees."

I did as he requested, holding him as best I could, so that the stump of his leg might not touch the ground. The movement must have pained him, but he seemed unconscious now of suffering. Half erect, leaning on my arms, he stretched out his own, spreading his palms heavenward, lifted his eyes with an inexpressible longing upward, as if he would appease, in one last absolute surrender, divine justice; and so, without a word, he died, his head falling on his breast, his hands dropping limp and prone, life going out as softly as a summer dream flits its wing over the sleep of a babe. Though dead the pressure of that hand lies still in my palm.

I clipped a lock of hair, as he had requested, from his pallid temples, wrote upon it the day and hour of his decease, and sent it with his small effects, by an officer of his regiment, to the friends he was never again to see.

I have said that the rebel wounded displayed the warmest appreciation of the efforts in their behalf. In most cases it was a pleasure to contribute to their comfort. One day, in walking over the field, we heard a weak, pitiful voice calling us to stop; we turned aside, and in a little hollow discovered an old man, with long white hair, lying upon his back with a sharp, splintered rail for his pillow.

"I have waited *so* long," he said, with an emphasis on the "so," as we bent over him, "for some one to come to my help; but all have seemed too busy to listen." Then, half-apologetically, he added, "It isn't much I want; only that you will get something soft to put under my head: this rail is *so* hard it has almost worn off my poor scalp."

Of course so little a service was most cheerfully performed. One of us, after a diligent search, obtained a quantity of old rags, and these we fashioned into a sort of pillow, and lifting his head, thrust the support beneath.

"Oh, that is paradise!" he said, and folding his hands and closing his eyes he was in a minute in a profound and peaceful slumber. Is it surprising that, as we walked away, we thought it was a royal ministry thus to be able to comfort and bless, at so little cost, the sufferings of brothers near to the River Crossing?

Another case, illustrating the gratitude of those to whom it was our fortune to minister, I can not forbear rehearsing here. Our ministrations, of course, did not consist merely in cleansing and binding up the wounds of the sufferers, or in providing them medicines and delicacies. It was our duty also to clothe them, where it was possible, in clean, sweet apparel, to furnish them hats, shoes, handkerchiefs, and whatever else was necessary to their comfort. Scores of men, who at home had never been considered "handy," found themselves at once capable and willing nurses, washing and robing, as tenderly as a sister's hand could do, the poor,

limp, grimy fellows, to whom a wash was as essential as powders or salves. The work was not in itself a pleasant one; many of those who fell into our hands were almost loathsomely dirty; one felt a desire often to get between them and the wind; and, probably, had we followed our inclinations, we should never have performed, in a single case, the process of ablution.

One day, falling in with a sprightly, pleasant fellow—a mere boy in years, but intelligent beyond the average, who had sustained an injury compelling quiet, but not in any sense dangerous—he entreated me to find him some clean under-clothing, saying he was sure his hurts would mend much more rapidly if he could be provided with such a change. His request was at once complied with; and a happier, more delighted being I never saw. Indeed, one found it almost impossible to comprehend how so small a thing should occasion such exuberant rejoicing as this poor boy exhibited over the acquisition of a simple pair of drawers and a shirt.

"Isn't that grand!" he exclaimed, again and again, as he smoothed the sleeve of his shirt; "it makes a fellow feel like a king." Then, as the sense of possession grew upon him, he insisted upon giving tangible form to his gratitude. "I have an old pipe," he said; "it is all I have; it has gone with me all through the campaign; won't you take it and keep it in proof that I am grateful for your kindness?"

I made light, of course, of my services, told him I had done nothing at all; that I didn't want to rob him of his comforter; but he insisted, absolutely entreated indeed, that I should accept his offering.

"We have been taught," he said, "to think of you Northern men as knaves and cheats, without any love or kindness in your souls; but I have found out it is all a lie; won't you let me show I am sincere? You think, some of you, that we are brutes; won't you let me show you we can, at any rate, appreciate kindness, and are not ashamed to own up when we find we are mistaken? Come, now, do take the little I have to give."

There was no getting away from importunity like this. I had in my pocket a meerschaum that had seen long service, and was about as worthless as the soldier's; so finally I consented to an exchange, which occasioned the young fellow renewed satisfaction, since now, as he said, he "would have something to remember me by." His pipe I have still; mine he put into his shoe on the spot, that being the safest place, he said, to carry it; and to-day, for all I know, at some rebel camp-fire or lonely picket-station he may be using it, seeing perhaps in its puffs of smoke pictures of that sultry July day at Gettysburg.

Upon parting with this light-hearted boy, who came from Columbia County, Georgia, one of the party, ascertaining that he was penniless, gave him a "greenback," the bare appearance of which, without regard to its value, seemed to excite the liveliest emotions. Turning the bill over again and again, and examining it closely in all its parts, he exclaimed, "Isn't it nice, though? And this is the money you have in these parts?" Then, with another look, "We never see any thing as handsome as that down our way. Our money is dirty and ragged, and sometimes the more you have of it the worse you are off."

In the treatment of the wounded no preference was given, so far as we observed, by any on the field, to our own soldiers. Possibly in the matter of shelter they were somewhat better provided than the enemy; but this was the fault entirely of the rebel surgeons, who had failed to avail themselves of the facilities at hand. The Federal wounded were for the most part placed in fly-tents, lying in rows of six on either side, where they were visited daily and their wants supplied. Generally the spirit of our men was much better than that of the rebels; they submitted more willingly and bravely to necessary operations, and often, in fact, made light of sufferings from which the Southrons seemed to shrink in dismay. Frequently we heard men say with the utmost nonchalance, when contemplating the loss of an arm or leg, "I'm going on the table to-morrow;" the sad necessity seeming to occasion no more fear or trouble than the possible prick of a pin to a child. The loyalty, too, of our wounded heroes was gloriously illustrated in their rejoicings, even in their sufferings, over the victory they had helped to achieve. One day a visitor was speaking of the horrors of the field in a tent occupied by some of our wounded. "It is awful," said he, "to see what slaughter has been wrought, and the misery that has followed." "Yes," said a legless hero, "it *is* awful, but then the *result* is glorious." And in a hundred instances the same noble spirit was exhibited.

There was probably a reason for this exuberance of feeling in many minds which the casual visitor would not have observed. With very many a deep religious sentiment, upon close investigation, was found to underlie the moral nature, dignifying and enriching it, making even the dark hours bright, and soothing the sharpest pangs. To a certain extent this was also true of the enemy; there were many among them who seemed to be hearty, genuine Christians. Frequently they would be found at prayer or humming hymns in a subdued, quiet way. One brawny fellow, who occupied a place on the floor of the barn already mentioned, sang for hours together, apparently wholly unconscious of what was passing right under his eyes, his strong, clear voice of praise piercing like a bugle-note, even the tumult of the shrieking sufferers who were piled like so many bullocks all around him.

It would be impossible, of course, to describe at length the character of the wounds we were called upon to examine. However valuable such a description might be to physiologists and men of science, the general reader would find no pleasure in perusing the horrible details. The

wounds were of every imaginable description, and upon all parts of the person. There were wounds in the head, the breast, the abdomen, the legs, the feet, the hands; there were wounds of the flesh merely, and others affecting the vital organism; in some cases legs and arms were shot away so closely to the socket that it was impossible to gather up the cords, and the hurts were necessarily cauterized or left to fester and eat away the life; in others, the face would be partly shot away, leaving, perhaps, only a single eye or row of teeth; while in others still, simply an ear, or finger, or part of the nose would be missing.

One case alone may be mentioned. In a little tent, as we pursued our investigations, we found a dead soldier lying on his face, his hands clenched, his eyes set, the earth all about him clotted with blood. Immediately in the centre of his back, just below the shoulders, was a ghastly wound made by a shell which had carried away a solid mass of flesh, and left exposed the vital parts. A rebel surgeon had attempted to dress the hurt by spreading over it a great batch of sticking plaster, but this had loosened, leaving the sore more ragged than before; the blood had poured out afresh, the agony had become too great to bear, and, with none to help, the poor sufferer had died by inches. In his agony he had clutched and loosened the earth as far as he could reach; and there, with his face fallen into the pit his own hands had made, he lay on the field where he had hoped, perhaps, to win distinction, and whence, it may be, he had expected to send news of victory.

Of course many of those whom we were called to nurse fell away and died, spite of all our care and watching. Often death came very suddenly, and, accustomed as we had become to look into its face, startled us by its unexpected presence. One evening we found a fair-faced young Virginian lying apart from the main hospital, who had received a ball through the knee. He was suffering terribly, and an examination of the wound showed that amputation ought not to be a moment delayed. He was carried to a tent and laid upon a table, the surgeons preparing meanwhile for the operation. Further examination, however, induced the belief that he was too greatly enfeebled to undergo the operation at that time, and it was accordingly determined to postpone it until the morrow. Placing a rude pillow under his head, and folding a blanket over his person, the poor fellow was left on the table to gather strength in repose, none of us doubting that he would rally and finally be restored. The next morning, expecting confidently to find him better and stronger, we called again at the tent, passed in, and lifted the blood-stained blanket—he was dead.

Nothing struck us more forcibly than the entire absence of animosity and ill-will between the soldiers of the two armies; the moment the battle was done the men came together as naturally and unconsciously as though they had never stood in hostile array, each seeking the destruction of the other. One instance of this nature came to our knowledge on the Gettysburg field. A wounded Federal soldier, narrating his experiences, told us that, during the terrible engagement of Friday, he was struck down by a ball on a part of the field over which the hostile lines swayed to and fro with varying success. As he fell our forces were gradually falling back, and the enemy pushing forward occupied the ground where he lay. Discovering him, several soldiers set to work immediately in providing him a shelter, erecting about him as he lay a barricade of stones several feet in height, and two or three feet in thickness. Presently, under a menace from our lines, the enemy withdrew from that part of the field, leaving the soldier and his hastily-constructed castle about midway between the opposing lines. A steady fire of musketry followed for an hour or more; but, notwithstanding his exposed position, the occupant of the half-way house escaped without another scratch. "The balls," he told us, "came with an incessant *pat*, *pat*, *pat*, against the stones, or whistled with a sharp cry almost continuously over my head. I felt every minute that the next would end my career; but after all, not a single bullet reached me, and I crept out, when the fight was over, with no other injury than I had sustained before the rebels put me under shelter." Outside of the barricade thus constructed hundreds of flattened bullets were afterward picked up, fully confirming the truth of the soldier's singular story.

It was no uncommon sight, as we made our daily rounds in different parts of the field, to see wounded men of both armies chatting pleasantly together, sometimes rehearsing—with a piquant forgetfulness of their peculiar relations, and as if members, indeed, of one family—the story of their achievements, one against the other, but scarcely ever directly discussing the merits of the grave controversy in which they were performing a leading part. Occasionally, also, on remote parts of the field, whence the more dangerously wounded had not yet been carried to the hospital, but were collected in groups, under such shelter as it was possible to furnish, rebels and loyalists were found lying side by side, apparently unconscious that any difference had ever put them in hostile columns. Those who insist that there is a radical antagonism between the masses of the South and of the North; who maintain that so violently have the passions of the two sections been excited that it will be impossible ever to allay the exasperation and bring the people into good fellowship again, will find nothing on a battle-field when the conflict has ceased, or in the camp when quiet reigns along the lines, to justify their vehemently-supported postulate. The truth is, this war has shown to the people of each section the exact character of the other; has especially discovered to the ignorant masses of the South the true moral qualities of the North, and a mutual respect has been thus produced, out of which, in the future, there will grow inevitably that ho-

mogeneity which constitutes one of the surest safeguards, as it is one of the main pillars of strength, of a nation.

One suspicion, which has been widely entertained at the North, found ample confirmation in the experience of all who mingled with the rebel wounded on this bloody field. The great central features of Federal policy were either grossly misinterpreted or altogether misunderstood by the common soldiers of the Southern army. In a majority of cases the latter was the fact. Thus many with whom we conversed, the Georgians especially, not a few of whom were men of some intelligence, denied utterly that the President had ever issued an admonitory proclamation prior to his decree of emancipation, giving all men in arms a period of ninety days in which to abandon their resistance to legitimate authority and escape the consequences which it was solemnly affirmed would follow a persistence in revolt. When convinced by the emphasis of our declarations and the testimony we produced that such an opportunity had been actually offered every man in rebellion, every listener stood amazed, and almost invariably the discussion terminated with an admission that the Southern journals were dumb on all matters of this nature, affording the people no information whatever beyond that furnished in exaggerated statements, designed to influence the popular mind and keep alive the popular spirit in the prosecution of hostilities.

Akin to this ignorance of the actual position of the North, and its real policy and objects in prosecuting the war, was the stupidity of the average rebel understanding as to the causes of the conflict, and the grounds on which it was commenced by the South. Among the rank and file the belief was almost universal that the rebellion was inherently a struggle against oppression, a combat for independence. When told that the North had never injured, had never assailed nor thought of assailing the rights of the South; that the existing Administration stood solemnly committed to the maintenance of every right of every citizen in every State, these men uniformly responded that they did not so understand it; that they had been educated to believe that the North was deliberately resolved to overturn Southern society, blot out its cherished institutions, and reduce its people to vassalage. When asked if their condition under "Confederate" rule had been made better than it was in the days of Federal domination, they uniformly replied in the negative; but they believed that when society should be stably established their condition would be improved, especially in all the elements of personal independence. If to this you replied that the whole current of Southern policy was in the direction of an absorption in a privileged aristocracy of all the rights of the common people, and that the success of the rebellion would strangle liberty at the South, they were staggered indeed, but they clearly could not comprehend what was involved in your declaration. With comparatively few exceptions, all the outright rebels with whom we conversed during those four days of horror seemed incapable of understanding any argument which contemplated the contest as the logical outgrowth of moral as well as political antagonisms in our national life.

A volume would not be sufficient to set forth in detail half the memorable incidents which fell under our observation during these memorable four days. Those which we have sketched in bare outline are but specimens of hundreds equally worthy of record.

This narrative of Four Days at Gettysburg would be incomplete did it omit to record the disinterested kindness and untiring devotion of the people of that borough during all the fiery trial to which they were subjected. This people, it is true, have been repeatedly accused of apathy and a stupid acquiescence in the perils of their position; some, indeed, have charged them with a want of consideration, if not of ordinary humanity, in view of the sufferings which surrounded them; but no charge was ever more unjust or more capable of refutation. The people of Gettysburg, weak and powerless as they were, a mere village community, without any means whatever of resisting an army which came perfectly equipped and appointed, nevertheless maintained from first to last a resolute if not defiant attitude, making no concessions, consenting to no compromises with the enemy who stood at their gates. Every rebel, as all who were captured uniformly admitted, felt that the population was intensely hostile; and in all their intercourse with the inhabitants the enemy acted upon this conviction. During two nights Ewell's corps occupied the very heart of the town, bivouacking in two of the principal streets, building their fires and devouring their rations at the very thresholds of the residents. During all this time conversation was freely carried on between the soldiery and the citizens, and the speech of the former bristled always with menaces and suspicions.

This fact also should always be remembered: The people of Gettysburg were practically prisoners from the moment that the rebel advance appeared on the outskirts on the morning of the 1st, until Lee withdrew his shattered columns on the night of the 3d. Shut within the rebel lines, they could only look on in silence while the battle flashed and thundered all around them. But as a community they did not cower nor shrink out of sight. Even the women, many after having been warned to leave, remained bravely in their houses. One of the most touching episodes of the invasion presents a direct illustration of this fact. Before the battle of Friday, and while our forces awaited assault, a woman named Wade was engaged in baking bread for our troops in a house situated directly in range of the guns of both armies. The rebels had repeatedly ordered her to quit the premises, but she had invariably refused to do so. At length the battle opened, and while still engaged in her patriotic work a ball pierced her loyal breast,

and she fell. Was not that genuine heroism? Curiously enough, almost at the same moment a rebel officer of high rank fell near the place where Mrs. Wade had perished. The rebels, obtaining the body of the officer, immediately constructed a rude coffin in which to inter him; but it is recorded, hardly was it finished, when, in the surging of the conflict, a Federal column occupied the ground. The woman's body, discovered by our troops, was at once placed in the coffin awaiting an occupant; and so, as witnesses love still to testify, finally was buried, amidst the tears of hundreds who knew the story of her valor.

As to the behavior of the people of Gettysburg *after* the battle hundreds of our wounded, and their friends who hurried to their help, will speak with eloquent tongues. Stripped as they were, their homes desolated, they opened their doors with generous hospitality to all who came; they flocked to the field, and gave themselves with assiduous zeal to the service of the wounded and the suffering; and many of them deprived themselves of the necessaries of life in order to relieve those who had been smitten at their doors.

To sum up all, our observation, and the confessions of men whom the presence of death made sincere, compelled these convictions, namely, that the rebellion was never the expression of the common people; that many who are serving under its flag in the army are there against their will; that even those who took up arms from choice did so under grave misapprehensions of their duty and the nature and objects of the struggle, and would now, if they could, leave the ranks; that all are losing heart, seeing that success is impossible, and even, if within their reach, would bring no advantage to the masses; and that the war has utterly disorganized Southern society, putting new thoughts into the minds and new impulses into the hearts of the people, setting to work new principles and influences, and sowing broadcast among the commonalty a distrust of the one central institution of Southern life, out of which inevitably, in the golden years to come, a harvest of blessings will blossom into life and beauty.

At Gettysburg a blow was struck which turned the tide of adverse fortune, saved the North from desolation, and lifted the people from the depths of despondency to new and serene heights of hope and duty. Let us not forget to commemorate the deeds of those who perished in achieving this sublime result. For the monument of Thermopylæ, in commemoration of the death of the brave three hundred who there nobly fell, Simonides wrote this epitaph: "Stranger! go and tell in Lacedemon that we fell here in defense of her laws." Shall we not be equally grateful, and tell to future time the story of that field in a monument on Cemetery Hill, with this simple inscription: "Pilgrim! go and proclaim at the Capitol and all abroad that we, soldiers of the Republic, fell here in defense of its laws, its liberties, and its life?"

OUR BRIDGET.

A CHEERFUL country city, boasting an antiquity of some two hundred years and more; substantial dwellings, where, if gas-jets blaze in the front drawing-rooms, vine-laden gardens make a pleasaunce with cherry-tree and pear and plum through all their acres in the rear; a broad river winding down toward snow-plumed breakers; a great champaign stretching out to hills and forests—from such materials we contrive to extract much of our happiness.

Sometimes a traveling theatre pitches its tent among us. Sometimes bands of the rarest musicians come and weave their meshes of harmony about us. Sometimes great emigrant-ships labor up the stream, and lying patched, stained, and blistered at the wharves, disgorge their burdens of trembling anticipation upon us.

From such a craft descended, one bright day, a little dumpling of a woman, whose head seemed to be crowned by a rank growth of manilla matting. Above this glory of her sex she tied on her bonnet in a determined way, so as not to lose it in the onset of her first grapple with the world, and stepped toward a group of middle-aged gentlemen, some one of whom might be able to direct her. She had the passport of an open countenance to every one's favor; a florid face chiefly adorned by a nose that had attained such an altitude as to present only two orifices, much resembling an entrance of Thames Tunnel seen through the wrong end of the glass, and perpendicular to a transverse slit that probably answered well enough all the purposes of a mouth. Nevertheless, this face wore two decorations worth the coveting—great wide brown-lashed blue eyes, out of which looked as honest a soul as ever lived, and, in the protruding mouth, teeth that went white and even in their rows as the seed-grain in an ear of rice-corn. Under her manilla mat, which she was fond of decking with bits of ribbon that seemed to cling there of their own accord, as if upon some electrified substance, her ears, like vase-handles, presented the perpetual temptation of lifting her by them off her feet. She was quite as broad as she was long, and altogether, as you see, no beauty.

With the understanding that the house she entered was to be her home, and that the manners of this country were liberal, she opened the door without warning, and smilingly appeared.

"Plaze 'm, I'm the one the jontlemin spake with," said she, dropping her bundle and a courtesy, and extending a crumpled "krakter" for my edification, after whose perusal, as my means of identifying and certifying Mrs. Darcy M'Guire, of Castle Clare, County T'p'rary, were obvious, there was nothing more to be said; and with these ceremonies the new-comer was straightway installed as "Our Bridget."

The kitchen hardly smiled the greeting it might have done from burnished pewter and sand-scoured wood, shining back at a glowing grate, and during the process of initiation some brief apology was made.

"Musha, m'am, jist say no more about it at all. Things mostly go quare whin a mistress is changing hands. Why 'm," said she, stopping some vigorous demonstration of setting to rights, and confronting me in an awfully sudden way, with her arms akimbo on her solid sides, "I staid and helped my misthress three days after I left!"

I abandoned Bridget to her own devices for dinner that day, and except that the pea-soup was like London fog, thick enough to be cut with a knife, and that the blanc-mange had been tasted for bonnyclabber and thrown away as a failure, things were very well. Such trifling innovations as uncooked oysters poured over the turkey and the dish garnished with their shells, as roasted onions served in their jackets, and the pickles brought on with the sweetmeats, were drawbacks soon amending themselves. For Bridget was both amenable and admiring. When she was summoned to remove the tray that evening, she stood a minute staring the Britannia tea-pots out of countenance. "Och 'm," said she then, with a long breath, "they look like they was just married!"

Whatever may have been the economy of Castle Clare—about whose mistress Bridget was never tired of expatiating, for she trailed her satins after her and had rings sparkling all over her beautiful white hands—"white as yours, m'am, and a dale whiter," said Bridget, upon sober second thought—whatever may have been the economy of the ruinous Castle Clare, it differed materially from mine, and for a few days I was obliged to follow Bridget closely. The fixtures had not been mounted in the kitchen, and, for better convenience, I had one night taken something about which I was instructing her under the hall lamp. When I finished I found Bridget, with clasped hands, gazing up at the blaze. "The Lord be praised, m'am!" said she; "I've seen no light like this in Castle Clare. It's a dale better nor noonday. And, m'am, I've not seen ye fill them since I've been here."

Explanation was a thankless task. She crossed herself in holy horror, and declared that Ould Nick and all his spalpeens was in it. And I never saw her light it, with what she considered to be the devilish machinery of a match, without muttering the while some brief exorcism.

When Bridget had been a week in my service I reassumed the duties of a modern matron, and became a transatlantic scribe once more, for she appeared before me armed with quill and foolscap, and was wishing to write a word to them at home in the old country.

"I'm sure I'm obleeged to ye, m'am," said Bridget, when I folded the letter. "And indade it's looking beautiful. Faith, I couldn't have don' it better meself!"

It was some six months after that that one day, when I was performing the same task for her, Bridget dictated a glowing account of her narrow escape from shipwreck in crossing the cruel seas, and waxed dolorously pathetic.

"Oh, 'm," said she, "'twas the tarriblest storm you ever seen! An' it lasted three days, and ivery blissed minute we thought all the time we should go to the bottom. And three physicians on board too!"

"But, Bridget," I replied, "why did you never write about this before?"

"Oh, m'am, I was afeard they'd be worried," said she, naïvely.

There must have been now and then, I fancy, yet other correspondence upon which Bridget did not require my attendance, and to that chiefly could I afterward attribute the anxious cloud that occasionally overspread her forehead.

From time to time in all these letters the girl sent home her whole earnings—so freely that at the end of the year, if she had depended on her own purse, her wardrobe would have been in as primitive a condition as when she first opened our door. But Bridget had her wits about her. Yet no one indeed could have done otherwise; the letters in return that came crying over the sea would have melted a stouter heart than hers. A very stone must needs have opened some vein of gold, some imbedded jewel, or have exuded a little sympathetic ooze of dew at least under such piteous appeals. So if Bridget sent five pounds to Michael, she must send five shillings to Katy, or she'd be slighted; and half a guinea to Mary Maloney, lest she'd be after thinking herself overlooked; and a crown to Driscoll, for wasn't he expecting that same of her?

"Arrah! an' indade, m'am, what else can I do? Don't they know I'm in the land where there's no hanging for staling? It's meself that'll not be laving them to prick the butthermilk out iv their teth, and I jist howlding up my apron to catch guineas wid!"

But Bridget had a way of her own in extracting honey from bitter herbs. Her ejaculations would sometimes lead you to suppose that she took a keen enjoyment in misery, either at first or second hand. When the kitchen overflowed and she was obliged to paddle round in a tub with broomsticks, she was heard to exclaim, piteously,

"Water enough for one house, the Lord be praised!"

And at another time, a friend's twins having died, after she had zealously given three nights out of the week to their bedsides,

"Well, 'm," said she, "we'll wake to-night. The childer's gone, thank God."

At length, one day, Bridget brought in a last document from the miserable Michael, her brother. A letter more full of horrible accounts and accumulated agony than all its predecessors put together. The wife was in a poor way, and had hurt her foot, and the young babby was dead. The mother had a stroke. Five children were down with the fever. The landlord was going to distrain. And as for himself, he had lately almost lost his place, twenty of the hands having been dismissed and only six retained; but, God be praised, he was one of the six.

We drew free breath at that, and I was about to close the sheet quite gayly, when Bridget said,

in a subdued way, "Sure there's more of it, m'am," and I saw a boding postscript on the fourth page.

"It's all up with us now, Biddy. Last night there was a fire to break your heart. The fahcthory burned to the very ground, every bench and tool as well, and throwed us all out of employment. I heared they was giving out free passes to Australia, and went to see could I get one, but I got my tramp for my pains, for it was all a mistake, and I got nothing at all. And now the Lord have mercy upon us!"

I paused a moment, utterly unable to offer any consolation for such multiplied misfortunes. Finally, "Bridget," I said, "it is abominable to write you such harrowing letters, and you among strangers in a strange land."

"Oh, m'am!" she cried, suddenly, with a burst of glad tears. "It's the best news I've had this many a long day!"

I looked up in amaze.

"Well," I said, in a minute or two, "if you can derive any comfort from such a letter as that, I should really like to hear it."

"Oh, 'm!" she replied, "I'm so thankful he couldn't get a ticket to Australia!"

Many a time afterward, in alluding to this, she would cry, "Praise the Lord! It's the best day's work he ever don'!"

Bridget was a creature of surprises, and though she served me faithfully for several years we were always on the alert for some new incident. So when one night I heard a voice ring through the house in wild exclamation, crying, "My soul to God! But I'm glad to see you!" my curiosity was lively enough after a half hour or so to send me upon an exploration. Noticing on my way that the little pantry door stood open, I stepped in to reach the handle and shut it, and found my feet wet almost to the tops of my slippers. For an instant I thought the house was all afloat. But directly, a sweet savor, a powerfully delicious odor, mounting all about me, together with a little tinkling sound at the other end of the place, betrayed the truth. Tinkle, tinkle, then silence. Bridget, the careful Bridget, had drawn some wine for her guest, a guest of note, and it must have been in great agitation and flurry of mind that she had left the barrel on tap. I had heard the last drop of our Madeira fall to the floor. However, there is nothing in this world worth scolding for, and stepping out I took my slippers in hand and opened the kitchen door to send Bridget for a dry chaussure.

Bridget sat at one side of the grate, her face redder than red roses, and smiling from ear to ear—there was always something nice and wholesome about her smile. Opposite her, at the other side, a man tilted back his chair, a flagon within reach, and from a long white pipe sent wreaths of smoke curling to the ceiling, on which his eyes were fixed. Bridget found her feet directly, gave a nod at me and another at him—winking, and blinking, and smoothing out her apron with a hundred quirks and grimaces. "Sure, 'm," said she, with proud pleasure, "it's Mr. O'Flaherty."

It was some time before I heard that Bridget had for many a year been Mrs. O'Flaherty.

But so it was; and not only that, but finding Teddy O'Flaherty an incorrigible scamp, who obliged her to go out to service for her own support, she had one day, in a fit of indignation, taken their little daughter and ran away to America—and been sorry for it ever since! Hither, with all possible dispatch—dispatch, however, being with him a labor of years—Teddy had followed, and upon sight of him Bridget's hard heart acknowledged that it had long ago relented; and she remembered, in spite of the years of proud silence, that she was still Mrs. O'Flaherty.

Having acknowledged her matronship Bridget thought fit, after a while, to go further; and blushingly brought before me one morning a spindling little damsel to be known as Miss Patsey O'Flaherty.

"Sure," she said, uncovering the child's head and smoothing down the thin hair with both her large, flat hands, while she colored and smiled in happy exultation—"sure the purty thing's name was Isidory, after my foine misthress, Mrs. Darcy M'Guire, of Castle Clare, m'am. But her father he won't hear till it, an' he jist calls her Patsey, after himself."

"I thought your husband's name was Teddy—Terence," said I.

"'Dade it is," answered Bridget; "but he'd a cousin Patsey."

Being alone that day I kept Patsey to dine with me. Any thing like the gratification of Bridget in waiting upon her daughter, seated at table with her mistress, it is impossible to describe. The way in which she hovered about her, tutored her fork and her spoon, catered for her, answered for her, and stood smiling, first upon her and then upon me, was a little drama in itself. At nightfall I wrapped the thin and tiny feet in new woolen stockings, warmed their owner with a little glass of sangaree, and sent Bridget and Patsey down the street to the house where Patsey boarded, in charge of the woman with whom Bridget had left her on board ship that first day of trial.

"She is very delicate," said I to Bridget, on her return. "I'm afraid she doesn't have the right kind of care."

"Och, m'am! an' she looks the very way I'd have her. She takes till it kindly. I'd be sorry, na bocklish, to be having any of your great red Paddy childer—bad luck to them! Bedad, niver a word of wild Irish 'll come out uv her lips, that I'll dare swear! Sure she looks swately, with her little white cheeks. Ye'd mistake her for a Yankee child any day!"

And since Bridget was so perfectly satisfied with blue veins and transparent skin, one would have been a wretch to foretell to her the future.

In the mean time Mr. Teddy O'Flaherty haunted the kitchen so closely that, out of all patience, I was obliged to restrict his visits to

certain days and hours. Correspondingly there developed in Bridget a great interest in outdoor exercise. Crack, crack, under the windows, went the axe every evening, as she made her kindlings in the yard; sometimes a long interval of silence, and then another feeble shower of cracks, to which one single crack by-and-by responded. I remonstrated with Bridget upon this unnecessary labor, but fruitlessly. "I dearly love to split wood, m'am!" was the invariable response. One night, however, when the blows came in an unusually fragmentary way, I lifted the curtain of the window commanding that view, and glanced out. There, in the moonlight, on a log, sat Mr. Teddy O'Flaherty, both elbows on his knees and his pipe in his mouth, while Bridget, leaning on her axe-handle, bent toward him and seemed never tired of the survey. Sitting on a log, with his elbows on his knees, seemed to be Mr. O'Flaherty's chief calling; and when, in the course of a few months, I found that he was still following it, to the absorption of all Bridget's wages and many of her tearful anxieties, I forbade him the house altogether. It was perhaps a severe step, but it seemed the only thing to be done. The consequence of it was that Teddy, in turn, took a desperate measure, came to Bridget with a hail of reproaches and recriminations, and informed her that he had enlisted. The war had but just broken out.

The blow was powerful, but Bridget never quailed; she told him 'twas the best thing he could do, to earn his country before he had it, and bore up like a Stoic; though many a time one could see that the heart was heavy within her for thinking of the bright rogue's face of her Teddy.

One great solace of Bridget's grief, however, proved to be the State pay. This little alleviation of twelve dollars a month she never failed to carry regularly to the bank; and she seemed better pleased on the whole with Teddy's conduct than in all their married life before he had ever given her reason to be. But after a few months this luminous region became sadly overshadowed. The letters that she had been accustomed to receive from the army suddenly failed her. She came into my sitting-room at every pause in her work, her red arms wrapped in her apron, and exhausted herself in conjectures, and worriments, and consolations.

"Musha, m'am, I know he's not kilt, for his rigiment's not been intil a battle yet," she would say. "Faith, though, an' he may be. Howly St. Pathrick save him! Sure Dennis M'Carthy, m'am, says he seen the gossoon in Philameyook wid his own eyes."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Faith, m'am," sob succeeding sob, "I jist belave he's desarted. Sorra one o' me knows. Och wirra wurra, an' he'll be shot! An' what'll become of his poor widdy and the child! Sure," said Bridget, with a gleam of comfort breaking in, "I'd call her Isidory then."

While she was still in this state of suspense, Bridget one day informed me that she was going to a ball on the next night. Glad of the change for her thoughts, and remembering her penchant for bright colors, I went among my finery and came down with some red ribbons and bows for her hair. As I presented them Bridget wheeled upon me in indignant wrath.

"'Troth and indade, m'am, an' what 'll ye be afther taking me for?" she cried. "D'ye think I'll be wearing red ribbons till my head, wid my husband in the war, and myself doesn't know, begorra, av the poor crayture's dead or alive?"

"I shouldn't think then, Bridget, that you would care to go to a ball under such circumstances," I ventured.

"And why not? 'Dade, why not?" she retorted. "But it's innocent devarshun any way. Lors 'm, if he's alive, he's having a good time somewhere, I'll warrant, and av he's dead he'll never know," said Bridget, shaking her head sorrowfully.

The days went on, and though Bridget inquired often enough at the Post-office if there were no letters from Terence O'Flaherty, and when they were expecting one, she always returned empty-handed. The plain inference was that Terence O'Flaherty was either dead or deserting. But then upon what grounds was the State pay continued? Bridget muddled her sorry brains over this late and early; and in fact it seemed to be the little bounty that occasioned her more solicitude than the possible event in relation to her husband If she should go and inquire of the agent what had become of Terence O'Flaherty, it might enter his head, seeing that Terence O'Flaherty was put an end to, to put an end to the pay. If she wrote to any of his company on the Potomac, there would be an investigation and the pay would certainly be suspended. But then the investigation might bring him to light, he might find forgiveness, all would be right, and she would draw the State pay again. In this vicious circle Bridget revolved some three months. At length one day she begged a week's absence, went off to New York, and, returning, brought the delinquent Teddy under her arm.

Here at this point Bridget came to a new decision, and told me she was "intinding to set up in housekaping." She drew her hoard from the bank, furnished her room, and was established. Somewhat under the rose, it is true, for she had a vague feeling that all was not safe with Teddy.

Meanwhile Mr. Teddy found himself in clover. Bridget took in washing and he took in whisky. So long as their original store lasted they reveled, while Bridget scrubbed the floor and Teddy cracked his jokes. Then all being gone, to prove himself a good provider, Teddy procured credit and seemed to think his duty done.

"'Twould puzzle a conjuror," said Bridget, one day, proudly, "the way he does it. There's the praties forenenst ye he's just brought in. They cost me a shilling the peck, sez he, an' av ye don't belave it I'll show ye the bar'l. Faix,

m'am, I'll go bail he's not seen the color of a rid cint this many's the day!"

There being an end to all things, there came one fine morning an end to Teddy's credit; and for a culminating joke, he re-enlisted under a larger bounty, and this time his letters were to be directed to Martin O'Flaherty. This was rather hazardous work, and so Teddy seemed to find it after brief experience. For in a little while a second desertion brought him under Bridget's lintel, his pockets in so dilapidated a condition that the bounty had leaked entirely through them. This breakneck game, however, must have had great allurements; for whether it was the gambling excitement of life and death; whether, like an old war-horse, Teddy, having snuffed the battle, must needs try his mettle anew, or whether the jollities hidden in the bounty enticed him the most effectually, Bridget, after a limited period, kept house alone again, and the army was enriched with one Murphy O'Flaherty whose wife drew the State pay.

There was now, owing to some unfortunate delay of marches and countermarches, re-enacted the little farce of no letters again; and Bridget grew thin as her own Patsey, and wore a face as crumpled with care as a cabbage-leaf. What added to it all was the necessity of the terrible silence imposed upon her. If she could have gone and rated clerk or commissary soundly, her surcharged heart would have been lightened of a load. As it was, she must put ashes on her head and her hand upon her mouth. But under the ashes the spark still smouldered. Bridget could not make a stir in the matter lest she brought a whole hornet's nest about the head of this treble deserter. Finally, worn to desperation, under her breath, she instituted some very cautious inquiries as to the whereabouts of one Murphy or Martin O'Flaherty; and the result was that Teddy, quicker than a cat, swam the river one dark night, took coach and car, and was welcomed by Bridget with tears.

Hereupon Teddy seemed to have established himself for a finality. He smoked, and chattered, and swaggered, and Bridget, for her part, was content to see him. He had brought with him a little money, and evening after evening found him dispensing it freely enough at the ale-house. To this Bridget at last demurred, and then decidedly objected. "He'd a right to spend his evenings at home," she declared, and followed up the assertion with stronger treatment.

One night, as Teddy went out, his wife took the broom and swept along behind his heels. "There goes Terence O'Flaherty," said she, "and, begorra, I hope I've seen the last of him." Toward midnight, however, Bridget relented, as usual, and, after hours of torment, by sunrise she was out and after him.

"Sure now, Teddy O'Flaherty," said she, entering the ale-house where Teddy sat, with the remnants of his last night's riot about him, and startling him with a heavy hand from a kind of slumber, "it's ye that has the right to be ashamed of yerself. Aisy now. Get up and come along home wid ye, alannah. Come now, Teddy b'y."

"Get out wid ye, ye fagot."

"Come now, Teddy. Sure I've a dish of tay to warm yer heart wid. And little Patsey at the windy—"

"Patsey go hang!"

"Sure ye'd not be maning it, the swate thing. Come now, Teddy, avick, come along home wid yer—"

Here a sudden blow felled Bridget to the floor. She picked herself up in slow amaze, but before a syllable could escape her lips the attack was followed by a volley.

"What the blazes 're ye doing here, ye rid-headed divil ye? Go along wid yerself. Tear an' ages, who towld you to be follering o' me? Who sint for ye? Is this the way you'd trate an owld vitrin? I'll tache ye how to sarve yer shupariors. Be jabbers, av iver I see the hide or hair o' ye again inside my doors I'll not be laving a whole bone in your skin; an'—av—you—say—peas, I'll do it now. By the rock of Cashel, divil a step 'll I go home along of ye! Take that! an' that! an' git out wid ye!" And the luckless Bridget precipitated herself from the door-stone, assisted by his violent foot, and incontinently put a safe distance between them. Then she turned and flung one terrible nod at him where he stood leaning against the jamb, with a sardonic laugh on his countenance distorted by victory.

"Rid-headed, is it?" said Bridget. "Varmint, is it? Be laving your house, is it? Ye bloody villain ye. Begorra, if I don't take ye at yer word may I never break bread! Bad scram to yer sowl, whin I cross yer threshold again may the blissid Virgin above drop her judgment-book on my head!" And with this climax of asseveration Bridget went down the street, turning now and then and tossing him another defiant nod.

For a few moments Teddy gazed after this divorced wife, radiant with his triumph. Second succeeded second. Then a soberer sense stole over him, and his smile first became silly, and afterward vanished into bewilderment. His wife was still within reach of the voice. Now or never.

"Biddy!" he feebly called.

That Biddy heard a backward toss gave evidence, but there was no answer.

"Biddy! Biddy, darlint!"

The tone was piteous. Biddy stayed her steps after one or two more, slowly turned, and, with folded arms, prepared to be appeased.

"Whisht now, Biddy, acushla, me own quane, haven't I always been a good husband till ye?"

"Troth an' ye have," said Bridget, after due cogitation.

"An' always given ye the bite and sup whin I had it?"

"It's thrue for ye."

"D'ye mind the time I fetched ye the stuff gown from the fair?"

"Ye did that."

"An' did I iver bate ye, barring I was in liquor?"

"Av coorse I can't be denying what you say."

"Come back, thin, darlint, come back to your own Teddy."

"God's will be done!" said Bridget, slowly retracing her steps. "An' how can I help it whin ye have such a winning way wid ye?"

So the pacified pair took their homeward way in the early morning to the dish of tea and the little pale face of Patsey.

Their quarrel having cleared the air like a good thunder-gust, and the reconciliation having been like a fresh courtship and marriage, the happy people again found nothing to check the swift flight of time. Bridget scrubbed and scoured; Teddy smoked his little dudeen, and lived on his wits and what his wife set before him. When these supplies fell short he assuaged his hunger with verses from the Ballad of Ballyporeen, as he sawed out the tune on an old cracked fiddle:

"Now mate being ready, Father Murphy said grace,
Smoking het was the dishes, and ager atche face,
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
And they elbowed, and jostled, and walloped away.
Rounds, shins, and fat sirloins did groan, Sir,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, Sir,
Demolished unto the bare bone
At the wedding of Ballyporeen.

"We had bacon and greens, but the turkey was spiled,
Praties dressed both ways, both roasted and biled,
Hot pudd'ns, red-herrings—the Praste got the snipe—
Kilkenny pies, dumplings, souse, cow-heels, and tripe.
And the whisky came pouring galore, Sir,
And we ate till we could eat no more, Sir,
O, Teddy M'Manus did roar
Till he bothered all Ballyporeen."

"Oh, murther! sorra a bit of good does it be doing at all," the singer would cry. "Sure it makes the mouth of me water that rate I can't sing."

"It's yourself that's singing like the nightingales."

"Arrah! tip me none o' yer blarney."

"An' ye think I do be coming the blarney over ye, Teddy, my own b'y, avick! I'd rather hear your voice than be afther having the best of the Quane's kitchen, that I would."

"Troth, thin, I'm sore to know it, for it's not long ye'll be hearing that same, Biddy darlint."

"What for shall I not? Where 'll ye be going? Keep your idle tongue betune your teth, mavourneen."

"O howly saints!" sighed Teddy, his head in his hands. "Ah, Biddy girl, I'm in throuble onst more. Sure it's the breath I breathe. I'd not be telling it ye, forbye ye'd know soon enough of yourself."

"An' what's up now?" cried Bridget, prepared to meet the coming fate.

"Sure they're afther thim as they calls desarters with a red-hot poker, bad luck and the divil's brard fut till them."

"And what's this they'll do wid 'em?"

"Divil a one o' me knows. Faix, I reckon they'll catch 'em first."

"O wurra, wurra!" began Bridget.

"Whisht now," said her husband; "sure ye needn't be singing my wail till I'm dead. More betoken, you'll be betraying my quarters."

Without a word Bridget tied on her bonnet and came up to me. It was when more leniency was shown in that branch of the service than at present, being but the beginning of the stringent measures occasioned by the misdeeds of such as Teddy. Bridget learned that if her husband should surrender at discretion he would escape merely with some light punishment. Having assured herself of this with ninefold certainty back she went, putting on for armor a certain old mask of imperturbability that nothing in heaven or earth was capable of moving.

"It's God's truth, Teddy," said she. "And what ye must do is just to go and give yerself up at onst."

"Give myself up, is it?" said Teddy. "I'll be baten to a blue mould first."

"Ye'll go an' give yerself up this night, Teddy O'Flaherty!"

"'Dade, thin, I wont. So howld yer noisy tongue."

"It's no use your blathering about that gait. Ye've got to start, or I'll call in the p'lice," said Bridget, tucking up her sleeves.

"Ye'll turn me out o' doors, will you?" replied Teddy, with a dignified and lofty sense of injury. "Well, I can go."

"I'll tell ye what I'll do; an' it 'll not be asy for ye. Av ye don't go an' make your peace this night I'll inform agin ye so sure's my name is—"

"Ye're an unnatural wife, an' that's what ye are!"

"I'm not. I'll lave it out to any twelve—"

"Ye're jist that same. Ye grudge me the bit betwixt my teeth. 'Twas yerself that took the child and rin away to Ameriky, and left me to shift for meself."

"God knows she was starving."

"Faix, I'd not be afther blaming ye when ye could have the rin of a house where they kilt a fat shape ivery day an' had two plates uv butther on the table. But ye might have sint me the manes to foller ye. There's wives has done it!"

"Sure, Teddy, alannah, ye know ye're always welcome here dead or alive."

"More one nor the other," said Teddy, grimly.

But all this was a side issue, with which, however, Bridget was not to be diverted from the main point.

"Musha, man, d'ye suppose it's sitting alone here I want to be with the long winter and worse forenent me? By the holy poker, it's for your own good I'm spaking, an' it breaks the heart to me. Oh, the Lord be praised, but I'm kilt intirely. Will I see ye shot before my own eyes? Oh, mother of God! what's this I'm saying? Get up wid ye, Teddy O'Flaherty! Clear out wid ye! There's sixteen dollars, an' it's ivery blessed cint I've got in the world. Av

it was more ye should have it. Take it and go till the murthering craythures, as the law directs. O whillehu, little did I iver think—Begorra, man, is't stirring ye are? Up wid ye! Off wid ye! Good luck to ye, Teddy dear. The blessing of— O wirra, wurra!" And here, as Teddy shuffled away, Bridget broke down thoroughly.

But alas for the faithless Teddy! Honesty was not his policy. His strength of mind vanished before the terrors of the place of surrender, and taking his sixteen dollars he quietly absconded, and bestowed himself away at work in a distant city. Nevertheless the law has long arms, and one twilight, when Teddy returned from labor, his pick across his shoulder, an authoritative hand was laid upon his back, and he found himself a prisoner. Three months of guard-house and ball and chain brought him at last to reason, and he was sent out to join in the active operations, and was welcomed with appropriate rites by the pristine regiment of his affections.

At this point great doubts beset Bridget. What now if Teddy should be killed on picket duty—in how much would she be responsible for the murder? And what did I think of Patsey's looks? Sure you could see the sunshine through her. One consolation, however, to be found by her in the midst of these lugubrious reflections was that, if she should lose them both, her only blessings, they would yet be companions for each other across the dark river.

"But, O m'am!" she would cry, "'twould be but a dead waste. Sure he'd be in heaven, and have God and the howly angels for to look at. Whiles as for me, I've only my wash-tub, till, work being over, I can sit me down one side of the stove wid her purty face forenenst me, and satisfy my sowl wid gazing till I can't see it for the tears."

I comforted Bridget as I was able, and had Patsey come up to our house every day for a good dinner, and sent her down a little rocking-chair for the evenings. And so, with her earliest equipment of three chairs and a bed, Bridget managed the tiny household of herself and Patsey and Patsey's pussies, both of whom seemed sadly out of place, one of the grimalkins being a silver-gray thing with white-shod velvet feet and snowy breast, and great emerald eyes sparkling now and then in a human face, lying be-bowed with scarlet ribbons, a little puffy ball of slumber from dawn till dark; the other a stately, black-striped Marquis of Carabbas, looking much as if he were carved from an agate, and sleeplessly prowling about the house all day in a melancholy state of intelligent dissatisfaction.

"Sure 'm, his drames is so haunted by the rats and mice that he can't sleep at all at all," said Bridget of this *rôdeur*.

Early every morning Bridget rose now, and prepared a breakfast for her brother, the miserable Michael, who had at last found his way over—no longer the miserable, but a childless widower, prosperously playing the part of a gay Lothario. That done, she made a sick lodger in the same house comfortable for the day, then went out to her washing. Returning in the afternoon, again she attended to the wants of the invalid, and sat down at last, an hour or so before dark, to her clumsy sewing on the little slips of pink calico which were her comfort and her hope. For the spring will drop its blossom on Bridget's heart, and fill the sorrow of Patsey's place with a little joy of its own. There, in the warm Indian Summer afternoon, as she sat, one time doing some coarse embroidery on flannel, with a great spool of purse silk on the sill of the open window beside her, a little negligent leaf-cutting bee, that, prodigal, had squandered all its summer, came to make her a confidence. Bearing nicely-cut fragment after fragment of the rose-leaves, it lined with them a nest in the depths of the hollow spool, brought its drop of honey, laid therein its tiny egg, sealed the orifice—all under that watchful brown-lashed blue eye—and flew away: one little mother trusting to another. Bridget told the secret to Patsey, and the spool was put warmly apart to abide the breaking of the seal. So the year went slipping down its thread. The last time in its lapse that Bridget came to see me she was garrulous over the bridal presents of an acquaintance, to which her brother had just added a looking-glass costing the whole of eight dollars.

"I think it would have been much more to Michael's credit if he had expended it for you, Bridget," said I; "you, with only three chairs and a bed."

"Praise the Lord, m'am! ye wouldn't have him be doing less, an' he going to stan' up wid her!" exclaimed Bridget. "An' sure I've a clock now, a rale Connecticut clock, ye must be coming down to see it. 'Twas a bit troublesome at first, but it's kaping illegant time now. It's a sight of company: tick, tick, it makes its little spache, and it answers your word before iver ye've had time to shape the thought. It's a dale of company. I'd as lief have it as a body sitting beside me; for it can't contradict a word that's said, and is always afther agreeing with me, more betoken?"

"How do you think Patsey is?" I inquired at the end of this rhapsody.

"The Docthor thinks she'll win through, m'am. She had a foine color on to-day, but she's a bit of a cold and cough just now. He's giving her the iron bullets to straighten her like. She'll carry the basket on her head, the by, as av she'd swallowed the whole of a bayonet in thim. The Docthor's a powerful larned man, and he's that fond of her—he met her at the crossing, and rapped her over the head with his cane—I seen him!—the purty bird."

"And Mr. O'Flaherty, Bridget?"

"Och, m'am, whin the wild geese was swaping all their flocks, and their music high up in the air, away to the South, I sint him messages along uv thim. It's meself's thinking he'll get 'em safe as by any land-route. Musha, we counted the flights, m'am, and they was all odd

—that's for good luck. Av it's maning my man 'll be roasting one o' thim before his Christmas fire, sure I'll belave in signs; for doesn't he be saying he's bate out intirely with marching forward and back, all by reason of follering his hard bread that runs before. Poor b'y!"

So Bridget sits there in the wintry afternoon, sewing diligently till the red light fades, and Patsey's little white cheek shall steal round the corner as the child creeps home with her satchel. The bright birds come and tap on her pane for their crumbs, the clock ticks, and the two cats pur in unison. In the evening Patsey reads to her the news from the seat of war out of the paper for which she every day spares the two pennies from her pittance. Then, the light blown out, she rocks there in the dreamful dark beside her stove, fashioning the fair face of her little baby in her thought, and smoothing Patsey's soft hair with her loving hand—our cheerful, willing, working, waiting Bridget!

A GOSSIP ABOUT FIRES.

THE other night I was aroused by the fire-alarm. On returning to bed after ascertaining that no danger was to be apprehended, I was suddenly impressed with a sense of the comparative security which we enjoy in our age and country, protected by regular fire organizations. This, like a thousand other daily blessings, is so common a matter that it scarce receives a thought; and yet, when we consider what tremendous calamities have often been occasioned by the want of our engines and fire companies, and that in many quarters of the globe even now the proper precautions are unemployed for the control of the dread enemy, we find ample cause for gratulation in the immunity of our own condition. In our large cities the alarm may be often sounded, but the occurrence of a large conflagration is rare indeed. No such fires as devastate Constantinople or Pekin sweep the avenues of New York. Only in our forests and prairies do we see any thing that rivals the catastrophes which have devoured many a mighty capital of the old world. The spirit with which the wars of antiquity were conducted added additional terrors to the fiery element; for it seems to have been an everyday affair to apply the torch to a conquered town and raze it to the ground. From the remotest periods this appears to have been a favorite amusement of men of pluck. At least fourteen hundred years B.C. the Israelites entered into Ai, "and took it, and hasted and set the city on fire.....And Joshua burnt Ai, and made it an heap forever."

Ossian, according to Macpherson, sings as follows: "Have not I seen the fallen Balclutha? and shall I feast with Comhal's son? Comhal, *who threw the fire* in the midst of my father's hall?" Homer, a chronicler of equal reliability, makes Andromache lament:

"The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thisbe waste, and slew my warlike sire."

These are favorable specimens of the state of civilization in the iron age, or 1184, more or less B.C.; and the mention of Achilles brings before me the demoniac flames bursting from Troy, roaring and battling with the clouds, while the Greeks, frenzied with victory and maddened by their ten years' absence from their wives and children, rush through the blazing streets and slaughter the Trojans in their ancestral halls.

It is a trifling transition for the mind to follow Alexander ages after from the ruins of Ilium, where he first landed in Asia, throughout his career of fire and slaughter, until we find him returning from the Hydaspes and re-entering Persepolis, the mysterious and wonderful capital, the building of whose foundations and palaces tradition very properly assigns to genii and magicians. Up from the abyss of time float to the senses of him who dreams to-day the clash of cymbals, the myriad flashing of festal links, the musical ring of female voices, and the voluptuous scent of roses from the gardens of Iran, as the Macedonian hero celebrates the banquet of victory. List to the siren petition of Thais and the vindictive strains of minstrel song:

"The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy."

The torch of History enables us to trace the final cause of the burning of Persepolis to a conflagration that took place nearly two hundred years before at Sardis. Strabo records as follows: "But Alexander burnt the palace in Persepolis, avenging the Greeks, because the Persians destroyed their temples and cities with fire and sword," during Xerxes's expedition. And why did the Persians thus ruthlessly invade the sanctity of the Grecian temples? Herodotus answers the question. In the year 501 B.C. the Ionians, revolting from Darius, utterly consumed his royal city of Sardis. "Thus Sardis was burned, and in it the temple of the native goddess Cybele; the Persians making a pretext of this, afterward burned in retaliation the temples of Greece." Here we have a course of national retribution running through a period of 170 years, that ends in the conflagration of Persepolis, of which the sublime Chehelminar, or Forty Pillars, alone remain towering forsaken in the waste.

A century later the world was appalled by the conflagration that swept Carthage into oblivion. In her last melancholy struggle with Rome, Æmilianus, the besieging general, caused fire to be applied to the houses as the only means of gaining a footing within the walls. The city was allowed to burn six days, when the flames were extinguished. On the final subjugation of Carthage Æmilianus desired to give her a respite from the doom of extinction that threatened her. But the seven-hilled city still rang with Cato's voice thundering "Carthago delenda est," and Rome was inexorable. She sealed the

doom of her fallen rival forever; and what was that doom? "The cities of Carthage, with Byrsa and Megalia, shall be entirely destroyed, and no traces left." The fiat was executed. In many quarters at once the renewed conflagration raged with incredible fury for seventeen days. How mighty must have been the glorious metropolis which twenty-three days of combustion, assisted rather than resisted by man, alone sufficed to consume! Comes there not over twenty centuries the lamentation for the imperial city of Dido? "Every shipmaster, and all the company of ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, what city is like unto this great city!.....Alas, alas, that great city!"

The revolving cycles brought retribution, when, in the year 64 of our era, Nemesis shook her fiery torch over the towers and princely habitations of the Eternal City, and Carthage was avenged. For six days and seven nights the flames thundered over patrician and plebeian abodes, and out of fourteen quarters only three escaped unharmed. This terrible calamity was variously attributed to the Jews, to the Christians, and to Nero, who was said to have watched it, harp in hand. I venture to deny the probability that it was any of these. In the lapse of ages fires have occasionally been known to spring up accidentally, and as no reason exists for supposing that either Jew or Gentile would care to burn their own houses and goods merely to injure their persecutors, and as Nero, with all his whimwhams, was not fool enough to destroy his own capital, it is not impossible that accident under the guidance of Providence reduced Rome to ashes. Fires seem to have been of frequent occurrence in Rome, although never before so destructive as the one just described. In one of the "Acta Diurna," or daily bulletins, issued during the time of the Republic, we find the following item: "The same day a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night in the steward's apartment." That reads like an item in the local column of a New York daily. From Plutarch we learn that Crassus, the millionaire of the first triumvirate, afterward slain at Carrhæ, accumulated the greatest part of his immense wealth from the numerous conflagrations at the capital. He organized and trained a corps of 500 slaves, his own "chattels," and when a fire broke out immediately led them to the scene of action. Then, shrewdly taking advantage of the owners' anxiety for their property, bought up the burning houses for a trifle. His menials, after extinguishing the flames, revamped the damaged dwellings, and he thus became landlord of a large part of Rome. There is a very Yankee look about this performance of Crassus.

Constantinople of to-day is not very much better off than was Rome. The firemen speed through the narrow streets half naked, bearing their little engines on their shoulders, as the old pictorial catechisms represent the Israelites carrying the ark over Jordan. When they have reached the conflagration do they faithfully proceed to extinguish it? No. They haggle with the house-owners as to the price to be paid for the salvation of their houses, and ten to one before the bargain is completed the buildings have vanished into smoke. The city of Constantinople has been, above all places on the face of the earth, the most notorious for destructive conflagrations. Early in the reign of Justinian happened, at Byzantium, "the greatest conflagration known in history," which was excited by the Greens and Blues—rival factions. "The women," says Gibbon, "from the roofs and windows, showered stones on the heads of the soldiers, who darted fire-brands against the houses; and the various flames, which had been kindled by the hands of the citizens and strangers, spread without control over the face of the city. The conflagration involved the Cathedral of St. Sophia, the Baths of Zeuxippus, a part of the Palace, from the first entrance to the altar of Mars, and the long portico from the Palace to the Forum of Constantine. A large hospital, with the sick patients, was consumed; many churches and stately edifices were destroyed; and an immense treasure of gold and silver was either melted or lost." Lamartine remarks, finely, "L'incendie, ce murmure muet et anonyme, par laquel cette milice (the Janissaries) insubordonée intime tant de fois depuis ses volontés au divân, devora une partie considerable d'Andrianople;" and that "low, anonymous murmuring" of the populace has been heard again and again at Stambûl since the Turks made it their capital; and it is heard there to this day. In consequence of this state of affairs extraordinary precautions have been long used at Constantinople for the discovery of fire—extraordinary when we consider what has, up to this time, been the state of Oriental civil organizations, and when contrasted with the means used to extinguish it when observed. In the galleries of the lofty towers of Galata and Seraskier, respectively on each side of the Golden Horn, men are going around day and night incessantly, telescope in hand, and on the first sign of smoke criers are sent throughout the city to its remotest bounds, shouting "Yangún vâr!"—"There is fire!"—and indicating its position, while guns are discharged from the heights of Beylerbey, denoting by their number the quarter of the fire. The effect produced by the prolonged cries of the heralds, when heard at dead of night, swelling and dying near and far off throughout the vast metropolis, is solemn and impressive in the highest degree.

One of the most celebrated conflagrations on record, although by no means the largest, was the Great Fire of London, in 1666. According to De Foe, "a blazing star or comet" preceded the fire, as it did the Great Plague, the previous year. Of these celestial signs and wonders he remarks: "The old women, and the phlegmatic, hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call old women too, remarked, es-

pecially afterward. . . . that the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or, as others said, flaming and furious; and that, accordingly, one foretold a heavy judgment, slow, but severe, terrible, and frightful, as was the plague; but the other foretold a stroke sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration."

Evelyn says of the fire: "The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation was upon them; so that it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, publick halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping in a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at great distances one from y^e^ other. . . . . Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like of it since the foundation of it, nor shall be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above forty miles round about, for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e^ shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme." But why continue to quote? Let the reader go for himself to Evelyn's powerful narrative. It is sufficient to say that not until 89 churches, 400 streets, and 13,200 dwelling-houses were consumed were the flames mastered, and then only by the blowing up of houses with gunpowder.

An anonymous writer informs us that this event "put several ingenious persons on contriving and setting up offices for insuring of houses from fire." This, however, was not the origin of the insurance system; for insurances or securities had been customary on ships for nigh two centuries, having originated in Venice.

Pre-eminent above all cities for conflagrations is Moscow, of which it has been said that its "history for many centuries is little else than a record of fires, pestilences, sieges, and wars." Its last great fire is so recent, and so associated with the annals of Napoleon's career, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. The world will not soon forget an event which was more decisive on its destiny than Waterloo. The sea of fire whose roaring billows swept around the Kremlin transformed 30,800 houses and many public edifices into a mass of blackened ruins, and consumed thousands of human beings, confined in the hospitals and unable to escape. As the wretched legions of France filed into the empty streets they found the solitude of the desert.

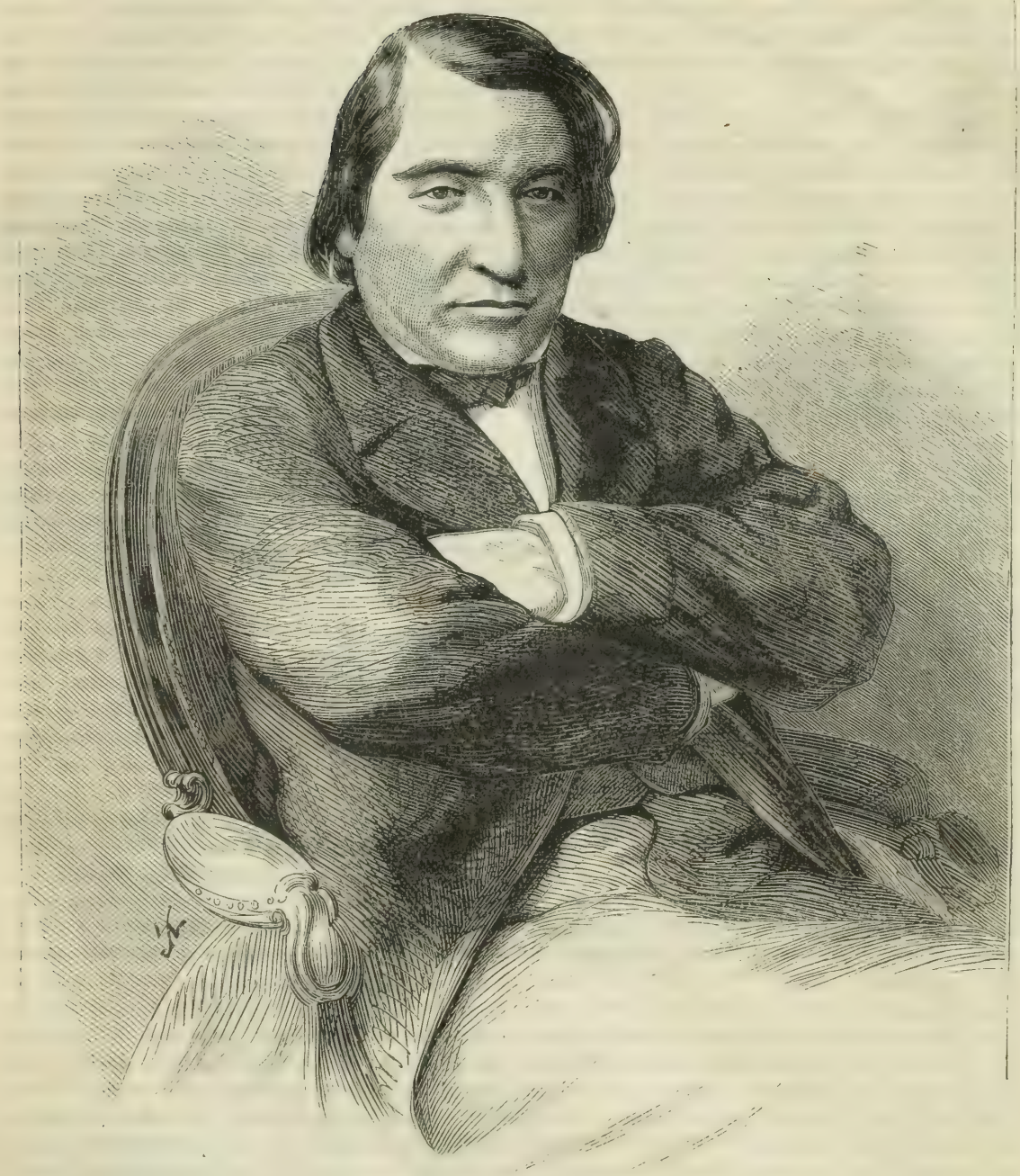
Besides these extensive displays of fire-works, which have spread their ravages over communities like epidemics, there have been from time to time remarkable cases of the solitary ignition of buildings, like sporadic specimens of incurable diseases. A case in point was the burning of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world, on the night Alexander the Great was born; and the reason why her goddess-ship allowed her shrine to be consumed was simply because, like many other people, she could not attend to more than one thing at one and the same time. Now on that memorable night she was busy introducing the young Macedonian to the glimpses of the moon, and was therefore clearly incapable of playing the part of fireman when Eratosthenes was applying the match to her favorite abode, and branding his contemptible name on the scrolls of Time. The wise men of Ephesus decreed in their wisdom that the name of the incendiary who thus sought immortality should never more be uttered. But, as Sir Thomas pithily observes, "Heratosthenes lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost who built it."

An edifice equally famous, and rather more sacred, was the Temple of Jerusalem, which twice suffered destruction from the flames applied by a conquering foe—once by Nebuchadnezzar, and finally when Titus stormed its cloisters in the last siege. Contrary to his express commands, a legionary, raised on the shoulders of a fellow-soldier, threw the brand into the building which proved its ruin.

But I am half inclined to take a cheerful view of this question of fires, when seated of a stormy night in a cozy apartment by the ingleside, with tea and my favorite authors to occupy the drowsy hours. Away with your pestilent modern makeshifts, the stove and furnace, cheerless as the heart of a miser, and restore to me the ample chimney-corner of olden time, corniced with the lofty mantle carven with heavy mouldings, and the glowing hearth piled with sturdy logs that impart warmth to the body and comfort to the soul. How often, when a boy, have I dreamed over the embers of the family fire-place, while

> "Fancy, ludicrous and wild,
> Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
> Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
> In the red cinders, while with poring eye
> I gazed, myself creating what I saw."

More pleasing still do fires appear when in the shape of bonfires they emblazon on the skies a nation's rejoicings over victories; when the ruddy glow illumines long rows of brick walls with a strange, fitful, supernatural glory, and the rocket's shower of stars, the clang of bells, and the cannon's hearty peal swell the jubilee, and the city pours her swarming myriads through all her avenues, clad in holiday attire. Such fires may our beloved country often behold, proclaiming the lasting triumphs of Freedom!



JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

RENAN AND HIS BOOK.

RENAN'S "Life of Jesus" has made more noise in the world than any book since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," not excepting "Les Misérables." Its sale in France has reached nearly a hundred thousand copies. It has been translated into English, German, Italian, and Dutch, and all of these versions are reported, on good authority, to have had an enormous sale. Spain, too, has had a translation; but Spanish intolerance has suppressed it. Now the mere fact that a book is popular is not enough to make it worth serious criticism. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is now, I believe, in its three hundredth thousand; yet no one thinks it worth while to ask the reason why. But here is a book on religion—a book professedly critical and philosophical, which every one reads or pretends to read. Books, pamphlets, and articles against it, in all the European tongues, have fallen from the press almost daily since last summer. An earnest collector of statistics places their number already at 5000; and the cry is still they come. Such a phenomenon as this must be looked at whether we will or no. What qualities in the man or in the book have caused it? Let us see.

THE MAN.

If you chance to pass, on a fine morning, over any of the bridges which lead across the Seine toward the Institute, you will probably meet a thick-set man of moderate height and stoop-shouldered. Look closely as he passes, and you shall see a strongly-marked face, somewhat Jewish in cut, flecked with red spots, not wanting in signs of resolution, but yet preoccupied, and with an indescribable air of uncertainty. The man seems to be disputing with some invisible opponent, and shakes his hand, and even clenches his fist now and then. You have seen the author of "The Life of Jesus."

Joseph Ernest Renan was born at Treguier, a little town in Brittany, 27th February, 1823. Destined for the Church, he entered the seminary of St. Nicolas, Paris, at fourteen. Dupanloup, now the brave and eloquent Bishop of Orleans, was then head of the seminary, and his quick eye soon detected a superior intellect, and at the same time an intractable disposition in the young Breton. The boy was always reading, writing, talking, but would not share in the sports of the play-ground. At sixteen he gained the prize of History by an essay on Alexander the Great. At seventeen he went to the seminary of Issy to complete his academical studies. Morals, mathematics, and languages were his occupations here; but, most of all, the German language. The *theologia moralis* of the school, taught after the old orthodox Roman fashion, soon disgusted him; he read Jouffroy and became his disciple. His theological studies proper were now commenced at St. Sulpice. But the seeds of skepticism were already sown in his restless mind; and he was very unhappy. His solace was found in the study of the Oriental languages—Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. The eminent Orientalist, Le Hèr, was his instructor. That good priest is a wit as well as a scholar. When, a few years ago, Renan was chosen Professor of Hebrew at the College de France, the Abbé is reported to have said, "Ah, he quitted me too soon; he was just beginning to understand Hebrew when he left St. Sulpice." His fellow-students at the seminary persist in saying that he never learned much of theology as a science or of its history. Careful readers of the "Life of Jesus" may well believe them. His doubts grew with every month of his stay at St. Sulpice; the strain of these two years upon his moral nature must have been terrible. He had received the tonsure and the minor orders; the time of his ordination as sub-deacon was approaching. It was the critical period of his destiny. He opened his mind frankly to his superiors. Dismayed at the revelation, they advised him to abandon the ecclesiastical career. Almost penniless, and with no means of livelihood but his talents, he went out into the world to begin life anew. Dupanloup, always good and generous, came to his aid, and secured him a place as tutor at the College of Stanislas. At twenty-three he published a "History of the Semitic Languages" (8vo); in 1847 he obtained the Volnay prize for an "Essay on the Semitic Languages," and two years later he was crowned by the Institute for a historical essay on the "Study of Greek in the Middle Ages." It was an early fame, not undeserved, and fortune came with it. The Academy of Inscriptions sent him to Italy on an antiquarian mission; and in 1850 he was made keeper of the MSS. of the Imperial Library. His literary activity was wonderful; the journals and reviews teemed with articles from his pen, often learned, always brilliant. In 1860 he was sent on a scientific mission to explore the antiquities of Phœnicia. The tour resulted in a report to the Academy, in which Renan set forth a number of so-called discoveries; but his claims were disputed by a Jesuit savant, *et adhuc sub judice lis est.* The book containing the account of this mission has been announced for a long time as "in press;" but it has not yet made its appearance. The Jesuit, I apprehend, bars the way. But this Phœnician tour led to a greater controversy—one in which not merely the Jesuits have taken part, but all the world. In the course of his travels M. Renan spent a good deal of time on the borders of the Lake of Galilee—"traversed," as he tells us, "the whole region covered by the Gospel history; visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria; and made himself familiar with all the sacred localities." Forced to spend the summer in the heights of the Libanus to escape the burning Syrian sun, he "fixed in rapid sketches," to use his own phrase, "the vivid image of the life of Christ, which the marvelous harmony between the Gospel story and the actual scenes of the Galilean landscape had imprinted on his mind." That is to say, he wrote this "Life of Jesus," with the exception of a few pages, during a summer's rest in a Maronite cabin, on the top of Lebanon. It was hasty and fevered work, and it terminated sadly enough. M. Renan's sister, Henriette, accompanied him to the East. She was older than he. An *esprit fort*, she had spent several years in Germany as a teacher, and had drank deeply into the intoxicating and blinding philosophy of Hegel. It is thought that her letters to the young seminarist first planted the seeds of doubt in his mind; at all events she led him into his taste for German literature and German thought. The tour through Palestine for these two, so highly endowed, so passionate, so proud of intellectual force and wealth, must have been a source of daily joy, and pride, and triumph. Pilgrims indeed they were, but not of the old benighted sort, who came to die in the land once trodden by the feet of Him in whom they trusted. Pilgrims they were, of the new illuminated order, treading the highway of the spiritual life of mankind; not in blind faith, but under the clear sky of science, which not the less bathed for them in light and beauty the silver waves of Galilee, the smiling valleys of Samaria, and the billowy mountains of Judea. Enthusiasts, not of faith but of knowledge, they could be saddened by the desolation, and awed by the death-like stillness of the plains about

Jerusalem, and intoxicated by the laughing glories of the Galilean landscape, its thickets of flowers, its shady valleys, its harmoniously scattered hills—the true land, as they called it, of the Song of Songs, and the chants of the Well Beloved. But pilgrims only of science, as they were, one of them came to the enchanted land to die upon its borders. The "Life of Jesus" is dedicated, in touching words, "To the pure soul of my sister Henriette, who died at Byblos, September 24, 1861." It is a cry from the heart (stronger than the proud and subtle brain) in which Ernest Renan, elsewhere Pantheist and unbeliever, for whom the human soul has no existence apart from matter, for whom God is either the monstrous ALL, or a shadowy Nothing; it is a cry from the heart, when he invokes, from "the bosom of God," the soul of the sister whom he loved, and assures himself that while her body sleeps, she remembers their walks, their thoughts, and their studies together in the Syrian nights, lighted by the innumerable array of stars. Yet even this tender outburst of love finds its channel in heathen phrase. The sister sleeps "in the land of Adonis, near the sacred waters with which the women of ancient mysteries mingled their tears."

Oh soul of man, the greatest of all mysteries, next to the infinite God! None have sounded its depths, so far as the despair engendered by the supreme worship of Intellect is concerned, better than Tennyson in that wondrous Palace of Art, of whose sad wisdom this DEDICATION can not but remind us. When the princess found that in all the magnificent pile which pride of thought had reared there was no joy, no peace, no life:

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd—
'No voice,' she shriek'd, 'in that lone hall,
No voice breaks through the stillness of this world;
One deep—deep silence all!'

"She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there, exiled from the eternal God,
Lost to her place and name."

Soon after his return from Syria in 1861, M. Renan was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Oriental literature in the College de France. That he was a skeptic had been known to every body for years; yet the Government, knowing all that other people knew, gave him his professor's chair. It was a bold step, and as foolish as it was bold. His inaugural lecture was fixed for the 22d of February, 1862. All Paris was agog for an *émeute*. The day arrived, and long before the appointed hour the lecture room, and all the passages leading to it, were crowded to suffocation. The court of the College and the streets adjacent were alive with young men, brimful of excitement; but there was a policeman for every dozen of them. The first words of the lecture were greeted with hisses; but the sibilation was drowned in a mighty cry, from hundreds of young throats, "Down with the Jesuits!" The crowds in the passages took it up and propagated it to those in the streets. The hissers gave in, and M. Renan conquered. But his triumph was of short duration. A placard at the door of the college announced, next day, that his course of lectures was suspended. The students, of course, took this act of authority in high dudgeon. They showed at once their wrath and their sympathy in the usual student way. As they could not hear M. Renan they would hear no one else, but spent their time in gathering about the college, discussing the outrage in high voice and strong words, and marching in procession to the house of the silenced Professor to cheer him. No breach of the peace was committed during the day, but soon after nightfall the aspect of things about the college was very ominous. The court was crowded, but the police were in full force. It came to blows at last, and one poor student was severely wounded by a side blow from a policeman's sword. Paris was very near a revolution that night. The same scenes could hardly happen in January, 1864, without one. Since the last elections the people feel their power. Were the cry to be suddenly started now, on some fine evening, "The students are up!" it would soon set fire to the inflammable spirit of St. Antoine, and would be communicated rapidly to the *chiffonniers* of St. Marcel. But in 1862 it was different. The arrest of a few hundred students, and their detention for a day or two, restored the Latin Quarter to its usual apparent quiet.

All Paris was stirred up; and for a week or two the city was divided into hostile camps for Renan and against him. The Imperialist journals approved of the suspension of the lectures, although the lecturer had been appointed by the Government but a few weeks before. Their argument was that Renan had broken faith with the Government; that he had been appointed to teach philology and not theology—least of all, infidelity. All very well, but the liberal journals had a ready and apt reply. The Government knew, they said, that M. Renan was a free-thinker when they gave him the professorship; and the appointment should either never have been made, or else boldly adhered to. Oddly enough, the comic papers and theatrical journals were loudest in condemning Renan. One of them gave a "history" of the inaugural lecture somewhat as follows:

CHAPTER I.

M. Renan, formerly student at St. Sulpice, now traveler, archæologist, free-thinker, is appointed Professor of Hebrew at the College de France.

CHAPTER II.

M. Renan must lecture. He is Professor of Hebrew, but, not knowing Hebrew, he must find a topic he does know, or may seem to know, or which at least may be taking.

CHAPTER III.

M. Renan chooses the "History of the Semitic languages."

CHAPTER IV.

M. Renan stands before his audience. He begins, soundingly, upon the Semitic languages.

CHAPTER V.

Just then an old man, in russet, comes in. It is the savant, M——, who knows all about the Semitic languages.

CHAPTER VI.

M. Renan stops short. The savant knows, and he does not. What to do?

CHAPTER VII.

M. Renan has a lucky thought. Hebrew is a Semitic language; Jesus Christ was a Hebrew. He will talk of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. Renan calls Christ the "incomparable man." Hisses. Hubbub. Cheers. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The lecture itself was soon published. It was found to be no miracle of learning or even of style, and was soon forgotten in Paris, though I believe the English are just beginning to read it. A single passage will suffice to show its tone with regard to the Founder of Christianity: "An incomparable man, so great that I could not contradict those who, under the profound impression made by his exceptional character and work, call him God, carried out the reform of Judaism—a reform so profound and so individual, that it was, to say the truth, a creation in every part. Having arrived at a higher religious elevation than ever man had reached, having arrived at standing before God in the relation of a son with his father, being devoted to his work with a total forgetfulness of himself and an abnegation which has never been so highly practiced; and lastly, being the victim of his idea, and rendered divine by his death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, the religion of the soul." The passage, it will be seen, contains the germ of the "Life of Jesus." To the final revision of this book and its preparation for the press M. Renan devoted himself almost wholly after the suspension of his college lectures. In the summer of 1863 it appeared as the first volume of a series on "The Origin of Christianity." The second is to treat of the Apostles and their immediate successors, the third of the state of Christianity under the Antonines, and the fourth of the progress of the new religion up to its establishment under Constantine. A Herculean task, indeed, and one which, conceived by a truly scientific and persistent mind, would leave it no rest, day or night, until the task were done or the work put an end to by death. It is, I think, not a trivial proof that M. Renan is not endowed with the "faculty divine," as the scientific instinct may be called, no less than the poetic, that he has allowed himself to be arrested after the first step of this career of his own choosing by political ambition. Not that this ambition is not, of itself, a noble thing; but M. Renan had devoted himself, at least in profession, to another altar. He will find that he can not worship successfully at both. His political views are grand and noble. He belongs to that small but choice band of liberals who are revolutionizing, with better weapons than the sword, the politics of France, and with them, the politics of Europe. It is likely that he will soon come before the voters of Paris for their suffrages, as an aspirant for M. Havin's seat in the Corps Législatif. In the interest of politics I hope he will succeed; and the more because, like all the eminent literary men of France, and in common with all the true liberals of Europe, he is thoroughly on our side in our war against slavery and aristocracy. But if he succeeds, good-by to his additional three volumes on the "Origin of Christianity," unless, indeed, he writes them as he did his "Life of Jesus," during a summer vacation in the country. It may be that the world will gain by the change; freedom will find an ardent and able votary in M. Renan the politician; and religion will not have to defend itself afresh from the attacks of M. Renan the unbeliever.

THE BOOK.

As I have said the book, as a mere mercantile speculation, has been a great success. But not from its merits alone, undeniable as they are. It was heralded, months before its appearance, as a new revelation. The world was to have, in the nineteenth century, a Voltaire without his persiflage, a Rousseau without his eccentricity, a Strauss without his dullness. The day of publication was marked by a striking *coup de théâtre*. The Rue Vivienne was nearly as much thronged by porters bearing away the *Vie de Jésus* in dozens to the retailers as the Rue de Seine had been, some months before, by the same porters in mad rivalry to get the first copies of *Les Misérables* hot from the press. The second edition was ready almost as soon as the first. At every bookseller's shop in town or country, within a week, you would find the *Vie de Jésus* occupying the central place of honor in the window. The journals were full of it for a fortnight: the free-thinking to praise; the thoughtful and the Christian to blame—and yet to praise.

As to the merits of the book, the real, the unquestionable one, is its style. Graceful, limpid, and yet full of color, it is the perfection of descriptive language. It is said that, while at college, he made Chateaubriand his model; certainly his style has Chateaubriand's brilliancy, delicacy, and tenderness; and something also of Chateaubriand's dreamy vagueness, as of a man giving form to his reveries. But his words are always aptly chosen, his phrases always admirably turned. His descriptions of the localities of the sacred narrative are veritable pictures. His sense of nature is powerful; the landscape of Judea stands before his readers in fullness of life. The book is eminently French in its leading excellences — clearness, ease, and grace; it is French also in its superficial way of evading difficulties, of substituting form for substance, and in its occasional pitiful and even vulgar blending of sensuality with sentiment. Like Chateaubriand, Renan often colors to excess. It would be curious to count how often the word *delicious* occurs in his pages. His sweets cloy at last. The wits of Paris say that he has sought to disguise his poison with sugar—only he has put in *too much* sugar. And with all his clarity and suavity he knows quite well how to be obscure on occasion. Witness

the following passage in which he seeks to cover up his own notion, or rather want of notion, as to the existence and character of the Deity. "If God is a being apart from man, then it is visionary to dream of any personal and intimate relations between him and man. But Pantheism, on the other hand, which suppresses the Divine personality, is as far removed as possible from the living God of the old religions. Were the great leaders of humanity, Plato, Paul, Augustine, Deists or Pantheists? The question is senseless. For proofs, physical or metaphysical of the existence of God, they cared not. They *felt* God in themselves." Contrast this vague and purposely misleading paragraph with his declarations, in former writings, that "God is the abyss from which we are hatched" (*sic*, éclos): that "the absolute of justice and reason is only a reality as contemplated in humanity;" and that "the infinite exists only when it clothes itself in a finite form."

The professed aim of the book is to explain the life of the founder of Christianity on rational principles. Accepting the Gospels, M. Renan seeks to give their spirit a purely human form. Of course he divests them entirely of the supernatural element. But he admits, to a certain extent at least, the authenticity and the genuineness of the Gospel histories. He does not, like the free-thinkers of the eighteenth century, call the Evangelists impostors, much less does he sympathize with that vulgar infidelity which seeks to disparage the person and character of Christ. His pictures of the character of the Redeemer are more graphic and sympathetic than Rousseau's, and only less exquisite than Bushnell's, because less spiritual and loving. He not only places him at the head of humanity, but elevates him so high as to deny the possibility of any future rivalry with his greatness. "The mind of the race has given him the title of the Son of God, and rightly." As to his influence upon the progress and destiny of the human race, M. Renan declares that it has not only been unrivaled, but also *creative*. "Take away Christ and history becomes incomprehensible. He was not simply the reformer of a worn-out religion; he was the *creator* of the Eternal religion of humanity." Of the rich endowments of this "creative" leader of the race M. Renan speaks as follows: "The fullest consciousness of God that ever dwelt in human breast was that of Jesus. He conceived God as the immediate Father. Nor did he owe this sublime idea to Judaism; it seems to have been the creation of his own great soul. From the beginning of his career he seems to have conceived himself in the relation of a Son to his Father. This was his great act of originality." "We place Jesus in the first rank of the true Son of God. He had no visions; God was in him; he felt himself with God; and he drew from the depths of his own heart all he says of his Father." And M. Renan is as sure of the unapproachable glory of Jesus in the future as he is of the past. "There may be wondrous appearances hereafter. But be they wondrous as they may Jesus shall never be surpassed. His worship shall never cease among men; the story of his life and sufferings shall never be read without tears; and all the ages shall proclaim that among the sons of men there has been none greater than He."

Here, then, is the problem M. Renan proposes. We have before us, in Jesus, the very highest specimen of the human race: the greatest in his personal endowments; the greatest in his ideas of God and duty; the greatest in his work; he laid the basis of modern civilization; he made the nineteenth century what it is; and if the human race is nobler, purer, happier, more enlightened now than it was in the time of Julius Cæsar, it is to Him we owe it. In a word, Christianity is the true, the sole regenerator of humanity, and Jesus was its founder. All this M. Renan admits, and his undertaking is to explain it, just as he would explain any other phenomenon of history, on natural grounds. He is to account for the character of Christ, as he would for that of Socrates, by ascertaining the circumstances of his birth and education; by placing him in the centre, so to speak, of his age; by gathering up, from all the sources of information, the formative powers of his nature, and showing how they were developed in his career. As to his work, and its influence on the progress of humanity and civilization, it is to be explained, like that of Aristotle, Luther, or Descartes, by a study of the principles he evolved in his own mind, and of the circumstances of the time which enabled him to incorporate them so completely with the great movement of humanity.

What, then, is M. Renan's solution of this mighty problem? Stripped of all its artistic coloring, the whole of it may be summed up simply, yet, I think, most impartially and truthfully, as follows: In the latter part of the reign of Augustus Cæsar a young peasant, of mild and even captivating manners, appeared in a corner of Galilee. As to education, in the ordinary sense of the word, he had little or none. He learned "to read and write, *doubtless*, according to the Eastern method, which consists in teaching children to repeat in cadence the words of a book, until they know it by heart." There is little ground to believe that he ever learned even to read the Old Testament in Hebrew. Of the Greek culture, philosophy, poetry, history, art, he knew absolutely nothing; as for the exquisite Greek mythology, his Jewish monotheistic training would not have allowed him even to comprehend it (chap. viii.). Nature was his great teacher; the smiling valleys, the swelling hills, the brilliant sky of Galilee made him what he was. As to laws, society, government, even of the principles that govern human nature, of ethics and psychology, he was not only ignorant but indifferent. His book learning was confined to a part of the Jewish sacred

writings. Most of his practical wisdom was derived from Jewish traditions that were incorporated, two centuries after, in the Talmud. Of the political condition of the world in his age he knew nothing, except that a Cæsar reigned. Destitute of all knowledge or even idea of physical science, he believed in demons, angels, and marvels of all kinds. Though of a gentle and loving nature, he despised the family tie—imbibed at an early age (probably from the woods and rills of Galilee!) the idea of a divine mission, and abandoned the cottage in which he was born, and the parents who had nurtured him. A few susceptible women, and a handful of peasants like himself, hailed him as Messiah. An enthusiast, named John, favored his pretensions. His ambition grew, and, by-and-by, in spite of his lofty nature, he pretended to work miracles. After a few years of wandering he was arrested, tried, and executed.

Such is the story. M. Renan asks us to believe that on this foundation the whole fabric of modern thought, culture, and civilization is builded!

This is not the place for a thorough scrutiny of M. Renan's claims to critical skill. If his criticism, however, is faulty, his whole book is vitiated. It rests entirely upon certain documents — namely, the four Gospels; and M. Renan's first task, in his Introduction, is to give an estimate of their value as authorities. He nowhere states, clearly and fairly, his own point of view; and in this respect he lays himself open to the charge of disingenuousness. But he does state one principle of criticism, and this can be judged by plain common sense. "To write the history of a religion," he says, "one must have been a believer in it, or else one could not estimate the grounds of its success; and, on the other hand, one must not be an absolute believer in it, for absolute faith is incompatible with sincerity in writing history." That is to say, to write the history of Christianity, one must be an apostate; to write the history of Buddhism, Judaism, Islamism, one must have been in turn Buddhist, Jew, and Mohammedan, and finally nothing at all! According to this principle none but an atheist is fit to treat of the doctrine of God; and none but a Benedict Arnold or a Jefferson Davis could write the history of the American people!

As to the use of the historical materials furnished by the four Gospels, M. Renan's principle is very simple. It consists in taking as true what suits his preconceived theory, and throwing the rest aside as legendary. A professed critic, he makes his own taste the touch-stone of authenticity. He ignores utterly, whether from want of candor or want of knowledge, the vast labors of modern criticism in the field of New Testament history, with the exception of the destructive toils of Strauss and the works of compilers like Reville. The simplest reader, who keeps his eyes open, can find contradictions the most flagrant, not only of M. Renan's own principles, but even of his own statements, in almost any part of the book. Look at the following: As a *general* statement, he declares (Introduction, p. 37) that "the four canonical Gospels are authentic; that all of them belong to the first century; and that they are almost wholly the work of the authors whose names they bear." Taking them separately, he asserts that the general accuracy of Matthew's reports as to the words of Christ is obvious upon the very face of his narration; that Mark's is the most ancient and most original of all the Gospels, and the most accurate as to facts, bearing every mark of an eye-witness; that in Luke we find a regular composition, of clear unity, on which we rest as on solid historical ground; and, finally, that John gives details unknown to the others, and that his narrative is often preferable even to that of Mark and Luke. That is one side of the picture. Now look at the other, furnished by the same hand, in the same "critical" Introduction: "Luke's authority is sensibly feebler than that of Matthew and Mark. He plainly falsifies some of the words of Jesus. As a Democrat and Ebionite, he allows his own prejudices to color his narration." As for John, his records of Christ's discourses are so different from Matthew's that one or the other must be false. Yet nearly a third part of M. Renan's book is made up of these very discourses, as given by St. John, and of the author's comments on them! The truth is, as any thoughtful reader will see for himself, that M. Renan makes one and all of the Evangelists accurate or careless, honest or false, just as the selection may serve his own momentary purpose.

The ethics of M. Renan are as undecided and volatile as his criticism. Remember that he distinctly, and throughout his book, figures Christ as the greatest and best of mortals; the man, alone among men, who "found himself face to face with God in the relation of a son to a father." Yet he sets before us this purest of beings employing studied artifices to gain disciples, pretending to knowledge he did not possess, assuming false titles for effect, and affecting to work miracles to impose upon the imagination of the ignorant. Unable, with his utterly unspiritual nature, to rise into the lofty atmosphere of Christ's later ministry, or to appreciate the majestic blending of tenderness and severity which marked it, Renan describes it as the period of His developed fanaticism, the time when "His brain was disturbed by the great vision of the kingdom of God which flamed before his eyes." Nor is M. Renan's moral sense shocked by this "development." The closing pages of the fifth chapter reveal, not the moral feebleness of Christ, but of his daring biographer. "The strife of life leaves none of its combatants immaculate. It is not enough to conceive a grand or beneficent idea, one must propagate it among men. *Pure means do not suffice for this.*" Do we hear in these words an echo of the Jesuitical teachings which M. Renan im-

bibed in his boyhood? Is Liguori a text-book at Issy or St. Sulpice? Certainly the True and the Good can not be the ideals of a man who ventures to say that "had Jesus died at the end of the first stage of his life" before he pretended to work miracles, "he might have been dearer indeed to God, but his memory would never have been preserved among men." It was necessary to his success that Jesus should work miracles, therefore he allowed his followers to believe that he wrought them. That is to say, he was at once a Machiavel in craft, and a Cagliostro in charlatanism! Yet M. Renan justifies it all: *finis coronat opus!*

The great stumbling-block of M. Renan is the supernatural element in Christianity. It is the postulate of his whole book that miracles have never happened. "It is not," he says, "in the name of this or that philosophy, it is in the name of universal experience that we banish miracles from history." Having settled this point, *à priori*, he takes up the Evangelists. "They can not be altogether true, *because* they tell of miracles." This paralogism vitiates all his criticisms and all his ethics. Were an astronomer to begin a theory of the universe with the assumption that the rotation of the earth on its axis is impossible, he would do with regard to physics just what M. Renan does with regard to history. It is this preconceived opinion which compels him to degrade "the incomparable Jesus" into a vulgar thaumaturgist. It is this which compels him to call the raising of Lazarus a contrivance of the disciples, connived at by the Master for the sake of enlarging his influence. The pretense of M. Renan that he rejects miracles and the supernatural, not in "the name of any school of philosophy, but in the name of universal experience," is too transparent. He rejects them, logically, because he is a Pantheist. For him, all existences and all phenomena are but modifications of the one substance in and through which all subsist. Had he plainly stated this we might have respected him, while pitying. We could then have understood that his mind thus shackled could never be capable of rising up to the grand idea of a higher order than the physical, to which, necessarily, the physical must be subordinate. A mind thus "cabined, cribbed, confined," can not conceive of the supernatural, can not imagine a spiritual cause as passing into and modifying the current of the natural. For such a mind the slightest movement of the human hand, under the impulse of volition, must ever remain as impenetrable a mystery as the miracles of Scripture. In the true spirit of empiricism, M. Renan demands, as a pre-requisite to belief in a miracle, that it should be performed at a stated time, under stated circumstances, before a commission of savans. As if God's dealings with men were a question of the workshop or the laboratory! And yet M. Renan makes greater demands upon our credulity than all the miracles of the Old and New Testament combined. He can not believe that Samson brought down the pillars of an amphitheatre by his unaided strength, but he asks us to believe that the whole vast fabric of ancient civilization fell into ruins at the touch of an uncultured Hebrew youth. He will not credit the resurrection of Lazarus at the voice of the Son of God, but asks us to believe in the resurrection of humanity at the word of an unlettered peasant of Galilee!

Renan has been described as a follower of Strauss. Nothing could be further from the truth. Renan undertakes to write a biography of Jesus; the very object of Strauss is to show, distinctly, that no such biography can be written. Renan goes back to the old naturalistic explanation of the miracles — to Paulus and even to Woolston; Strauss dissected all those explanations with the sharp scalpel of his criticism, and threw away, with scorn, the scattered fragments which Renan has picked up and tried in vain to reunite and reanimate. Strauss sought to prove that the whole evangelical theory was a series of myths; Renan quietly sets aside the mythical theory as incompetent. In the same way Renan is at war with the whole Tübingen school, so called. The "philosophers" of Tübingen identify the religion of Christ with Judaism, and seek to show how the one was naturally developed from the other; the French "biographer" teaches that Jesus overthrew Judaism and founded, out of the depths of his own soul, "the new and perpetual religion of humanity."

And by a just Nemesis it is at the hands of the German skeptical school that Renan's book has received the hardest blows. If his French friends made at the beginning any claim more loudly than all others, it was that M. Renan had imported the ripest fruit of German thought into the domain of French literature, and that his book was the very quintessence of German criticism and philosophy. It was a brief glory. The German savans have seized upon the ambitious Frenchman and cruelly torn him limb from limb. If any one of them might have been expected to treat him tenderly it would be Ewald, whom Renan had covered with praises, and from whom he had borrowed a great deal of the show of Jewish learning apparent in his best books. But Ewald, indignant at the superficial way in which Renan treats his mighty theme, demands, scornfully, "Could *such* a man set forth the history of Christ? No; for him the life of Jesus must ever remain an insoluble riddle." Remembering that Renan is Professor of Hebrew, translator, and commentator of Job, and writer on the Jewish history, as well as biographer of Jesus, the following eulogy from Ewald, who, skeptic though he be, is the greatest of living authorities on Hebrew literature, must be very comforting: "Renan is ignorant of the true history of the Jewish people during the two thousand years preceding the coming of Jesus Christ; and although the

means of studying that history in all its parts is easily accessible, he has not taken the trouble to master it." Before the German criticisms on the book had appeared a witty Abbé in Paris, to whom one of Renan's disciples had vaunted the names of certain eminent Germans as supporters of the French skeptic's views, replied, "Well, if Renan has on his side names hard to pronounce, we have utterly unpronounceable ones on ours: if he cites Bretschneider, Strauss, and Feuerbach, we have Olshausen, Neudecker, and Thiersch; and I give you warning that I have many consonants in reserve." He might have added to his orthodox list the really learned skeptics of Germany, who declare that Renan is not worth the trouble of criticism.

The popular verdict on this book in Germany has been the same as that of the philosophers. The book has been translated, but lies on the booksellers' shelves. Even in France the profounder skeptics received it coldly at the very first. They were disgusted with its vague mysticism and sentimentalism. "I can conceive," said one of them, "of a solid faith; I can conceive of a frank infidelity; but I can not understand M. Renan's notion of a 'truly religious soul,' which shall reject all mysteries, and yet give room to the most wild and dreamy religious vagaries." Another, the intrepid and honest, if erring, Larroque, asks M. Renan whether "words have changed their meaning," that he calls Christ "divine" and "half-God." "If Christ is God, he is God: there are no degrees in divinity." Larroque's robust intellect will not allow sophistications. Nor is his masculine taste less revolted by the "romance" style of Renan's so-called history. He can not breathe, he says, in an atmosphere so saturated with perfumes. "And if I must choose," he adds, "between the grand though severe character of Christ as depicted by the Christian Church, and the charming and accommodating person whom Renan paints, I frankly acknowledge my preference for the former." These are specimens only out of many comments by free-thinkers. It is astonishing to see what a change they have brought in the popularity of the "Life of Jesus" in a few months. The *furor* is over and gone; and it is likely that in another year the book will be forgotten. No more significant sign of the change could be given than the letter of Napoleon III. to the Bishop of Arras, complimenting him on his reply to Renan. It is worth citing in full:

"SIR,—You have had the kindness to send me the work you have written in opposition to the recent production in which an attempt was made to raise doubts on one of the fundamental points of our religion. I have seen with pleasure the energetic part you have taken in the defense of the faith, and sincerely congratulate you for it."

The Marquis de la Rochejacquelin thought this letter, from "so high" a source, worth citing in the French Senate the other day as "a declaration of faith on the part of the Emperor and of France." Begging the Marquis's pardon, it is neither. The Emperor congratulates the Bishop on the "energy," but not on the success, with which he defends the faith. But even this equivocal "patronage" of truth on the part of the man who, two years ago, fostered Renan as a pet and protégé, is a sufficient index of the current of popular opinion in France. In truth, the sale of the book has been greatly increased by the multitudinous attacks made upon it by bishops and other ecclesiastical personages. Many people in France and Italy feel it a duty to praise whatever the Pope and the bishops blame. The extravagant forms of censure adopted by some of the bishops have excited ridicule for the censors and sympathy for the much-abused author. For instance, the Bishop of Marseilles calls Renan a worse man than Robespierre. His Grace also ordained, "in view of the author's enormous guilt," a special penitential service in all the churches every Friday, offering forty days' indulgence to all who should renounce Renan and share in these penitential services. But Canon Musto, of Naples, bears the palm in the way of Anti-Renanic solemnities. He appointed a three days' humiliation, and made a very effective "spectacle" of it. The church was hung with red and white silk, and the altar blazed with scores of candles. Services were kept up almost all the time. Those who took part in all of them, including confession and communion, were promised a plenary indulgence. Above the door of the church a placard announced, in monkish Latin, the occasion of these services:

"ERNESTUS RENAN, NATIONE GALLUS, NEFARIO ACTUS SPIRITU, IN JESUM CHRISTUM DOMINUM NOSTRUM EDITIS LIBELLIS BLATERAVIT," ETC.

It is a remarkable fact that Renan's book has met with great success thus far only in Roman Catholic countries. In Protestant Germany it has had no welcome. It is only in lands where discussion is not free that error is likely to find enthusiastic votaries or to make a durable impression. At the same time it is only just to say that some of the best replies to the book that have thus far appeared are from Roman Catholic pens; and among them it is worth while to mention the Abbé Freppel's "Critical Examination of the Life of Jesus," and the Bishop of Grenoble's "Letter to one of his Vicars."

As to any permanent harm coming to Christianity from this book we have no fear. It may impose upon some feeble minds, and seduce a few excitable imaginations. But it will draw the attention of the age anew to the character of the Saviour of the World; and none can look upon Him and not be drawn toward Him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 12th of January. We give brief abstracts of the leading points embraced in the Reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, of War, and of the Navy.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* presents an elaborate exposition of the financial condition of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, with estimates for the year ending June 30, 1864. We give its leading features, in round numbers, disregarding all sums of less than one million of dollars.—It was estimated that the receipts of the Government, apart from loans, for the year ending June 30, 1863, would be 180 millions; the amount was actually 124 millions, the deficiency arising from internal revenue, which it was estimated would produce 85 millions, while the receipts were only 37 millions. It was estimated that the actual expenditures of the year would be 693 millions; the amount was 714 millions; of this sum 590 millions were derived from loans, which form an addition to the public debt. This debt on the 1st of July, 1862, was 508 millions; our debt was therefore on the 1st of July, 1863, 1098 millions. The expenditures of the Government for the present fiscal year are estimated at 749 millions; of which 161 millions will be derived from customs and taxes, and the remaining 588 millions from loans. The debt of the nation on the 30th of June, 1864, will then be 1686 millions. The actual amount on the 30th of September, 1863, was 1228 millions. The estimates for the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1864, are only approximations, and are based on the supposition that the war will still continue. The revenue from ordinary sources is put down at 206 millions, the expenditures at 751 millions, leaving 545 millions to be provided for by loans. According to these estimates our entire debt on the 30th of June, 1865, will be about 2232 millions. In order to make the internal revenue bring in the sum of 150 millions the Secretary recommends increased taxes and duties upon various articles of luxury, prominent among which are that the duty on distilled spirits be fixed at sixty cents per gallon; on tobacco from five to twenty-five cents per pound; on petroleum ten cents per gallon; and on cotton two cents per pound. The Secretary thinks that there will be no difficulty in procuring loans at reasonable rates.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* gives a rapid resumé of the military operations of the year, the main features of which are that, upon the whole, their influence "in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the Government can scarcely be overestimated." In the West "the rebel territory has been cut in twain, and the States west of the Mississippi no longer furnish supplies to the enemy, while the people of these States are showing such signs of returning loyalty that a speedy restoration of civil government may be confidently anticipated." The operations against Charleston have not accomplished all that was anticipated; but they have exhibited great skill and bravery on the part of our forces. By the recent operations in Texas the chief avenue of the rebels for foreign commerce and foreign aid is cut off. In the East there has been little material change. The armies of Lee and Meade occupy nearly the same relative positions as they did a year ago; the combats have been attended by about equal loss on both sides, without material advantage to either. Western Virginia is clear from any hostile force. Nothing of importance has taken place in the Departments of Virginia and North Carolina. In the Department of Missouri the enemy have been driven across the Arkansas. The question of the exchange of prisoners is treated at length. The essential points are, that the agreement by which prisoners on either side were to be released on parole until exchanged has been systematically violated by the enemy. At Vicksburg and Port Hudson we captured and paroled about 35,000, not a few of whom, without having been exchanged, have since been found in the Confederate armies; and again, the Confederate Government refuses to consider our colored soldiers or white officers who command them, when captured, as prisoners of war, but treats them as criminals, refusing to exchange them. As the matter now stands they have 13,000 of our soldiers, while we have 40,000 of theirs. They refuse to exchange man for man, demanding that we should give all of theirs in exchange for all of ours. To this we can not accede. In the mean while our prisoners in their hands undergo the utmost hardships, while theirs in our hands are well cared for. If necessary, we must resort to retaliation.—The conscription has been enforced in twelve States, bringing in 50,000 soldiers and $10,000,000 of money. The question of abolishing the $300 exemption clause is commended to the consideration of Congress. The conduct of the colored troops in our armies is commended.—The operations of the Ordnance Department are given in detail. We give a few details, which are a sample of the whole. At the opening of the war we had 1052 siege and coast guns, and have since procured 1064; of field artillery we had 231 pieces, and have procured 2734; of infantry fire-arms we had 473,000, and have procured 1,950,000; of cavalry fire-arms we had 31,000, and have procured 338,000; of balls and shells we had 363,000, and have procured 2,562,000, and so on in proportion. At first we were compelled to rely on foreign countries for our arms and munitions; now we manufacture them ourselves. Our troops have been paid up to October 31, 1863.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* presents a careful account of the growth and present condition of our fleet, with a summary of its operations during the year. At the commencement of the present Administration we had 76 vessels, of which only 42 were in commission. At the time of the last Report of the Secretary a year ago we had 427 vessels, with 3268 guns, tonnage 340,036 tons. We have now 588 vessels, with 4443 guns, tonnage 467,967 tons; an increase, exclusive of losses, of 161 vessels, 1175 guns, 127,931 tons. We have, meanwhile, lost 32 vessels, with 166 guns, tonnage 15,985 tons. Of these lost vessels 12 were captured, 3 destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, 4 were sunk in battle or by torpedoes, and 13 lost by shipwreck, fire, and collision. Of our present 588 vessels 46 are iron-clad steamers for coast service; 29 iron-clad steamers for inland service; 203 side-wheel steamers; 198 screw steamers; and 112 sailing vessels. The number of vessels captured by our blockading fleets, exclusive of a large number destroyed on the Mississippi and other rivers, is 1045; of these 547 were schooners, 179

steamers, 131 sloops, 30 brigs, 26 barks, 15 ships, and 117 yachts and small boats. The value of the prizes sent into court for adjudication is fully $13,000,000.

Congress has gone resolutely to work, little time having as yet been wasted on long speeches. We give a resumé of the most important measures proposed or adopted:

SENATE.—*December* 8. Mr. Wilson submitted a resolution to inquire what further legislation is necessary to facilitate the payment of back pay and pensions to deceased soldiers. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Davis, declaring, in effect, that the refusal of the enemy to exchange colored soldiers and their white officers should not prevent the exchange of our other officers and soldiers on just terms.——*December* 9. Mr. Foster presented resolutions of the General Assembly of Connecticut for modifying the Enlistment Act, so that town organizations should be credited for men raised under former calls.——*December* 10. Senate adjourned to Monday, the 13th, to allow time to arrange the committees.——*December* 14. Mr. Dixon gave notice of bill exempting clergymen from conscription. This matter came up on following days, and was disposed of adversely. Standing Committees were elected, the following being chosen Chairmen of the most important: Foreign Relations, Sumner; Finance, Fessenden; Commerce, Chandler; Agriculture, Sherman; Military Affairs, Wilson; Naval Affairs, Hale; Judiciary, Trumbull; Post-office, Collamer; Public Lands, Harlan; Indian Affairs, Doolittle; Pensions, Foster; Claims, Clark; District of Columbia, Grimes; Territories, Wade. Mr. Wilson introduced resolutions thanking Generals Hooker and Meade, and the Army of the Potomac, for their conduct at Gettysburg, and General Banks and his army for the capture of Port Hudson. Mr. Hale received unanimous permission to introduce bill for effectually repressing the rebellion by prohibiting the holding of any person in servitude except by contract. Mr. Wilkinson introduced bill granting pensions to persons wounded in the Indian wars in Minnesota. Mr. Wilson introduced bill to increase the bounty to volunteers.——*December* 15. Mr. Henderson presented a memorial relative to a new railway line between New York and Washington; the same subject was subsequently brought up in other forms. Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a bill to prevent speculative traffic in gold, silver, and foreign exchange. It prohibits, under penalty of a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than one month or more than twelve months, the sale of gold, silver, or foreign exchange by any banker or broker except at his regular place of business, and prohibits the sale of these articles unless actually delivered and paid for on delivery. Mr. Foote introduced a bill granting public lands to the People's Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Line. Mr. Anthony offered a resolution of thanks to General Burnside and the officers and soldiers of his army. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, introduced a bill amending the act defining conspiracies, and that for enrolling and calling out the national forces. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, called up the resolutions relating to the exchange of prisoners, and argued against the policy of refusing to exchange white prisoners because the rebels refused to exchange negro captives. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, replied, urging the continuance of the exchange, and that Southern prisoners equal in number to the colored prisoners in the hands of the enemy should be retained. He maintained that our colored soldiers must be protected. Mr. Davis rejoined, condemning the policy of the Administration in carrying on the war.——*December* 16. By Mr. Wade, memorials from ladies for law emancipating all persons of African descent. By Mr. Saulsbury, memorial from clergymen asking to be exempted from draft; the Senator said that clergymen who attend to their spiritual duties should be exempt, but that political parsons should be placed in the front ranks and made to fight till the war was over. By Mr. Wilson, memorial from officers of colored regiments, asking for the same pay and bounty as given to other troops. Mr. Wilson reported back joint resolution of thanks to General Grant and his army, recommending its adoption: adopted. By Mr. Lane, of Kansas, resolution of inquiry relative to treatment of our Kansas prisoners; he said that there had been seen seven Kansas prisoners in irons, among others not ironed, and that it was averred they were to be put to death: adopted.——*December* 17. Mr. Hale rose to a question of order. It had been charged that he had been guilty of bribery in accepting fees for defending prisoners charged by the War Department with offenses. He asked for a Committee to inquire whether he had been guilty of conduct inconsistent with his duty as a Senator.——*December* 18. A resolution, offered by Mr. Sumner, that to the rules of the Senate should be added that every Senator should, before entering upon his duties, take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, came up for consideration. Mr. Saulsbury, of Maryland, said that his colleague, Mr. Bayard, was the only Senator affected by the resolution; there was nothing in the oath itself which he or his colleague could not take, but the constitutionality of requiring it was doubtful. Debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bayard said that he could not without a decision of the Senate voluntarily take the oath, though there was nothing in it to which he objected. His past life should be a guarantee against any suspicion of disloyalty; but the oath referred to civil officers, and Senators were not civil officers. The Senate adjourned to December 21.——*December* 21. Mr. Wilson gave notice of a bill making it illegal for members of Congress to serve as counsel in any case in which the United States is interested. Mr. Morgan submitted resolution calling for names of officers and soldiers who have resigned or deserted: adopted. The bounty and pay bill then came up, and several amendments were proposed and rejected, the main point being as to the payment of large bounties. Mr. Fessenden opposed this, and said the true principle was that no man had a right to refuse his services when called for; the Government could enforce the demand, and should do so. Mr. Wilson was in favor of bounties and the commutation clause. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, said our armies could not be filled from conscripts alone; 3,000,000 were subject to draft, of whom, under this law, only 426,000 could be brought into the field, of whom 20,000 or 30,000 would be deserters.——*December* 22. The Enrollment bill came up: various amendments proposed by the Committee were adopted; that exempting clergymen from draft was rejected by a vote of 33 to 8. Mr. Hendricks proposed an amendment that the national forces be divided into two classes—the first to include unmarried persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five; the second class, to include all others, not to be called into service until

the first class had been called: lost. The joint resolution from the House appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, advance pay, etc., of enlisted men, was taken up. A proviso was adopted that no part of this be paid to men enlisted after the 5th of January, and that after that date no bounty be paid except such as is now provided by law: the proviso adopted by 25 to 9; the resolution then passed unanimously. Time subsequently extended to March 1. Joint resolution from the Houses offering thanks to Captain John Rodgers, of the *Weehawken*, was passed. Mr. Trumbull offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with information as to the number of generals now without commands equal to a brigade, etc., and whether it is necessary that officers of this rank be employed in subordinate posts: subsequently adopted.——*December* 23. Mr. Wade introduced bill prohibiting, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, any member of Congress from acting as counsel or agent in any case, before any tribunal, in which the United States is directly or indirectly a party, or from receiving any compensation for services, in any such case, before any department, bureau, office, or Naval or Military Commission. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill for codifying the public statutes; subsequently adopted. Mr. Wilson offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether persons held to service or labor in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri have been enrolled in the army, according to the law of March 3, 1863; and if not, why such enrollment has not been made: adopted. The Senate adjourned till January 5.——*January* 5. A message was received from the President, recommending that the payment of bounties to veteran soldiers be continued until the 1st of February; accompanying this were letters from the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal General in favor of the bounty system as opposed to that of drafting. The Secretary of the Navy sent in a list of naval officers who have left the service and joined the rebels. Mr. Powell offered a bill prohibiting army and navy officers from interfering in State elections. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill restoring the $400 bounty to veterans and $300 to volunteers until February 15, and offering $100 bounty to persons of African descent residing in States now in rebellion. Mr. Ten Eyck moved the reference to the Judiciary Committee of that part of the President's Message relating to the reconstruction of the States; he spoke at length in favor of the President's plan: agreed to. Mr. Davis offered a series of resolutions, which gave rise on the 8th to a motion for his expulsion. ——*January* 6. Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed; Mr. Howard chairman. Mr. Powell's bill to prevent army and navy officers from interfering in elections came up; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Saulsbury asserted that in the State of Delaware a majority of the voters had been driven from the polls because they were not in favor of the Administration. Mr. Wilson defended the Government. The bill was finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, in opposition to the wishes of its mover, who desired that it should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.——*January* 7. Sundry petitions were presented and disposed of. Mr. Carlile offered a series of resolutions defining the relations of the General and State Governments, the gist of which lies in the assertions "that it is competent for the President, or any military commander in any State, to impose obligations interfering with the State laws;" and that "the whole power of the Government should be used, not against the rebel States, as such, but against the armies of the rebels:" the resolutions were laid on the table. The Bounty bill was debated and referred to the Committee on Finance. The Enrollment bill was taken up, debated, and several points disposed of. Mr. Howe offered a series of resolutions for the relief of our soldiers now held as prisoners; the substance of which is that the President be requested to call for a million of volunteers for ninety days, or less, to liberate all our prisoners; that General Grant be placed in command of this force; that Congress adjourn on the 4th of March, and that each member under fifty years of age join the army: these resolutions were referred to the Military Committee.——*January* 8. Mr. Morrill offered resolution that notice be given to Great Britain for the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty. The Committee on Military Affairs reported the bills of thanks to Generals Hooker, Meade, Banks, and Burnside, with their officers and troops. Mr. Wilson introduced bill to promote enlistments; the chief features are that all enlistments in the regular army shall be for three years, and colored soldiers receive the same pay, etc., as white. Mr. Grimes introduced bill fixing the pay of officers in the army. Mr. Hale submitted a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the condition of the navy, and especially into the efficiency of the steam-engines lately built. Debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Hale assailed the management of the Navy Department, and Messrs. Grimes, Doolittle, and Conness defended it. Mr. Davis also took part in the debate, assailing the Administration generally. Mr. Wilson offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, on the ground of a series of resolutions offered by him on the 5th of January, from which the following phrase was quoted: "The people of the North ought to revolt against the war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands," thereby, said Mr. Wilson, "meaning to incite the people of the United States to revolt" against the Government. Mr. Davis rejoined warmly, declaring, "The Senator's interpretation of my resolution is false in letter and spirit, and false in fact." Without disposing of this resolution for expulsion, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Enrollment bill. The main point of discussion was the $300 commutation clause. Mr. Sumner proposed an entirely new course; substitutes should be furnished only by Government; commutation to be fixed at $300; every drafted man seeking exemption should pay that sum, and if his income exceeded $300 an additional sum as follows: On incomes of from $600 to $2000, ten per cent.; on incomes from $2000 to $5000, twenty per cent.; on incomes over $5000, thirty per cent. Debate ensued upon this proposition. Mr. Wilson said that, though instructed by the Committee to report in favor of repealing the commutation clause, he was in favor of its retention, and proceeded to argue in support of his view. Without coming to definite action on this subject, the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 11th.

House.—*December* 8. A joint resolution, presenting the thanks of Congress to General Grant and his officers and soldiers, and ordering a medal to be struck for him in the name of the people of the United States, received the emphatic indorsement of a unanimous passage without debate. A resolution was offered by Mr. Cox, of Ohio, requesting

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the President to take immediate steps to secure the exchange of our prisoners in the hands of the rebels, and calling for the correspondence in the War Department on the subject.——*December* 9. Mr. Cox's resolution urging the President to take measures for the exchange of prisoners came up; Mr. Washburne presented a substitute approving the efforts of the Administration, and recommending their continuance; the substitute was agreed to by 94 to 73, and the resolution passed by 106 to 46. ——*December* 10. Mr. Pendleton gave notice of a bill to admit members of the Cabinet to the floor of the House, with the privilege of debating upon matters belonging to their departments. Rev. W. H. Channing was elected chaplain, receiving 86 votes to 55 given for Bishop Hopkins. The House adjourned to Monday, the 14th.——*December* 14. The Speaker announced the Standing Committees, the following being the Chairmen of the principal ones: Elections, Dawes; Ways and Means, Stevens; Claims, Hale; Commerce, Washburne; Public Lands, Julian; Post-office, Alley; District of Columbia, Lovejoy; Judiciary, Wilson; Manufactures, Moorhead; Agriculture, Clay; Military Affairs, Schenck; Naval Affairs, Rice; Foreign Affairs, Davis, of Maryland; Territories, Ashley; Expenditures of War Department, Deming; Expenditures of Navy Department, Baxter. Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a resolution reciting that the President had declared that the Union cause had gained important advantages, and that we could now "offer to the insurgents an opportunity to return to the Union without imposing upon them degrading or destructive conditions; therefore Resolved, that the President be requested to appoint three Commissioners who shall be empowered to open negotiations with the authorities at Richmond to the end that this bloody, destructive, and inhuman war shall cease, and the Union be restored upon terms of equity, fraternity, and equality under the Constitution:" laid on the table by a vote of 98 to 59. Resolutions to the following effect were presented by different members, but debate arising, they were laid over: That the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people, and that the Executive can not interfere with their exercise by the people; That the Secretary of War be directed to communicate to the House the report of General M'Clellan concerning his operations as Commander-in-Chief, and Commander of the Army of the Potomac; That whenever rebellion in any State has been put down, such State shall be restored to all its rights, including that of regulating its domestic institutions, free from all Congressional or Executive control or dictation; That the Federal Government has power to use the army and navy to put down resistance to the authority of the United States, but not to reduce the States to the condition of Territories; and that the war should not be waged to overthrow the institutions of any of the States, but only to maintain the Constitution and preserve the Union and the rights of the States, and that when these objects are attained the war ought to cease. Mr. Holman offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the doctrine that insurrectionary States should be reduced to the condition of Territories, and governed by the will of Congress or the Executive, is wrong; that the war ought to be waged only to put down the armed insurrection, not to interfere with the rights of the States; that when the people of these States submit to the Constitution they should be restored to all their rights; and that Congress should make all necessary appropriations to carry on the war in order that "through a vigorous prosecution of the war peace on the basis of the Union of the States and the supremacy of the Constitution may be most speedily obtained." These resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 82 to 74. Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of placing into any bills which they may report a provision putting all soldiers without distinction of color upon the same footing as to pay. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table, but the motion was not agreed to, and the resolution passed. A resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces, and to suggest any alterations which may make it more beneficial to both parties.——*December* 15. A message was received from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Captain John Rodgers, the captor of the ram *Fingal*, this preliminary being required by law in order that he may be raised to a higher rank in the navy. Mr. Stevens introduced a resolution referring the different portions of the President's Message to proper Committees — that relating to the condition of the rebellious States to a select Committee of nine. Mr. Davis of Maryland offered as a substitute that the portion which relates to the duty of the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to the States be referred to a select Committee of nine, who should draw up the necessary bill. Mr. Brooks of New York was opposed to any instructions being given to the Committee; but if such were given, he would be disposed to add that they should inquire also "whether republican government has not been abrogated and overthrown in the North as well as the South since the revolution began." Mr. Davis's substitute was adopted by a vote of 89 to 80, and the remainder of Mr. Stevens's resolutions were adopted. The resolution calling for the report of General M'Clellan was adopted.——*December* 16. The Speaker announced select Committees, of which the following are Chairmen: Pacific Railroad, Stevens; Emigration, Washburne of Illinois; Rebellious States, Davis of Maryland. By Mr. Grinnell, resolution that Confederate prisoners have been treated with humane consideration, while our prisoners at Richmond are suffering unto death for food and clothing, and that the enemy had refused to continue to receive food and clothing forwarded to our prisoners; and that this conduct is at war with the sentiment of the age, and deserves execration: adopted. By Mr. Kenney, delegate from Utah, that Government needs all its soldiers; that there are companies now in Utah, removed from usefulness; and that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the reasons for stationing a standing army among that peaceful and loyal people: rejected. By Mr. Rollins, resolution in favor of a hearty support of such measures for overcoming the rebellion as will not subvert the Constitution; that the present war has been forced upon the country; that Congress will banish all feelings of resentment, and recollect only its duty to the whole country; that the war is not waged for subjugation, or to interfere with the constitutions of the States, but to maintain the Constitution and the dignity and equality of the States; and that when these objects are attained the war should cease; the motion to lay this

resolution on the table was negatived by 115 to 52; debate arising, it was laid over.——*December* 17. The Committee on Naval Affairs reported the joint resolution of thanks to Captain John Rodgers, Mr. Cox moving in vain an amendment of thanks to Admiral David D. Porter. On motion of Mr. Wilson of Iowa the proper Committees were instructed to inquire into the legislation necessary to secure pensions to the widows and children of those who die in the service; and to enable those in the naval and military service to have the benefit of the Homestead Law. Mr. Harrington presented a series of resolutions censuring the course of the Administration in regard to its action in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, and instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill in accordance with these declarations: rejected by 89 to 67. Mr. Edgerton offered resolutions censuring the President's Proclamation of Amnesty, and denouncing the invasion or occupation of any State for the purpose of changing its laws or institutions: laid on the table by a vote of 90 to 66. Mr. Smith of Kentucky offered a series of resolutions favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war, and opposing any armistice so long as there is a rebel in arms; ignoring all party lines, and recognizing only patriots and traitors. A motion to lay these resolutions on the table was negatived by 100 to 60, and they were passed by a vote of 93 to 64. A vote then came up on resolutions previously offered by Mr. Smith, in the following words: "Resolved, That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the Government in crushing out the rebellion:" agreed to by 152 to 1; and "Resolved, That our thanks are tendered to our soldiers in the field for their gallantry in defending and upholding the flag of the Union, and defending the great principles dear to every American patriot:" agreed to by 160 to 1—Mr. Harris, of Maryland, being the only member voting against these two resolutions. The House adjourned to Monday, 21.——*December* 21. Message received from the President signing resolution offering thanks to General Grant and a gold medal, being the first completed act of the session. Mr. Blow, from Committee on Ways and Means, reported bill appropriating $700,000 for paying Missouri troops; Mr. Cox opposed the consideration of the bill at present; debate arising the matter was laid over till next day. Mr. Yeaman, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the Confederate conspiracy does not extinguish the rights of any States, but that their citizens can resume their civil government on the only condition that their government is republican, and that it is sufficient for those who are loyal and qualified by the election laws of the States to assume their State Government, and that this is sufficient evidence of loyalty: referred to Committee on Rebellious States. Mr. Spaulding moved for select Committee on a National Bankrupt act: adopted. Mr. Miller offered a resolution requesting the President to instruct those having in charge the exchange of prisoners to exchange white man for white man, leaving the question of negro prisoners to be disposed of hereafter; a motion to lay this on the table was refused, 85 to 73; when Mr. Washburne offered as a substitute a resolution approving of the course of the Administration in the matter of the exchange of prisoners, and recommending that it be pursued, to secure a fair and just exchange of all our prisoners: the substitute was adopted, 85 to 63. The bill appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, etc., to volunteers came up, the House being in Committee of the Whole. After some debate the bill was reported. Mr. Harding offered an amendment that no part of the money should be expended in arming or paying negro soldiers: lost, 145 to 41; the bill was then passed without a dissenting vote. Mr. Cox offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Enrolling act of March 3, 1863, and in lieu of it to report a bill calling forth the militia to execute the laws and suppress insurrection, providing for the arming of the militia, and reserving to the States the appointment of officers and the authority for training; or, if that be not expedient, that the Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing the $300 exemption clause: laid over.——*December* 22. The bill appropriating $700,000 for payment of men called out for home defense in the Missouri Department was passed. The bill making appropriation for the Military Academy was passed. Mr. Johnson offered resolution that as the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had decided the conscription to be unconstitutional, it is the duty of the Executive either to acquiesce or to bring the question before the Supreme Court of the United States: laid on the table by 80 to 43. The Senate amendments to the $20,000,000 Bounty bill were concurred with: bill passed.——*December* 23. Select Committee on National Bankrupt Law appointed, Mr. Spaulding Chairman. The Secretary of War sent in General M'Clellan's report. Mr. Fenton, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to deceased soldiers. Mr. Schenck, from the same committee, reported bill to create a Bureau of Military Justice; and also bill repealing part of the Enrollment bill, designed to unite the two classes of enrolled men; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Ancona offered a preamble and resolution declaring the Enrollment act unjust and unconstitutional, because it takes from the States the control of their own militia, and instructing the Committee to bring in a bill for the repeal of the act, and the substitution of some constitutional and just bill for immediately filling up our armies; Mr. Schenck said that the Committee would not report a repealing bill, but were considering amendments to make it more effective. The House adjourned to January 5.——*January* 5. Mr. Smith introduced a bill providing for paying bounty and pensions to soldiers from Ohio and Kentucky. A message from the President urging the extension of the time for paying bounties till February 1 was received and referred to Military Committee. Mr. Harrington gave notice of a bill paying bounties to soldiers who, having served less than three years, have been honorably discharged.——*January* 6. Resolution for Committee to report on railroad from Washington to New York adopted; Mr. Brandagee subsequently appointed Chairman. The Committee on Elections reported a bill fixing a uniform time for electing Representatives in Congress, and enabling soldiers to vote. The Committee on Military Affairs reported bill extending the time for paying bounties to March 1: passed unanimously. The Appropriation bill was passed, after general debate. Mr. Arnold made a set speech upon the state of the Union and the President's Message, laudatory of the course of the President, and urging the entire

destruction of the system of slavery. "It is the mission of Mr. Lincoln," he said, "to carry out the regeneration of the country by the death of American slavery; let him finish the job." Mr. Blaine offered a resolution declaring that the debts incurred by the States in suppressing the insurrection should be assumed by the General Government. Mr. Baldwin offered a resolution to the effect that "any proposition to negotiate with the rebel leaders at Richmond, sometimes called 'the authorities at Richmond,'" should be rejected. The resolution, after some opposition from Mr. Cox, was adopted by 89 to 24; the preamble, which declares that "the organized treason which has its head-quarters at Richmond exists in defiant violation of the Federal Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an outlaw," was adopted by 112 ayes, and no contrary vote. The Committee on Naval Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a navy-yard and dépôt for the construction and repair of iron-clads. Mr. Rogers proposed resolutions declaring that the rebellion is wicked; that the war against it should be prosecuted; but that a compromise was desirable; and that therefore commissioners should be appointed to meet with similar commissioners from the insurgent States to treat respecting peace and a reconstruction of the Union; that the people of the insurgent States have a right to return to the Union, and "reorganize their respective State Governments, with their domestic institutions as they were before the war," and elect representatives to Congress, without "any conditions precedent except that of being liable to be punished" for violations of the Constitution and laws: these resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 78 to 42. Mr. Randall offered a resolution that the President be requested to effect an exchange of prisoners, and that "if that exchange can not be extended to all prisoners it may be carried into effect as to any portion that may be agreed upon between the parties:" laid over for consideration. Mr. Myers (Opposition) offered a resolution to the effect that the war should be prosecuted till the traitors love the Union and consent to the Emancipation and Reconstruction proclamations; that then the leading rebels should be hung, and the war cease; this resolution was quietly referred to the proper Committee. After debate on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill the House adjourned till Monday, January 11.

At the close of our last Record the Army of the Potomac, after crossing the Rapidan and fighting the battle of Mine Run, had fallen back to nearly its old position. Grant's army, at Chattanooga, had fought the "Battle in the Clouds," and had driven Bragg away from the siege of Chattanooga. Bragg was then relieved from his command, which was temporarily assumed by Hardee, and subsequently given to Johnston. Longstreet, who had besieged Burnside at Knoxville, was, after severe fighting, forced to abandon the siege and fall back, pursued by our troops. Our advance came up with him on the 14th of December at Bean's Station. A sharp fight ensued; the result was that our advance retreated with some loss. The enemy say that they captured about 70 wagon loads of stores, and made two or three hundred prisoners. They acknowledge the loss of 800 men, killed and wounded. The general position in Virginia and Tennessee remains nearly the same as in our last Record. General Grant, in General Order, dated December 10, returns "his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from his great strong-hold upon Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga Valley, wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Missionary Ridge, repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there, driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State. By your noble heroism and determined courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you."

An important error occurs in General Meigs's graphic description of the "Battle in the Clouds," before Chattanooga, quoted in our last Record. By a mistake of the telegraphic operator the name of General Thomas was substituted for that of General Sherman, in the paragraph describing the passage of the Tennessee and the seizing and fortifying of the position on Missionary Ridge. General Meigs, in a letter to Sherman, explains this. He says: "I wrote *your* name, and it was so sent to the telegraph-office." In our account (page 271), the name of "Sherman" should be substituted for "Thomas."

The most notable military incident of the month is a cavalry expedition, planned by General Kelley, who commands in Western Virginia, the object of which was to cut the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, the chief line of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. Several feigned movements were made, with the object of misleading the enemy. The command of the real expedition was given to General Averill. On the 8th of December he started from New Creek, near the Maryland border, with four mounted regiments and a battery, marching almost due south. On the 16th he struck the line of the railroad at Salem, and begun the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three dépôts with a large amount of stores destroyed, and the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 15 miles; this was the work of a few hours. The enemy, in the mean time, had learned of his position and operations, and sent out six separate commands to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road through the mountains which was thought passable. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was thought impracticable, remained. By this Averill made his escape, carrying off all his material with the exception of four caissons, which were burned. His entire loss in this raid was 6 men drowned in crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, but released all but 84, on account of their inability to walk. In his report General Averill says, "My march was retarded occasionally by the tempest in the icy mountains and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command and drag my artillery with ropes across Crog's Creek seven times in twenty-four hours.....My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has marched, climbed, slid, and swam 355 miles in 14 days."

The enemy, under General Early, by way of re-

prisal for Averill's raid, undertook a great expedition into Western Virginia, threatening the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and other important points. A dispatch from General Kelley, dated January 7, gives the result: The rebel force has retreated toward the Shenandoah Valley. The force was a formidable one, consisting of three brigades, under the command of General Fitzhugh Lee. The great raid has thus far resulted in a complete failure. An empty wagon train, returning from Petersburg, was captured by a portion of the enemy's forces. With this exception they have not, thus far, been able to inflict upon us any injury.

A detachment of 280 men, commanded by Major Beers, was attacked on the 3d of January at Jonesville, in Western Virginia, by a large Confederate force under General Sam Jones; after a desperate resistance, in which we lost 30 killed, and as many wounded, the remainder of the command were made prisoners.

The siege of Charleston still continues, but no very important advantage has been gained. The firing upon the city has been kept up, and considerable damage appears to have been inflicted. The "Monitor" *Weehawken* was sunk in a storm, in Charleston Harbor, on the 6th of December, and about 30 of her crew went down with her. The vessel will be raised. Our latest intelligence comes down to the 7th of January. On that day General Gilmore had thrown twenty shells charged with Greek fire into the city; with what result was unknown. A week before, however, the same number had been fired, every one of which exploded within the city, causing an extensive conflagration. Heretofore, it is said, the shells charged with Greek fire have exploded before reaching their object. This fault is said to be remedied by a recent invention, by which the explosion takes place at the proper moment.

An expedition to Texas, planned by General Banks at New Orleans, has thus far proved highly successful. Our forces under Major-General Washburne seized the approaches to Matagorda. The garrison of Fort Esperanza, consisting of 1000 men, fled at the approach of our troops, first blowing up the magazines. A high gale prevented the co-operation of the gun-boats with the land-forces, or the enemy would probably have fallen into our hands. Ten guns were captured, ranging from 24 to 108 pounders. The command of Matagorda Bay substantially gives us the control of Central and Western Texas, and all the important points on the seacoast except Galveston. At the latest accounts our forces had gained further advantages, but the details are too indefinite to enable us to describe the precise operations. The Governor of the State says that Texas has furnished 90,000 troops to the army, while the highest vote of the State never reached 64,000. According to his estimates not more than 5000 or 6000 males between 16 and 60 are at home in the State. General Magruder recommends that all planters on navigable rivers or within 50 miles of the coast should send their able-bodied slaves into the interior. General Kirby Smith, the Confederate commander of the Department, has appointed a committee to impress for the Government half the cotton of the State, for which the planters are to be paid in bonds. Any planter, upon delivering this half at any recognized dépôt, will receive a certificate exempting the remainder; if he attempts to remove any without such a certificate the whole will be liable to seizure; and if he offers or pays for transportation more than the sum paid by Government his certificate will be canceled.

It was supposed that arrangements had been made to secure an exchange of prisoners, man for man. General Butler, to whom the matter has been committed, sent 500 Southern prisoners, and an equal number of ours were sent back. The Confederate Government then refused any further exchange unless all the questions are given up about which our Government has been contending, and their laws in regard to officers and soldiers in negro regiments are recognized. They also refused to receive a flag of truce from General Butler, or to negotiate with him on the subject of exchange, on account of Mr. Davis's proclamation outlawing General Butler last year. They have also refused to receive any further supplies for our suffering prisoners.

The Confederate Congress has passed a Military bill, which enacts that "All musicians, privates, and non-commissioned officers now in the armies of the Confederate States, by virtue of volunteering, enlistment, or conscription into the military service of the Confederate States, be, and the same are hereby retained in the said service for and during the existing war with the United States, and no longer."

The new Confederate conscription bill provides that all white males between 16 and 55 shall be in the military service; that those between 16 and 18, and between 45 and 55, shall belong to the reserve; the remainder, that is, those between 18 and 45, to be in the field; as soon as those below 18 reach that age they are to be transferred from the reserve to the army in the field; persons liable to duty in the reserve, and failing to report, to be conscribed to the field; no person to be relieved from the operations of this law by reason of having been discharged from the army, unless physically disabled, or by having furnished a substitute.

Governor Clarke, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation notifying all aliens between 18 and 45 to enlist or leave the State before the 1st of March. Those below or above the military age are liable to do militia duty the same as citizens.

The report of Mr. Memminger, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, presents a gloomy picture of Southern finances. The leading figures, stated in round millions, are these: From January 1 to September 30 the expenditures were 519 millions, of which 378 millions were for the War Department. The nominal receipts were 601 millions, of which taxes produced a little more than 4 millions, and customs a little less than 1 million. These 5 millions were all the real revenues of the Confederate Government, the remainder being paper, of one kind and another, issued by it. The entire public debt of the Confederacy, represented by its paper, is 800 millions, the amount of Confederate currency now in circulation, which Mr. Memminger considers to be five times the amount demanded by the wants of the South. The estimates for the present year bring this debt to 1427 millions. The consequence is that one dollar in Confederate currency is now worth from eight to ten cents. Mr. Memminger presents an elaborate scheme to remedy this evil; it is in effect simply a repudiation of the existing debt of the Confederacy, the holders of its notes being left to bear the loss.

The merchant steamer *Chesapeake*, plying between New York and Portland, left the former port on the 6th of December. Nearly a score of per-

sons in the service of the Confederate Government went aboard as passengers; when a few hours out of port they murdered one of the engineers, wounded the captain and some of the crew, and took possession of the vessel. As soon as tidings of this outrage arrived vessels were sent in pursuit. The *Chesapeake* was at length found, on the 17th of December, by our gun-boat *Ellie and Annie*, in Sambro Harbor, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, into which, after dodging around, she had been taken by a British pilot. Upon being overhauled all of the pirates save three made their escape to the shore. The *Chesapeake*, with these three on board, was taken in possession. The capture having been made in British waters, the steamer and prisoners were given over to the British authorities. When the prisoners were landed and placed in the charge of the authorities they were rescued by a mob, and set at liberty. Subsequently several of the pirates were taken, and the whole case is in the hands of the British authorities. The following is the result thus far: The Admiralty Judge was of opinion that the vessel should be given up to her owners. The counsel for the Confederates asked him to contemplate the probability of an application for the vessel on the part of the Confederates, which the Judge said he would not do. The Advocate-General for the Crown also expressed his opinion that the vessel should be given up to the owners. The case is still open.—Several persons have been under examination, charged with rescuing the three prisoners from the hands of the police. The Mayor concluded that the case must be legally decided, and should be handed over to the Crown officers. The prisoners were required to give bail for their appearance before the Supreme Court.

An order has been issued by Government prohibiting any vessels from putting to sea from the port of New York until they, their crews, and passengers, have been examined by the authorities; all suspicious persons will be arrested, and the transmission of arms and munitions of war will be prevented. It is said that the existence of a considerable trade with the enemy in these articles has been discovered, and several arrests of prominent merchants on this account have been made. Several persons occupying important positions in the New York Custom-house have been implicated in these transactions. The alleged culprits have been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The general tenor of our advices from *Mexico* represents the French and "Imperialists" as meeting with almost uniform success. On the 8th of December they took possession of Guanajuato. The Mexicans, under Doblado, retreated toward Zacatecas, having destroyed the aqueduct, water reservoirs, mining works, and growing crops, leaving the country a desert. They were pursued by a division of the French army.—On the 6th of December Tobar, an adherent of the French, was defeated near Guadalajara by the loyalists, under Colonel Rajos, who captured 500 prisoners. The numbers on each side are stated at 3000.—On the 17th Uraga, who had inflicted considerable damage upon the French, attacked them at Morelia, where they were strongly entrenched, but was repulsed with a loss, it is reported, of 2000 killed and wounded, out of an entire force of 5000.—A letter from President Juarez, dated December 8, has been published, in which he says that he trusts, when our war is ended, many American soldiers will join the Mexicans, for the purpose of driving the French from the continent. In the mean while the Mexicans can only carry on a guerrilla war.

For many months a war has been going on between the States of *Guatemala* and *Salvador*, the advantages being on the side of the former, until General Barrios of Salvador was, about the close of September, shut up in the capital and closely besieged. The siege had lasted about a month, when Barrios resolved to cut his way through the beleaguering troops. The attempt was made with the small forces capable of action. Most of these were killed or captured during a long march through a hostile country; but the General with a few followers at last succeeded in reaching the coast, where he was received on board an American vessel, which conveyed him to Panama, whence he took passage for New York.

Troubles have broken out between Ecuador and the United States of Colombia, the precise grounds of which are obscure. In November the Ecuadorian General Flores marched into New Granada, and a naval expedition from Guayaquil seized the small port of Tumaco. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, having gathered about 4000 men, attacked Flores with 6500 on the 6th of December, and routed him after a sharp action, killing and wounding, it is said, 1500, and taking 2000 prisoners.

Some months ago, as noted in our Record, the Spanish Government took formal possession of and "re-annexed" to Spain the republic of *St. Domingo*, the southern half of the island of Hayti. An insurrection against the Spaniards broke out not long after, and a desultory warfare has since been waged, the general result being in favor of the Spaniards. Present appearances indicate that this war is drawing to a close.

EUROPE.

The Congress of rulers, proposed by the French Emperor, is the prevailing subject of interest. Several of the Powers have replied to the invitation. On the 4th of November the Emperor wrote to "Madame my sister," the Queen of England, setting forth his reasons for desiring the Congress, and requesting her Majesty to participate in it. On the 11th Earl Russell replied that the matter should be taken into consideration. Diplomatic correspondence ensued: explanations were asked and given; and the decision of the British Government was finally announced on the 25th, in these words: "Not being able to discern the likelihood of those beneficial consequences which the Emperor of the French promised to himself when he proposed the Congress, her Majesty's Government, following their own strong convictions, after mature deliberation, feel themselves unable to accept his Imperial Majesty's invitation." The reply also contained the significant intimation that "Her Majesty's Government have good grounds to believe that no Austrian representative would attend a congress where any proposition for the surrender of Venetia by Austria was to be discussed."

The reply of the Czar is cordial in terms, and professes a readiness to join in the scheme on certain conditions. "I should be happy," he writes, "if your Majesty's proposition lead to a loyal understanding between the sovereigns; but for this to be practically realized it can only proceed from the consent of the other Great Powers. It is indispensable for your Majesty to define the questions upon which an understanding should be arrived at,

and the basis upon which it would be established." Now, as the Polish question is the leading one, it is assumed that the reply of Russia amounts to a refusal.

The King of Prussia is quite ready to take part in a Congress, but thinks that the Ministers of the different States should prepare the proposals to be submitted for consideration; but declares that the Treaties of Vienna must continue to form the foundation of the European political edifice. The reply is thoroughly non-committal.

The Emperor of Austria, in his reply, wished to know the programme of the deliberations. To this the Minister added a dispatch, insisting that the French Government should define its position with more distinctness; then the Austrian Government could decide upon the advantage of joining the Congress.

The Pope assents to the proposal, and declares that he shall "specially demand the re-establishment in Catholic countries of the real pre-eminence naturally appertaining to the Catholic religion as being the true faith." Spain, Italy, Denmark, and Greece assent to the proposal in the most unhesitating terms.

The King of the Belgians answers dubiously. "It would be desirable," he says, "if by the effect of a pacific agreement the existing causes of anxiety in Europe could be settled;" but gives no definite answer beyond declaring that his Government "would be quite inclined to join it, so far as it could do so." The Germanic Confederation, in its reply, lays down certain conditions precedent, and says that "it will be disposed," as a body, to respond to the invitation, and take part in the Congress, by sending a special Plenipotentiary, who would be there with the members of the Confederation who had received individual invitations.

THE EAST.

Hostilities, which threaten to assume a serious character, have broken out in India, on the Punjaub frontier. The first intelligence of this stated that some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove in a picket, but were repulsed, the English, however, losing 128 men, in killed and wounded, most of them being native troops. Subsequent accounts speak of a series of engagements, from October 30 to November 24, in which the British loss is set down at 600 men, killed and wounded. The India papers consider the affair serious. One says, "We are no longer engaged in an insignificant raid, but in a war with numerous tribes, whose numerical force, in an almost inaccessible country, it is difficult to calculate." Another says, "It is clear that our position there is a critical one, and that the most decisive measures must now be adopted to save our force from annihilation."—Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, died on the 20th of November. He is to be succeeded by Sir John Lawrence, one of the ablest men whom Great Britain has ever sent to India.

Literary Notices.

Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Edited by CHARLES BEECHER. Few men of the last generation in America, and perhaps no clergyman, exerted a wider influence than Lyman Beecher. He was not a profound scholar, nor—in any usual acceptation of the phrase—an acute theologian. He had no special faculty of splitting hairs; he never founded or aspired to found a school of theology. He was content to accept the formulas of the Calvinistic denomination to which he belonged, and to the latest period of his life esteemed himself thoroughly orthodox, measured even by these standards. The wide influence which he exerted belonged to the man himself more even than to his position. The foundation of his character was high moral principle; he possessed also shrewd common-sense, indomitable courage, and a fervid temperament. He was eloquent because he felt keenly and deeply. For more than half a century he was a power in the land, and his character and influence are perpetuated for another generation in his descendants, more than one of whom are his mental and moral, as well as his physical children. These children have done a valuable as well as a pious service in giving to the world a faithful portraiture of their father. As he passed the time of active labor he meditated the writing of a history of his own life and times. But the work, though often commenced, never proceeded far in execution; and when he had reached the boundary of threescore years and ten he abandoned all hope of accomplishing it, and called upon his children for aid. They gladly responded to the call, and to this conjoint authorship this work owes its peculiar form. Seated in the family room of his daughter, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the old man would detail the recollections of his life, which were taken down as they fell from his lips; then questions were asked which brought out new reminiscences, sometimes from the father, sometimes from the children. Into the web thus woven were afterward incorporated letters and other documents belonging to the biography, and so the whole gradually grew into the form which it has assumed. It certainly required unusual qualifications on the part of those who may properly be called the authors of this work to mould the materials thus furnished into a harmonious whole. In nine cases out of ten the result must have been a failure. But the end crowns the labor; and in this tenth exceptional case we have a book of rare excellence. The first volume brings the life of Mr. Beecher down to the close of the year 1823, when, at the age of forty-eight, he had been for some twelve years the minister of Litchfield, and had made himself widely known as an eloquent preacher, a wise counselor, and a brilliant writer. Apart from its special value as a biography of a notable man, this work presents a vivid picture of the social and religious life of New England fifty years ago. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, by JOHN FOSTER KIRKE. Some years ago Mr. Prescott, in a generous notice, prophesied that a great historical work would be produced by his friend and literary associate, Mr. Kirke, whose name was then unknown except to a select few. This work amply justifies the anticipation of the genial historian. Mr. Kirke has selected a subject of great importance, and to the execution of his task has brought untiring industry, a sound judgment, and a poetic faculty of grasping and presenting his theme. As was to have been expected, he

has formed his style in a measure upon that of Prescott, without being a mere imitator. If he falls somewhat below his model in delicacy and grace, he exceeds him in force and vigor. In the higher function of a historian—that of estimating the worth of his authorities, as well as clearly presenting their statements—we rank him above Prescott, and hardly below Motley. In reading the "Conquest of Mexico" and the "Conquest of Peru" we are perpetually haunted with the suspicion that the history is only partially true. We are sure that Mr. Prescott puts fairly before us the sum and substance of what his authorities told him, but we can give only limited credence to their statements; and our disbelief is confirmed as we study the physical features of the countries in which the scene of the action is laid. More than one writer of comparatively limited powers has given a damaging blow to the credibility of these histories. It has, we think, been clearly demonstrated, for example, that the vast armies which Cortés professed to have encountered on his march to Mexico, and in his siege of the capital, and the great cities which he claims to have captured, could have had no actual existence. We have no such misgivings in the case of Mr. Kirke. We are convinced that in his history we have not merely a brilliant, but a true picture of the men and times of which he treats. It is perhaps a misfortune that neither of the main personages of his history, Charles or Louis, is a character whom the historian can honestly love, as Motley loves William the Silent, or honestly hate, as he hates Philip and Alva. And Mr. Kirke is too clear-sighted and honest to follow Carlyle's example and create a lovable hero from materials so unpromising as Frederick. The utmost that he could do was to wipe away the unmerited stigmas which chroniclers and novelists have affixed to these great monarchs. We therefore miss, of necessity, in his history, the fiery eloquence which is one of the charms of Motley's great history. If these are drawbacks to the charm of the work they were imposed by the nature of the subject. We can safely say that Mr. Kirke has, at a single step, fairly taken his place by the side of Motley and Prescott. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Company.)

Very Hard Cash, by Charles Reade. (Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Reade is certainly the most brilliant of the new generation of novelists. He writes for effect, but, unlike the members of the new "sensation school," he does not trust for his effects merely to a plot, the leading idea of which is to heap up as many crimes and strange incidents as possible, without any particular concern for the propriety of his characters. He has no virtuous bigamists, pious murderers, or honest scoundrels. He is a genuine artist, and undertakes, therefore, to paint men and women as they are or might be. His bad characters are not perfect samples of total depravity; he recognizes the grain of good existing in things evil; but the good and the bad are such as might exist in the same person; hence his good people are still human—not cherubs or seraphs, all head and wings. He has, moreover, a moral or social purpose in his stories. "Never too Late to Mend" was, apart from the story, a protest against the system of prison discipline; "Very Hard Cash," apart from the story, is a protest against the system of private "Asylums for the Insane" existing in England, but we trust not in America. He is, moreover, an artist in execution as well as in conception. His pages overflow with wit, humor, and pathos; with vivid description and sharp delineation. Each separate portion is not only good as a part of a whole, but good in itself. Thus, in "Never too Late to Mend" was contained one of the most vigorous pictures ever written of the experiences of gold-hunters in Australia; and in "Hard Cash" the account of the voyage of the *Agra* from India to Europe—the fight with the pirates, the storm, and the shipwreck—is fully equal to the very best descriptions of the kind in the best nautical novels.—"Hard Cash" has been pronounced by as competent a critic as Charles Dickens the best of Mr. Reade's works, which is equivalent to saying that it is one of the half-dozen best novels of the half-century.

Caxtoniana, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In this series of "Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners" we have probably the ultimate result of the author's long literary career. This began with his early "fashionable novels," which made their mark on the literature of the last generation. Then followed a series of stories of crime and passion, which the world can well afford to let die, although it includes works of such undeniable power as "Eugene Aram." Then came the semi-historical stories, "Rienzi," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "Harold." In "Zanoni" he struck into the vein of supernaturalism, which he afterward followed up, with indifferent success, in the "Strange Story." Between these came the "Caxton" series, by which we think he will be best known to after-ages. This we judge to be his own opinion, since to these essays of his age he gives a title referring directly to that series. These essays—nearly thirty in all—treating of the most diverse topics, are wise and thoughtful, if not startling and brilliant. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, by William Rounceville Alger. We have in this work an attempt to sweep the whole circle of human thought upon the great problem of the destiny of man, from the vague fancies of savage tribes, through the wild imaginings of the Scandinavians, the subtle speculations of Buddhists and Brahmins, the refined theories of the Greeks, down to the teachings of the Saviour and his Apostles. Nearly half of the volume is occupied in unfolding the teachings of the New Testament on this subject, and setting forth what Mr. Alger supposes to be the phases of this doctrine as presented by the Saviour and the Apostles. Not a few readers will be shocked at the idea that these all differ, and that none of them accord fully with the teachings of the Master. There should be kept in view, says Mr. Alger, "a distinction between the real meaning of Christ's words in his own mind and the actual meaning understood in them by his auditors and reporters." Yet this theory, however repulsive to the common sentiment of the Christian world, is set forth with such ability that its consideration can not be neglected by the theologian of our day. The work is one of profound research, and the materials are moulded together with great ability, and presented in a style of stately and sonorous eloquence befitting the subject. The value of the work to the student is greatly enhanced by a most copious catalogue of the literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life, prepared by Mr. Ezra Abbott. It contains a list of nearly 6000 books, treatises, and essays on this topic, so arranged and classified as to leave nothing to be desired. (Published by George W. Childs.)

Five Years of Prayer, by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. The "Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meetings," which have been held regularly in New York for the last five years, are in all respects worthy of commemoration. Their influence has spread widely, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country and in foreign lands. In this volume Dr. Prime has reproduced many striking incidents bearing upon the subject of prayer and its special answer. He does not undertake to show why or how it is "that an unchangeable Being is pleased to do for his creatures when they pray what he would not have done but for their importunate cries." His simple purpose is to show, by an array of facts, that "while we are not heard because we pray, but only for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has purchased for us the blessings which we need.....God will not give them to us unless we pray in faith, nothing doubting." We can not doubt the authenticity of the incidents which Dr. Prime vouches for as facts. The work is all the more worthy of consideration because it does not pretend to give a philosophical explanation of the connection between prayer and its answer. "There will be," says the author, "statements here and there at which unbelief will laugh; but when all the scoffers and skeptics and unbelievers have had the opportunity of laughing and doubting and denying, there are still thousands of devout and humble Christians who will feel their faith stronger and their hopes brighter and more joyful for the perusal of these glorious annals of prayer."

Was He Successful? by RICHARD B. KIMBALL. If the question which forms the title of this novel were put to vote, we think the decision would be, "The Ayes have it." It is the story of a young man who sets out in life with the firm determination to achieve success in business. He assumes, as his governing principle, that "Honesty is the best *policy*"—using the phrase in its most literal sense. He is honest not merely to the extent that all his business transactions are strictly legal, but he never violates the ordinary laws of commercial honor. His bonds are perfectly good, and his word is as good as his bond. Nor is he notably hard and grasping. He wishes to achieve success by shrewdness and perseverance, not by trickery or meanness. He is, moreover, refined and intelligent—a personal favorite with almost every one. He attains just the success which he desires: gains one fortune, marries another, and increases both till he becomes a millionaire. He is a good husband, and—as the world goes—not a bad father. He dies at a good age, having suffered from an attack of paralysis, leaving the bulk of his fortune to found a benevolent institution. This is the credit side. The debit side is a rather shrewish wife; a daughter who dies of consumption; another who elopes with a foreign adventurer; and a son who turns out badly at first, but reforms; and the consciousness that in the struggle of life he has never been actuated by a single motive higher than pure and absolute selfishness; that he has flung aside his best feelings and his most cherished principles whenever they interfered with his one object. This one character is delineated with great skill; the others, though introduced mainly as accessories or foils, are by no means feebly drawn. The novel is certainly successful, whether the hero was or was not. (Published by G. H. Carleton.)

The Life and Times of Nathan Bangs, D.D., by ABEL STEVENS. The preparation of the memoirs of one who for more than half a century was a representative man of his denomination, the founder of its periodical literature, and one of the originators of its system of educational training, could not have been committed into hands so appropriate as those of the author of "The History of Methodism." Dr. Bangs was born in Connecticut, in 1778, of sound Puritan stock. While he was a boy his father emigrated to what was then the "Far West," considerably east of the centre of the State of New York; a few years later he removed to Upper Canada. Here he taught school and practiced surveying. He became converted to Methodism, was driven from his school, and entered the ministry in 1800, being then not quite twenty-two years of age. From that day until 1860, when he passed away from earth, his life belonged to his work, and his life is to a great degree the history of the Methodist Church in America. (Published by Carlton and Porter.)

The History of the Romans under the Empire, by CHARLES MERIVALE. (D. Appleton and Co.) The two thousand years during which the Roman State existed as a power in the world furnishes a theme too vast for adequate treatment by any single historian. If we divide this long period into four parts—the Kingdom, the Commonwealth, the Empire, and the Decline and Fall—we shall find that only the first and the last have been adequately described. Arnold, following Niebuhr, has written the early history of Rome as well as it will probably ever be written. His History of the Commonwealth falls short of the requirements of the subject. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Empire is confessedly the great history of the world. But the intermediate links in the chain of Roman history—the Rise and Fall of the Imperial Republic and of the Republican Empire—have remained unsupplied. Merivale's History of the Romans under the Empire has fairly secured a claim to have filled one break in the historical chain—that immediately preceding Gibbon's great work. We are glad therefore to see that this work, having passed the ordeal of exhaustive criticism, is to be placed within the reach of the public.

Thirty Poems, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. A volume from the one who has given us the best poems written by any man now living who uses the English language demands notice, though it contains no piece like "Thanatopsis," the "Rivulet," the "Antiquity of Freedom," the "Future Life," or the "Return of Youth." If there is among these thirty poems no one which would have won a name for a young author, there is no one unworthy of the name of Bryant. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

History of West Point, by Captain EDWARD C. BOYNTON. The author of this work is Adjutant of the Military Academy, and has had access to all the material necessary to furnish a complete and reliable account of our national nursery for officers. The United States will be forced henceforth to assume the position of a military nation. Once in a generation a man is born who seems to master the art of war by instinct. But the main reliance of a military nation must be upon officers who have been trained to a knowledge of their profession by a special course of study, such as is pursued at West Point. This careful history of that institution, while it can hardly lay claim to felicity in point of literary execution, is full of matter of permanent value. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

CERTAINLY no week is so charming as Christmas week. It will be long past when these words are printed; but its genial influence lingers, and one holiday season may be assumed to last until another comes. It is not the indoor Christmas of which we are thinking, but that which is so visible for many days previous to the great day in the streets and shops. Is it a pleasanter expression in people's faces that gives that week its character? You may stop at a street corner and watch the crowds that pass, and you can not but remark the eager interest with which they move; the difference being that it is an interest for others, and not for themselves. They are hastening to spend money, not to make it. They are thinking of the wondering, expectant, delighted children; of the gay surprises; of the comfort, the happiness, they are procuring. It is in giving gifts that the "good-will" of the Christmas season reveals itself most clearly. Now, as in the beginning, the wisest men hasten with their offerings to the child in arms. Do Christmas presents have their origin in the gifts of the Magi at the manger?

The geniality of the season seems to belong peculiarly to our Saxon or northern blood. In southern countries the religious aspect is imposing. At Rome, especially, there is the quaint and magnificent service on Christmas Eve at Santa Maria Maggiore, when the Pope comes and blesses the cradle of the young Christ! The Romish Church, relying upon the popular heart, delights in such bold contempt of the plainest historic facts. All infants are rocked in cradles, shall the infant Saviour be without one? It is in the same spirit that the old painters represent the Madonna as an Italian peasant, and the guards at St. Peter's prison as the Pope's soldiers. So, too, at Rome the Pifferari come in from the country and play upon their pipes before the shrines of the Virgin at the street corners. Among us, and in our Saxon traditions and customs, the Pifferari are transformed into Waits, who sing Christmas carols in the cold moonlight before the house. Sometimes a poet, like Wordsworth, hears them, and makes us all hear:

"The minstrels played their Christmas tune
Last night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

"Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand."

The religious character was still preserved, for many of the carols were sacred hymns.

But the especial charm of our Christmas is its mingling of the solemn Christian feast with the Scandinavian Yule. The pious good-will comes from the south, but the jolly good-fellowship from the north. Milton's organ-peal draws us to church on Christmas morning; but it is another strain that greets us as we go home to dinner:

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The Bore's head in hand bringe I,
With garlans gay and rosemary;
I pray you all synge merily,
Qui estis in convivio."

This is the old carol, imprinted by Wynken de Worde, which Irving takes as a motto to his delightful Christmas chapters. Indeed, of the old English Christmas, either as it was or as we believe it to have been, Irving's description is the most complete and satisfactory. Yet with Irving it must have been merely a tradition. He could have seen very little of what he describes; and his account must be considered a true poem. How rapidly the festival changes its expression, while the substance remains, we may see from Dickens's Christmas sketches. The Baronial Christmas of Irving has disappeared, and the festival of the poor has taken its place. The rural feast of Squire Bracebridge, at Bracebridge Hall, and the city, the cockney Christmas, if you will, of Dot or Master James Jackman Lirriper, are beautiful pictures and pendants of each other. They have each, with all their jollity and rollicking cheer, a strain of tender sadness. For they are not what is so much as what might be, and what actually appears but in shadows and fragments. Irving's is what the glowing poets have felt that Christmas at Bracebridge Hall ought to be. Dickens's is the Christmas which just these eager crowds which make the week so charming suggest. Let a kindly eye, a generous heart like his, watch the streets as the day draws near, and irresistibly he will tell such a story as he has told many a time. If we searched London lodgings should we find the men and women the true human hearts he describes? Well, well; there are the sunset clouds. What shining pinnacles and towers! If you go for them are you not lost in a fog-bank? But are they less there those stately palaces? And some day, through the fog-bank, shall we not find the way to the airy portals? Christmas is in the heart. But for that very reason it shall be found every where as picturesque as Irving paints, and as humane and genial as Dickens describes.

It is not too late to chat of it. By the most orthodox canon it has its twelve days. Let us give it a month, and we may still discourse. At least, if Christmas be gone, let us keep our Christmas temper:

"Heaven bless you, merry gentlefolks,
Let nothing you dismay!"

A WATCHFUL Easy Chair has found no remarkable civic event to mark in the closing month of the year. The Russians sailed away to Washington, whence they depart for the West Indies; and Mr. Gunther was elected Mayor. The last fact fell upon the city with the refreshment of an agreeable surprise. For, without regard to Mr. Gunther's politics or personal fitness for the position, the demonstration that what is known as "the Ring" could be defeated was of itself a victory for decency and popular government. The one thing of which every body was confident was Mr. Boole's election. His meetings, as we saw upon one placard, were called as the meetings of "Mayor Boole." Even the Governor, with his usual infelicity, unnecessarily pronounced for Mr. Boole. The only practically interesting questions left for general consideration were, whether the Ring, under the Mayoralty of Boole, would compel the citizens of New York to redress themselves by the formation of a Vigilance Committee, or whether he would merely push the city to exasperation and the election of honest magistrates.

The result was amazing. Mr. Gunther is Lord Mayor. Mr. Boole's prestige is lamentably injured. "The Ring" is broken. The Governor has learned that there is something even surer than a machine. While the city waits patiently to see what her new chief will do. She has waited many times before, and has never seen him do any thing very new. It is useless to say that he is so bound by the charter that he can not do any thing. For why was he bound? Simply because the government of the city was infamous, and common sense insisted that the tax-payers should be in some ways —of personal security, for instance—released from the despotism of those who pay no taxes and yet elect a Mayor.

In these days of release from old party trammels Mr. Gunther has an opportunity which, if he improves, secures his future. If he is Democrat enough to know that, having once tried it, even New York would prefer a cheap to a costly government, his Mayoralty will be an epoch. If he has been so thoroughly trained to believe that any clique controls the city, although his own election is the most signal evidence that it is not so, then we shall have the familiar spectacle renewed of a man who struggles and spends desperately to be Mayor, and after two years of weariness and vexation is hustled out politically ruined. Let us wish Lord Mayor Gunther a Happy New Year, and urge him to reflect upon that chamber which is in the City Hall as it was in Blue Beard's palace, where hang the headless trunks of the unfortunates who were not wise enough for their position.

Looking in at the shop windows we do not see that the portrait of the manly form of Mr. John Heenan abounds as it did two years ago. Yet why not? It is true that he has been beaten to a jelly, mangled, gashed, bruised, and for a time reduced to a formless mass of livid human flesh hideous to behold. But what then? It is only the chance of war, only an episode of the manly art of self-defense. Are we such miserably mean summer friends that we desert our heroes in straits? It is the same Mr. Heenan still who squeezed the breath out of Mr. Sayer's body across a rope, and who manfully did his best to hug Mr. King into insensibility. Are these not glorious deeds? Did we not hang up his portrait joyfully when the great rope-feat was performed, and shall we now refuse to gaze upon it because the fate of battle, to which even Napoleon the Great succumbed, goes against him? Was he not "plucky," and "pecky," and "up to the scratch," and endless more wonderful and brave things, and because his face was so pommeled and knocked in, and swelled out that he could not open his eyes, but lay palpitating and senseless, shall we infamously renounce him and forswear our hero, our champion, our Benicia?

We address this question to our papers which have published solid columns of fascinating details of the heroic encounter, accompanied by editorial comments depreciating these tournaments of the fist, these tilts of muscle and of brawn. The editorial comments seem to imply that newspapers have some duty toward the public. What is that duty? Doubtless to tell the news. Then, besides that, if we may judge from their conduct in this very matter, to tell the news in the most prolonged, elaborate, and prurient details. But if that be their duty, why do they write such editorials? Is a decent newspaper justified in giving all the circumstances of a case of crim. con., provided it only says in another part of the sheet how naughty people are, especially those people whose naughtiness is described in detail upon the next page? If we periodicals and papers mean to pander to the low tastes of the public, why do we reprove them at the same time? Which has the most influence, the pandering details or the solemn reproof? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, dear Public, for liking filth, says the excellent newspaper as it shovels it in.

"But every body reads it, or wants to read it." Oh no. There's your great mistake. For if your standard of conduct is to supply simply what people want, why do you quarrel with them for wanting it? But if you really wish to elevate public taste, how can you hope to do it by depraving it? If an editor says briskly: "But, my dear Easy Chair, my business is not to provide people with such news as they ought to want, but with the actual news of the day, such as it is," the reply is evident enough that it *is* the editor's business to provide that news in a way which shall not corrupt the public mind. And we insist that the manner in which the late brutal fisticuffing in England has been paraded by our papers before the public *is* corrupting. Is it not enough to say, as you would say of a murder or of any other crime, that it had taken place, provided it be thought important enough to notice at all, and then moralize as much as you please. But every paper which publishes the long, disgusting account of the fight does precisely what a "Police" paper does in printing all the details of criminal cases in the courts. If that is respectable journalizing, then it is respectable to do what has been done in the case of this fight; but if otherwise, it is not. Newspapers are the means of advertising. They live by their advertising. Is the editor to exercise no discretion in what he prints? It is hardly possible to open a paper in the city of New York which has not the worst kind of advertisements, which no decent man would willingly explain to his children. Is the publication of such things excusable upon the ground that an editor or proprietor can not discriminate? The plea is absurd, because there is always discrimination in deciding what shall be published. And the conclusion is inevitable: if a newspaper, honorably conducted, can not support itself, then no honorable man will seek support from a newspaper.

The question of newspapers has been especially interesting during the last month from the correspondence of Mr. Cobden with Mr. Delane, the editor of the London *Times*. That false and unscrupulous paper has always been in the habit of saying exactly what it chose to say about every person and thing, and shielding itself from responsibility behind its anonymousness. In his History of the Crimean War Mr. Kinglake dealt this buccaneer of a journal a trenchant blow, like that he inflicted upon a kindred kind of power, the Emperor Louis Napoleon in France. His pages showed that the dull subserviency of the English nation to this newspaper, irresponsibly conducted, was passing away; and Mr. Cobden's correspondence shows the open protest and insurrection against it of intelligent and representative men. The circumstance is the more interesting for us on this side of the water, because during the war we have been forced to know how utterly ignoble in its tone, false in its statements, puerile in its arguments, and furious in its prejudices, the London *Times* has been. It has sent to us for correspondents Mr. Russell, who reported faithfully what

he saw, but who had not the least faculty of comprehending what he saw; then Mr. Charles Mackay, the smallest of small rhymesters, who retailed the slop and garbage he collected in Copperhead circles, and who announced last summer that we were all tired of the war, and looking for any excuse to give it up. This sagacious and valuable purveyor of news was followed by the Chevalier Galenga, better known by his family name of Mariotti, by far the ablest man of the three. In early life he was an Italian Liberal and patriot; later, an exile in this country twenty-five years ago; then a resident in England, sobered and somewhat embittered by hard fortune. When he first came to us last autumn the smouldering fires of his Italian youth and manly hope were kindled anew by the spectacle of this great, eager nation, learning war upon the battle-field, and enthusiastically resolved to save its own life. But the cynical tone gradually prevailed. When facts were too strong for him he said, sharply, "The rebels are desperate, and it is desperate men who work miracles." And in his indignant contempt at the paucity and feebleness of the peace faction at the North, from whom the *Times*, his master, had hoped for perplexing divisions and diversions favorable to the rebels, he exclaimed: "In the North I see but two parties—the friends of the Government, who know exactly what they want, and its enemies, who don't."

Upon the reports of such men and of the correspondents it sent to the rebel section, the London *Times* has presumed to base its observations upon this war. The tool of an aristocracy which instinctively hates free popular institutions and abhors Mr. John Bright, their especial advocate in England, this paper has poured a constant stream of foul abuse and insolent falsehood upon the American people, their country, and their cause. It is perfectly well known to a large circle in this country under whose directing hand this was done. The editor of the London *Times* is known to be Mr. John T. Delane, who was in New York in the autumn of 1856. Never writing himself, it is he who causes the leaders to be written, and nothing is printed without his approval. He is the London *Times*. Whoever writes, whatever is said, all is decided by him. The voice may be the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau. When, therefore, it was said that the London *Times* was unfriendly to the United States, it was merely an announcement of the fact that Mr. John T. Delane, thinking that the feeling of the controlling class in England was hostile to this country, had resolved to malign and oppose us.

Very soon afterward his systematic and ludicrous defamation of this country having at first aroused general indignation produced an equally general contempt, and the sensitiveness which we had always felt to the strictures of the *Times* was succeeded by an apathy so absolute that it would now be very difficult for that paper to excite any other emotion among us than a smile of derision.

But in the pursuit of its bitter hostility to us it attacks, of course, with its habitual falsehood and fury, our friends and advocates in England, and conspicuously John Bright and Richard Cobden. These two gentlemen lately made speeches which were reported in the *Times* with editorial comments. The comments were repeated, and were to the effect that the orators had used such words which must mean such things. On a third day it assumed its interpretation of what Mr. Bright said to be correct, and actually put into his mouth, as something that he had deliberately uttered, a most monstrous intention of arraying class against class, and forcible revolution. Mr. Cobden happened to see this passage and wrote upon the spot a scorching letter to the *Times*, nailing this particular falsehood, and in the name of honor, and justice, and public decency arraigning the paper for its persistent aspersion of those with whom it differed, and its unscrupulous misrepresentation of their sentiments. Nor, according to Mr. Cobden, was there any reason why any public man should allow the thin mask of an "editor" who was perfectly well known, to protect him from the responsibility of such assaults which no honorable man would for a moment think of making under his own signature.

It will not be believed that the "editor" of the *Times*, in declining to publish the letter, excused his falsehood by declaring that he had already uttered it twice without reproof, and that it was Mr. Bright's fault if, having had the chance offered him to deny it, he had not improved it. To this flat and feeble and futile insolence Mr. Cobden very properly addressed a reply to John T. Delane, in which he showed the folly of his assumption that, if a paper chose to tell falsehoods of a public man, they were to be considered true if he did not deny them. This letter has announced to every body in England that the London *Times* is Mr. John T. Delane, and whoever he chooses to hire to write for it. That gentleman replies, under his own name, saying that Mr. Cobden once thought better of the *Times*, and declaring that the anonymous system did not begin with Mr. Delane, and will not be destroyed by Mr. Cobden. That is very possible. It is convenient to speak out of a cloud. But when that cloud is parted, and Mr. John T. Delane is found sitting in the midst of it, nobody will ever afterward suppose that the voice he hears from the cloud is the voice of Jupiter.

Mr. Cobden has done a great public service. Nobody, so much as an editor, should be kept constantly reminded of his grave responsibility; and it is of the utmost importance that the public should always remember that a newspaper article is only one man talking through a speaking-trumpet. He hides his body, and he shouts "we" instead of "I." But don't be deceived. It isn't Jupiter, it is Jones. We do not deny, of course, that it is better Jones should not sign his name to his articles. He may often enough tell a truth which will be generally credited so long as it is free from his individuality; and it is certainly better that the discussion of public questions should be relieved as much as possible of undue personality. But to that Mr. Cobden does not object. Nobody complains of a fair discussion because it is anonymously conducted. The just complaint begins when the mask of the anonymous is worn to cover falsehood and to evade personal responsibility. When that occurs it is time to tear it away and show what person is actually or officially responsible.

The war is still our engrossing and vital topic. Congress has assembled, and with an unexpected harmony proceeds in its deliberations. The friends of the Government are united and firm. Its opponents are without a policy and without leaders. The President's message proposes a definite plan to follow the reduction of the rebellious arms. It has this one great excellence at least, that it unites all the unconditional friends of the Union, and forces

the Opposition to take the very uncertain ground that, whenever the rebels lay down their arms and say that they are sorry, they may return to their votes and all their privileges. But meanwhile Moseby and his men scour Virginia in Union uniforms; and Jeff Davis and his friends have sworn and sworn again to obey the Constitution and the Laws. Will Moseby and his men hesitate to take a Union oath to accomplish the same purpose for which they wear the Union uniform?

That is the question which the Opposition will find very hard to answer. If the Government—that is, the people—win the victory, shall they at once give it away to the rebels? The national safety is the highest law. If it could be supposed, as the rebels assume, that the Constitution does not authorize the means necessary for national salvation, we should be forced to the alternative of suffering either the nation or the Constitution to perish. But no man need borrow trouble of sophisms. The Constitution is the law paramount, and confers all powers necessary to maintain itself.

It is impossible to foresee the course of the debates, or to foretell what new orators and statesmen may emerge from the multitude of legislators. Events just now are more persuasive than orations. They only are to be pitied who can see in the war nothing but weariness and woe, and who prefer the appalling condition of public affairs and opinion called, by courtesy, peace of the years from 1850 to 1860, to that vigorous awakening and manly assertion of civil order, with the renewed faith in human rights and the power of a free popular Government, which are now revealed to us under the name of war.

In Europe the Congress of which we were speaking last month, convoked by Louis Napoleon, will possibly meet, but it will be no European Congress. England declines, Austria declines, Russia asks, "For what?" But Greece accepts with pleasure. Denmark will come. And Monaco? and Baden? and Saxe-Weimar?

The false prestige of Louis Napoleon is fading. The refusal of Great Britain to come to his Congress is really the hint that "the alliance" is getting very loose. And these events have a very positive and direct interest for us. For while Russia and England are watching France, and the Schleswig-Holstein question threatens trouble, Louis Napoleon can not do what he doubtless wishes to do in this country. This Easy Chair has never had any doubt that our serious enemy in Europe is in the Tuileries. He would gladly recognize the rebels as a nation to-day if he could see that it would not cost too much. Could he count upon the passivity of England and France he would not hesitate. For he would then secure Mexico and its mines, and his Treasury is appallingly empty. He would have "the Confederacy" as a barrier between us and himself, and stand with it as the most favored nation. Even an Easy Chair can see that.

The Congress was doubtless his first step. He would smooth all European snarls. He might even have been politic enough to surrender something he had acquired. Then he would have humbly hinted that he was going to lead the way in pacifying the American war by recognizing "the Confederacy." He counted upon the secret sympathy of the great Powers who can not wish to see a Republic triumphant. He would play his little game of American pacification as he had played the European—would pocket those desirable mines—would readjust the Louisiana sale of his uncle, and be the greatest, richest, wisest, best of monarchs and of men.

Alas! how easily a man five feet and ten inches high would be the tallest man in the company except for the impertinent fellow of five feet eleven! How easily Emperor Louis de Boulogne et de Strasbourg would be the grandest of *grandes monarques* except for other long heads. Earl Russell may not be as cunning a man as the French Emperor, but he has the instinct of England, and that enables him to feel what he may not see. Great Britain has certainly not been honored by her alliance with France, because France has been the head of the alliance.

A desperate gamester will dare much. What Louis Napoleon's next movement may be no one is so hardy as to prophesy. It seems hardly possible that he should enter into a Congress of which he will be master, but to which the great Powers are not parties. The policy it may adopt he can not hope will be accepted as a European policy. And how—it is the old and inevitable question—how will the Congress enforce its decisions?

We can sit placidly in our easy chairs and wait the answer of all the questions. Europe will learn that it is not we alone who are tossed upon dangerous and doubtful seas. And if Europe has any faith or principle as clearly seen and acknowledged as that which underlies our struggle, then she may hope for as good an issue.

The friend who asks the Easy Chair how it fares with the Lyceum in this engrossing war, will be glad to hear that it was never so flourishing and promising as it is now. A few years since it looked like a fashion, a novelty, an excitement, but it is now tolerably clear that it is an "institution."

We need not look far for the reason. Our rapid life leads us to delight in a brief and compendious and lucid statement of matters which interest us all. For it is curious to see that the Lyceum lecture has become less and less of an essay and more of a speech. The tranquil literary disquisitions of some years ago would be hardly successful in the lecture-room now. Without losing their real value they have not that immediate appeal to vital interests which a lecture must now at least approach. Nor is it any longer worth while to sneer at a lecture as a compilation. Some newspapers, which were not remarkable for wisdom or sagacity, used to say that a man with an encyclopedia at hand could write a lecture. Did any of the editors ever try it? Did they ever try reading an article as a lecture? For while it is certainly true that the substance of some lectures may be found in a cyclopedia, it is only true as it is that all the words in it may be found in the dictionary. It is the individual skill of the lecturer applied to its treatment which makes it cease to be cyclopedia and become lecture. In fact, treatment is the secret. The finest thought is often dull and dry enough when promulgated by the original thinker. How would Edwards on the Will serve as a lyceum lecture? But when the middleman, the interpreter comes, with his grace, his humor, his imagination, the thought sparkles, and shines, and laughs, and stings. Veal is veal in a London eating-house. But veal in a Paris café is another yet the same.

Another striking fact is the small number of lecturers whom every Lyceum wishes to hear. We are a talking people, and an eloquent oratory is almost a national instinct. But the list of really popular lecturers enlarges very slowly. And these men are very different, with one central resemblance. Their manners range from the dramatic picturesqueness of Gough to the elegant repose of Phillips; but they all have a steady, intelligent liberalism. Of course this does not please everybody, but it does please that class of the people which supports the Lyceum, and that is the representative mind of the country. There is often some nervous member of a committee who hopes that no exciting topic will be introduced, that a literary subject will be chosen, and that nothing will be said to offend old Gunnybags and his friends. It is, however, very difficult to detect the same nervousness, lest the radical part of the company should not be pleased. Or some feeble editor puts in a plea that the proprieties of the Lyceum shall not be invaded. He is willing you should say that Shakespeare is overrated, and that Burns was too fond of whisky, although there may be the most ardent admirers of both poets present; but he hopes that you will not say, for instance, that slavery is an abominable wrong, because there may be some auditor whose daughter married a slaveholder, or somebody else who hates d—d abolitionism. How much more solicitous we have always been about hurting a prejudice in favor of slavery than one in favor of liberty!

But experience routs these gentlemen. There was a time when the Lyceum only tolerated literary and scientific criticism; now it is open to political and social. That it is of one general strain is certainly not the fault of the speakers. If people of another view can talk acceptably, and otherwise they can not justly expect a hearing, they would be heard. When the nervous committee-man is asked to suggest some man who will be agreeable to him and interesting to the public, he is often puzzled. Then he asks if gentlemen of the other view will not speak upon some indifferent topic. But why should he ask or expect it, when he knows that the vast majority of the audience prefer to hear the orator treat the topic upon which their thoughts are bent? He fancies some audience in which half the people are of one opinion and half of another. But it is not so. They are but a few who do not wish to give the speaker the fullest liberty, and why not consider them? he asks. Yes, but why should not they, the few, consider the many? If American citizens can not bear to hear opinions in which they do not agree, they are unworthy the name. It is the first duty of such a citizen to hear and weigh all sides; and he ought to be glad of the chance of hearing what he does not believe so skillfully and eloquently treated as it often is upon the Lyceum platform. If he says he will not pay money to support a system of public speaking which inculcates what he thinks dangerous views, it is his right. But when he grumbles at people who think his views dangerous for subscribing to an antidote for them, he is only ridiculous.

As long as there are eloquent, humorous, scholarly, and sagacious orators who will make a series of speeches during the winter upon topics of profound public interest, and treat them in the American spirit of the largest humane sympathy, so long Americans will go to hear, and so long the Lyceum will flourish.

Editor's Drawer.

WE have the following from Bay City, at the mouth of Saginaw River, in the State of Michigan:

Joel H—— and George L—— own fishing-stations on the shore of Saginaw Bay. Some years ago Joel H—— met George L—— early one morning, and said, "L——, I have just come from the bay, and your boys are catching fish like thunder. Your foreman wants you to send down seven dressers, a lot of barrels, and a quantity of salt." Off started L——, and picked up every man in town who could dress a fish, got them loaded into a boat with barrels and salt sufficient; when, just as he was casting off the line, Joel H—— came running to the dock, and told him that he had just got word that the fish had stopped running. L—— smelt a rat, and giving each of his men a quarter dollar, told them to go home and say nothing about it.

A few months passed by, and the fur season commenced. Joel H—— is a judge of furs, and buys extensively; moreover, he is a good judge and player of penny ante.

One afternoon he was seated in a saloon playing this game with some friends, when an Indian entered with seven large musk-rat skins, which Joel H—— looked at, praised sufficiently, paid for at fifteen and twenty cents each, and throwing them into a corner went on with his game. George L—— stood by, and saw that his time had come to pay Joel H—— for his fish joke. Quickly taking the rats he slipped out with them, and stretching them anew, sent a man in with four to sell them to Joel, who saw they were nice skins, bought and paid for them, and threw them back into the corner; and so he bought them over and over again, as the afternoon wore away. He was astonished at the numbers of people who crowded the saloon and watched the game with such apparent interest, but more surprised and pleased at the great number of skins he was buying, often remarking to his companions (who were enjoying the joke, and keeping Joel H—— busy enough to prevent him from making a discovery) that he never saw so many fine skins in one day (the skins did not grow smaller from repeated stretchings). But all pleasure must have an end. Night came; Joel H—— was out a couple of dollars at the game; but what did that signify?—had he not bought about twenty dollars' worth of nice skins, on which he was sure to double his money?

Rising from the table he turned to pick up his rats, when, to his dismay, he found but five (the other two being then out for preparation)! He immediately accused the crowd of stealing his skins; but as they all burst out laughing, he began to realize a sell, and throwing down his five remaining rats started off, using, I fear, some rather strong language not best to be repeated here. At the door he met George L——, now returning to be in at the death, who asked him, "Do you think my men need any more dressers?" The whole truth flashed across his mind. He had bought the same skins over and over all the afternoon. It was some days before Joel H—— would take back the money thus paid out, but he did finally take what was left after sundry treats had been paid for, and an amicable settlement made at *the bar!*

DEAR DRAWER [writes a Washington correspondent],—The chances of war have thrown in my way a parcel of contraband or confiscated letters, and I

send you three samples, that will serve to illustrate respectively the Quack Doctor, the irrepressible Yankee, and the Irish goodwife—hoping thereby to reciprocate some of your side-splitters. It is proper to premise that, with the exception of signature and address, the letters are copied *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim, et spell-at-em.*

First in the series is a diagnosis founded upon a "spesamen," and if the "preskripshun" is equal to the disease we can only say, Heaven help the poor wretch who swallows it!

CINCINATI *July 20th* 1863

Mr Dayton Sir I have sene Mr L. and he sais you hav not reseaved my leter and now will send another I hav anelised the spesamen and this is the result

the first cause of your diffikilty is from overexershun & takin cold produsing an inflamatory condishun of the holl sistem also a Disezed Liver stomake kidney and splene wich effects the spine from the serebelum to the recton and eureth also the umbilik vesels and the hole vaskuler aparatus includin the lungs slitely and the hart in partikular in fact your diseas is very compound and complekated and if aloud to run on will soon becum cronik in the vital orgins.

if this is satisfactury inclose five dolars in greenbacks and I will send a preskripshun that will cure you in too weaks Respectfuley yours DR T, B, F——

The next "spesamen" comes from the "burnt district" in Missouri, so called from its having been depopulated by the command of a military officer who sought to extirpate the "gorillas" in the same way that the Dutchman freed his barn from rats—by setting it on fire:

CAS COUNTY *Sep 7th*

DEAR BIL We got hear safe last wensday thare was noboddy to hum any whares about and we tuk the fust good hous we cum to grandmam lost her opyum and hung herself yesterday so we hev to morne her loss land is verry chepe hearabouts when you can find the owners the red legs and gorillas has purty much cleaned it out the housen are mostly gone and nothin but chimblys left dads out huntin gorillas this mornin mams got the hippo with the ager my new slurt purp has got the distemper bad and our old mair bets eat green corn till shes nigh dead with the Kolick cis Dorothy has got the nuraligy in her brest and all the pictoreal Drops was left behind brother Dick chopped off his big tow this mornin the rebels stole my pony last nite and thares no meet and no meel in the hous and there's no horse to ride to town and no money to by with and nobody to cook it and I dont care a darn Brother Jim went to the war last weak and cis writ a purty peas of poetry about it wich begins so

with his helmet on his hed
and his sabir on his thy
the sojer mounts his galant steed
to conker or to dye

So no more till deth your cosen SAM

Next comes Bridget, with a small drove of Irish bulls:

MUNDY *July* 1800 sixty three

DEER PAT I take up my pen to inform you that I am well barrin a bad cowld and the baby with the meesles and hopin these few lines will find you injoyin the same Gods blessin. I hev no more to write but the things is all goin on well in the farm and as soon as you cum back youll hev to be makin a new fens round the corn and praties as it burnt up last night intirely and so I got uncle Mike to make a pen out of the rales that was left and he bilt a nice one about three steps long by 10 foot square and the pigs is in it safe The mair and colts you towld me to be lookin after is all doin fine except the dun cows heffer what died of the murrin from gettin in the corn last nite If you dont get this letther rite immejently and let me no No more at present from your respectable wife BRIDGET

Inclosed and sealed up in this letter was the following note:

To the Postmaster of the Confiderate States at Murphysburg.

If Patrick Malone thats my husbent that was if so be hes dead what belongs to the forteenth rigulars should niver come for this letther will your honer plais forrard it after him by tilegraff for like hell be comin home about that time Forever to command BRIDGET MALONE

BARNES, in the city of Troy, New York, was found lying on the sidewalk with a bottle of departed spirits in his hands. He was dead-drunk.

"What is the matter with Barnes?" asked one who knew him. "Is there no way of curing him of this miserable habit?"

"Oh no," said another. "You see he lost his mother when a mere baby; he was brought up on the bottle, and has never been weaned."

A CORRESPONDENT away in Sacramento, California, writes:

If the following is worth a place on one of your pages, it is worth the long trip it will have to make to get there.

Last winter I was one day enjoying the wings of the skater on a glassy field of ice. In a shallow place, a natural sewer was swallowing large streams of water, which poured down its throat in every direction from beneath the ice. A half dozen had collected around, and in silence contemplated the disappearing water, each one revolving in his mind the question, "Where does the water go to?" Among the number was a little boy, who, after looking on a while with the rest in silence, suddenly turned on his heels and skated away, saying,

"*I'll bet that rains down on China!*"

A FRIEND in Illinois sends the following to the Drawer:

In a county whose western border is washed for some sixty or seventy miles by the "Father of Waters" there lived some years ago, and I think does yet, a Mr. Emmons, who was somewhat noted for his parsimoniousness. A half-crazy Englishman came along, blowing about his great wealth; pretended to want to buy a farm; and by his boasting he soon made Emmons, who was a worshiper of Mammon, his most ardent friend.

One day, both being in the barn together, Johnny Bull's attention was attracted by the wood-work of a wagon which he happened to see; the price was demanded, agreed upon, and a time set when the Englishman was to remove his property and pay charges. In this, however, he failed, and Emmons determined to teach the delinquent a lesson. Accordingly he sued for the price of the wagon. At the time set for trial defendant appeared with his counsel—one Matthews, a notorious wag—who made but little effort to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against his client for debt and costs, which was accordingly soon done. Emmons immediately availed himself of the privilege of suing out an execution *forthwith*, in cases where the usual delays would endanger the collection of the judgment. Matthews was curious to know what they would levy upon, as his client was not worth a sou.

"Come with me," said Emmons; "I will show you property."

Accordingly he took the constable to his own barn, and turned out—what? The identical woodwork which had formed the basis of the action, and which had remained all the time in his own possession! The property was removed, advertised, and

in due time the day of sale arrived, and with it the inevitable Matthews and his client. Upon proceeding with the sale the attorney aforesaid reminded the constable that every debtor was allowed by the statute in such cases made and provided a "set off," exempt from execution, of sixty dollars, in "such property, suitable to his condition in life," as he or his attorney might select; and as his client never was, and never expected to be, worth sixty dollars, he thought it eminently proper that the wood-work in question should go toward endowing him with "this necessary personal effects!" Of course so reasonable a claim could not be disputed, and the transfer of the property soon made from the constable to the defendant. Whereupon it was immediately offered at private sale, and one half of the proceeds paid to Matthews, and the other half invested in whisky.

Johnny Bull departed, well satisfied with his share in the transaction; and Emmons returned to his home to contemplate "the glorious uncertainty of the law," and lament most bitterly over his having *sued his wagon* upon so worthless a fellow!

From Connecticut we have the following:

In your December Number a very ingenious story has been invented in regard to an inscription commencing,

If the B mt put:

But, unfortunately, the writer seems to have never seen the reply accompanying the request, or else was unable to unriddle it. Your humble servant confesses that to him it was a puzzle for some time. I would suggest, as a continuation of the aforementioned story, the introduction of a busy housewife, who, being constantly scrubbing, did not omit the space over the fire-place in her labors; and in endeavoring to clean a particular spot brought to light the following "reply," in a miserable handwriting, as if scratched by a servant:

How can I put: when there is such a -der?—(such a high fender.)

A far-away reader of *Harper's* writes:

Away out here in Southern Oregon, where gold and silver coin is the basis of circulation, the people are constitutionally opposed to a paper currency, "green backs" only being used at par to pay off obstinate creditors and Government officials. Harper's *paper*, however, circulates freely, and demands a premium.

Colonel Timms is a sort of one-horse lawyer, whose face would betoken the approach of the latter end of a life of all kinds of adventure. He had contracted a debt. Suit was instituted on the note; but the Colonel "swore the note off." The plaintiff, however, proved the debt and obtained judgment. Not long after the Colonel had occasion to attend a case in the court of a neighboring county. When witness on the other side was passed the Colonel threw himself back in the chair, elevated his grizzly brows, and in his most effective style thus addressed the witness:

"Wa'al, Sah, do you know the nature of an oath?"

"I think I do," was the somewhat doubtful reply.

"Wa'al, now, Sah, state to the judge and jury what that is."

The witness, turning to the Colonel, replied,

"It is a legal tender with which some men try to pay their debts."

In a moment the faces of the judge, jury, and attorneys were invisible, but from the half suppressed tittering occasionally heard it was supposed they all saw the point.

I once knew an old gentleman of the utmost integrity of character, but keen as a brier in all business matters, who, not having had early opportunities of acquiring knowledge, sometimes made sad mistakes in his use of language. Although largely engaged in shipping, he was profoundly ignorant of geography. He came one day with a letter in his hand, which he had just received, into the insurance-office, and asked to see a chart of the Mediterranean. It was promptly unrolled, and spending a long time in an apparently unsatisfactory examination, the curiosity of the President of the office was excited, and he offered his aid to assist him in his trouble.

"Why," says the old gentleman, "I have just got a letter from one of my captains, who says that he has experienced a violent hurricane, and consequently put in great jeopardy. Now I know Great Jeopardy is a port in the Mediterranean, but I can't find on the map the plaguey place."

A venerable and reverend President of one of our colleges writes to the Drawer:

Rev. G. D——, of Fayette County, Arkansas, one of our genuine "forest-born" orators, preaching not long since on "the glory of the saints," delivered the following burst of "native" eloquence, which is too good to be lost:

"Who, my brethren, can describe the glory of a saint? Why, nothing on earth can liken it. If you drill a hole through the sun and put it on your head for a crown, and split the moon in sunder and put the pieces on your shoulders for epaulettes—if you tear down the starry curtain of the skies and wrap it round your body for a robe, and ride to heaven on the lightning wings of the tempest, this will be nothing to the glory of the saints!"

This is from Minnesota, where the justices of the peace flourish:

Down in Waseca County, near St. Mary's, a justice of the peace held forth, some two or three years ago, by the name of M'Finnegan. He had been a schoolmaster in the "ould counthry" for many years, and had not failed to bring over the water with him a good many pedagogical notions as to how things should be done. Since his settlement at St. Mary's he had taken a lively interest in the local politics of the township, and in his attendance upon caucuses and conventions had acquired some smattering of parliamentary rules. His judicial experience, however, was more limited. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, the trial to which we are about to refer was the first or second had before him. The action was brought to recover damages for killing a dog, and the plaintiff had secured the services of an eminent lawyer by the name of L——. As the trial proceeded one of the plaintiff's most important witnesses failed to appear. Desiring to gain time to procure the attendance of the missing witness, L—— looked at his watch, and, observing that it was near twelve o'clock, coolly suggested to the Court that it was a good place to stop and adjourn for dinner. Raising his spectacles above his eyebrows, our schoolmaster justice turned to L—— and inquired, "And do you make that as a motion?" L——, who though a model of professional dignity was a bit of a wag,

blandly replied, "Certainly, your Honor." "And does anny one sicond that motion?" inquired M'Finnegan. The constable who was in attendance upon his Honor, and also of the Celtic persuasion, on a sly wink from L——, immediately and innocently replied, "I sicond it." Rising from his dry-goods box with all the gravity of John C. Calhoun putting the question on Foot's resolution to the United States Senate, M'Finnegan inquired of the crowd: "And are ye ready for the question? As manny as are in favor of adjoorning this Coort for dinner will manifest it by houlding up a hand apace." There was a unanimous show of hands, and thereupon M'Finnegan pronounced the "Coort adjoorned."

Some years ago I made an essay at school-teaching in one of the sporadic settlements across the Mississippi, and desiring to improve the talents of any "mute, inglorious Milton" who might perchance be under my charge, I prescribed composition-writing as one of the exercises of the school. The following is a *verbatim* copy of one of the "compositions" now in my possession, and which I treasure as a memento of my "brief but brilliant" career as a pedagogue. It was the production, I would add, of the "biggest boy in school:"

december the 26 1860

ladies and gentlemen good morrells is the best policy there fore I beseach you to seek after it. ladies did you ever desire to become one like fanny firn or one like eliza cook or one like like queen victoria or gentlemen did you ever desire to become one like washington or one like king filip, or one like abraham lincoln or like John quincey adams expresident of the united states the statesman and scholar the philanthropist and patriot died february the 23 1848 this is all that I have to say about patriot ism I will say a little about friendship. friends are always convenient but how far does friendship go it goes no further than the grave often our dearest friends leave us befoare there friendship is hardly known. oh I wish that I could fathom the debths of endless love that I could see deeper into the things of earth. oh that I could look forward to the grave like carvosso without fear and without trembling

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The inhabitants of Pike County, Pennsylvania, are noted for being a thirsty generation; and from the immense quantity of "apple-jack" annually distilled for home consumption there is strong presumptive evidence that the Total Abstinence Society is in no very flourishing condition about those parts. In fact, a man there is not considered fully accomplished until he has overcome all his youthful predilections for water as a beverage, and is able to absorb any given quantity of the ardent in the shortest possible period.

Some years ago an old Frenchman, named Lareaux, became possessed of some real estate in that locality, and Pike County lands not being considered very available property in the market, he concluded to plant his own vine and fig-tree thereon, and spend the remainder of his days in bucolic pursuits and enjoyments.

Soon a large number of fellow-emigrants from *la belle France* began to gather round him, and they now constitute an important and flourishing community.

Having occasion to pass by the old Frenchman's domicile one day, I stopped in to refresh myself with a glass of his inimitable lager, for the manufacture of which he has become famous. Although somewhat late in the day, the old Frenchman had just arisen, and his countenance bore the unmistakable signs of very recent inebriety. Surprised at seeing him in such a condition, who it was generally supposed could withstand the strongest potations, I ventured to remark,

"Why, Mr. Lareaux, you look quite unwell today. What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, by gar, Sir, I 'ave been veree drunk—veree drunk. I feel most miserable dis morning."

"Why, how is that, Mr. Lareaux? I thought liquor never got the better of you."

"Oh, Sair, I vill tell you. Last night I come home veree late and veree thirsty. I go to de table where I always keep a leetle someting, and pour out one big glass of whiskee. By gar, I tink it was too strong, and fill it wid water from de pitcher. I tink it was still veree strong, but drink it down, and fill de glass one, two, tree times from de pitcher, and drink it every time; but it seem to be stronger all the while. By gar, I did not tink what can be de matter. I go to bed, however, and pretty soon every ting begin to go round. I tink I fall out de bed. My wife she ask what ail me. I say 'Nothing.' She tell me I drink too much whiskee. I say I only drink two or tree glass of water out of de pitcher. She say no wonder I be drunk—*the pitcher be filled wid whiskee too!* Oh, by gar, it was one grand mistake!"

Just before the adoption of the present Constitution in New York a young lawyer of the name of Higgins was vegetating in the central part of the State, waiting professionally for "something to turn up." He had begun "practice" about two years before by commencing an action in a Justice's court for fraud in a horse-trade, and upon the trial recovered sixty dollars for the plaintiff. The cause was then removed by the defendant's attorney into the Court of Common Pleas, by *certiorari*, a proceeding then much in vogue, where the cause was re-tried, and when, by the assistance of counsel, the plaintiff recovered again. The defendant's attorney, an old fellow named Trumbull—but whose name, in consequence of his tough fighting qualities, was generally contracted to "Old Bull"—brought an appeal to the Supreme Court, giving security and staying proceedings. The cause remained in the Supreme Court about two years in a comatose state, when Higgins, thinking it about time he had some costs, and his client some "damages" other than those which result from delay, made a motion in the latter court for a dismissal of the appeal for want of prosecution. The Court, after examining the papers and the multifarious and anomalous proceedings which had been had, decided that the motion could not be entertained, as the cause was not in that court. Higgins, nothing daunted, thinking *that* mistake could not be committed twice, then renewed the motion in the Common Pleas; and that Court, after due deliberation, decided that the motion could not be granted *there*, as the case had gone beyond that court. Here was a dilemma with two horns plainly visible, as it seemed obvious that the "horse case" had gone beyond the Common Pleas, but had not yet reached the Supreme Court; and as poor Higgins was not acquainted with any "intermediate state," he gave up further search in despair, and turning to his "Register," where this solitary case was entered, and where he had given, from time to time, a minute history of all the details of the celebrated and once hopeful case, even to writing a letter or disbursing a postage, he made a final entry at the date of the last motion: "Here I lost track of the whole thing!"

A MAN from the "Cape" briefly told his experience in life after the following wise:

"About twenty-five years ago I began business—set up in life—made my grand start. I made this resolution at the outset, that I would be something or nothing; and I have done it; I have lived up to it—I *am* nothing!" Honest man *that*.

I HAVE just been reading your October number, and the little anecdote of General Grant therein reminds me of another, which I will tell you. During the siege of Vicksburg General Grant was in the habit of saying often that the rebels defending the city were his prisoners-of-war, who were *temporarily subsisting themselves*.

One day the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the —th Wisconsin replied to some observation addressed to him by one Dennis ——, a perfect specimen of an Irishman, with the good-natured remark, "Oh! never mind, Dennis; General Grant says that they [pointing to the rebel lines] are only our prisoners." "Shure, then," said Dennis, "if they're our prisoners, why don't he be after taking away their *shmall-arms?*"



A COPPERHEAD ORATOR.

THE HON. MR. ——: "I want my Carte de Visite taken as I shall appear when I deliver my great Peace Speech in Congress. This is the way I shall look, pressing the Constitution to my heart."



SOUND ADVICE.

MRS. SMYTHE.—"It's all very well, Mr. S., for you to come up stairs when you must take a little medicine; but if you have to take it through a straw, you might as well do it at the bar, as other people do. I shouldn't see it then."

A CHAPLAIN in the Army sends the Drawer a fine budget, of which here is an installment, and more will follow in time. By-the-way, no one can have failed to notice how large a share of our good things come from the Army. Can the reason be that all the good fellows are in the field?

The funniest animal in the world is a little negro when he "lets himself out," and their antics are a continual source of merriment in camp—a monkey is nowhere in comparison. Nor are they lacking in shrewdness, and that readiness in repartee which characterizes the native-born Irishman.

When General Grant's army was falling back from Oxford, Mississippi, after Van Dorn's movement on Holly Springs, I was amused in observing the motions of two little yellow fellows who had caught an old mule, and were following the rear of a regiment in our advance. The older was probably ten years of age, and the other—his brother—a year younger.

Passing through a strip of woods, the younger—who rode behind, holding to his brother with both hands—had his cap knocked off by the protruding limb of a tree, and he began to cry. Riding up, I told him not to cry, and asked a soldier to hand him his cap, which was done cheerfully. The little fellow was "all right" in a moment, and politely thanked us.

"Now," said I, "my little fellow, you must take better care, and not lose your cap again. When you are passing under trees, hold on to your brother with one hand and your cap with the other."

The older one turned toward me with a very dignified and grateful air. "Thanky, Sar; thanky, Sar. Dat's jist it, Sar. Dat's what I tell 'im, Sar. But ye see, Sar, he never trabble none before, Sar!"

I have no doubt that, under our combined advice, he has long ago become an experienced "trabbler."

At the old Woodward College in Cincinnati, in its best days, we had a student of Quaker parentage, A. C. W——, who was the life of our class. He was a rare wit, having a nice appreciation of the humorous and ludicrous. For instance, he studied and acquired the Spanish language so as to fully appreciate Don Quixote, of whom he was an ardent admirer. Let me give you a sample of his *style*.

We were one day reciting to one of the Professors, M'G——, who had more humor than most persons supposed under a serious countenance, when the phrase occurred, "Steed of Darkness."

"W——," said the Professor, who had a wholesome contempt for the high-falutin, "did you ever see the Steed of Darkness?"

"No, Sir," was the ready reply; "but I know a man who has the night-mare!"

THERE is some truth in the saying that the soldier's life is ever gay; and could you get a collection of the wit and humor of a single day your Drawer would be full. This occurred the other morning:

A part of General S——'s corps is here, waiting transportation Eastward. One of the brigades camped near us is temporarily commanded by a German Colonel, one who claims to have seen service abroad.

On the day referred to his brigade was out for re-

view and inspection; he approached, and taking position, called out,

"Attention, my br-rigade! Shoulder-r a-r-rms!"

But how were we startled, as the movement was being executed, to hear,

"Hold on! I shange my mind! R-r-ight shoulder shift a-r-r-ms!"

The manœuvre was executed with many smiles, especially in the rear of the commanding-officer.

General Joe Geiger, of Ohio, is responsible for the following, but you ought to hear him tell it:

W—— was elected to the Legislature partly on account of his fluency as a stump-orator. In the rural districts his reputation stood high; and the good-natured people spoke with admiration of his *flights* of eloquence, and predicted that when he took his seat in the House he would "knock the socks" from some who had more reputation than he.

W—— determined not to disappoint the expectations and boasting of his friends, and prepared for his *début* with all the care in his power. But speaking before the assembled wisdom and eloquence of the State caused a trembling of his voice such as he had never experienced at home. Nevertheless he made good headway, and was securing the attention of the House, when a laugh on the left—not directed at him or his speech—confused him.

"Mr. Speaker!" he said, "the author of such infamy should be *pilloried* as high as the dome of this magnificent structure, which is as high—as high—as high—*yes, higher than any other steeple round about here!*"

We have two "good ones," which are often related in our brigade:

As the Army of the Mississippi, under General Halleck, was approaching Corinth, on May 8, General Pope, commanding the left wing, threw out a force toward Farmington, and General Palmer was ordered to occupy the ground with his brigade, the rest of the force returning to camp. The next morning the enemy, under Generals Price and Van Dorn, made an advance in force, and General Pope sent an orderly to inquire if Palmer could hold his position.

"Tell General Pope that I can hold my position against the world, the flesh, and the devil!"

Before long, however, the rebels—for they were over ten thousand strong—compelled the brigade to fall back upon the reinforcements which were ordered up.

The affair being over General Palmer rode to the head-quarters to report, and his appearance was the signal for a hearty laugh from the officers present.

"How is it, Palmer?" said General Pope, as he entered the tent.

"Well, General," said the gallant Palmer, I can stand the world and the flesh, but the devil was too much for me!"

On the same morning, as the enemy approached, Captain ——, of the —— Volunteers, was thrown forward with his Company as skirmishers. The regiment was a new one, and they had never been under fire before. The advance of the rebel skirmishers in much greater numbers made the situation a pretty warm one, and there was the usual excitement and nervousness which characterize first recruits. The Captain especially appreciated the condition; and as they began to retire, with the bullets whistling about their ears, he shouted,



THE WAY THEY DO IT.

Little Johnny, who has just been to the Barber's to have his hair cut, illustrates the *modus operandi* of shaving, to the great delight of Uncle Peter, when he wakes up from his after-dinner nap.

"Rally round your Captain, boys! Rally round your Captain, boys—if you want to save him!"

The boys brought the Captain off the field in good condition.

A REVEREND Doctor of Divinity contributes the next three, which he assures us are very good:

A mother, resolute that no nicknames or abbreviations should ever be indulged in among her children, such as "Bobbie" and "Sallie," "Maggie" and "Nellie," remarked, one day, in the hearing of her husband,

"Well, I'll never have Elizabeth's hair bobbed off again, it looks so unbecoming."

"My dear," said the husband, "do not indulge in nicknames. You should say, 'It shall never be *Robert*ed off again.'"

A YOUNG lady of fastidious taste and extreme carefulness in her expressions, found it necessary from some biliary derangement to call in a physician.

"What are you suffering with, Miss?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I don't know exactly, Doctor, but I think I am rather *William*ous. That is the main difficulty."

ANOTHER, of a different character, interested us much. Little Jennie B——, a child of five summers, by far too grave and demure for her years, was constantly with her grandma in the sick-room of the grandfather. One day, when grandma's work suitable for a sick-room was completed, she remarked, "I really don't know what to do now; I have finished up all the articles prepared."

Jennie, with perfect seriousness and gravity, said, "Grandma, I don't know of a better thing an old lady like you can do than just read her Bible."

Not bad advice for a sick-room, surely.

THE thriving town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where railroad iron and other products of the same substantial metal are extensively manufactured, is situated on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. There is a very heavy ascending grade for several miles westward from this place, to overcome which requires not a little power of steam with an ordinary train of cars. Just before this part of the road was opened an officer connected with it had occasion to go three or four miles west to superintend some operations. He took a light hand-car and two powerful men to work it, one of whom was a German, not an accomplished engineer, nor very familiar with the working of railroads. They toiled hard at the crank, working their way up the steep grade, landing their passenger at his destined point, who sent the car back to Scranton by the German alone, knowing that no labor was required to descend, excepting when it was necessary to hold back by putting on the break. Not having received any specific directions, however, as to the manner in which he was to work his way down, the German mounted the car, and thinking as it had been such a severe labor for two men to take the car out it would require still more exertion for one to work it back, he applied all his strength to the crank, and was soon moving with tremendous velocity down the hill toward the town and the terminus of the road. As he passed through the town over the last half-mile, all unconscious of what was before him, his danger excited universal apprehension, and the cry was raised on every hand, "Put on the brake! Put on the brake!" Interpreting the cry to mean Put on more strength, he laid out all his power upon one last grand effort. Reaching the end of the road, where there was some heavy obstruction, sufficient to stop a train of cars, the hand-car was instantly converted into kindling wood, and the poor German was thrown head-over-heels some twenty-five or thirty feet beyond where it struck. As he was picked up, in a mangled condition, some one asked him,

"Why didn't you put on the brake?"

"Put on the prake," said he, "vy it ish preak all to pieces!"

And this was the end of that ride.

AN officer in the army on the Southern coast writes from Folly Island:

The arrival of the new conscripts gives rise to some fun. Many of them are fellows who have re-enlisted and re-deserted many times—under different names, of course. T'other day a first sergeant of a company of the Forty-seventh New York Volunteers was calling the roll:

"Peter O'Shaughnessy?"

No answer.

"Peter O'Shaughnessy?"

No answer.

"Peter O'Shaughnessy?"

Three or four took off their caps and looked into them; and one exclaimed, "Auch! sure that's me last name I tuk—Hee-ur, Surr!"

THEY are a little behindhand in their drill, as may be supposed. A few mornings since Captain M'D—— was marching his squad past the Colonel's tent. The Colonel says, "Captain, I wish you to put those boys through. Give 'em fits." In a short time the Colonel went out to supervise the drilling on the beach of the different squads. He observed one squad huddled together in a formation that his practiced eye told him was not to be found in tactics. He hurried up but to see a man writhing in convulsions.

"What's the matter? What have you been doing?" queried the Colonel.

"I obeyed your orders," said the Captain.

"What orders?"

"I've given 'm fits."

LILLIE, when about seven summers had passed over her curly head, was one day observed to be unusually quiet and taciturn, with a line of care across her forehead edifying to behold. Her mother at last noticed it, and inquired the cause.

"Because I'm worried," pettishly snapping out the words, and tugging away at her sewing (on some doll's garment) with the air of an ill-used martyr.

Upon being interrogated as to the quality of her "trials," she burst out with,

"Mamma, I've been looking over all my dresses, and I haven't got *one fit to be married in*, unless it's my white muslin; but" (disdainfully) "that won't be decent to wear by the time I'm grown up."

THE same precocious genius, when a little younger, persistently importuned her father one day to buy her an axe. At length her application commanded attention. On being asked to give a reason for desiring that particularly undesirable plaything, she announced that she wanted an axe so that when she was a widow she could chop her own wood!



MASTER BOB.—"I tell you, Mother, I won't stand it. It's bad enough for a man to have to take the girls to the Opera, without being wanted to tote them to the Central Park every Saturday."



MASTER FRED.—"I want some good coarse hair for a fishing-line; and Aunt Sally's is just the thing."



GOOD UNCLE, *with Memorandum-Book.*—"Well, and what shall we get for little Lily?"
LILY.—"If you happen to be at Stewart's, you may ask the price of Organdie Robes, with Diagonal Trimmings."



DENTIST (*to Patient*).—Dentists making their fortunes?—bless you, no, Madam! People are *so* stingy nowadays. I know lots of husbands and wives who have but one set of teeth between 'em, so that they never eat a meal together."

Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Street Dress.



FIGURE 2.—MORNING TOILET.

THE STREET DRESS presented may be of taffeta, worsted fabrics, or both combined. Our illustration was drawn from a taffeta robe, of one color; the lozenges being of a lighter shade, bordered with an edging of black lace, with brandebourgs at the angles. The Bonnet is of velvet, with a soft crown, ornamented with a plume.

The MORNING TOILET is of a mauve-colored fabric, with taffeta strips upon the sleeves, cuffs, and skirt. The front of the body has the same fulled. These are all outlined, with a piping of the same, and have buttons upon the points. The head-dress is formed of a combination of chenille and bead network.

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SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.



RUINS OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, 1814.

VIII.—WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE.

IN a former paper we have observed how audaciously the British blockading squadron operated along the shores of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays during the year 1813, continually menacing not only the small coast villages, but the larger cities. The National Capital itself, situated at the head of the navigation of the Potomac, was in peril at times. Not less menacing were the movements of the enemy in the spring of 1814, when, so early as the beginning of March, Admiral Cockburn, with one 74, two frigates, a brig, and a schooner, arrived in Lynn Haven Bay and commenced marauding.

The Government, at that time, seemed to be paralyzed by a strange delusion. It was a conviction that the British would never attempt to penetrate the country to Washington City, and that the archives of the nation were perfectly safe there. For several months previous to the reappearance of Cockburn thoughtful men had called the attention of the President and his Constitutional advisers to the exposed state of the entire District of Columbia, and especially the Capital, and to the importance of adopting vigorous measures for its defense. Tokens of danger were not wanting. First came intelligence, late in January, that four thousand British troops, destined for the United States, had landed at Bermuda. This news was followed by the advent of Cockburn. Then, at the close of April, a vessel from Europe brought the startling announcement that Napoleon had fallen—that the Emperor Alexander and the Duke of Wellington, leaders of hosts, had entered Paris with one hundred and eighty thousand troops, amidst the acclamations of the people, and had been greeted by the Senate of France with the declaration that the Great Captain, "by arbitrary acts and violations of the Constitution," had forfeited the throne. Napoleon's abdication and his retirement to Elba soon followed; and reasoning Americans said, Now the British soldiers, relieved from duty on the Continent, will surely be sent here to carry on the war more vigorously. The President seems to have feared danger, but his Cabinet were unmoved; and on the 14th of May the Government journal said: "We have no idea of the enemy [then not far distant] attempting to reach the vicinity of the Capital; and if he does, we have no doubt he will meet such a reception as he had a sample of at Craney Island. The enemy knows better than to trust himself abreast of or on this side of Fort Washington." This idle boast and the Government apathy were terribly rebuked a little more than three months afterward by British arms and British torches. At that very time hostile marauders were in the waters of the Potomac, and their leaders, employing competent spies, had made themselves perfectly acquainted with the condition of the country, and of military affairs around Washington.

June came, and yet there was strange apathy in official circles, and very little preparations for defense. In the entire Fifth Military District, of which the District of Columbia was a part, there were only two thousand one hundred and fifty-four effective enlisted men, of whom one

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



W. H. WINDER.

half were at Norfolk, one quarter at Baltimore, and the remaining quarter divided between Annapolis, Fort Washington, and St. Mary's. There were, besides, only a company of marines in the barracks at Washington, and a company of Artillery at Fort Washington (late Fort Warburton), on the Potomac, twelve miles below the Capital.

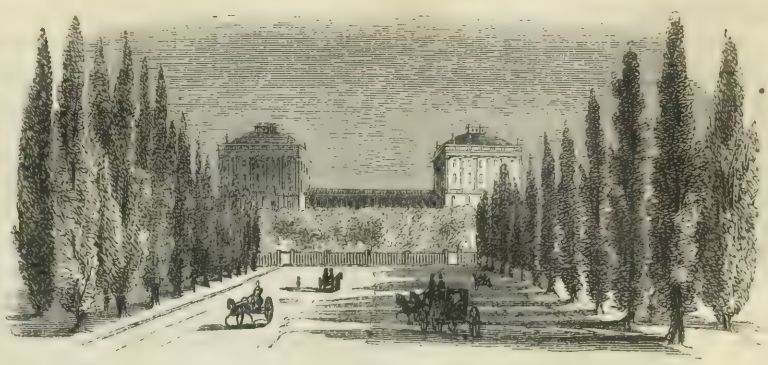
At length the Government was aroused to a sense of danger and responsibility. Positive information came to the President that a number of the largest class of transports had been fitted out at Portsmouth, "as well as all troop-ships in that port," for the purpose, it was believed, of going to Bordeaux to take on board the most effective of Wellington's regiments and conveying them to the United States. This was confirmed at near the close of June by the arrival at New York of a cartel from Bermuda, bringing intelligence that she had left at that place "a fleet of transports, with a large force, bound to some port in the United States—probably for the Potomac." The President immediately called a Cabinet council, and laid before his advisers a well-considered plan of defense against threatened invasion. It contemplated the establishment of a camp of regular troops, two or three thousand strong, somewhere between the Eastern Branch of the Potomac and the Patuxent rivers, in Maryland, and the concentration of ten thousand militia in the vicinity of Washington City.

The Cabinet approved the President's plan. A new military district, entitled the Tenth, was formed, comprising Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the portion of Eastern Virginia lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. Brigadier-General Winder, recently exchanged, was appointed to the command of it. A requisition was made upon the States for an aggregate of ninety-three thousand men, to be organized and held in readiness. The District of Columbia and the State of Maryland were called upon to furnish their respective quotas immediately, the former being two thousand men, and the latter six thousand. Pennsylvania was directed to send five thousand, and Virginia two thousand, to the militia rendezvous at once. The naval defenses were left to the care of Commodore Joshua Barney, a veteran commander, with a flotilla of gun-boats. In the paragraphs of the President's proclamation and the orders of the War Department there appeared an army of fifteen thousand militia, besides regulars, for the defense of Washington; and General Winder was an envied man because of the superiority in numbers of his army. But that army remained hidden in official paragraphs, and only a small portion of it confronted the invader; for he came before the States—to whom the organization of their respective quotas had been intrusted—had moved in the matter.

General Winder entered upon his duties with alacrity, under the inspiration of seductive promises by the Government; but he was soon made the victim of official incompetency. The War Department appears to have been incapable of comprehending the magnitude of the danger and the necessity of the most immediate and vigorous action. No orders were issued to furnish General Winder with a competent staff. He had no assistant adjutant-general nor topographical engineer; and he was required to organize an army almost without assistance, and to pay attention to minute details when he should have been free to exercise only a general supervision.

When, a week after the requisition for troops was determined on in Cabinet Council, the enemy appeared in Chesapeake Bay, the National Capital was completely uncovered. There was extraordinary tardiness every where, indicative of the most fatal official apathy. The Governor of Maryland, residing within an easy day's ride of the War Office, did not receive a copy of the requisition until six days after it was ordered; and the Governor of Pennsylvania did not receive his until ten days afterward. And it was not until the day (July 12th) when the British appeared in the Bay that the Secretary of War placed a copy of that requisition in the hands of the Commanding General of the District. It was accompanied by a cautious order, directing him, in the event of an invasion, to call for a part or the whole quota required of Maryland; but to "be careful to avoid unnecessary calls, and to apportion the call to the exigency." Five days afterward another order from the War Department reached him, which gave him authority to draw, in addition to the Maryland quota, two

thousand men from Virginia, and five thousand from Pennsylvania; and assuring him that the whole of the militia of the District of Columbia, amounting to about two thousand, were kept in a disposable state, and subject to his orders.



THE CAPITOL IN 1814.

General Winder soon comprehended the difficulties in his way, and the impossibilities required of him. The orders of the Secretary of War implied the organization and readiness of the troops mentioned, when there was not a shadow of such force in existence. Only a month before, when general uneasiness prevailed in the public mind concerning the safety of Washington, a corps of regular troops, from North Carolina, five hundred strong, under Lieutenant-Colonel Clinch, who had been encamped near the Capital for some time, were sent away to the Northern frontier, and there were now only six hundred and twelve regular troops within the Tenth Military District. One-third of these were in garrison at Forts M'Henry, Severn, and Washington. The Governor of Maryland, after issuing drafts for three thousand men, found that scarcely as many hundreds could be collected; and the Governor of Pennsylvania informed the Secretary of War that, in consequence of the deranged state of the militia law of that Commonwealth, the Executive had no power to enforce the draft.

General Winder was untiring in his exertions to make the defense of the District a certainty. He visited every part of the country to be defended, and inspected carefully all the fortifications under his command. His personal popularity was very great, and he enjoyed the prestige of brave and useful conduct as a commander on the Northern frontier until he was made a prisoner at Stoney Creek, more than a year before. Yet with all these exertions and advantages he was able to report, on the 1st of August, an army of only one thousand regulars actually collected, and only about four thousand militia, a large proportion of them yet to be collected. The Government had strangely omitted to call for cavalry and riflemen, very important branches of the service.

On the 16th of August the small British squadron in the Chesapeake was reinforced by a fleet of twenty-one sail, under Admiral Cochrane. These were soon joined by another under Admiral Malcolm. These vessels bore several thousands of land-troops commanded, in person, by General Ross, one of Wellington's most active leaders. Both Washington and Baltimore seem to have been chosen objects for attack by a simultaneous movement. For this purpose a portion of the British naval force went up the Potomac under the command of Captain Gordon, and another portion, under Sir Peter Parker, went up the Chesapeake toward Baltimore.

At this time Commodore Barney was in the Patuxent River with a flotilla of thirteen armed barges and the schooner *Scorpion*, manned by about five hundred men. For the purpose of being within co-operating distance from both Washington and Baltimore, Barney moved his flotilla up the stream to Nottingham in Prince George's County, Maryland, about forty miles from the National Capital. The position and strength of this flotilla was made known to the British, and its destruction or capture was determined upon. Accordingly, on the 19th of August, the invaders moved up the Patuxent, and at Benedict, in Charles County, on the western bank of that stream, fifty-four miles from Washington, a force of little more than four thousand men, composed of British regulars, a battalion of marines, and "a party of disciplined negroes" (who had been forced by threats and bribed by promises of freedom to enter the service) were landed with one 6 and two 12 pound cannon.

Barney promptly informed the Government of this movement, and an appeal for aid went out immediately from the War Department to General Samuel Smith's division of the Maryland militia. A portion of the brigade of General Stansbury, thirteen hundred and fifty strong, promptly responded, and left Baltimore for Bladensburg on the 20th. Another force, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett, consisting of his Fifth Baltimore Regiment of Volunteers, Major Pinckney's Rifle Battalion and two companies (Myers's and Magruder's) artillery-men, eight hundred in number, soon followed, and joined Stansbury on the evening of the 23d. In the mean time the British had moved up the Patuxent, the land-troops being accompanied by a flotilla of launches and barges that kept abreast of them. The naval forces were under the command of the notorious marauder, Cockburn. They reached Lower Marlborough on the 21st, when Barney's flotilla, then in charge of his lieutenant, Mr. Frazier, moved up to Pig Point. Barney had landed with four hundred seamen, and pushed on toward Winder's head-quarters, then at the Wood Yard, on the road between Upper Marlborough and Washington, and twelve miles from the latter, where he had established a slightly-intrenched camp. Frazier was instructed to destroy the flotilla at Pig Point rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the foe.

This order was obeyed, and the flotilla was blown up on the morning of the 22d, when the enemy were moving up from Nottingham. They found only the ruins of Barney's vessels at Pig Point. Their land-force pressed forward to Upper Marlborough, whence a road led directly to Washington City, and there encamped, leaving Cockburn and the British flotilla at Pig Point.

Winder had been actively employed with his cavalry in the vicinity of the Patuxent watching the movements of the enemy. At sunrise on the 22d he ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's command, Laval's cavalry, Major Peter's artillery, and the companies of Stull and Davidson, with several field-pieces, numbering about eight hundred men, to proceed immediately to Nottingham, where the enemy had encamped during the night just past, and reconnoitre and harass them. The remainder of Winder's force was directed to follow and support them. The General himself, accompanied by his limited staff, proceeded in advance of the troops, and discovered the enemy moving up the river. He was convinced that an encounter with that overwhelming force would be perilous, and he ordered Scott and Peter to fall back to the Wood Yard and wait for him. The main body of the troops, under General W. Smith, had arrived in the mean time within two miles of the advance; and the whole American force, then within five miles of the invaders, including Barney's men and marines from the Washington Navy-yard, numbered about twenty-five hundred, fairly armed with muskets and rifles, and five pieces of heavy artillery.

On arriving at the junction of the roads leading respectively to Marlborough and the Wood Yard, General Ross, who led the British column in person, turned into the latter with the seeming intention of pushing on toward Washington. He finally changed his course and proceeded toward Marlborough. Winder deemed it prudent to avoid an encounter, and in the afternoon he retreated toward the Capital, and encamped at a place called Long Old Battalion Fields, about eight miles from the city, where he might be within easy striking distance of Bladensburg, the bridges over the East Branch of the Potomac, and the road leading to Fort Washington.

Colonel Monroe, the Secretary of State, who had been several days with Winder reconnoitring the enemy, and watching all military movements, believed that Washington was in great peril, for he well knew the weakness of the American forces. While Ross was yet advancing, and before he retraced his steps and went toward Marlborough, Monroe sent the following dispatch to the President:

"The enemy are advanced six miles on the road to the Wood Yard, and our troops are retiring. Our troops were on the march to meet them, but in too small a body to engage. General Winder proposes to retire till he can collect them in a body. The enemy are in full march to Washington. Have the materials prepared to destroy the bridges. J. MONROE.

"P.S.—You had better remove the records."

This message occasioned the wildest excitement in the National Capital, then a straggling town of between eight and nine thousand inhabitants, and produced a sudden and confused exodus of all the timid and helpless ones who were able to leave.

Winder's situation was an unenviable one. For a month he had been subjected to the most arduous and continuous labors, with the weight of momentous responsibility resting upon him. Expectations had been grievously disappointed. Hundreds, not thousands, of soldiers had come to him at the call of the Government; and now with a comparatively strong foe on his front, ready to fall upon him or on the capital he was expected to defend, he had only about twenty-five hundred armed and effective men in camp, and many of these had been from their homes only three or four days. They were undisciplined and untried, and surrounded and influenced by a crowd of excited civilians, to whose "officious but well-intended information and advice" the General was compelled to listen. In addition to this intrusion and interference of common men, he was embarrassed by the presence and suggestions of the President and his Cabinet ministers, the most of them utterly ignorant of military affairs. Better would it have been for Winder and the country if these civilians, from the President down, had kept away from the camp and the field, and prudently preserved silence.

The fatigued little army at Long Old Fields had reposed but a short time when, at two o'clock in the morning (August 23), a timid sentinel gave a false alarm, and they were summoned to their feet in battle order. They were soon dismissed, and slept on their arms until dawn. At sunrise they were ordered to strike their tents, load the baggage wagons, and have every thing in readiness to move within an hour. When every thing was prepared for marching they were reviewed by President Madison. In the mean time Winder had ascertained from scouts that the British were resting quietly in their camp at Upper Marlborough, and he resolved to concentrate all the troops within his reach at some point between his present camp and that of the enemy. He accordingly sent orders to General Stansbury at Bladensburg to march with his own and Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett's troops and take position in the road within seven miles of Marlborough. The same order was sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, supposed to be then approaching with his corps from Annapolis. A detachment from General Smith's brigade, under Major Peter, composed of the same companies as the detachment sent forward the day before, was ordered to move from camp in the same direction and for the same purpose; to approach as near the enemy as possible without incurring too much risk, and annoy him whether in motion or at rest. General Winder himself, accompanied by a troop of Laval's cavalry, started for Bladensburg at noon for the purpose of holding a conference with General Stansbury. When within four or five



OLD MILL NEAR BLADENSBURG IN 1861.

miles of that place he was overtaken by Major M'Kenney, with intelligence that Major Peter had met and skirmished with the van-guard of the advancing enemy, two or three miles from Marlborough, on the road toward the Wood Yard, had been driven back toward the Old Fields, and that General Smith had sent off the baggage toward Washington across the Eastern Branch, and had drawn up his own troops and Barney's seamen in battle order to await an attack from the foe. Winder immediately sent orders to Stansbury, now moving forward, to fall back toward Bladensburg, take the best position possible with his own and Sterett's troops in front of that village, and resist the enemy if attacked. If driven he was to retreat toward the Capital. He then hastened back to the Old Fields, where he found Smith and Barney well posted. Stansbury's force took position in an orchard (near a mill yet standing near Bladensburg) on a gentle eminence, and there, behind a slight breast-work, he planted six heavy guns in position to command the pass into the town and the bridge southwestward of it.

General Ross rested at Upper Marborough until after noon on the 23d, when, being joined by Cockburn and his seamen and marines, he moved forward at two o'clock, and, as we have observed, encountered and drove back Major Peter and his command. He then pressed steadily on unmolested to the junction of the roads leading respectively to Washington city and the Alexandria Ferry, on the Potomac River, not far above Fort Washington. There they halted, and puzzled the Americans. Some believed that an attack on Fort Washington in the rear, simultaneously with an assault by the British fleet in front, was contemplated; but more, and among these General Winder and Colonel Monroe, believed the National Capital to be the prize sought to be won. Impressed with this conviction, Winder issued orders toward sunset for the troops to retire across the Eastern Branch Bridge and take position on the borders of the city, where greater facility would be afforded for assisting General Young, commanding Fort Washington, in the defense of that place, and for drawing to himself Stansbury and Sterett, if the enemy should advance rapidly upon Washington. Late at night the troops, greatly wearied and dispirited, encamped within the limits of the city. "Thus," said General Smith, "terminated the four days of service of the troops of this District. They had been under arms, with but little intermission, the whole of the time, both night and day; had traveled, during their different marches in advance and retreat, a considerable tract of country, exposed to the burning heat of a sultry sun by day, and many of them to the cold dews of the night, uncovered. They had, in this period, drawn but two rations, the requisition therefor, in the first instance, being but partially complied with, and it being afterward almost impossible to procure the means of transportation, the wagons employed by our quarter-master for that purpose being constantly impressed by the government agents for the purpose of removing the public records, when the enemy's approach was known, and some of them thus seized while proceeding to take in provisions for the army."

The night of the 24th of August was marked by great excitement in the National Capital. The President and his Cabinet indulged in no slumbers, for Ross, the invader, was bivouacked at Melwood, near the Long Old Fields, about ten miles from the city, and Winder's troops, worn down and dispirited, were fugitives before him. Laval's horsemen were exhausted; and Stansbury's troops at Bladensburg were too



THE BRIDGE AT BLADENSBURG IN 1861.

wearied with long marching to do much fighting without some repose. What the morning would reveal no one could tell, and the dark hours were passed in great anxiety by the troops and people. The Secretary of State was in his saddle half the night; and at midnight he had visited the head-quarters of Stansbury, acquainted him with the relative position of Winder and Ross, and advised him to fall in the rear of the latter. Fortunately the military leader did not follow the advice of the civilian.

Winder's head-quarters were at Combs's, near the Eastern Branch Bridge; and at dawn the President and several of his Cabinet ministers were there. Before their arrival, General Winder had sent a note to the Secretary of War, expressing a desire to have the counsel of that officer and of the Government. This was a mistake. He had had too much of that bane to success already; and it was now administered too liberally for the good reputation of himself and his country. These government officers were so officious as well as fickle—fickle, because impulse and not judgment guided them—that the General's thoughts and plans were interfered with at a moment when one mind should control all movements, and that mind be free to act untrammeled and unbiased.

While Winder and the Government were in council, Ross moved toward Bladensburg. Laval's scouts first brought intelligence of the fact to head-quarters. They were soon followed by an express from Stansbury, giving positive information that the British were marching in that direction, with the view, no doubt, of crushing the little force of Baltimoreans near the Bladensburg Mill. Up to that moment the council believed that Ross would move on Fort Washington, or on the city by the very bridge near which they were in consultation. This delusive idea now vanished, and Government, General, and troops all moved off toward the point of danger. Winder had now under his command at Washington and Bladensburg five thousand one hundred effective men. The force of the enemy was about the same.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Winder ordered General Smith, with the whole of his troops, to hasten toward Bladensburg. Barney was soon afterward ordered to move with his five hundred men; and the Secretary of State, who had seen some military service in the Revolution, was requested by the President and General Winder to hasten to Stansbury and assist him in properly posting his troops. Mr. Monroe was immediately followed by General Winder and his Staff. The Secretary of War then followed; and lastly the President and Attorney-General, accompanied by some friends, all on horseback, rode on toward the expected theatre of battle. Stansbury seems not to have been well pleased with the aid of the Secretary of State, for he afterward intimated that "somebody," without consulting him, changed and deranged his order of battle. That "somebody" was Colonel Monroe, as we shall presently observe.

Let us, for a moment, take a glance at the theatre on which the opposing forces were soon to meet face to face. It was the slopes and plain around Bladensburg, then a little straggling village at the head of small-craft navigation on the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, up which, for four miles, vessels of largest class might ride. The village is about six miles from Washington by the old post-road from that city to Baltimore. Another road from Georgetown joined the Washington road at an acute

angle, a few yards from the bridge, less than a hundred feet long, that spanned the stream at Bladensburg. Above the bridge the creek was every where fordable.

In the triangular field formed by the two roads just mentioned, and near the mill, General Stansbury's command was posted, on the morning of the 24th. On the brow of a little eminence in that field, three hundred and fifty yards from the Bladensburg bridge, between a large barn and the Washington road, a barbette earth-work had been thrown up for the use of heavy cannon. Behind this work were the artillery companies from Baltimore, under Captains Myers and Magruder, one hundred and fifty strong, with six 6-pounders. These were too small for the high embankment, and embrasures were cut so that they might command the bridge and both roads. Major Pinckney's riflemen were on the right of the battery, near the junction of the roads, and concealed by the shrubbery on the low ground near the river. Two companies of militia, under Captains Ducker and Gorsuch, acting as riflemen, were stationed in the rear of the left of the battery, near the barn and the Georgetown road. About fifty yards in the rear of Pinckney's riflemen were Sterett's Fifth Regiment of Baltimore Volunteers, while the regiments of Ragan and Schutz were drawn up *en echelon*, their right resting on the left of Ducker's and Gorsuch's companies, and commanding the Georgetown road. The cavalry, about three hundred and eighty in all, were placed somewhat in the rear on the extreme left, and seem not to have taken any part in the battle that ensued.

This, all things considered, seems to have been a judicious arrangement; but Colonel Monroe, without consulting General Stansbury, and in face of the enemy then on the other side of the Eastern Branch, proceeded to change it, by moving the Baltimore regiments of Sterett, Ragan, and Schutz a quarter of a mile in the rear of the artillery and riflemen, their right resting on the Washington road. This formed a second line in full view of the enemy, within reach of his Congreve rockets, entirely uncovered, and so far from the first line as not to be able to give it immediate support in case of an attack. This was a blunder that proved disastrous, but it was made too late to be corrected, the enemy was so near.

General Winder, in the mean time, had arrived on the field and posted a third and rear line on the crown of the hills near the present residence of John C. Rives, Esq., proprietor of the *Washington Globe*, about a mile from the Bladensburg Bridge. This line embraced a regiment of Maryland militia, under Colonel Beale, which had just arrived from Annapolis, and were posted on the extreme right; Barney's flotilla-men, who formed the centre on the Washington road, with two 18-pounders planted in the highway a few yards from Rives's barn, a portion of the seamen acting as artillerists; and Colonel Magruder's District Militia, regulars under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and Peter's battery, who formed the left. In front of this position, about five hundred yards, the road descends into a gentle ravine which was then, as now, crossed by a small bridge, on the north of which it widens into a little grassy level, and formed the dueling-ground where Decatur and others lost their lives. Overlooking it, about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, is an abrupt bluff, on which the companies of Captain's Stull and Davidson were posted in position to command that highway. Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, with his regulars, Colonel Brent, with the Second Regiment of General Smith's brigade, and Major Waring, with the battalion of Maryland Militia, were posted in the rear of Major Peters's battery. Magruder was immediately on the left of Barney's men, his right resting on the Washington road; and Colonel Kramer, with a small detachment, was thrown forward of Colonel Beale.

Such was the disposition of Winder's little army when, at noon, the enemy were seen descending the hills beyond Bladensburg, and pressing on toward the bridge. At half past twelve they were in the town, and came within range of the heavy guns of the first American line. The British commenced hurling rockets at the exposed Americans, and attempted to throw a heavy force across the bridge, but were driven back by their antagonists' cannon, and forced to take shelter in the village, and behind Lowndes's Hill in the rear of it. Again, after due preparation, they advanced, in double-quick time; and when the bridge was crowded with them, the artillery of Winder's first and second lines opened upon them with terrible effect, sweeping down a whole company. The concealed riflemen, under Pinckney, also poured deadly volleys into their exposed ranks; but the British, continually reinforced, pushed gallantly forward, some over the bridge, and some fording the stream above it, and fell so heavily upon the first and unsupported line of the Americans that it was compelled to fall back upon the second. A company, whose commander is unnamed in the reports of the battle, were so panic-stricken that they fled after the first fire, leaving their guns to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The first British brigade were now over the stream, and, elated by their success, did not wait for the second. They threw away their knapsacks and haversacks, and pushed up the hill to attack the American second line, in the face of an annoying fire from Captain Burch's artillery. They weakened their force by stretching out so as to form a front equal to that of their antagonists. It was a blunder which Winder quickly perceived and took advantage of. He was then at the head of Sterett's regiment. With this and some of Stansbury's militia, who behaved gallantly, he not only checked the enemy's advance, but, at the point of the bayonet, pressed his attenuated line so strongly that he fell back to the thickets on the brink of



BARNEY'S SPRING.

the river near the bridge, where he maintained his position most obstinately until reinforced by the second brigade. Thus strengthened, he again pressed forward and soon turned the left flank of the Americans, and, at the same time, sent a flight of hissing rockets over and very near the centre and right of Stansbury's line. The frightened regiments of Shutz and Ragan broke and fled in the wildest confusion. Winder tried to rally them, but in vain. Sterett's corps maintained their ground gallantly until the enemy had gained both their flanks, when Winder ordered them, and the supporting artillery, to retire up the hill. They, too, became alarmed, and the retreat, covered by riflemen, became a disorderly flight.

The first and second line of the Americans having been dispersed, the British, flushed with success, pushed forward to attack the third. Peters's artillery annoyed but did not check them; and the left, under Colonel Thornton, soon confronted Barney, in the centre, who maintained his position like a genuine hero, as he was. His 18-pounder enfiladed the Washington road, and with it he swept the highway with such terrible effect that the enemy filed off into a field and attempted to turn Barney's right flank. There they were met by three 12-pounders and marines, under Captains Miller and Sevier, and were badly cut up. They were driven back to the ravine already mentioned as the dueling-ground, leaving several of their wounded officers in the hands of the Americans. Colonel Thornton, who led the attacking column, was severely wounded, and General Ross had his horse shot under him.

The flight of Stansbury's troops left Barney unsupported in that direction, while a heavy column was hurled against Beale and his militia, on the right, with such force as to disperse them. The British light troops soon gained position on each flank, and Barney himself was severely wounded near a living fountain of water on the present estate of Mr. Rives, which is still known as Barney's Spring. When it became evident that Minor's Virginia troops could not arrive in time to aid the gallant flotilla-men who were obstinately maintaining their position against fearful odds, and that further resistance would be useless, Winder ordered a general retreat. The Commodore, too severely hurt to be moved, became a prisoner of war. The great body of the Americans retreated toward Montgomery Court House, in Maryland, leaving the battle-field in full possession of the enemy, and their way to the National Capital unobstructed. The Americans lost twenty-six killed and fifty-one wounded. The British loss was manifold greater. According to one of their officers who was in the battle, and yet living (Mr. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the British army), it was "upward of five hundred killed and wounded," among them "several officers of rank and distinction."

Up to this time the conduct of the British had been in accordance with the rules of modern warfare; now they violated them. Here is the true bill of indictment, as found in President Madison's message: "They wantonly destroyed the public edifices, having no relation in their structure to operations of war, nor used at the time for military annoyance. Some of these edifices being also costly monuments of taste and of the arts, and others depositories of the public archives, not only precious to the nation as the memorials of its origin and its early transactions, but interesting to all nations as contributions to the general stock of historical instruction and political science." Let us briefly examine the testimony of history.

When Ross was assured of complete victory he halted his army a short time on the field of battle, and then, with the fresh third brigade which had not been in the conflict, he crossed the Eastern Branch bridge. Leaving the main

body a mile and a half from the Capitol, he entered the town, then containing about nine hundred buildings, at about eight o'clock in the evening, with seven hundred men. He came to destroy the public property there. It was an errand not at all coincident with his taste or habits. But he was accompanied by Sir George Cockburn, who delighted in such sport; and who had longed for the enjoyment now promised. As early as the 18th Sir Alexander Cochrane, the naval commander-in-chief on the American station, had written a note (not delivered until after the capture of Washington) to Secretary Monroe, informing him that he intended "to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as might be found assailable." He had the full sanction of the Governor-General of Canada, who, not satisfied with the terrible and cruel vengeance inflicted on the whole Niagara frontier in retaliation for the destruction of Newark, had urged upon Sir Alexander "the indispensable necessity of retaliating" further. When instructed to do so, Ross demurred. He had carried on war on the Peninsula and in France with a different spirit, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he obeyed orders, and proceeded to the destruction of the National Capital. He made the eager incendiary, Cockburn, his torch-bearer literally, and the work was accomplished speedily. The unfinished Capitol; the Library of Congress; the President's House, a mile from them; the War and Treasury buildings; the Arsenal, and Barracks for almost three thousand troops, were soon in flames, whose light was seen in Baltimore, forty miles distant. In the course of a few hours nothing of the splendid Capitol and Presidential mansion were left but their smoke-blackened walls. The Navy-yard and a vessel lying there were burned by the Americans themselves. Fort Washington was disabled and abandoned by its garrison during the paroxysm of panic. The Americans also set fire to the Virginia end of the Long Bridge over the Potomac at the same time when the British ignited the Washington end, and that fine structure, a mile in length, was destroyed.

Cockburn was so restrained by Ross that he destroyed very little private property. From behind the house of Robert Sewall, near the Capitol, a gun was fired which killed the General's horse on which he was riding. The house was immediately destroyed. The same fate awaited the office of the *National Intelligencer*, the Government organ, against which Cockburn held special spite. These, and some houses on Capitol Hill, a large rope-walk, and a hotel, comprised the bulk of private property destroyed. They shamefully mutilated the fine monument at the Navy-yard, erected in honor of the American heroes at Tripoli.

As it was not the intention of the British to hold the territory now acquired by conquest, they retreated toward the Patuxent on the evening of the 25th, after the passage of a terrific tempest of wind, lightning, and rain. All the glory that they had won on the battle-field was lost in the barbarian conflagration. "Willingly," said the London *Statesman* newspaper, "would we throw a veil of oblivion over our transactions at Washington. The Cossacks spared Paris, but we spared not the Capital of America." Continental writers and speakers condemned the act in unmeasured terms; and yet the Government of England, which has seldom represented the sentiments of the *people*, caused the Tower guns to be fired in honor of Ross's victory; thanked the actors, through Parliament; decreed a monument to that General at his death, in Westminster Abbey; and, making additions to his armorial bearings, authorized his descendants forever to style themselves "Ross of Bladensburg!"

President Madison and other civil officers were on the field until Barney fell, when they fled to the city, and were among the first to announce the startling intelligence that the British, victorious, were doubtless marching on the town. Mr. Madison had already sent his servant to warn Mrs. Madison of her danger, and to direct her to fly immediately. The resolute woman resolved to save the full-length portrait of Washington, which now adorns the wall of the "Blue room" in the Presidential Mansion, and she did. It was taken out of the frame and borne away by two gentlemen, one of them the now venerable New Orleans banker, Jacob Barker. She also carried away with her the original Declaration of Independence, bearing the autographs of the signers, which may now be seen at the Smithsonian Institute. So precipitate was the flight of Madison's family that they left the dinner-table spread for forty guests. Unexpected ones occupied it. They were hungry Britons.

Fort Washington, we have observed, was disabled by its own garrison, and abandoned. The British squadron, under Gordon, went by it up to Alexandria on the 29th, and the inhabitants of that city, who had seen the flames and smoke at Washington, being unprovided with adequate means for defense, purchased exemption from the invader's torch at the cost of all the merchandise in the town. Gordon sailed down the Potomac with richly-laden prize-vessels, not, however, without being greatly annoyed by batteries planted on its shores. For three days the British vessels were harassed and delayed, but they finally reached Chesapeake Bay in safety.

Intense excitement was produced in Baltimore when intelligence of the capture of Washington reached that city. It was believed that it would be immediately attacked by the victorious Ross. The inhabitants felt relieved when it was known that he had re-embarked his troops at Benedict, and that the entire flotilla, with the British land-force, was hovering on the coast of the Bay below in seeming hesitation. Every hour of delay on the part of the invaders was precious to the Baltimorians, and they employed the time diligently in preparations for defense.

Baltimore is on the Patapsco River, ten miles



RODGERS'S BASTION, BALTIMORE.

from Chesapeake Bay. The Harbor is entered by a narrow strait commanded by Fort M'Henry, which stood there at the time we are considering. The city proper, at that period, contained about forty thousand inhabitants, of whom one-fifth were blacks. Northward of the town was a range of hills overlooking it and the harbor, and a large extent of country. Upon that portion of the range now known as Patterson Park, the inhabitants, under the chief direction of Commodore Rodgers, prepared defenses against the expected invaders. All classes turned out cheerfully and worked faithfully. In the course of a few days a long line of fortifications were constructed and manned. A considerable number of militia arrived from Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the interior of Maryland, and added much strength to the military force already in Baltimore.

Rodgers and his marines took charge of the heavier fortifications, one portion of which, known as Rodgers's Bastion, is still well preserved on the harbor side of Patterson Park. A brigade of Virginia Volunteers and of Regular troops were placed under the command of General Winder; the City Brigade of Baltimore was commanded by General Stricker, and the whole military force was placed in charge of the veteran soldier of the Revolution, General Samuel Smith. Fort M'Henry was garrisoned by about one thousand men, volunteers and regulars, commanded by Major George Armistead: and to the right of it, guarding the shores of the Patapsco from the landing of troops that might attack the city in the rear, were two redoubts named respectively Fort Covington and City Battery. The former, whose remains are conspicuous at the end of Light Street, was manned by a detachment of seamen under Lieutenant Newcomb, and the latter by men of Barney's flotilla, under Lieutenant Webster. On Lazaretto Point, opposite Fort M'Henry, was also a small battery, in charge of Lieutenant Rutter, of the flotilla. To these batteries and Fort M'Henry, the citizens of Baltimore looked most confidently for defense.

Such were the most important preparations for the reception of the enemy when, on Friday evening, the 9th of September, he was seen on the Chesapeake in about fifty sail of vessels heading toward the mouth of the Patapsco.

On the evening of Sunday the 11th the British fleet anchored off North Point, about fifteen miles from Baltimore. The succeeding night was a delightful one. The air was balmy and the full moon shone brightly. It was spent in preparations for landing and brief repose. At seven o'clock in the morning about five thousand troops, under General Ross, were on shore and prepared to march upon Baltimore, where, the General had boasted, he intended to make his winter-quarters. They were furnished with cooked provisions for three days; and each man had eighty rounds of ammunition. They carried as little baggage as possible, for they were to be marched rapidly and take the city by surprise. At the same time a frigate was sent to try the depth and take soundings of the channel leading to Baltimore, as the navy was to co-operate with the army.

When it was known that the British fleet was anchored off North Point, General Smith, who had about nine thousand troops under his command, sent General Stricker with three thousand two hundred in that direction to watch the movements of the enemy and act as circumstances might warrant. He left the city toward evening, and just before sunset reached a meet-



METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE.

ing-house (yet standing) almost seven miles from the town, near the junction of the roads leading respectively to North Point and Bear Creek. Meanwhile Major Randall, of the Maryland militia, had been sent with a light corps from General Stansbury's brigade, and the Pennsylvania Volunteers, to the mouth of Bear Creek, to cooperate with Stricker in opposing the debarkation of the enemy.

Stricker's little army rested until morning at the meeting-house, not far from what was then called Long Log Lane (now the road to North Point), with the exception of a detachment of one hundred and forty horsemen under Lieutenant-Colonel Biays, who were ordered forward, three miles, to Gorsuch's farm, and one hundred and fifty riflemen under Captain Dyer, who were directed to take position one mile in the rear of the cavalry. So they remained until the morning of the 12th, when information was received from the videttes that the enemy had landed at North Point, when Stricker immediately sent back his baggage under a strong guard and disposed his troops for battle in three lines, stretching from a branch of Bear Creek on his right, to a swamp on the margin of a branch of Back River on his left. The several corps were posted as follows: the Fifth Baltimore Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett, five hundred strong, were placed on the right, extending from Long Log Lane to a branch of Bear Creek; the twenty-seventh Maryland Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Long, numbering the same, were on the left of the Fifth, extending from the Lane to the swamp; and the Union Artillerymen of Baltimore, seventy-five in number, with six 4-pounders, under Captain Montgomery, then Attorney-General of the State, were in the Lane. The Thirty-ninth Regiment, four hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fowler, were posted three hundred yards in the rear of the Twenty-seventh and parallel with it; and on the right of the Thirty-ninth, at the same distance in the rear of the Fifth, were the Fifty-first Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Amey. These formed the second line. About half a mile in the rear of this line, near the site of the present Battle-ground House, was a reserve corps, consisting of the Sixth Regiment (six hundred and twenty men), under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donald. Thus judiciously posted, Stricker awaited the approach of Ross.

The British General disposed his troops as at Bladensburg. A corps composed of the light companies of the Fourth, Twenty-first, and Forty-fourth regiments, the entire Eighty-fifth, a battalion of "disciplined negroes," and a company of marines, numbering in the aggregate about eleven hundred men, under Major Jones, were sent in advance. These were followed by six field-pieces and two howitzers drawn by horses; and the whole formed the first Brigade. The second Brigade, under Colonel Brooke, was composed of the Fourth and Forty-fourth regiments, about fourteen hundred strong, and was followed by more than a thousand sailors led by Captain Crofton. The rear, or third Brigade, consisted of the Twenty-first Regiment, and a battalion of marines, numbering in all about fourteen hundred and fifty men, under Colonel Patterson. At the same time the fleet moved toward Baltimore in order to attack Fort M'Henry.

Feeling confident of success, Ross rode gayly forward at the head of his troops for about an hour, when they halted at Gorsuch's farm, and spent another hour in resting and careless carousing. The American riflemen in the advance had fallen back in the mean time, with the impression that the British were landing on Back River or Bear Creek to cut them off, and they were placed on the right of Stricker's front line. When the General was informed of the exact position of the invaders, he sent forward to attack them the companies of Captains Levering and Howard from Sterett's Fifth, one hundred



GENERAL STRICKER.



PLACE WHERE ROSS FELL.

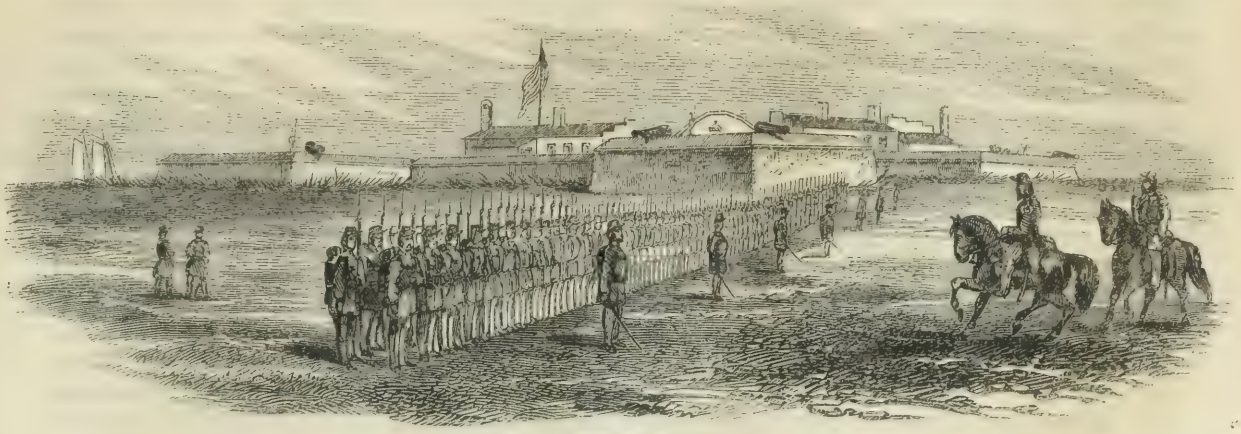
and fifty in number, under Major Richard K. Heath, and Asquith's and a few other riflemen, numbering about seventy, with a small piece of artillery and some cavalry, under Lieutenant Stiles. They met the British advancing, and a skirmish ensued near the house occupied, when the writer visited the spot in 1861, by Samuel C. Cole as a store and dwelling, seven and a half miles from Baltimore and about seven from the landing-place of the British. Ross was mortally wounded by one of two lads among Asquith's sharp-shooters, who were concealed in a hollow, and died in the arms of his favorite aid, the now venerable Sir Duncan M'Dougall, of London, before his bearers reached the boats at North Point.

The command of the British troops now devolved on Colonel Brooke of the Forty-fourth Regiment, and the entire column pressed forward to attack the American line. Near the spot where Ross fell, and across the road from an oak-tree under which he was laid for a few minutes, the volunteers commanded by Captain Benjamin C. Howard at that time erected a monument, partly in commemoration of the action, but specifically, as the inscription declares, "as a tribute of respect for the memory of their gallant brother," Aquila Randall, who fell there. The view in the engraving is from Mr. Cole's house, in which, a little to the left of the monument, is seen a portion of the branch of Bear Creek.

Heath's horse was shot under him, and several Americans were killed or wounded. The advancing British far outnumbered his detachment, and he ordered them to fall back. Finding the companies of Levering and Howard too fatigued to engage efficiently in the impending



THE BATTLE-GROUND THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

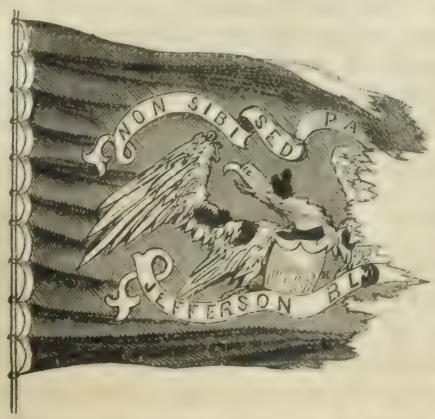


FORT M'HENRY IN 1861.

battle, Stricker ordered them to the rear to attach themselves to the reserve.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the British came within cannon-shot of the American line and were formed in battle order. Their First Brigade, supported by the Forty-fourth Regiment, the seamen and marines, menaced the entire front of the Americans, and commenced the action by opening a brisk discharge of cannon and rockets upon them. The British Twenty-first remained in column as a reserve; and the Fourth made a circuitous march to turn the left flank of the Americans, against which also artillerists and rocketeers directed their missiles, and were replied to by Captain Montgomery's cannon. General Stricker instantly comprehended the meaning of the flank movement and artillery attack, and brought up the Thirty-ninth Regiment, with two field-pieces, to its support in a line with the Twenty-seventh, which was behaving most gallantly. He also ordered the Fifty-first, under Colonel Amey, to form in line at right angles with the first line, with its right resting on the left of the Thirty-ninth. This movement was productive of some confusion, but Stricker's staff soon brought out order. The battle was continued with great spirit on both sides, in the mean time, with Victory coquetting first with one and then with the other, and the armies swaying backward and forward with mutual pressure.

When the contest had been carried on for about two hours the enemy's right column fell upon and endeavored to turn the American left. The Fifty-first were suddenly struck with dismay, and, after firing a volley at random, broke and fled in wild disorder, producing a like effect in the second battalion of the Thirty-ninth. All efforts to rally the fugitives were vain. But the remainder of the Thirty-ninth and the gallant Twenty-seventh (whose tattered battle-flag, now in the possession of its bearer in the fight, Captain Lester of Baltimore, attests the severity of their conflict) bravely maintained their position. Finally, at about four o'clock, when the superior force of the enemy could no longer be kept in check, General Stricker ordered a retreat upon his reserve corps. This movement was performed in good order. There he reformed his brigade, and then fell back toward the city as far as Worthington's Mill, about half a mile in advance of the intrenchments cast up by the citizens. Then he was joined by General Winder with General Douglass's Virginia Brigade and Captain Bird's United States Dragoons, who took post on his left. The British bivouacked on the battle-field that night, after calling in some pursuers and collecting the stragglers.



BATTLE-FLAG OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

While these movements were in operation on the land the British fleet was preparing to perform a conspicuous part in the drama. Frigates, schooners, sloops, and bomb-ketches had entered the Patapsco early in the morning of the 12th, while Ross was moving from North Point, and at nine o'clock anchored off Fort M'Henry, beyond the reach of its guns, near the present Fort Carroll. During the day and evening the bomb and rocket vessels were so posted as to act upon the fortifications on the hill, commanded by Rodgers, as well as on Fort M'Henry, while the frigates were stationed further outward, the water being so shallow that they could not approach nearer the city than four or five miles, nor the fort within two and a half miles. The Americans had already sunk some vessels in the narrow channel at Fort M'Henry, which prevented any passage by the ships of the enemy. During the night of the 12th the fleet made full preparations for an attack on the fort and hill-intrenchments on the morning of the 13th, when Brooke was to move on Baltimore with the British land-force from the battle-field of the day before. The fleet, prepared for action, consisted of sixteen heavy vessels, five of them bomb-ships.

Fort M'Henry was commanded by a brave soldier and defended by gallant companions. The latter were composed of one company of United States Artillery under Captain Evans; two companies of sea-fencibles under Captains Bunbury and Addison; two companies of volunteers from the city, named, respectively, the "Washington Artillery" and the "Baltimore Independent Artillerists," the former commanded by Captain John Berry and the latter by Lieutenant-commanding Charles Pennington; the "Baltimore Fencibles," a fine company led by Judge Joshua H. Nicholson; a detachment of Barney's flotilla-men commanded by Captain Rodman, and detachments of regulars furnished by General Winder from the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Thirty-sixth, and Thirty-eighth regiments under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart and Major Lee. The regular artillerists under Captain Evans, and the volunteers under Captain Nicholson manned the bastions in the Star fort. The commands of Bunbury, Addison, Rodman, Berry, and Pennington were stationed in the lower works; and the infantry, under Stuart and Lee, were placed in the outer ditch to meet the enemy at his landing should he attempt it.

The bomb-vessels opened a heavy fire upon the American works at sunrise on the morning of the 13th, at a distance of about two miles, and kept up a well-directed bombardment until three o'clock in the afternoon. Armistead immediately opened the batteries of Fort M'Henry upon them, and kept up a brisk fire for some time from his guns and mortars, when, to his great chagrin, he found that his missiles fell short and were harmless. The garrison was exposed to a tremendous shower of shells for several hours without power to inflict injury in turn, or even to check the fury of the assault; yet they kept at their posts and endured the trial with cool courage and great fortitude. At length a bomb-shell dismounted one of the 24-pounders in the southwest bastion, under the immediate command of Captain Nicholson, killing his second Lieutenant (Claggett) and wounding several of his men. Confusion was observed in the fort by Cochrane, who commanded the fleet, and, hoping to profit by it, he ordered three of his bomb-vessels to move up nearer the fort in order to increase the effectiveness of their guns. This movement delighted Armistead. His turn for inflicting injury had come, and he quickly took advantage of it. He ordered a general cannonade and bombardment from every part of the fort; and so severe was his punishment of the venturesome intruders that within half an hour they fell back to their old anchorage. A rocket-vessel was so much injured that they were compelled to send a division of small boats to tow her beyond the range of Armistead's guns to save her from destruction.

After resuming their former stations the vessels kept up a more furious bombardment than before, with slight intermissions, until past midnight, when it was discovered that the enemy had thrown a considerable force up the Patapsco, between the fort and the city, under cover of the darkness, for the purpose of capturing Fort Covington and the city battery, and assaulting Fort M'Henry in the rear. For this service twelve hundred and fifty picked men were sent in barges. For the purpose of examining the shores, when near Covington, they threw up some small rockets. These gave the alarm, and Fort M'Henry, as well as the two redoubts on the Patapsco, opened a heavy fire upon the invaders. It was kept up for nearly two hours, when the enemy were driven away. The bombardment from the vessels was continued until seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when it ceased entirely.

The night had been passed with the greatest anxiety by the inhabitants of Baltimore, for in the maintenance of Fort M'Henry was their chief hope for the safety of the city. An incident which occurred at that time gave birth to one of the most popular of our patriotic songs, in which that anxiety is graphically expressed. A gentleman of Baltimore, whose friend had been captured at Marlborough and conveyed to the British fleet, went down to the mouth of the Patuxent with a flag of truce, for the purpose of procuring his release. He was not permitted to return, because the attack on Baltimore was in contemplation, and the commander was afraid that he was in possession of sufficient information on that point to frustrate their plans by a partial revelation of them. He was on board one of the vessels in the Patapsco that opened the attack, and was a witness to the entire bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which Admiral Cochrane said he should carry in the course of a few hours, and then the city must be surrendered. He watched the garrison flag of M'Henry all day long with the greatest anxiety; and during the fearful night that followed he kept his eyes strained in the direction of the fort, and felt his heart gladdened by the sight of it when fiery rockets and exploding bomb-shells lighted up the scene. Great was his delight when at dawn his vision was greeted with the apparition of the dear flag still waving defiantly over the garrison. This incident inspired Francis S. Key, brother-in-law to the now venerable Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to write "The Star-Spangled Banner," whose first stanzas thus express the feelings of thousands of eye-witnesses on that occasion:

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Simultaneously with the movement of the fleet toward Fort M'Henry on the morning of

the 13th was that of the land-forces of the British from their smouldering camp-fires on the battle-field, until they arrived at the brow of the slope on which lay Surrey Farm (now the estate of Mrs. Jane Dungan), the fine residence of Colonel Sterett, of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, then busily engaged in casting up intrenchments on Lauderslayer's Hill, not far distant. There they halted to reconnoitre, and Colonel Brooke made his head-quarters at the old farm-house of Mr. Ernest, further in the rear. They were in sight of the intrenchments on the hills near Baltimore, about two miles distant, behind which were the brigades of Stansbury and Foreman; the Pennsylvania volunteers, under Colonels Cobeau and Findlay; the marines, under Rodgers; the Baltimore Artillery, under Colonel Harris; and the marine artillery, under Captain Stiles, who had spent the night under arms, expecting a vigorous pursuit by the British.

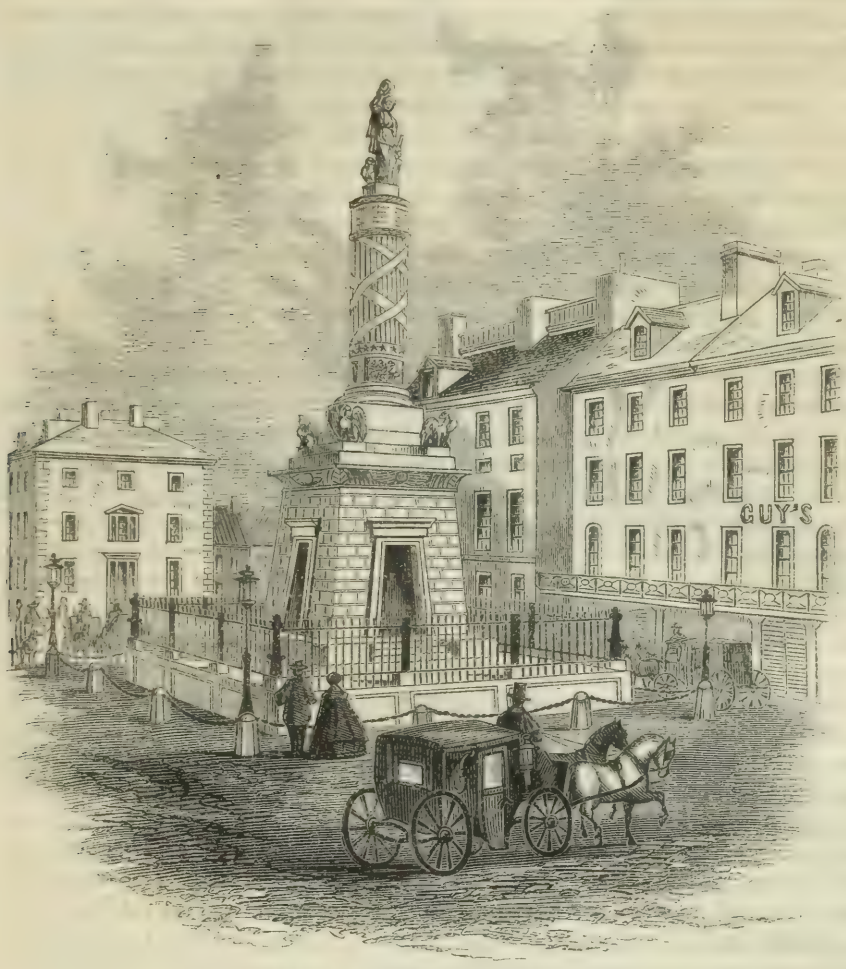
The enemy manœuvred a good deal in the morning toward the left of the American works, and at one time seemed disposed to move upon them by the York and Harford roads; but they were baffled by countervailing movements on the part of Generals Winder and Stricker. At noon they concentrated in front, and moved to within a mile of the intrenchments, when they made arrangements for an assault that evening. Perceiving this, General Smith ordered Winder and Stricker to move to the right of the enemy, and, in the event of their making an attack, to fall upon their flank and rear. Brooke was cautious and watchful, and clearly saw the peril of his proposed undertaking. He was also aware that the bombardment of Fort M'Henry from morning until evening had produced very little effect upon that work, and that the vessels could not run by it because of the obstructions in the channel. Instead of opening a battle, he sought and obtained a conference with Admiral Brooke during the evening. The result of the interview was the conclusion that the effort of the combined forces to capture Baltimore was already a failure, and that prudence demanded an immediate relinquishment of the enterprise. Brooke hastened back to camp. The rain, which commenced dropping twenty-four hours before, was yet falling copiously, and the night was very dark. In the midst of the gloom, at three o'clock in the morning of the 14th, while the ships kept up the bombardment, to divert the attention of the Americans, the British army stole off to North Point, and fled in boats to the fleet. The latter also withdrew at an early hour, having thrown upward of fifteen hundred shells, a large portion of which burst in or over the fort.

When, at dawn, the retreat of the British was discovered, General Winder, with the Virginia brigade, Captain Bird's dragoons, Major Randall's light corps, and all the cavalry, were immediately detailed in pursuit. But the troops were so exhausted by continued watching and working, after the battle and retreat, having been under arms during three days and three nights, a portion of the time drenched by rain, that it was found impossible to accomplish any thing of moment beyond the picking up of a few stragglers of the enemy. The troops were taken on board the fleet on the evening of the 14th, and on the following morning the entire land and naval armament of the enemy went down the bay, crest-fallen and badly punished. In the battle on the 12th they had lost their general, a lieutenant, and thirty-seven men killed, and eleven officers and two hundred and forty men wounded. The Americans lost twenty-four men killed, one hundred and thirty-nine wounded, fifty prisoners, and two field-pieces. In the attack on the forts by the shipping the British lost not a man, killed or wounded, while the Americans lost three men killed, and twenty-four wounded, chiefly by the explosion of the shell that dismounted Nicholson's 24-pounder.

When the British discovered that they were in actual possession, for a day, of the mansion of one of the officers of the American army (Colonel Sterett) then confronting them, they made its contents the object of their special attention. The family had fled that morning, leaving the house in charge of only the colored butler and cook. Some British officers took possession of it. In the cellar was found a large quantity of choice wine. It was freely used, and what was not consumed on the premises was carried away as lawful plunder. Wax-candles, bedding, and other things were also carried away; and all the bureau-drawers were broken open in a search for valuables. Among other things prized by the family which the plunderers seized was the Order of the Cincinnati, that had belonged to the deceased father of Mrs. Sterett. Finally, after keeping the cook busy, and faring sumptuously, and when they were about to depart, the following good-natured but impudent note was written and left on the side-board:

"Captains Brown, Wilcox, and M'Namara, of the Fifty-third Regiment, Royal Marines, have received every thing they could desire at this house, notwithstanding it was received at the hands of the butler, and in the absence of the Colonel."

The successful defense of Baltimore was hailed with great delight throughout the country, and trembling Philadelphia and New York breathed freer. It was a very humiliating blow to the British; for great confidence of success was felt throughout the realm. After the capture of Washington that of Baltimore seemed but holiday sport; and so well assured of Ross's success there was the Governor-General of Canada that the proposed public rejoicings at Montreal, because of the capture of Washington, were postponed, so that they might celebrate that of Baltimore at the same time! In England no one seemed to doubt that an army from Canada would meet that of Ross on the Susquehanna or the Schuylkill, as conquerors of the country, and that Baltimore would be their base for future operations. "In the diplomatic circles it is rumored," said a London paper of the 17th



BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

of June, "that our naval and military commanders on the American station have no power to conclude any armistice or suspension of arms. They carry with them certain terms," the supercilious writer continued, "which will be offered to the American Government at the point of the bayonet. There is reason to believe that America will be left in a much worse situation, as a naval and commercial power, than she was at the commencement of the war."

This programme, so delightsome to British arrogance and British commercial greed, was not carried out. On the very day when Ross and his army anchored off North Point, Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General of Canada, and his army, making their way toward the Susquehanna, were so smitten at the very beginning of their march—within the sound of cannon-booming of the Canada line—that they fled back toward the St. Lawrence in wild disorder. Instead of mourning as captives, the Americans were jubilant as victors. The prowess of Colonel Armistead and his little band in defending Fort M'Henry was a theme for praise upon every lip. Captain Benjamin Edes, who commanded a company of the gallant Twenty-seventh in the "battle of North Point," as it is called, printed Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" at his shop on the corner of Baltimore and Gay streets, and scattered it broadcast, on a single slip, throughout the saved city. It was everywhere sung with loud applause. His countrymen gave to Armistead a testimonial of their gratitude in the form of a magnificent silver vase made in the shape of a bomb-shell; and a fine monument, after his death, was erected to his memory, on which was written with a pen of steel these words: "Colonel George Armistead, in honor of whom this monument is erected, was the gallant defender of Fort M'Henry during the bombardment by the British fleet, 13th September, 1814. He died, universally esteemed and regretted, on the 25th of April, 1818, aged thirty-nine years."

In the now great city of Baltimore, containing a population of full two hundred and fifteen thousand souls, may be seen a noble monument, designed by Maximilian Godefroy, and wrought in white marble, which was erected there in 1815, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, in commemoration of those who on the 13th and 14th of September, 1814, fell in the field and in the fort in defense of that city. The engraving depicts it as it appeared when the writer sketched it, in the autumn of 1861, from the steps of Barnum's Hotel. The monument represents a cenotaph surmounted by a short column, and rests upon a plinth, or terrace, of the same material, forty feet square and four feet high. At each angle is



ARMISTEAD'S MONUMENT.

placed a cannon, erect, having a ball apparently issuing from its mouth. Between the cannon are continuous rows of spear-shaped railing, and eight heavy supporting *fasces*, all of iron. Outside of all is a chain guard. The lower part of the monument is of Egyptian form and ornamentation, composed of eighteen layers of stone, the then number of the States of the Republic. At each of four angles of the surmounting cornice is a massive griffin, wrought of marble. The column represents a huge *fasces*, symbolical of the Union, the rods of which are bound by a fillet, with the names of the honored dead. Wreaths of laurel and cypress, emblems of glory and mourning, bind the top of the great *fasces*, and between them, in bronze letters, are the names of the following officers who perished on the occasion: James Lowry Donaldson, Adjutant Twenty-seventh Regiment; Gregorius Andree, Lieutenant First Rifle Battalion; Levi Claggett, Third Lieutenant Nicholson's Artillerists. On the fillet are the following names of the slain non-commissioned officers and privates: John Clemm, T. V. Beaston, S. Haubert, John Jephson, T. Wallace, J. H. Marriot of John, E. Marriot, Wm. Ways, J. Armstrong, J. Richardson, Benj. Pond, Clement Cox, Cecilius Belt, John Garrett, H. G. M'Comas, Wm. M'Clellan, John C. Bird, M. Desk, Daniel Wells, Jun., John R. Cop, Benj. Neal, C. Reynolds, D. Howard, Uriah Prosser, A. Randall, R. H. Cooksey, J. Gregg, J. Evans, A. Maas, G. Jenkins, W. Alexander, C. Fallier, T. Burneston, J. Dunn, P. Byard, J. Craig.

On the lower part of the *fasces* are two *basso-relievos*, one representing the battle of North Point and the death of General Ross, and the other a battery of Fort M'Henry at the moment of the bombardment. On the east and west fronts are lachrymal urns, emblematic of regret and sorrow. On the south part of the square base of the *fasces* below the *basso-relievos* is the following inscription in bronze letters: "Battle of North Point, 12th September, A.D. 1814, and of the independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." On the north front, corresponding to this, is the following: "Bombardment of Fort M'Henry, 13th September, A.D. 1814, and of the independence of the United States the thirty-ninth." That base and *fasces* together form a column thirty-nine feet in height, to show that the event commemorated occurred in the thirty-ninth year of the independence of the Republic. The whole monument, including the exquisitely-wrought female figure, representing the city of Baltimore, that surmounts it, rises to the height of almost fifty-three feet. Upon the head of that figure is a mural crown, the emblem of a city. In one hand she holds an antique rudder, symbolic of navigation, and in the other a crown of laurels; while, with a graceful inclination of the head, she looks in the direction of the theatre of conflict. At her feet, on her right, is an eagle, and near it a bomb-shell, commemorative of the bombardment. This monument, in its conception and execution, is worthy of the great event which it is designed to commemorate.

ALAS!

ALAS! war's dreadful cry resoundeth yet;
No rift of light breaks through its sullen cloud:
Its signal-fires upon our hills are set;
And still the land rests 'neath its crimson shroud.

Alas! yet men lie down an arméd band,
Mid sounds of strife, and wake to trumpet's call,
Ready at need to grasp Death's waiting hand,
Counting it gain for Freedom's sake to fall.

Alas! sad women yet unplaining take
For life's full bliss its void and emptiness,
And deem it naught, if through the gift they make
The nation writhes beneath one birth-pang less.

Alas! sweet lips yet utter anxious speech,
And faces young wear looks beyond their years;
E'en childhood's thoughts strive wearily to reach
The solemn soundings of our hopes and fears.

And still war's hungry cry sweeps through the land,
Its reeking jaws unsated yet by prey;
Wide-mouthed it yearns, though blood on every hand
Bears witness of its devastating way.

What shall appease this wild, defiant cry,
Since all that's given availeth not our need?
'Tis not enough that men go forth to die—
Not this will satisfy inhuman greed.

Nor yet enough that women sit and weep,
With lips unkissed, with fading cheeks and hair;
With hot eyes heavy with unrestful sleep,
In which but ghastly visions mock them there.

Nay, not enough: why longer keep at bay
By human sacrifice this mighty foe?
Why heap its altars with our slain to-day,
And hesitate to strike the needed blow?

Till then naught shall appease this sullen roar;
War's lurid fires shall burn with fiercer light;
Its sceptre still extend from sea to shore;
Its angry clouds grow dense with deeper night.

But when the nations of the earth go free
This baptism of blood and fire shall cease:
The shore shall send its pæan to the sea,
And every pulse throb to the song of peace.

Then shall the land throw off its crimson shroud,
And wear its robes of glory and of might;
The shining rift shall pierce the gloomy cloud,
War's gleaming flames be quenched in endless night.

Then, oh! why longer strive to keep at bay,
By sinful pampering, this mighty foe?
Why on its shrine our sacrifices lay,
And cruelly withhold the needed blow?



THE ARMORY BUILDINGS.

THE NORWICH ARMORIES.

NORWICH, the scene of our present story, is a beautiful city of Connecticut, at the head of navigation on the Thames, where that pleasant river is formed by the confluence of the Yantic and Shetucket.

It is a wide-awake little town, and as vociferous in sounds of busy and thriving industry as any place of its size in the good old State of steady habits, or, indeed, in all the thronged length and breadth of Yankeedom. The natural features of the neighborhood are so surpassingly picturesque that the stranger might well fancy himself in some famous summer resort far off from the strife and the din of commerce and of common life; while, on the other hand, its noble lines of manorial and palatial residences smack most fragrantly of the elegance and sumptuosity of the favored suburban aside some great metropolis.

Besides these unexpected landscape charms, and these unwonted social delights of the old place, many a chronicle of historic interest has embellished its wild hills and glens during its long life of more than two centuries; chronicles which it might be pleasant and profitable to read, were it not that we find there scenes of yet greater and fresher attraction in the resounding halls of the great armories which the exigencies of the times and the boundless capacity of American will and skill have so magically conjured up during the past two or three eventful years.

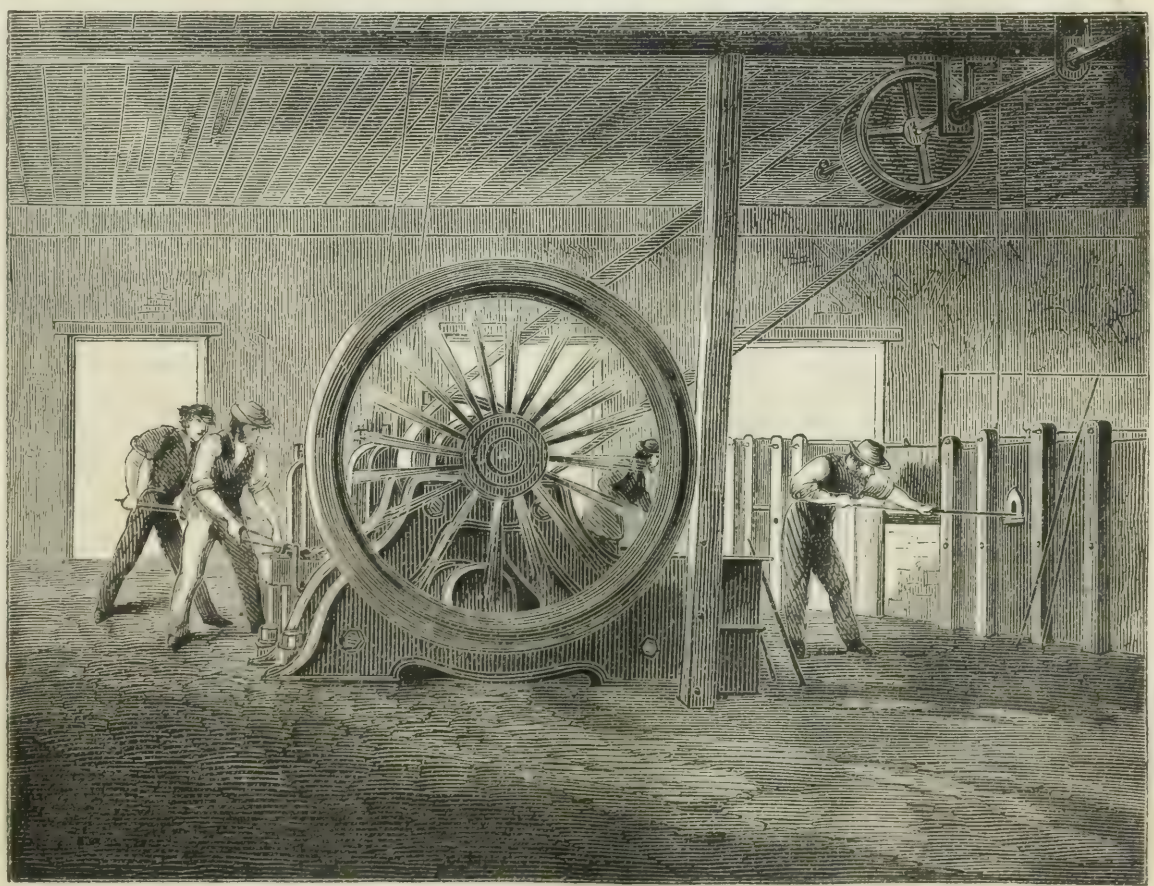
In studying the craft of the armorer, always the most curious and most cunning of all crafts, but of supremest attraction now, in this terrible hour of national trial, we turn to the private rather than to the public or Government works, not only that the former are less known, but that the individual effort, in this as in all other things, better illustrates the genius of the people and better promotes progress; relying as it ever does upon its merits alone for success. We bid the reader also to Norwich rather than to some other of the many similar enterprises which have so lately grown up in various parts of the land, because the works there are of all others the first in the magnitude of their operations, and in their assurance of perpetuity when minor establishments may, and no doubt will, pass with the passing of the necessity which has called them into existence.

The ease and celerity with which the capitalists and the artisans of Norwich, and of so many other places, have at a moment's call turned from their looms and their spindles of a lifetime to so untried, so intricate, and so difficult a toil as that of the manufacture of arms is scarcely less astonishing than is the wonderful success which has followed their efforts. That the national works, as those at Springfield, should be, as they have been, trebled even in extent, as soon as the enlargement was required, is highly creditable to the public capacity and energy; but how much more commendable and gratifying is it that such enterprise—guaranteed in its result and reward by the treasury of a great na-

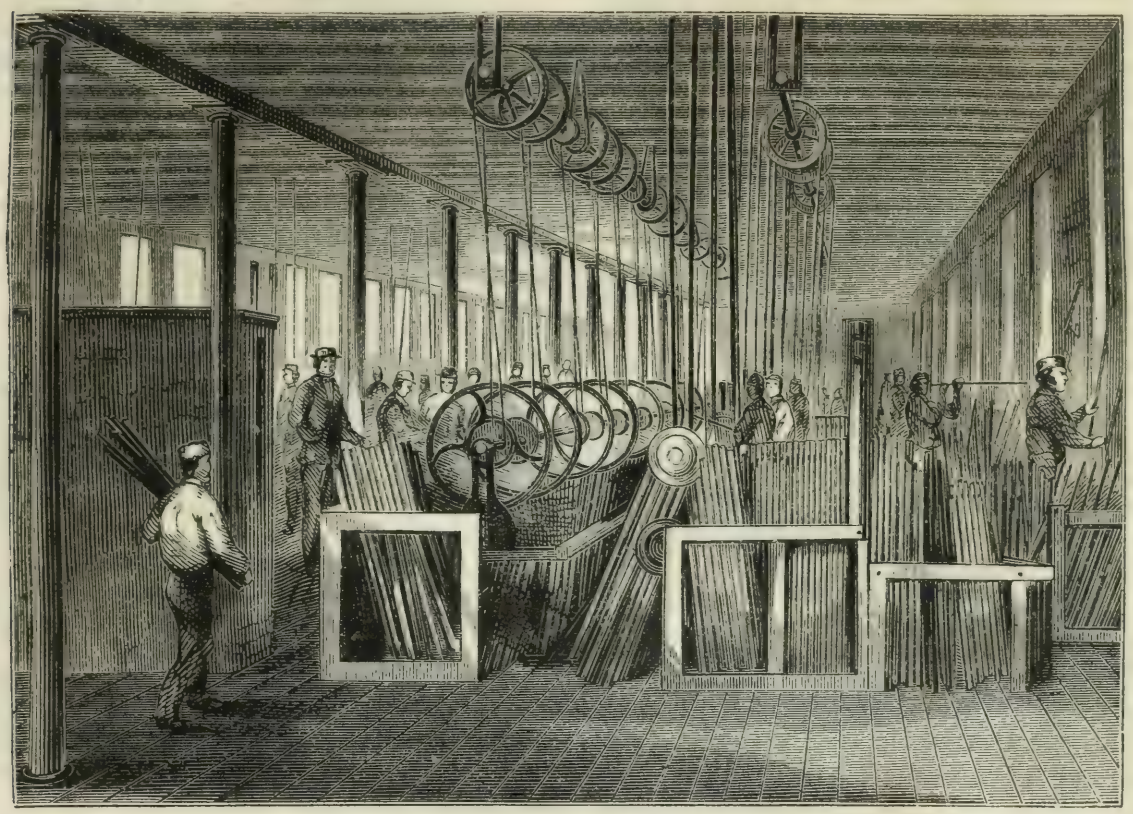
tion—has been, in degree, more than rivaled by individual effort; and that effort, made boldly in the dark, almost without precedent and in a new and most difficult labor. The day thus seems not distant when the people, in their private enterprise, may outstrip the Government even in this great Government specialty, the arming of the nation; for though lacking, perhaps, the assurance doubly sure of the public purse, are they not free from the red tape which ever more or less binds the best of governments in that prejudiced indolence of indifference which prevents their seeing the ever-opening paths of progress; or, if they see them, delays their following them with the necessary spirit and speed. Whether will the inventor most likely and most wisely turn with his new discoveries, his valuable improvements in machinery or in manufacture, to the tedious and ungracious ante-rooms of official dignity, or to the ever-watchful, ever-ready, ever-accessible, and—when it promises to pay—ever-liberal individual capitalist? Thus, at Norwich, we shall see anon, there is an immense production of a new and beautiful breech-loading arm, recently invented by a Western mechanic, and which promises, in its superior construction and capacity, to exceed and supersede all similar weapons now in use.

To these remarks it may not be amiss to add the curious fact, illustrative of the *vis inertia* of great governmental organizations, that though the English authorities were some years ago most liberally permitted to make drawings of our own wonderful machines for the turning of irregular forms, those machines now used every where among us in the making of the stock of the gun, and though copies of the machines were also made here and taken to England, with American mechanics to erect and to operate them, yet such have been the obstructions thrown in the way of their adoption in the British armories by this, that, and the other opposing interest, that to this day the gun-stock, which these machines produce with such marvelous rapidity and accuracy, is, except at the works at Enfield, and maybe a few other minor establishments, yet made in the old toilsome and uncertain way by hand; and this despite the asserted fact that the watching of the magical movements of the stocking-machines was a never-ending wonder and recreation of the late Prince Albert.

The capital of the Norwich Arms Company (the corporate name of the Norwich works) is six hundred thousand dollars. The capacity of the establishment is greater than was that of the Government foundries at Springfield before their extensive enlargement at the commencement of the war, and is nearly half as great as is that of those works now in their increased extent. With their present machinery and accommodations the Company are able to produce about four hundred finished muskets per day, or two hundred of the Springfield arm, and as many more of the new and beautiful breech-loading rifle to which we have already once alluded, and of which we shall speak further hereafter. Just now, as we write, the works are producing about twelve hundred muskets, three thousand bayonets, and two thousand locks, besides rifles and carbines, per week. The product of the works



THE ROLLING MILL.



THE BARREL-ROOM.

in their present capacity would reach a value of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars annually in their yield of four hundred muskets or other arms daily, at the Government price of twenty dollars each. Of course this product may be at any time increased by adding to the working facilities of the Company.

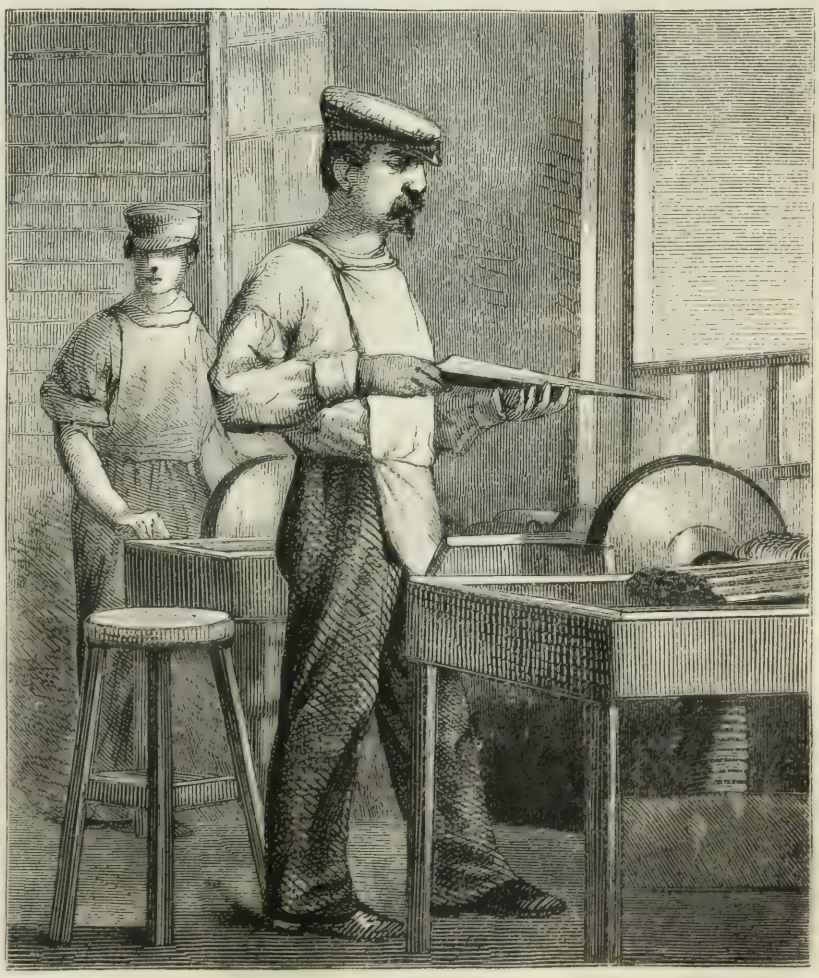
A glance at the illustrations at the opening and closing of this paper will sufficiently enlighten the reader in respect to the exterior appearance of the works at Norwich. The buildings, though spacious and substantial, and though charmingly located, make no especial pretensions to architectural beauty. They are simply solid and serviceable brick structures, designed for use rather than for show, after the general style of the New England factory edifices. The larger of the two piles of buildings occupied by the Armory is situated directly within the city, and under the shelter of one of the bold, rocky hill-sides which give so much picturesque beauty to the place. It is known as the Barrel and Bayonet Department, and is used in the execution of various finishing processes in the making of the barrel and of the bayonet, as we shall see when we come to enter it by-and-by. The extent of this building is two hundred and eighteen feet in length and sixty feet in breadth, with a wing of one hundred and twenty feet by fifty feet. In height it is three stories, with spacious basements and attics. The apartments are large, well-ventilated, and in all respects thoroughly appointed for the use for which they are designed.

The other buildings are at some little distance removed, and are delightfully perched upon the quiet banks of the Shetucket, one of the two beautiful streams which, uniting their waters at Norwich, form the River Thames. These edifices contain the stocking-rooms, the great lock-rooms, the rolling-mills, drops, trip-hammers, forges, and smithies of the establishment. It is a wonderful place, and we will enter it first in our proposed study of the armorer's art.

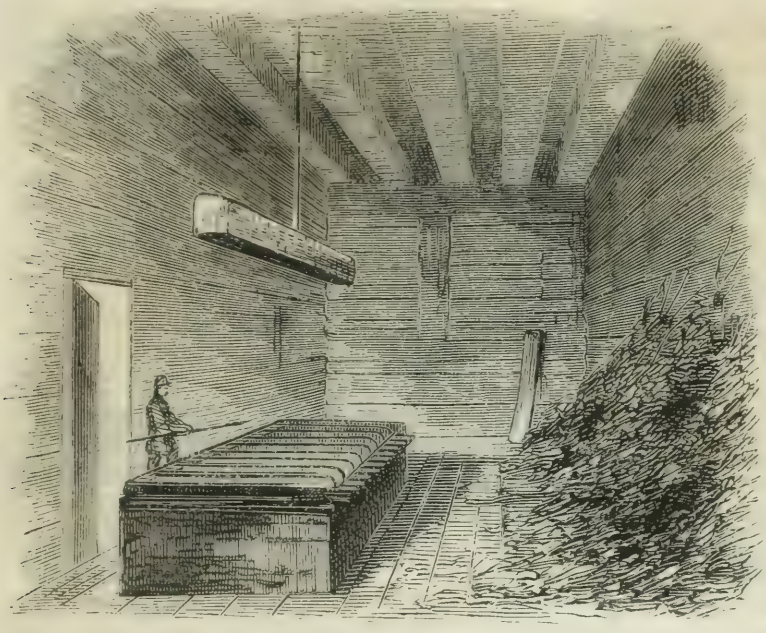
A musket is certainly a very simple piece of mechanism when seen casually in its finished state; but the reader would hardly so consider it after watching the myriad varying and wonderful processes by which it is produced, and the marvelous machinery employed in its construction. His estimation of the work may possibly be very considerably heightened by a knowledge of the one little fact that each arm, simple as it looks, is made up of no less than forty-nine distinct parts, all of which, except two that remain permanently attached to other parts, may be taken to pieces and put together again, in the space of a few minutes, simply by loosening screws and opening or shutting springs; that any one of the half-hundred pieces can be used without failure in the breadth of a hair in connection with any or all other parts of any one of a million of guns, so wonderfully precise is the machinery employed in its unerring operations. Then, too, not only is the gun thus divided into so many distinct pieces, all accurately fitting any part of any other gun, but the number of separate operations made upon each and every weapon amounts to more than four hundred, no two of which are performed by the same hand, and are, indeed, all so distinct in their character that the artisan employed upon one may have and generally has no knowledge whatever of any other.

The most curious part of the gun in its construction, though by no means the most vital in its use, is perhaps the stock, which in shape is so mysteriously eccentric, and runs riot in such a marvelous maze of grooves, and cavities, and sockets—of planes and perforations—that it would seem to be utterly impossible to fashion it by any species of machinery, or in any way except by the laborious hand process. And such indeed was the case with us, as with all the rest of the arms-making world, until the now eminent machinist, Thomas Blanchard, formerly of Springfield, and now of Boston, Massachusetts, had the wonderful wit to invent a machine for the turning of irregular forms, which he speedily adapted to the manufacture of gun-stocks, and introduced into the Springfield Armory about the year 1820. Since that period the stock has been always made here by machinery, and—borrowing our models to some extent—also in the British and other European works. It is very much to this great invention, which made so complete a revolution in the armorer's art, that America owes her proud pre-eminence over all the world in this high department of human ingenuity and industry. Mr. Blanchard's discovery is now made available in a thousand manufactures of irregular forms besides that of the gun-stock; such as axe-handles, shoe-lasts, and even in the accurate copying of the choicest productions of the chisel.

Let us overlook the forbidding inscription, "Positively no Admittance," on the grim walls of the edifice on the Shetucket, and entering the great halls, watch for a while the weird movements of those mechanical genii, the stocking-machines. With what speed and with what grace and precision they act, and how wonderfully nice and accurate is their work! There is a rude, misshapen, Caliban-like chunk of black-walnut, which looks as though it might be more at home in its native forest wilds in Pennsylvania or Canada. It is placed in the first of the machines, from whence it speedily emerges with its sides cut to the proper shape for turning. Passing the ordeal of another machine, it comes out with its butt-end daintily sawed, and with a diagonal line cut at the breech. The third, armed with two circular saws, fashions the upper part of the stock in its finished form. Another machine reduces the butt to its ultimate shape. Another simply planes various places in the sides of the stock as points for the working of yet other machines—an operation which is known as spotting. A sixth machine performs six distinct items, called grooving for the barrel, breech-pin, and tang, heading-down, milling, and finish-grooving. The stock is at this stage prepared for the fitting in of the barrel. A seventh machine planes the top, bottom, and sides, while the eighth and ninth do the shaping and bedding for the butt-plates. The next machine, which is of all the most curious in its performances, prepares the stock for the reception of the lock. Yet another machine is used to cut for the guards, to bore for the side-screws of the lock, and two more to make places for tips and bands. After these various operations comes the second turning and smoothing of the work; then the grooving for the ramrod; and afterward, by a still different machine, the boring for the ramrod from the point at which the groove ends. These machines are provided each with a pattern or mould in iron, which is the exact counterpart of the cavity or other form to be produced in the stock. They are furnished also with cutters or borers, which being placed above the stock are made to revolve rapidly, and with various motions, as the workman wills, cutting the wood with surprising velocity and speed, and in exact imitation of the pattern below. The movements of the borer or cutter are controlled by a guide which is inserted within the pattern.



POLISHING THE BAYONET.



THE PROVING-ROOM.

The tool is made to revolve by means of small machinery within its frame, the frame and all within it moving together with both lateral and vertical motions. The movements of the cutting tool are not subject to the will and pleasure of the workman, but are rigidly governed by the guide, which is connected with it by the aid of a very intricate and curious machinery. The work of the artisan, when the machine is in motion and the stock is adjusted in its bed within it, beneath the borers or cutters, is simply to bring the guide down into the pattern, and move it about the circumference and through its centre. The cutting-tool follows the action of the guide inexorably, and the result is a perfect duplicate in the stock of the form in the mould below.

The vital portion of the musket is, of course, the barrel, and its construction involves an amount and variety of careful and delicate labor, almost incredible to one unfamiliar with the complicated process. The barrel is made from a plate of iron, or scalp, as it is technically called, of about a foot in length, which, when heated to a white heat, is rolled around an iron rod and then passed through a rolling-mill, or rather through three separate sets of rollers, each of which in turn elongates the scalp, and at the same time reduces its diameter and helps to give the proper size and taper to the barrel.

Until very recently the barrels were produced by the much slower and much less satisfactory process of welding under the weighty blows of trip-hammers upon anvils which contained a die (after the manner of the present "drop") of the form desired, a similar die being placed above, within the descending hammers. This style of welding the barrel required numerous heatings and many blows of the hammer, since but a small portion of the seam could be closed at one time, and when completed it was a far more costly labor and much less perfect than is the work of the rolling-machine. The roller is an English invention, and its mode of operation is said to have been known to one individual only in America prior to the breaking out of the present war. At that period there was but one set of rollers in the country which, together with the operative who worked it, had been procured from England a few years before by the superintendent of the armory at Springfield. The English workman keeping his secret, and refusing to impart it to others, had the field to himself until the necessities of our government compelled the importation of more machines and more men to work them. The process is a secret now no longer among us; and the barrel which a few years ago cost twelve cents to weld is now rolled for four. The operation is a very responsible one, and is said to be difficult of thorough practical acquisition. Four men are employed in the working of each mill, one to heat the scalps or barrels, a second to straighten them after passing through the rollers, the catcher who catches them as they come from the mill, and lastly the fireman.

When the barrel is rolled it is next subjected to the process of boring, which at the Norwich Works is done at the Barrel Department building. At this stage of the labor, it is, of course, very much larger in the circumference and smaller in the bore than it is meant to be when finished, since each successive operation will more and more reduce the metal. So great, indeed, is the reduction which thus takes place, that while the barrel or the scalp passes into the rollers with a weight of ten pounds, it comes out reduced to seven, and when it is entirely finished it is only four and a half pounds, so that more than one half of the first weight of the metal is lost in the forging, or is cut away in the boring and in other finishing operations.

The boring of the barrel is a process by which the hollow or bore is widened, and by which at the same time the roughnesses left there by the rolling-machine are removed. Formerly it was the custom to subject the barrel to no less than half a dozen of these operations, but at the present time four only are allowed, each one of which, in its turn, contributes to enlarge the interior diameter or calibre until it has reached almost the size required. We say almost, because other processes have to be used before the part is finished, and some allowance has to be made for the small quantity of metal which they may yet take away. Besides the four borings, there is yet another, called the rifling of the barrel, which differs, however, so widely from the boring proper, and is a process of such great interest and importance that it will claim our notice under a distinct head. The boring is

performed by augers, in the form, not of the ordinary tool so called, but of highly polished square bars of steel, with extremely sharp edges, and mounted for convenience in handling them at the end of long, stout iron rods. The barrels are placed in heavy square iron frames called boring banks, when the shank of the auger is inserted into the centre of a wheel at one end of the bank, where the proper machinery gives it a slow rotary motion, and also a yet slower progressive movement.

The interior of the work thus properly advanced, attention is now given to the exterior, and the barrel is placed in a lathe and subjected to the operation of turning, by which its outer surface is reduced, and the various unevennesses removed, as were those of the inside under the action of the augers in the boring. In the turning the piece is maintained in the lathe by the help of mandrels inserted into its two ends, when it revolves so slowly as to bring all parts of its surface gradually under the action of the tool. The barrel has at the same time a slow progressive motion, and the instrument, or cutter, together with the rest in which it is secured, both advances and recedes with an even and gradual progression, by means of which the barrel receives the proper taper from the breech to the muzzle. It is through the rotation of the barrel though that this part of the work is chiefly accomplished. The most curious feature, to the casual observer of this part of the work, is to see the hard iron curl up under the action of the turning tool, in shavings as smooth and flexible as any which accompany the carpenter's plane.

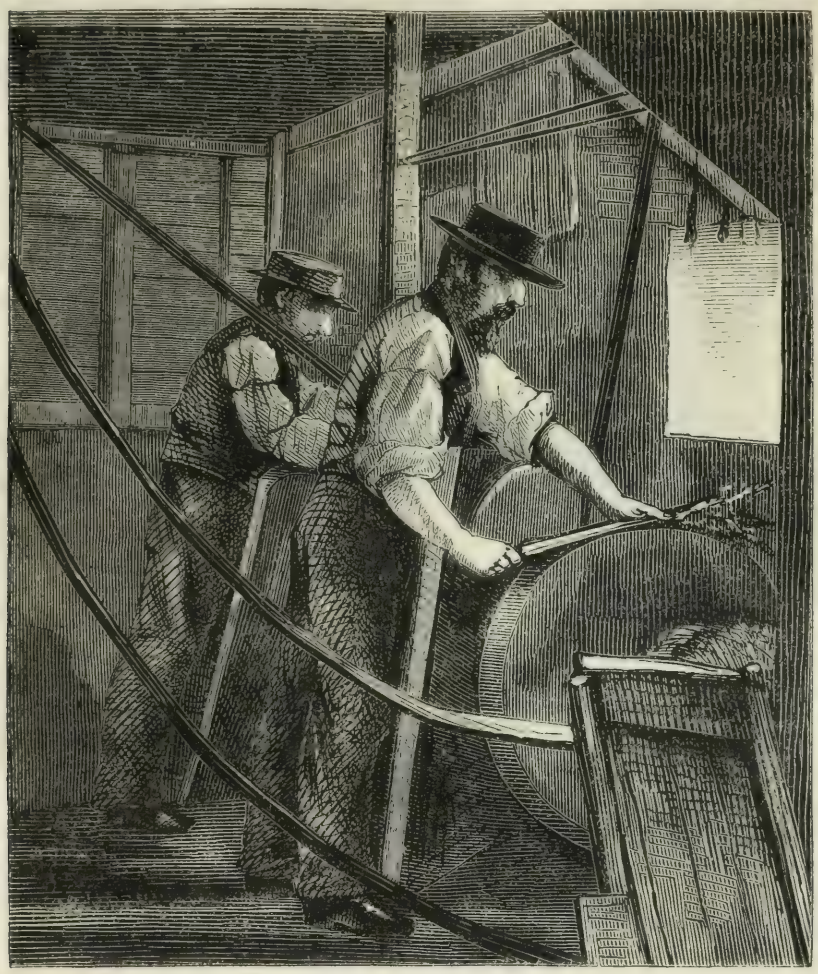
After the barrel is turned its surface is still further perfected in the grinding rooms, where it is subjected to the action of ponderous and swiftly-revolving stones, against which all parts of it are successively pressed. In this operation the workman manages his piece by holding it on a long iron rod, inserted into the bore, which rod is furnished with a crank-like handle to aid in turning the barrel round and round against the stone.

The barrel is inserted into a hole in the wooden case—in which the stone is, for safety, inclosed—where it is pressed hard against the stone by the help of a lever placed behind the workman, and against which he leans more or less heavily, according to the force required. These grind-stones move with such velocity, and the reaction of the iron of the barrel upon them is so great, that less than a fortnight's use wears them down from their original diameter of eight feet to the reduced dimensions of two feet, at which point they are rejected and replaced.

The grinding of the barrel was, in former days, esteemed a very dangerous performance, and it is not without its risks at the present time. The stones have been known to burst and to scatter their huge fragments in all directions; sometimes with very fatal results. Such an accident occurred years ago at the Springfield works, when several of the operatives were thrown down, but no one, fortunately, was seriously hurt—the workman who had been grinding at the stone having had the good luck to absent himself from his post only a moment or two before the catastrophe. This danger is now very much lessened by the improved methods of securing the stones in their places; and instead of the old plan of suspending the ponder-



THE BAYONET ROOM.



GRINDING THE BAYONET.

ous mass on an iron axis passing through a hole cut in the centre of the stone, it is now clamped to the axis in such a manner as to avoid the weakening effect of the old way, and the wedging incident to it; and thus, with the decrease of the strain upon it, lessening the liability of the stone to break or burst. Still the labor is more or less unhealthy by reason of the great quantity of fine dust which, escaping from the stone, fills the air, and also in consequence of the great dampness which follows the necessary use of large quantities of water.

Another interesting operation in the manufacture of the barrel is that known as polishing. This is accomplished with the help of hard wooden rubbers, plentifully supplied with lard-oil and emery. The barrels are placed in upright frames, five in each frame. The grooved ends of the rubbers are then pressed by springs against the barrels, as they move up and down with a very regular and very rapid motion. At the same time the barrel is caused to revolve slowly and steadily by a lateral movement, and thus receives a very perfect polish in all its parts. After remaining in the first polishing machine for a quarter of an hour they are transferred to another and similar apparatus, where they undergo a second polishing, differing from the first only in the omission of the use of the emery upon the rubbers, oil alone being employed this time.

The ramrod—to diverge slightly from our especial theme at this moment—is polished by machines very similar in their arrangement to those just described, ten of the rods undergoing the treatment at the same time.

The bayonet is polished by means of wheels, which are bound on their circumference with bands of leather, coated with very fine pulverized emery, applied with a sizing of glue. While these emery wheels are revolving with amazing velocity, the operatives, holding the pieces in their hands, press them upon the circumference until every portion in turn receives a very brilliant polish. During the application a gorgeous train of fiery sparks, or globules of melted metal, shoots from the wheels opposite the workmen. The danger in this operation came not from the emission of the fiery particles but from the suffusion of the air by the constant shower of emery dust, and the inhaling of the deleterious substance into the lungs. The trouble is now almost entirely provided against by the means of air-trunks, which are placed beneath the floor, and so connected with the stones, by suitable openings, as to thoroughly convey away the noxious atmosphere.

No part of the labor upon the barrel is more curious, more subtle, or of greater importance (excepting maybe the welding or rolling), than is the process called straightening. We refer to it at this point, though it does not necessarily follow in exact order. In fact, the operation is performed and re-performed at different stages of the manufacture; as before turning, and again after turning; and following various other processes, any of which may produce some deflection which will require to be corrected. Thus, in the same manner, the boring may require to be repeated and alternated with other labor.

No one needs to be informed that a gun-barrel, to be of any service, should be straight; and yet many which might appear faultless in this regard to the unaccustomed eye, are at once seen by the initiated observer to be atrociously wanting in evenness. The workmen—who are seen in some of our illustrations standing with barrels in their hands, held up to their eyes, in the direction of a window, and those whom the visitor will see thus occupied here and there throughout the armory—are all, for the moment, engaged in the process of straightening the barrels. When the observation here referred to

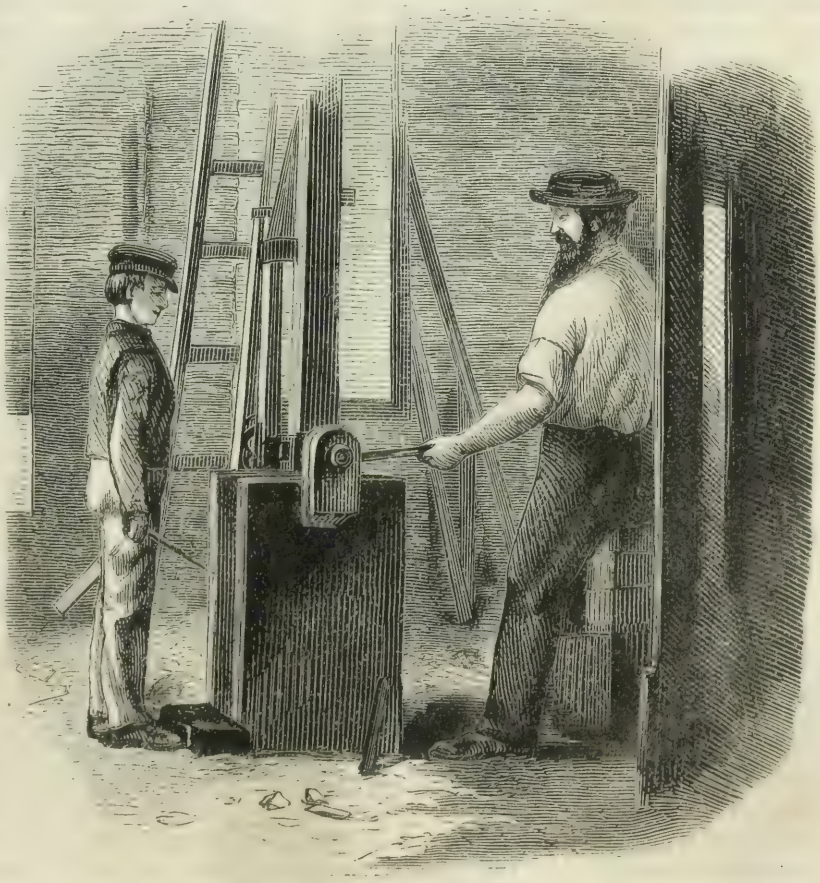
is completed, the operator will be next seen to place the piece upon a small anvil near by, and then to strike it a gentle blow with his hammer. This blow remedies the little variation which has been detected through the observation at the window.

The workman though, with all his skill and experience, does not always perceive the flaw without artificial aid. This he obtains through the agency of a transparent slate, which, when marked by two parallel lines, is placed in a window pane, and the lines are reflected upon the brilliantly polished surface of the interior of the barrel, in such a manner as to reveal the minutest variation to the vision of the workman, though invisible altogether to an unpracticed eye.

In former times a hair or some other very slender line was passed through the barrel, when it was tightened and drawn successively across each portion of the inner surface; the concavities, if any existed, being revealed by the distance which would appear between the line and the reflection of it in the metal.

This plan was next followed by the use of a mirror, which was placed upon the floor near the bench of the workmen. This mirror reflected a diagonal line drawn across a pane of glass, which line was again reflected within the polished bore of the piece, when it was adjusted in a proper position to receive such reflection. The two parallel shadows, thrown by the reflection upon the opposite sides of the glittering interior, were made by another deflection to come to a point at the lower end; their appearance instantly revealing defects if they existed, and the precise point which required revision. The use of the mirror upon the floor saved the workman the labor of holding the barrel up to the window for each of his observations. The barrel was by this method also placed in a proper rest, so that it could be directed with ease and exactness toward the tale-telling lines reflected into and from the glass. The method of straightening the barrel, just described as the one now generally used, is said to have been for a long while the carefully-guarded secret of one man alone, from whom it could neither be coaxed, nor bought, nor stolen. This lucky proprietor was long fruitlessly watched before his mystery was at length revealed. Day after day his *confrères* peered knowingly into the barrels which passed through his hands, always failing—as you would fail, good reader, should you try it—to see what he saw.

When the barrels are nearly finished, after undergoing the various operations which we have described, they are subjected to the actual test of powder and ball. For this purpose they are taken to a place especially set apart, and known as the proving-room, where they are loaded with a charge much heavier than any they are likely to be subjected to at any after-time. A number of barrels are tested at the same discharge. They are placed side by side in the grooves, which are made upon the top of a massive cast-iron table or platform. A train of powder connecting with each piece is laid on the back side of the stand, from whence it is conducted through a hole to the outside of the apartment or building. When all is prepared and the room closed the train is fired, and the battery of barrels send their unwonted contents into the earth-works, which stand in the shape of a bank of clay on the opposite side of the room. The general result is, fortunately, that nobody is hurt, unless it be a weak brother here and there among the barrels themselves, which, not chancing to respond fully to all that the service requires of them in efficiency, burst under the trial, and are condemned to obscurity ever after. It has, however, happened that the barrels have exploded prematurely, and the man superintending their disposition been cruelly slain. Such a sad catastrophe occurred in the proving-room of the armory at Springfield



THE DROP, OR SWAGING MACHINE.



TESTING THE BAYONET.

within the past two or three years. The dulled sounds, as of distant thunder, which startle the visitor every now and then as he wanders through the great barrel-room of the Norwich Works, are the heavy reports from the proving-room, which is, of course, in perpetual use.

The barrels which stand the first test are subjected to a second one—but this time with nothing more than the ordinary load—to make sure that they have sustained no damage from the first heavier discharge. This second trial successfully passed, they are stamped with the mark of approval, and are transferred to other departments for further labor. The number of pieces which burst in the proving is hardly more than one in a hundred or one per cent.

All failures are charged to the account of the workman through whose fault the failure has been caused. For this purpose each defective piece is carefully examined, in order to discover whether the fault belongs to the bad quality of the iron, or to imperfect rolling, or to errors and carelessness in other portions of the manufacture. This is readily determined by the appearance of the rent made in the bursting; and as each operative stamps his name upon his work as it passes through his hands the responsibility is as easily fixed as is the cause of the trouble. In the case of the failure of a barrel in the proving, the workman to whose fault the defect is traced is required to pay a dollar therefor, which is not an unreasonable fine, since he is paid for his work by the piece, and is paid well, and since the whole value of the barrel is lost to the establishment through his remissness. The same system of payment and of accountability for defects or bad workmanship extends through all departments, and is found highly provocative of attention and watchfulness every where.

The last operation to which the interior of the barrel is subjected is that called rifling, a very dainty and important process, and not very intelligible to the general spectator. The rifling of a gun is the cutting on the surface of the interior, or bore, of the barrel of a series of delicate concentric grooves, or lines, for the purpose of impressing upon the tightly-fitting ball a rotary motion round its axis of progression, and thus to keep it in a straight line as it speeds forward. The principle is very well illustrated by the motion of a top held upright while it is spinning.

The general use of the rifle action, and especially as applied to the ordinary military musket, is of recent date, although the principle itself is almost as old as the hills. Even as far back as the year 1498 there were gun-barrels in Vienna which were furnished with straight grooves, though the object here is supposed to have been nothing more than to provide a space for the deposit of the residues of combustion, and to facilitate the loading by lessening the friction when the ball was pushed home. Rifled, or screwed arms, as they were formerly called, were in use in several countries of Europe as early as the seventeenth century. The French Carabiniers employed them in 1692, and the principle was even adapted to the old matchlocks of a century yet earlier. In Berlin there is yet preserved a rifled cannon with thirteen grooves, of the date of 1664, and another at Munich of eight grooves. The rifled barrel, however, does not appear to have found much favor until the period of the American Revolution, when a regular corps of riflemen was formed in our army, which did such severe execution as to astonish the enemy, and set the military heads of old Europe all to thinking. The meditation did not, however, for a while result in very much, owing in a great measure, no doubt, to the fact that Napoleon did not fully appreciate the subject at its proper value, and so discouraged it in his own great armies, and, of course, in the ranks of his lesser neighbors. The final and universal success of the rifle-barrel in all species of arms, from the little pocket weapon to the ponderous siege-guns, may be credited in a great degree to the persistent preference shown to it at all times by our own people, and especially by our shrewd backwoodsmen and trappers in the West. The chief objection formerly to the rifled bore was the difficulty and slowness of loading; but this objection has been entirely overcome by recent admirable inventions.

At the Norwich Works the rifling is executed in one of the great halls of the barrel department, where a number of beautiful machines, marvelously constructed for the work, are in constant employment. The body of the rifling machine is a broad iron frame, with a horizon-

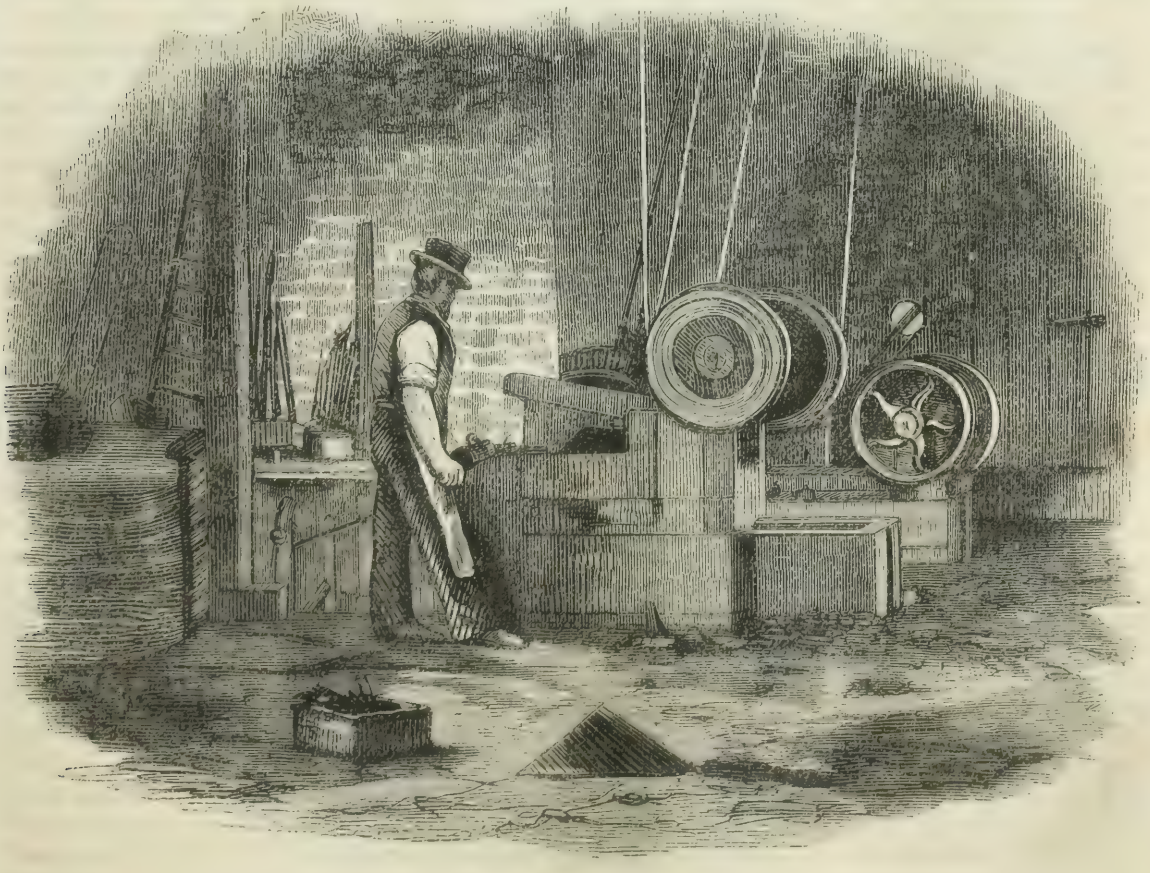
tal surface, upon which the barrels are placed and firmly secured. The corrugations which are to be made on the inner surface are then cut with narrow bars of steel, which are placed within three apertures near the end of an iron tube, which is made to pass through the barrel by a slow motion, both rotary and progressive. The rod makes twelve revolutions in a minute, and thirty minutes are occupied in rifling a barrel. Looking within the bore at this time the visitor will marvel greatly at the effect which is produced upon his vision by the startling brilliance of the curiously-concentric lines, with their flashing and ever-changing light; and, if only as a matter of artistic beauty, he will no longer wonder that the old "smooth bore" has become a bore indeed to all sensible soldiers, who, when they fire, like to fire effectively.

With the rolling, boring, turning, milling, straightening, proving, polishing, and rifling processes which we have now cursorily witnessed, the barrel is about finished, and little remains to be yet performed, excepting to attach to it the two of the forty-nine pieces of which it is composed, and to which we have already alluded as the only ones of all these parts which are permanently secured to any other.

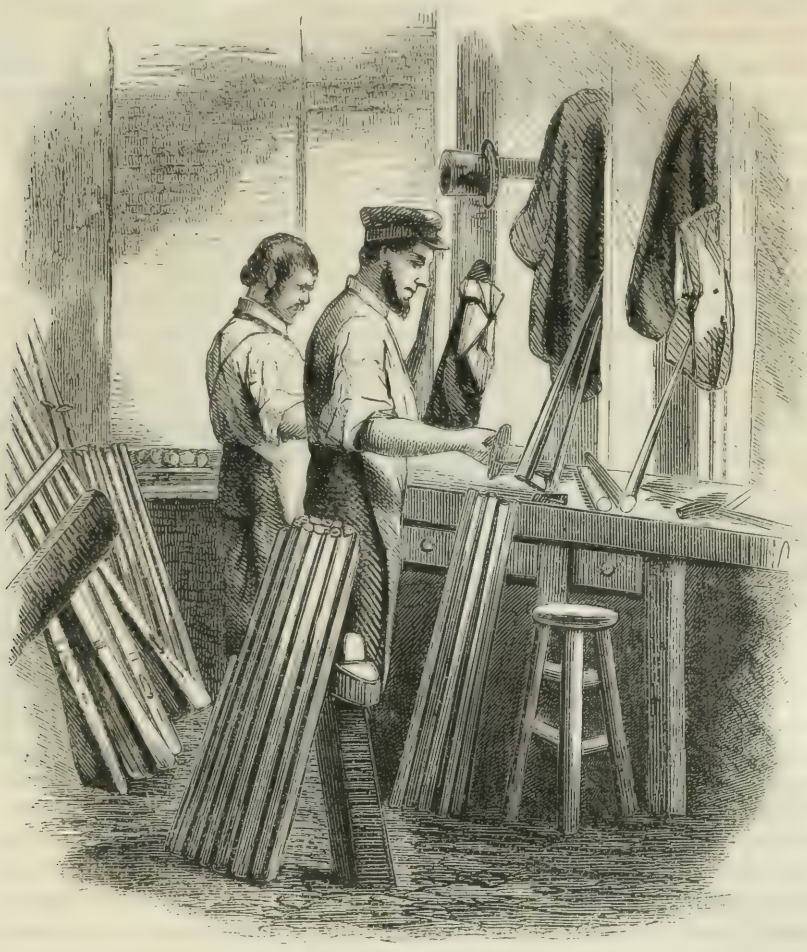
These are called the sight and the cone seat. At the proper stage of the work the barrel is placed in the forge and heated to a white heat, when the cone, which has been previously fashioned by the trip-hammer, is deftly welded upon the barrel by half a dozen more blows of that effective engine. The work is accomplished with no less speed than accuracy. During the process an iron rod is placed in the barrel to preserve the continuity of the bore.

The sights are brazed upon the barrel in slots left for the purpose with pieces of brass wire half an inch in length. In that portion of the works of the Norwich Arms Company which we have described as reflecting its huge walls in the waters of the Shetucket, the visitor will find the great trip-hammers, the ponderous dropping machines, and the forges and furnaces which are used in the fashioning of the various parts of the lock and of many minor, yet no less important, belongings of the finished arms. The great lock-room, in this division of the armory, is an astonishing place where hours and days might be swiftly and charmingly passed in the unraveling of its many magic labors.

The manufacture of the several parts of the lock is accomplished with the aid of the dropping or swaging machine. This effective instrument works very much in the way of the common pile-driver—being simply a construction by means of which a wonderful weight of many tons, varying according to the power required, is dropped upon the object beneath it. Dies of the parts which are to be produced are made of iron, and placed one half on the under end of the drop or weight above, and the other half on the block or anvil underneath. The piece of heated iron out of which the part is to be made is taken from the glowing furnace, placed upon the die which is set on the anvil, when the mighty drop above with the counterpart die is allowed to descend, and, presto! quicker than we can speak it, out comes the



THE TRIP-HAMMER.



THE ASSEMBLING ROOM.

part desired as easily and as completely cut from the hard metal as are the cakes of the simplest housewife when she presses her little tin mould upon the freshly-kneaded dough.

Not less than one hundred and fifty operations are performed upon the several parts of the gun by the dies in the dropping-machines. Many of the pieces are produced by a single drop, though others require more, and some repeated blows. The hammer passes twice through the drop after it has been forged, and the butt-plate is subjected to three separate blows. It is a noisy place here among the forges and hammers, and alarming to see as the globules of fiery metal fly around your ears. The timid or nervous visitor would scarcely feel less at home upon the battle-field itself when the finished arms are at their maddest play.

Notwithstanding the precision with which the dropping-machines execute their task the parts are by no means completed by them; for so great is the accuracy and finish required in the manufacture of arms, that a hundred minute operations are made every where after the work seems perfect to the unitiated observer. Thus a writer, referring to the Enfield Armory in England, speaks of the rifle-barrels which are manufactured there as of such subtly exact construction that, while a steel gauge of 577 parts of an inch can be passed freely through them, one of 580 will not enter the muzzle. No less minute is the accuracy in the Norwich Works in every division and stage of the work performed. The little part called the cone, for instance, after being struck in the die, has its entire outer surface trimmed, after which a thread is cut upon the screw and both ends are drilled — processes in which fourteen distinct operations are made, after which again it is squared at the base and then case-hardened. The hammer, after being forged and dropped, is subjected to the numerous operations of trimming, punching, drifting, milling, turning, filing, and case-hardening. The little bands which surround the barrel and stock (after they have been struck in the dies of the swaging machine) have their inner surfaces cut out and polished by the process of broaching, in which a remarkably beautiful apparatus—even among so many wonderful inventions—is employed. They are subsequently milled on the exterior by a process known as profiling, then they are drilled for the rings, and afterward they are filed and polished and case-hardened.

The bayonet-blade is forged under a trip-hammer, after which it is rolled to its proper form—somewhat as the barrel is rolled. The socket is then forged, when blade and socket are welded together. It is next passed twice beneath the drop, after which it is ground and then polished, in the manner already described, in connection with the polishing of the barrel. The very valuable process of rolling the bayonet, by means of which the milling may be dispensed with, is the invention of a mechanic of Northampton, Massachusetts, and was first used in the private armories.

As with all other portions of the arm so the bayonet is carefully tested in respect to its quality, strength, and temper. It is rigidly gauged and measured in every part, and is sprung by the strength of the workman or the inspector with its extremity set upon the floor, and a weight is suspended from its point to further try its temper. If it fails to answer all the trials thoroughly it is condemned and laid aside.

The ramrod is first cut from steel rods, after which it is ground as the barrel is ground, and the hammer is attached by two operations beneath the drop. Minor work, as the cutting and polishing of the screws, is performed with the characteristic ease, grace, rapidity, and certainty of the art in all its divisions of labor. Of the product of the admirable and diversified

machinery of the armory it may truly be said "there is no such word as fail," while the mistakes of the operatives themselves are of praiseworthy rarity. The putting together of the several portions of the musket is an important division of labor, which is performed in what is called the assembling room.

In this section of the armory there are gathered great racks of finished barrels and stocks, and cases of hammers, triggers, bands, screws, and other items, from any of which, picked out at random, a completed musket is made, or assembled, as it is called, in an incredibly short space of time. The expert picks up the several parts from their separate cases or racks, and skillfully adjusting springs and inserting screws, combines them with as easy a dispatch as that with which the compositor will assemble the types for the printing of this paragraph, the entire work not requiring more than ten minutes to execute.

To perform so speedily what would seem to be such a toilsome task requires, of course, that the workman should have every possible facility, and every serviceable tool, and other aid within his easy and immediate reach. Yet with all such means and appliances in ever so great perfection, it would require hours rather than minutes to assemble a musket but for the fact, already mentioned, that the parts are all made each of its kind so exactly alike that any barrel will fill any stock, and any screw will enter any hole or band for which it is designed of all the thousands and hundreds of thousands which are manufactured from time to time. This uniformity prevails not only throughout the works of the Norwich Armory, but in all the muskets made in all the armories, public or private, throughout the country—at least in all made for Government use, as nearly the entire manufacture every where is made. It results from this fact also that a broken weapon may be readily repaired, even by the soldier himself in camp or on the battle-field, if he be only provided, as he usually is, with a few spare screws or springs, and with a small tool made for the purpose. He may even, should he lose his piece in action, speedily concoct another from the various imperfect ones which may lie around him.

The most costly as well as most important of the parts which the workmen in the assembling room have to put together, in order to form the complete arm, is the barrel, the value of which is about three dollars. The most inexpensive of the many portions is the little wire called the ramrod spring-wire, the value of which is only one mill, or one dollar for each thousand. The workmen are paid so much per piece for their labor, and so also, as before remarked, are the operatives paid in all other departments according to the value of the article they manufacture and to a graduated tariff of wages.

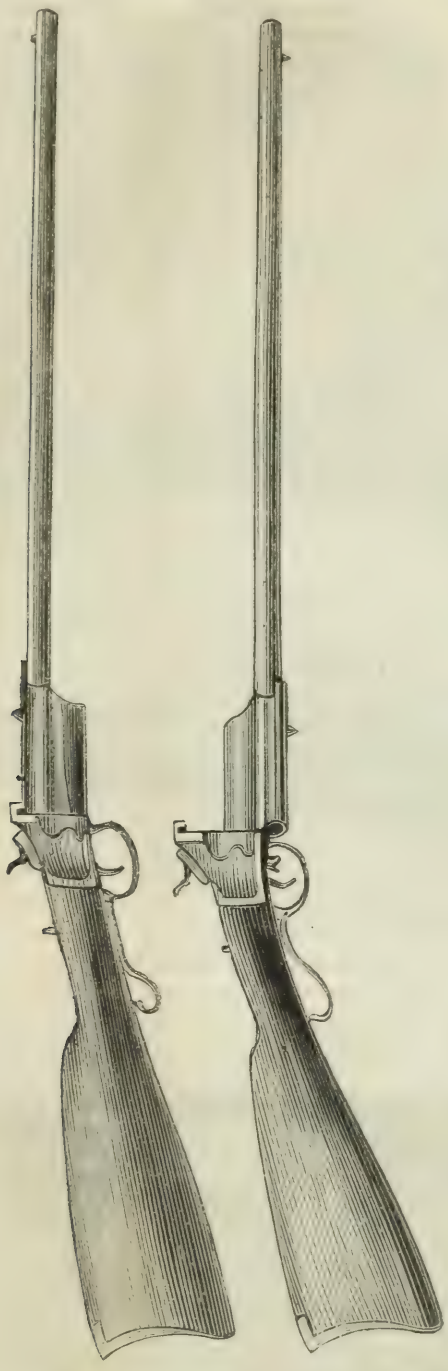
The weight of the finished musket is nearly ten pounds, and it is sold to the Government for twenty dollars.

All portions of the musket are closely inspected, by persons especially assigned for this duty, in all the various stages of their production, after which (since the work done here at the Norwich Armory is almost, if not entirely, for Government use) they are again closely scrutinized by inspectors appointed by the Government for that purpose.

Should any flaw, even the slightest, be revealed, the part is condemned and set aside without mercy, the loss falling always upon the workman to whose fault or misfortune the defect may be traced. The losses, however, are always comparatively small, telling so unpleasantly as they do upon the operative's sum total of receipts when the busy scene of pay-day comes round; for the artisans at the Norwich Arms Company are, no less than other folk, very much controlled in their actions by self-interest, however great may be the influence upon them of higher motives.



THE INSPECTING ROOM.



THE BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—OPEN AND SHUT.

What has been said of the processes in the manufacture of the musket applies directly to the production of the other arms at present made at Norwich, and particularly the beautiful new breech-loading rifles and carbines, excepting that portions of the machinery employed vary in accordance with the variations in the size and form of the arms.

The breech-loading rifle is a new invention of Messrs. Armstrong and Taylor of Augusta, Kentucky, and is made in this country only at the Norwich Works. It is adapted to the use of the metallic cartridge, and can be applied with equal ease to the rifle, the carbine, the fowling-piece, or the pistol. The breech is opened by pressing the thumb upon a spring on the small of the stock. This spring half cocks the piece, and at the same time raises a latch and permits the barrel to be turned over to the right, thus exposing the chamber into which the cartridge is inserted. At the edge of this chamber, or portion of the barrel, a lip or segment of the barrel is arranged to work outwardly on a worm screw. On this device rests the lip of the cartridge, and after discharging the piece, and detaching the barrel to reload, a further turn moves the segment and at the same time carries out the shell of the cartridge. This part of the gun is extremely simple and interesting. It is so fashioned as to be secure against all liability to get out of order—a fault but too common to this kind of arm. The piece cleans itself at every discharge, and may be fired a thousand times without fouling, the only débris of the powder being a slight deposit of white dust in the grooves of the rifle. It has been subjected to the severest tests, and its performance has always been most admirable. The rifle of this pattern weighs when completed less than seven pounds, and the carbine about six pounds.

Before closing our description of the processes in the manufacture of the musket or rifle, we will refer to another of the ills which the iron of the armorer is heir to in the little flaw known as the cinder-hole. This is a minute cavity left in the iron when it is prepared, and is considered to be the result of some slight development of gas, forming a bubble in the substance of the metal. When the cinder-hole appears near the inner or bore surface, and the iron is still sufficiently thick to permit it to be done, it may be driven in by a blow of the hammer, and then is bored or cut away in the after-operations. This defect was not, in former years, deemed to be of very great consequence, but it has been found that these holes or air-bubbles retain the moisture and other results of combustion, as the piece is discharged, and afterward, through corrosion, increase in size so as ultimately to prove of fatal injury to the barrel. Therefore, in the present high condition of the art, and the greater excellence demanded, the cinder-hole, when it can not be removed, is regarded as cause enough for the rejection of the part in which it may be found.

The absolute necessity of all this nice watchfulness and this rigid requirement in the quality and temper of the iron employed in making arms, and also in the perfect use, in all respects, of perfect material, is sufficiently obvious in view of the very grave service which they may be required to perform.

From the lack of such care it has often happened to the poor soldier in the field that his very defense has been his direst danger, and that his weapon, when used, has done more damage to himself than to his enemy. Many of the arms served out at this day to the troops of Continental Europe have no value except as scarecrows, and are far more likely to do execution at the butt than at the muzzle. It is a pity that there must be added to this the fact that but too many of those in the ranks of our own armies are no better provided, despite the great resources of the

country in this respect, and that tens, may we not say hundreds, of thousands of the poor fellows yet carry the same insufficient weapon manufactured in those same continental shops and borne by the continental soldiers?

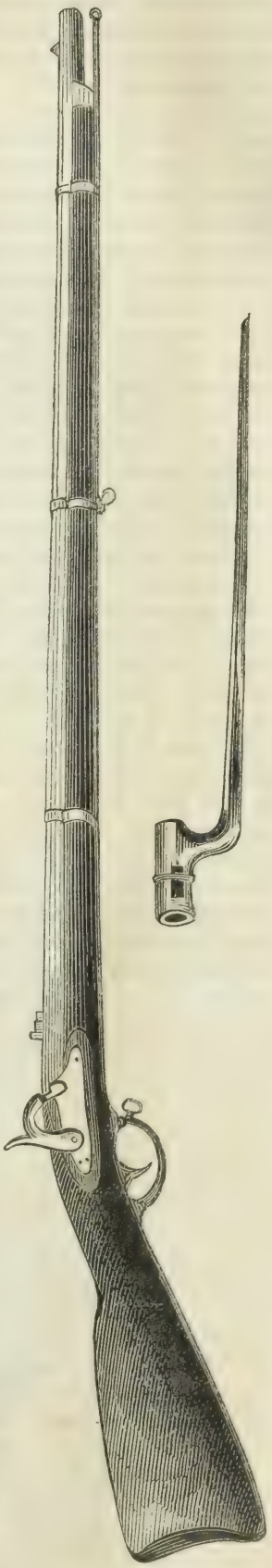
This is a difficulty which time alone may remove; yet happily, time can and will very soon accomplish the task with the good aid of such establishments as those of the Norwich Arms Company, and other similar efforts added to the great improvements constantly going forward at the Government works proper.

At the commencement of the present gigantic war, nearly three years ago, and when seventy-five thousand troops were called into the field, there were but fifty thousand Springfield muskets at the command of the authorities; and when afterward levy followed levy, in rapid succession, rising from seventy-five thousand to one, two, three, and even five hundred thousand men, not all the industry of the land, even with the help of the prodigious efforts which were made by both public and individual industry and skill, was sufficient to meet the requirement. The consequence was that vast importations had to be made of foreign arms, and while these were at the best far inferior to our own, it so happened—as it generally does so happen in most things—we got not the best such as it was, but the very worst, and to this day it is with such weapons that more than one half of our troops are served.

On the 1st of January, 1863, not more than one hundred and fifty thousand good muskets were in use among us, while the rest were only the refuse of European manufactories. What the proportion of inferior arms in use in our ranks was at that period the reader may learn by the easy process of subtracting the number of good guns in use from the number of men in the field. The final figuring it is not agreeable to record.

Even now as we write we have not in use in all our armies more than two hundred and fifty thousand suitable muskets among all the far greater number of volunteers in service. This statement may appear, perhaps, rash, when it is known that large supplies, amounting maybe to one hundred and fifty thousand, now lie stored at the Government Armory at Springfield. These, however, are supposed to be held in reserve for the equipment of new levies, since it has been found more easy to keep the veteran in the field with his old weapon than it is to persuade new recruits there with an insufficient equipment. Experience is a good teacher, and the Yankee soldier is always quick to learn. He knows a good arm from a bad one, and he knows too that he will be better off with the one than the other on his shoulder. He expects to use his weapon seriously and to its fullest capacity, and not, as the European formalist and mercenary so often does, merely to display its terror to scare the foe to death.

This glimpse at the crying need of good arms for our national service, will, we are sure, increase the gratification of the reader at the record we have presented to him of the great advances which the country is every day making in this direction, both in continually improved weapons and in the ever-increasing supply. As he remembers how eagerly the poor soldier is waiting for his trust-worthy piece, he will look again with added interest at all the perplexing mysteries which we have shown to him at Norwich; will find yet more pleasant music in the thundering refrains of the hoarse hammers, and see more meaning in the swarthy and grimed visages of the ever-toiling operatives.



MUSKET AND BAYONET.

The satisfaction of the Norwich visitor may yet again be increased by the reflection that the great work which he has witnessed is to subserve not only the passing emergency and then cease, but that it is on the contrary merely the beginning of far greater good to be wrought out during a long future. Come the happy hour ever so swiftly when peace shall again smile upon the land, our military arm will never more be the nominal thing which it has been in the past. Hereafter, even under the most auspicious circumstances, we shall always stand upon a firm war-footing and as a great military power and people. In such a position there will be required ever-increasing supplies from the armorer both for home security and for foreign defense. Not only will the demands of the General Government, in this line, be enormous, but the State authorities will need other vast supplies, under the

new military organizations which some have already formed, and which the others, no doubt, will soon form. And moreover, so great are the improvements which are being constantly made in the art that it is probable that long before the time shall arrive when all the arms required for the field and for the arsenals of the General and the State governments are provided, there will have been invented weapons so much better in all respects that it will be found desirable to renew the whole complement, and to continue renewing or discarding one supply for other and more serviceable ones. Neither is it to be doubted that, with the pre-eminence which our country has always held over all others in this high art of manufacturing arms, and which we are by no means likely to lose, the burden may be imposed upon us not only of answering our own vast wants, but of contributing much toward filling the arsenals of the world.

The toil of the armorer thus promises to be endless, and our private establishments (at least the more considerable of them, as that at Norwich), though they have sprung up in a day simply to meet the emergency of that day, seem destined to become increasing and enduring institutions in the land.

It is much the custom of the Present to boast itself over the Past, and vaunt its own superiority, not at all times with reason; and yet in the art of making, if not in that of using, arms the self-gratulation may be allowed. The jaw-bone of antiquity was doubtless a formidable weapon, and murderous in the hands of a Samson; but as we have no Samsons nowadays to wield it its merits need not be considered. The stone and sling of the young volunteer David certainly did good execution on the boastful Philistine, but a modern Minié ball, with its range of nearly a mile, might have been used with more confidence and more certainty. The bows and javelins of the stubborn Medes and Persians, of the Assyrians and the Parthians of old, would be of very little avail against a modern armed host. A flank movement in the fashion of the present day would, we think, sorely puzzle the barbaric hosts of ancient Hellas, with no other means of defense than their pikes of twenty-four feet in length, however adroitly the weapons might be manipulated. The six-foot javelin and the two-edged sword with which the Roman carved himself an empire look more worthy of regard, and might be unpleasant even now to encounter in Roman hands. So also would be the long-bow, with six feet of span, of the sturdy English archer, if arrows were as portable and as sure in their flight as the cartridge.

One's martial ardor glows even now at the memory of the barbed steed and of the mailed knight of the Middle Ages; the fatal lance, the trenchant sword, and murderous battle-axe have not quite lost their terrors; and yet with all his gorgeous array, and despite his chivalrous heart, he would cut but an indifferent figure in Virginia, and could hardly be expected to reach Richmond very soon, by either the Rappahannock or the James. In point of fact, the earliest and rudest ventures of the modern soul of war—great gunpowder—were too much for him; and he was extinguished forever by nothing more terrible than the old match-lock arquebuse, fired from a rest, and with no assurance as to where



THE LOCK, STOCK, AND FORGE DEPARTMENT.

the ball would strike. But the absurd old weapon won the field of Pavia, and forever ended the days of personal encounter in war; for though the pike was used long afterward, and though the bayonet and the sword still glitter on every field, yet it is said that nine-tenths of all the battles fought since that quaint old sire of fire-arms, the tinder-lighted arquebuse, put the English chivalry to flight, have been decided by musketry and artillery, without the thrust of a bayonet or a blow of a sword, unless in an occasional charge of horse, or in the pursuit of a broken and flying foe. While the unwieldy arquebuse was thus the alpha of that new and splendid era in the history of arms, of which we have just seen the omega in our stroll through the wonderful halls of Norwich, yet long years and weary centuries of war and bloodshed lie between the two extremes of time—years in which watchful science and patient labor have struggled on, adding here a little and there a little to the progress of the art; now discarding the match for the flint, and the flint in turn for the percussion-cap, and at length doing without either; now shortening a barrel, or improving its calibre; now reforming a stock, or producing more ready means for loading and discharging the piece; now adding to its strength and temper—ever increasing its power and precision, and each day giving new lessons in the art of using it.

With all this steady progress, however, through the centuries, it was not till the period of the French wars of the Revolution against the Tyrolese, and the days of the American Revolution, that the art of making fire-arms began to show signs of the great excellence to which it has now reached. It was at this time that the rifle came into use, with its improved accuracy of aim, and giving rise to many other important improvements, which have at length culminated in the common and scarcely-remarked production of the variety of beautiful arms now every where in use.

We bid adieu to Norwich with the single regret marring the pleasure of our visit, that there should ever be occasion for the wonderful performance which we have so earnestly and so delightedly watched; and with the hope that the good time will eventually come, the world over, when the armorer may be able to turn to richer and more peaceful ways of employing his toil and genius.

JOHN HEATHBURN'S TITLE.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IV.—MARGARET HERRLICH.

FOR the four months succeeding my invitation to John Heathburn's house, I who had entered as a visitor became an inmate of that delightful home and had my office there. Often did I propose to take lodgings in town, even insist that I should no longer in propriety be a cumberer of the Heathburns' hospitalities. Then John or his father always replied, "You are not a guest, Arthur, you are a son, a brother," and going on to argue that I was a necessity to George Solero's existence, always persuaded me to stay.

Perhaps I was that necessity. Without ascribing any peculiar merit to my own agency, I still know that I did, by a happy Providence, that for the imperiled soul and body of my schoolmate which no one else had done or seemed likely to do. I say happy Providence, because I have an especial reason for not arrogating to myself the means which, in a material point of view, at the end of the four months I spent at the Heathburns' resulted in George's recovery. I refer to the *Cannabis*, whose first knowledge as an agent in cases like his I owed to another physician. This gentleman, with whom I became casually acquainted, deserves as much as I the credit of my patient's cure, having made the pioneer experiment with the agent in a case every way hopeless as George Solero's, with the most perfect success, and that at a day when its use was far less known, and, if possible, more a bugbear to the profession generally than now. Daily I administered the drug to my patient, at the same time keeping it under lock and key, and refusing to acquaint him with its name; daily I had him as constantly as possible under my own immediate eye, using all the means that lie in force of will, active exercise, nourishment, regular rest and occupation, to restore him; and daily was it easier for him to refrain from the cursed banes that had before enthralled him. At the end of the time I mentioned he stood on free ground. His whole physical constitution and appearance was so altered that the ten years' surplusage which my first sight had debited him with seemed to have fallen off like a bad disguise. He assured me that he now never felt the slightest need or longing for his old indulgence, and he, John Heathburn, and his father, blessed me less with words than tears, and the silence which was yet more eloquent, while I for my part gave God the unutterable thanks.

During the last half of the time I lived at the Heathburns' George resumed his favorite study of medicine with me. In spite of the deep depression which, do all we could, sometimes fell on him and lasted for days, I must do him the justice of saying that never did man struggle more manfully to redeem the past and make himself true honor and respectability. Through all extremities of elevation or suffering he still labored on, reading Dunglison and Cooper with all his might and main, and only refraining from his constitutional old error of trying to "do up every thing at once" when I used my firmest persuasion with him.

So at last the day came when I could take an

office in Norfolk. Through the agency of the noble, kind Heathburns the fame of my success with George had forerun me among all those friends of the family who had a right to be intrusted with its intimate concerns. As for others, they were made vaguely aware that I was a man of might, and had done several very wonderful things; which general impression sways the general mind quite as strongly as any knowledge of details.

When I could pronounce George out of danger, and finally insisted upon going to town to live, Mr. Heathburn and John asked me to wait but a couple of days, until, as they said, they could get time to look me up an office. At the expiration of that time they took me down to Norfolk, and driving into one of the pleasantest, most desirable streets, stopped at a nice brick house, and asked me to alight with them to visit a friend. As we left the carriage my eyes caught sight of a conspicuous inscription at the side of the door, in black and gold; it was naught else than "DR. ARTHUR GROSVENOR, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON."

I looked wonderingly into both their faces, they laughed aloud, pulled me up the steps, John giving a great tug at the night-bell, to show, as he said, "that its nervous system was all right." On going in I found that they had taken, and most beautifully furnished, four rooms for me—two above for private purposes, two below for professional, and every thing was ready for my installation. When I tried to thank them for their trouble—to ask what the expense of the arrangement had been that I might consider it a loan and pay it out of my earliest fees—they stopped and told me to regard it as a little present from George, who, for the delicacy of our old friendship, would not pay me with a fee, and for the greatness (so they said in their over-praise) of my service to him, could not pay me so.

In this sumptuous office I opened business, taking George with me as my first student. Practice immediately began to flow in, and I soon had all that I could do. Thus did those noble friends of mine fulfill the promise of heaven, that all faithful work and patience, in the performance of that "duty nearest thee," shall sooner or later have its perfect crown.

I had been six months in practice in Norfolk when I opened my door one morning to the most singular specimen of living humanity. It was a little darkey girl of twelve years old, as her face and voice bore witness, but her habiliments were those of a lad of the same age, in the reign of one of the later French kings. Her woolly head was antiquely powdered with modern Rappahannock flour. Her dress was a rusty green velvet blouse profusely tagged with ragged thread and gold lace, her hat was *à la cavalier*, of the same stuff as the blouse, hung jauntily on one ear and adorned with the sweeping tail, not of the exotic ostrich but the indigenous rooster. Her breeches were of a purple plush, fastened with tight steel gilt buckles which compressed the knee-pan to a degree of agony. Her legs were rainbow, not only in the notable darkey curve, but the resplendent hue of leek-green and scarlet stockings, and the feet below them wandered with a vague freedom through red morocco slippers, very much down at the heel. As the final addition to her dramatic garb, a pair of immense wash-leather gauntlets adorned her hands, and in the right she bore a baton like the caduceus of Mercury, or the wand of senior class ushers on College Commencement days, wrapped, for a ground, with what had once been white satin, around which strips from some remnant of her blouse and breeches twined serpent-like.

"'Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'" Quoth the darkey, "Missis Stoppel wants to see massa doctor jes' as soon as he can go for to come. She has been and gone and killed herself very bad. Too much corn-fritters done it. And she isn't expected."

This was all I could get out of my visitor. She had said her say and thenceforth became as dry as Sahara. I put my case of the commoner medicine into my pocket, and commanded her to lead the way to the lady who was "not expected."

My most accurate measurement by guess made the journey to that afflicted woman about a mile and three quarters. A long way out of town, and down Hampton Roads, my guide stopped; bunted, goat-fashion, with the cavalier sombrero against a gate hanging to the post by one hinge; led me up a grass-grown walk of brick, and at the foot of a broken flight of stone steps informed me that this was "Missis Stoppel's." The house was an old-fashioned English dwelling, two stories high, with an immense cornice and balustrade, in which, like a cockade, stuck three dormer windows. It had been painted drab before the Revolution—not since with that or any other color. A lion's head brass knocker hung on its green door, which I was about to sound when the little darkey lifted the latch, assisting her movement with the same head gymnastics performed at the gate, and showed me into a broad saloon. Without another word she left me standing on the matting floor, while she pitched forward, tumbled up some unseen staircase, and then I could hear her say, "He's been and come, 'rectly." Presently she returned, and crooking her finger mysteriously spoke the cabalistic words, "Right along!"

I followed her lead through a couple of low-ceiled rooms whose oaken beams projected from the plaster; up stairs by a broad flight of uncarpeted steps, and thus into a room still broader than the one I had first entered. Opposite me a fire of green logs hissed and sputtered in a fireplace of the size of a Long Branch bedroom. By its great soap-stone hearth were two figures—a woman sitting, a woman standing behind her. The former was a person, I should think, at least eighty years old. Her face was one yellow mass of wrinkles; her hair, white as wool, hung in the trained recklessness of twist-

STATE LIBRARY IDAHO

ing elf locks to her shoulders. Her eyes were the only feature which time had left untouched, and they were black, immense, fiery, and speaking, as they had been in the time of the first war. The moment I caught their peculiar glare I knew that the woman was insane.

The other was as wonderful for beauty as her companion was for hideousness. Tall, straight, graceful in her perfect motionlessness as a statue of Juno at her first womanhood. Her outline blended matchless voluptuousness of curve with an unseen erect something in her spirit which made her the woman at once who might be loved and reverenced deathlessly. Her clear brunette skin was stricken through with a steady, even, rose flush; her liquid brown eyes were shaded by long black lashes, and still more by the prodigal wealth of her jetty hair, which lay in one queenly coronet plait around her head upon the shining folds drooping on her low pure forehead. The long oval of her cheeks blended just enough gradually with the slender, spirited, aquiline nose; and the mouth below it, reaching the extreme possibilities of combined sensuous ripeness and spiritual delicacy, was just that rosy-arched gateway at which a man stands waiting to hear delicious contralto music. To say more—to say even all this perhaps were not as true, if a less vague, description than to have exclaimed in the beginning as I thought, that she was the most royally beautiful woman I had ever met.

Coming to the door my guide squatted on a low stool just inside, and vouchsafed no further assistance. I advanced a step into the room and bowed, uttering the words, "Mrs. Stoppel?"

"Ha!" shrieked the clarion voice of the old lady at the fire. "Yes! Mrs. Stoppel!—now a wreck, but once smiled on by George Washington! *Smiled on!* Margaret, leave go! Doctor, I fly to thee!"

I was about to advance toward her when her skinny hand tossed the young girl's small fingers from the back of her chair, caught the spokes of an iron wheel on which it rolled, and the next moment she rushed to me with the speed of an express train. Involuntarily I retreated a step to avoid a paragraph in the casualty column of the papers.

"Fear me not! I will not slay thee!" she shrieked forth once more, glaring weirdly into my face. "I am impetuous. Yet I run over no one. I am old. Yet I trouble none to help me. The fair maiden—once smiled on by George Washington—has been eating corn-fritters. Too many! A number too many! And too many is worse than too few. Your name is Dr. Arthur Grosvenor. You live too late. When smiled on by George Washington I should have procured your appointment. Surgeon-in-chief to the Tenth Continental Brigade. You would have been paid in paper. Worth a snap. But glory, Sir! Glory! Now save me from the bloody foe—corn-fritters!"

I cast a side glance at the younger lady who had silently come to the back of the locomotive chair, and was again leaning over it. She seemed to consider this explosion of her Revolutionary friend quite in the light of an everyday occurrence. I steadied myself upon her nonchalance, and without a smile sat down to feel the old lady's pulse.

"Quite natural—a little hurried, perhaps," said I, after a moment or two.

"But do you feel the kernels? Do they make themselves apparent to you? Bounding through the arteries? and the veins? and the conduits? and the canals? and the vessels? and the ducts? Disseminating themselves? Every where?"

I looked attentively at my patient, and asked the very natural question, "Kernels of what?" not knowing but she meant some reminiscence of the Revolutionary army. In the low, sweet voice which I expected the young lady behind the locomotive now spoke for the first time, coming to my assistance.

"My grandmother, Dr. Grosvenor, labors under the impression—"

"Labor? What labor? Free labor? Slave labor? Margaret, child! beware how you agitate political questions!"

"No, dear, I will not. The impression that the corn of the fritters she ate at dinner yesterday was over-ripe, and that, instead of digesting as it ought to, has sprouted, and is growing up all over her—"

"Yes, Sir. The child puts it in the true light. Sprouting! Growing! Ripening! I am one vast field of waving ears! They nestle in the kisses of the wind and sun. Pleasant, but not conducive to sleep. Therefore to be avoided. Therefore to be counteracted if possible. Am I ripe for the sickle? Can harvest so quickly follow seed-time? Must the bending maize be pulled up by the roots? Or must the knife of the reaper be put in? In that case shall I bleed to death? Or shall I die of the strain upon the nervous system? Will amputation be necessary? Questions for the surgeon. Questions for the man of wisdom. The educated, the scientific individual. Behold him! There he stands—sits, I mean. And if the council-chamber of his gigantic brain shall give the vote for amputation, the fair maiden—smiled upon by George Washington—feels the blood that was poured on a thousand patriot fields grow strong within her, and will not flinch!"

The old woman caught me by the hand as she concluded, pressed it fervently, and laid her finger on her lips; turning around to look at the younger one. "Silence!" she whispered, "while chaos shapes itself to order in the caverns of thought."

I fell in with her fancy, and bowed my head upon my hand, as if in the deepest meditation, for a couple of minutes. Once I looked slily through my fingers, and perceived that she was regarding me with the intensest admiration. At last I lifted my face.

"You are one of the deep thinkers of a thoughtless age!" exclaimed the old lady rap-

turously. "I can confide in you. You are not Des Cartes come again, are you, though?"

"No, ma'am; I have never been here before. This is my first appearance in America or the world at large, I believe."

"Modesty and Truth combined with Youth and Science. Glorious, fresh created combination. Let silence be preserved while we hearken to the Pythic utterances. Proceed!"

"I have settled, Madam, upon entirely painless treatment in your case. It is a difficult case to be sure, but not an unprecedented one. May I confer for a moment with this young lady?"

"You may, Sir. I repose on you. Only beware that you carry her not away to the resounding field of Mars. War is not for the girls of this age. George Washington smiles no longer."

I disavowed any connection with the battle-field, assuring Mrs. Stoppel that if her granddaughter was ravished from her it should be over my dead body. And then drawing the young lady aside, I told her that her grandmother must be humored in every respect, and asked her if there were any razors in the house.

"There is a dressing-case belonging formerly to my grandfather, which very likely contains some, Sir."

"Can I have it immediately?"

"Certainly. Bettie!" This last to the little page, who still occupied her place on the foot-stool at the door.

"Who says Bettie?" cried the old lady from her chair. "'Tis Astolpho, the child of the magician from the mountains of the Ural. Astolpho, do the bidding of yonder Wisdom and Beauty."

Astolpho shuffled up to us. "Go to the right-hand corner of the bureau in the east room," said the young lady, "and bring down carefully the silver dressing-case that stands there."

The little girl obeyed, and presently returned with the desired article. I opened it and took out a pair of old English razors, rusty with the damp and unuse of half a century. "And now, Astolpho," said I, "bring me the largest basket you have in the house."

Again she went away, again came back, almost concealed from view under an immense clothes-hamper, as large as the acting edition of Falstaff's buck-basket. I drew it to the old lady's side.

"Now, my dear Madam"—I spoke gently—"if I may ask you to submit to the temporary inconvenience of leaning over the edge of your chair, I shall soon rid you of your beautiful yet inconvenient ornament."

"With pleasure, Dr. Grosvenor. As I said, I repose on you."

"It will give you no pain, Madam Stoppel; let me tax your patience only for ten minutes and the work will be done. Quiet, now."

I opened one of the razors, and, as she leaned motionlessly over the basket, began making careful passes of the instrument down her back, arms, and chest. She looked with delight into the basket, and called quietly to her granddaughter to see the waving harvest received by it. Then said, gently:

"But hemorrhage? Is there no danger of that? In the view of a scientific mind?"

"None at all, Madam. You will observe, as I cut close to the roots of the maize, how a simple greenish transparent moisture exudes. This is vegetable juice only. The growth is too recent, you perceive, to have incorporated itself with your organic life. There has been no time as yet for the vessels of the vegetable tissue to form a communication with those of the animal."

"Logical! Exact! Scientific! And perfectly correct as to fact! I see it plainly. It is precisely as you say."

I finished the operation to Madam Stoppel's perfect satisfaction. A great burden was evidently removed from her mind—for all her practical purposes, from her body too. She assured me she had not breathed so freely since smiled on by George Washington—certainly not since the unfortunate fritters. I then assured her, in answer to her inquiry, that the remedy I was about to administer would prevent any similar behavior in that edible again; that hereafter she might indulge in it with perfect impunity; and then gave her a small pill of hyoscyamus. She drew an elaborately worked purse of green silk from her pocket and counted out into my hand three pieces of old French gold. It was in vain to tell her that this was four times my fee. She would be offended if I did not take it. The good I had done her could not be measured by money. And all that sort of thing. So I pocketed it, passing it to her credit for the visits I promised to make her hereafter.

I must not omit to mention, in passing, how Astolpho came to grief through the misfortune of not being crazy. When commanded by her mistress to carry down to the barn the basket containing her recently waving harvest, that little darkey, laboring under the sane delusion that it was empty, undertook to bear it away as she had brought it, reversed over her head. And, "There it goes, all over the floor!" shrieked Madam Stoppel. I stooped down, made an energetic show of replacing the corn, under loud protest from the mistress, who believed in the wrong-doer's making her own reparation. Then Madam Stoppel kissed me tenderly on both cheeks, shook both my hands with grateful courtliness, and I bowed good-morning to the young lady, assuring both that I would return on the morrow. In her low, sweet voice she bade me a queenly good-morning, and I was conducted down the stairs by the ebony bearer of the caduceus.

Thus did I first see and begin to know the beautiful Margaret Herrlich.

V.—THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND THE YOUNG CHIVALRY.

After this introduction to Madam Stoppel and her grand-daughter I became a frequent visitor upon them; sometimes professionally, in which case the old lady always drew forth the elaborate purse and paid my fee in gold; often in mere friendliness; and indeed I had to feign many of my professional calls such, in order that I might keep the balance-sheet of my conscience adjusted in view of the exorbitant fees which the old lady always forced upon me. When she produced the purse I had only to say, "Friendship, Madam, friendship!" and it instantly disappeared, from motives of a certain courtly delicacy still outstanding the shocks that had battered down reason. "The fair maiden smiled on by George Washington has a friend as well as a doctor," she would say.

Nothing ever seemed to change in that house. The gate always hung by the same indomitable, independent hinge. Astolpho was always habited in the same crazy finery which she was supposed to have worn in the cavern of the Ural magician a thousand years before she saw the daylight. Madam Stoppel was forever in the same locomotive chair, partly from necessity—for she was utterly helpless from the hips downward—but chiefly from the insane ecstasy which it gave her to make frenzied hawk-flights about the room, turning the driving wheel with her still sinewy arm, and pouncing unexpectedly upon a victim with reminiscences of the Revolutionary War. And behind her, silently, or beside her, reading from a great file of brown old Continental papers of the deeds done at Lexington, Trenton, and Yorktown, always stood or sat Margaret Herrlich.

I saw the Heathburns daily. Whenever my duties allowed me I rode home with them to dinner in the carriage that came to take my student, George Solero. And one day I happened to mention, when we were all together at the table, my experiences with the sufferer from corn-fritters.

"Ah! Do you know Madam Stoppel, then?" said Mr. Heathburn, smiling. "We are her bankers; in fact, we have done all her financial business for the last eighteen months. A number of large deposits have been made with us for her by a son of hers in California; but she has always drawn against them through the queerest of little darkeys, introduced to me, much to my astonishment, as her responsible agent; and because I feared it would seem like disagreeable intrusion on the armed neutrality in which she keeps herself I have never called on her. Have you, John?"

"No, Sir, I never have, for the same reason."

"If she receives visitors, however, extra-professionally, we certainly owe her that attention. Either John, or George, or I must call during the week. Doctor, consider yourself commissioned to mediate for an interview first, and introduce us afterward."

"Very well; with all my heart. But who is this Madam Stoppel? Can you tell me any thing about her? I know nothing, except that, spite her insanity, she's one of the most interesting women I ever knew, and her grand-daughter, Miss Herrlich, is certainly the most beautiful."

"I can give you all I know in a very few words. Madam Stoppel was a Miss Lucy Estabrook, of Culpepper Court House. She married a German surgeon of her present name, who served in the Revolutionary army. He was killed by a fall from his horse during a truce with the enemy; and I recollect hearing that his last words were a regret that the victory of his adopted country's arms must now remain a problem to him—that he had not, at least, died in battle. He was a gallant fellow, there is no doubt, and his widow's naturally martial blood received his own like a heritage. She had always followed the fortunes of the army with her husband, and now, upon his death, she became more devoted to it than ever. For the rest of the war she never left the camp, and consumed almost the whole of a large fortune in clothing and feeding the troops; while her great physical and intellectual strength was expended upon the work of nursing the wounded and following the rude funerals of the dead patriots. It is said that she fell in love with General Washington, and that this passion unsettled her mind, though I had much rather believe that her fatigues and anxieties were the cause of her derangement, and that the emotion she felt was only one of intense admiration for the heroic qualities of the great man; for she is believed to have worshiped her husband. After his death her third child was born, a very beautiful daughter, who grew up, and, long after the peace, married a Hamburg merchant distantly related to Surgeon Stoppel—one Gustav Herrlich. Miss Margaret Herrlich is the youngest fruit of this union—indeed the only surviving one. Her father and mother are both dead; and when only four years old she was sent to this country to be reared by her grandmother, whose insanity the relatives to whom she was left in Hamburg either did not know, or felt too little interest in the child to care for. The old lady received her, and in spite of all entreaties from her two sons, both men of family, and now between sixty and seventy years of age, refused to part with her or live with them, and has ever since been traveling over the country, collecting Revolutionary relics and educating the little girl as well as she could by private tutors. Eighteen months ago, as I said, she came here and hired the ruinous old house she lives in, because, to use her words, 'it had been smiled on by Washington.' I suppose she will stay there till she dies. Her grand-daughter must have become a young lady by this time. You say she is very beautiful?"

"Exceedingly, and I should think about twenty or twenty-one."

Thus for the present the conversation ended. During the week I mentioned to Madam Stoppel

that my friends would like to do themselves the honor of calling, and found the proposal received graciously. On her part at least. Miss Herrlich, when she heard me make it, moved from her grandmother's chair to the window and looked out steadily. I noticed that her cheek was flushed with crimson, and her usually self-contained manner left her.

Astolpho was about to lead me to the door as usual when Miss Herrlich motioned to her to remain, and followed me down the staircase.

"May I say a word to you, Doctor Grosvenor?" she asked me at the door.

"Certainly, Miss Herrlich."

"Is it absolutely necessary that your friends should call upon us?"

I looked at the lady inquiringly, expecting her to say something more in explanation of the question. But she remained perfectly silent—resting her hand upon the balustrade of the stairs—still more deeply flushed than at the window, yet fixing her eyes steadily on mine, like a queen who must be answered and without reasons. I felt compelled to reply.

"No. Not absolutely necessary. Still, it is customary for business-men to know their customers, and especially when they are ladies, to put themselves at their service more fully than can be done when they're not acquainted with them personally. Besides, I can say for Mr. Heathburn that he would be very happy to form something outside of a mere business-acquaintance—to be a friend of Miss Herrlich and Madam Stoppel."

"I thank him. Friends are not so usual that the offer of one can be received without thanks. But to call on us would be no act of friendship—would lead to none. You are a physician, and necessarily know our calamity; you know that Madam Stoppel is a broken, disordered mind. But you can not know what she is and has been. Were you a thousand times as experienced—as willing to believe and do good as I am sure you are—you could not help seeing her in a ridiculous light. And to know that any one for whom she has not done and been all the noble things she has to me, who can not see through the eyes of kinship and affection, looks at her, and perhaps down upon her as a wreck, without being able to say a wreck of what; this is such a bitter thing to me that, if I had not feared for her life unless the delusion was removed, I would not have suffered even you to enter this door."

"You are right, Miss Herrlich. If you believe that I ever look down upon Madam Stoppel, you may say without offending me that this visit had best be my last. I would not permit any person to look at a relative of mine from a point of view which compromised respect for her a single moment. But permit me to say that if natural delicacy had not protected Madam Stoppel from even a thought of disrespect, some experience in my profession, of the very noblest minds prostrated by insanity, would prevent me from depreciating her."

"She is a noble mind. You hear her now in her childlike way speaking of her admiration for General Washington. You can not know, meanwhile, how truly it was reciprocated. You can not see her, the belle in all her pride of worshiped beauty, the brilliant, the talented, the fascinating woman of wealth and society, leaving all that is universally held dearest by her class, to expend a queenly life on the care of sick soldiers. You can not know her honor and her praise; you have not read as I have what the President thought of her; what he said to her himself in—but it is not fitting for me to boast. Let us stay here in our seclusion. I have not found that the present society of this country has been rich in friends to Madam Stoppel. I have heard what has made my blood boil from those who called themselves so. If by unliving my own life, by not having been born, I could make the years count themselves back and place her, bright, beautiful, and strong again, among those Revolutionary *men* who gloried in her and died, happier than she, in their own noble time with their peers, I would do it! I would do it!"

She looked me full in the face with those flashing, goddess eyes of hers, and the old Republican Court seemed come again. I could have kneeled and kissed her hand worshipfully, with that reverence which we pay to the tradition of Martha Washington. For the moment, slender and feminine as she was, she seemed taller than I, looking from some height above me.

"Miss Herrlich," I resumed, after a few moments' pause, "as you will in regard to the proposed visit. Its thought originated in the anxiety naturally felt by *men* that two women should not be left in this secluded house without an arm to lean upon in emergency; from a desire to do all that was most courtly, manly, and hopeful, in the example of those very Revolutionary noblemen to whom your life and its memories naturally cling. If the visit proposed will not have this effect, I can assert for Mr. Heathburn that the design will be abandoned as free from all ill-thought as it was conceived. But I entreat you, as the physician, and (I must say it) the respectful, appreciating friend of Madam Stoppel, that the same delicacy which now forbids the visit will prompt you to understand my friends, and make that generous use of them which they sincerely desire, whenever for life or other necessity your relative's condition shall require it."

"I thank you and them. I will."

Just at this moment the unmistakable sound of the locomotive became audible. The next instant, and all out of breath from her arm-exercise, as a person with active feet from running, Madam Stoppel flashed across the threshold of her chamber, and sat at the top of the staircase.

"Margaret! Margaret! Surgeon Grosvenor, of the Tenth! Where are you? I heard word of no visits. Who says we are to have none? Do I not receive? Do I not bring forth the cake

and wine? I dance no longer, but I wake the harpsichord. We shall have music and feasts. The gay shall be there. The great shall be there. And joy shall flow like a river." Then she paused, sighed, shaking her head sadly, and in a solemn voice concluded, "Nay, nay! not like a river—a little pebbly forest stream; for George Washington smiles no longer."

A shadow of great pain passed over the face of Margaret Herrlich, and then she drew herself up again into her old queenly quiet.

"I will have visits!" reiterated Madam Stoppel from above. "Say yes or no, and I shall find whether the once beloved and honored is still to be obeyed or flouted. Sunk where none is so poor to do her reverence. Say yes or no. Then I shall go back to my chamber. Till then I cross not that threshold!"

"It seems God wills it so," spoke Margaret Herrlich, with a proud bitterness. "Yes, grandmother; Mr. Heathburn will call. When shall it be?"

"On Tuesday, child; that is the honored day—the day of fortune—when he who saved the land was born."

"Will you please to tell Mr. Heathburn we shall be ready to receive him then, Doctor Grosvenor?" said Miss Herrlich.

I bowed and passed out.

On the 22d of February the elder Mr. Heathburn could not be excused from the civic ceremonies of the occasion. John Heathburn therefore became his substitute, and went with me to call on Madam Stoppel. Astolpho opened the door for us, but I did not know him. He had been changed for the time being to Bettie, and wore a plain woolen dress, suitable to his true sex. We were shown into a parlor which I had never entered before — opposite Madam Stoppel's room, on the same floor. In its deep fire-place the logs hissed and crackled cheerily, redeeming it from the suspicion usually so inevitable in rooms of state, that for months past they have been the chilly prison of painful stiff-necked chairs, ancestors in oil, vases of defunct flowers, and Beauty-Books to be opened with kid gloves on. Hanging in the most conspicuous place upon the pier was a full-length Washington, after the picture by Stuart. Between the windows, cleated into the polished old oak panels, were autograph letters of all the most distinguished actors in the War of Independence. Suspended in time-faded sabretasches from brackets above them were swords and muskets. On the hilt of one of the swords I read the words "*To Friedrich Stoppel from G. Washington*," and the muskets were nearly all engraved with names which made them priceless to the patriotic virtuoso. Upon the centre-table of solid mahogany, eagle-clawed, and carven after the most elaborate antique style, the space usually devoted to annuals and bijouterie was occupied by smaller arms: great horse-pistols rusted into their holsters, honey-combed bayonets, and moth-eaten cartridge-pouches. But the object that beyond all others attracted our attention was a full-length portrait hanging over the oaken mantle. At first sight I took it for Margaret Herrlich. It was a woman gorgeously beautiful as she, in the same first-summer luxuriance of life; and, in spite of the antique costume, the hair worn *à la chinoise*, and the general air of belonging to a far other time, strikingly like her. The same imperial presence; the same blending of utmost sensuous richness of curve with spiritual power and delicacy; the same great lustrous brown eyes, that, even in the picture, as you shifted your position, changed from dreaminess to strength; the same figure, face, and hands. But not Margaret Herrlich; for, graven on the bottom of the chaste gilt frame, we read, "Lucy Estabrook, by Gilbert Stuart."

I had not spoken a word about the likeness. I stood before it, falling into a reverie, as is my wont in picture-galleries, when John Heathburn aroused me by soliloquizing aloud, in his simple-minded manner:

"I don't wonder that George Washington smiled on that woman if she smiled on him! Why, she would convert Tarleton to a Whig! How a man could adore such a woman, if her like were in the world now!" And just at that moment Margaret Herrlich crossed the threshold. Not even the rustle of her dress betrayed her coming. As if the picture of Lucy Estabrook had stepped from its frame so she from the doorway. For a moment I do not think John Heathburn knew which had happened.

"Miss Herrlich, let me present Mr. John Heathburn."

The lady bowed in her customary royal manner, and seemed more like the picture than ever.

"Mr. Heathburn is welcome, Madam Stoppel bids me say; and she will do herself the honor of seeing him presently. I hope your father is well, Mr. Heathburn."

"Perfectly, thank you. He has a marshal's baton in the procession to-day, and was compelled to deny himself the pleasure he was so good as to grant me. I was introducing myself to Madam Stoppel, you saw, when you entered, Miss Herrlich. I used to wonder at her influence in our Republican Court: I have ceased to do so now." But as my dear John said these words he was not looking at the picture.

"I do not think it is very marvelous myself," replied Margaret Herrlich, her eyes bright with a proud enthusiasm; "knowing her as I do at this day I can understand it easily, and from all accounts Stuart's picture was not considered flattering at the time."

"I am sure it was not," said John Heathburn, still looking elsewhere than at the picture.

Just then the door of the opposite room opened. I heard the well-known rush of wheels, and with an impetuous bounce Madam Stoppel came over the threshold. Spite her proud self-possession, I saw Miss Herrlich cast a quick, jealous glance at John, that seemed to read his slightest expression. A glance which told me that if she caught the least gleam of scorn or any kindred feeling in his face, her doors would be shut on

him forever. A nervous man, with as good a heart as John, would have fallen into this offense through weakness. But, body and soul, he was a strong man, and the Madam Stoppel he had seen, moreover, braced him for the Madam Stoppel he was seeing. Miss Herrlich introduced him to her grandmother, and then involuntarily watched her effect upon him. Whatever he might have seen that was strange, even ludicrous, was shut up in him as within iron. Whatever was traditional of beauty and greatness in Madam Stoppel affected him as visibly as if it had been present. He bowed low to her hand, kissed it reverently, and expressed his happiness at being presented to her, with all the manly tenderness which descended on him from the old departed chivalry who worshiped her those scores and scores of years ago.

Again, in spite of Miss Herrlich's reserve, I could perceive that a painful burden had been lifted from her mind. Her nature was left free once more, and testified its relief in a look that was like exhilaration.

"I welcome you, Mr. John Heathburn," spoke Madam Stoppel, less sharply than usual, and as if John's courtliness had revived her own. "I welcome Mr. George Heathburn, in his representative. You are worthy to sit amidst the shadow of the great dead. Here is Gates. Here is Marion. Here is Green, here Lafayette, here Schuyler, and Carroll, and Jefferson, and Hancock, and Adams." As she said these words she pointed in rapid succession to the panels where those heroes were perpetuated, "And there, *there!*"—she changed her tone to a solemnity which made John and me involuntarily turn and bow to the picture—"*there* is *George Washington!*"

I never before saw so plainly what Madam Stoppel must have been in her youth. I sat talking for nearly an hour with Miss Herrlich; but neither she nor I—I must say, though it does not flatter ourselves—were very interesting to each other. Our eyes and ears continually wandered to the locomotive chair. We both saw there a spectacle which I fancy was as new to Miss Herrlich as myself; the insanity of a once powerful mind subdued, almost completely, for the time being, and its bright, clear flame burning up again from the long-gathered ashes. A chance observer would hardly have suspected any thing unusual in Madam Stoppel's condition. She waxed eloquent and coherent at the same time; she told story after story of the by-gone days in which her real nature still lived, and the disordered spirit that in my interviews with her had seemed to hold control of her whole being hardly dared intrude. I doubt if the granddaughter had ever seen the grandmother to such an advantage. With all her effort to be polite to me her eyes kept still straying, and at last, as by tacit consent, we sat silent, listening and looking toward Madam Stoppel and John Heathburn. Man that I was, I asked myself how this curious change could have occurred. In my conceit I sought to refer it to the effects of my medical treatment. But Margaret Herrlich, with woman's insight, knew better. Her face became facile, losing all its proud guardedness. Her eyes kindled, her cheek flushed, her lips moved as if they were speaking to each other—an entire change, save that she was beautiful and queenly still, came over her whole person. And sympathy with that change forced upon me the conviction that John Heathburn was doing all the wonderful work we saw—that his strength repressed the weakness, and called out its own kindred strength, of the mind of the woman who had never seen her old chivalrous congeniality reproduced till now. He did not know it. Unconscious and simple-minded as a child, he listened to Madam Stoppel, only now and then uttering his sympathy in a few gentle words, seeming quite absorbed in the narratives and comments of the earnest speaker. And when at last she paused, and he turned toward us to find we were silent and looking at him, his eyes met ours ingenuously, and their only expression was a quiet inquiry.

I heard Margaret Herrlich say, long afterward, that this was one of the proudest, gladdest days of her life.

But she said nothing then. Save that after, with her own hands, according to the simple Old Dominion custom, she had offered us the cake and wine which the rehabited Astolpho brought in, and we had made our adieus to Madam Stoppel, she shook hands with John and me cordially, and said, not "We shall be *ready*," but "We shall be *happy* to see you again, Mr. Heathburn."

This visit, so reluctantly permitted on the part of Miss Herrlich, proved the introduction to a friendly acquaintance between herself and Madam Stoppel and the Heathburn family which lasted always. Within the next four months these two tried women were often guests of the house up Hampton Roads, after many hard experiences of false friends finding real ones, and a place outside of the gloomy old mansion where they had been secluded which they could call and feel home.

VI.—IN WHICH THE FAIR MAIDEN IS SMILED ON ONCE MORE BY WASHINGTON.

June came again, and I had been a year in Norfolk. Late one evening I sat in my office and reviewed the changes which that year had wrought. At its beginning I lay down to sleep, uncertain whether this were not the last time my head should rest on a pillow honestly paid for. To-day I commanded as lucrative and successful a practice as any physician in the county. A year ago and George Solero was, to all human sight, a hopeless opium-eater and drunkard—now he had reconquered his manhood, and was making finer progress in his studies with me every day. Then Madam Stoppel and Miss Herrlich, two women whose past and present ought to have made them peers in the nobility of America, sat alone in their ruinous old house, and could not think of a single arm they might

lean on in extremity; to-night a knock came at my door and broke up the reflection. I called, "Come in!" and John Heathburn entered.

"Well, Arthur," said he, when he had taken a seat before me, "you'll think I've walked down to see you at rather an unseasonable hour."

"No indeed! I see too little of you nowadays —we're both so hard at work—to quarrel with the time, if it were two o'clock in the morning."

"The fact is, I don't feel very well, and I've put off seeing you for too long already."

"You not well! You frighten me! I supposed you were health itself;" and with that medical first instinct of mine I put out my hand to feel his pulse. He smiled and shook his head. "No, not that—not that," said he, "but something more serious, that I meant to tell you of a good while ago; but somehow or other I couldn't bring myself to then."

"Speak out *now*, at any rate; you can't think how you alarm me!"

John rose from his chair, strode three or four times across the office, my eye watching him anxiously as he went, then returned and standing before me, said, simply, as a child,

"I love Miss Herrlich."

A load fell off my heart immediately.

"Is that all?" I answered. "I see nothing undesirable in that. I am glad of it. I hoped for it from the first day you ever saw her. You are worthy of each other."

"Arthur, you can not mean it! I worthy of her? If I were a soldier, who had fought for the country and come back with nothing but the remnant of a body to keep life in; if I were a Revolutionary hero who had lasted over to the present day, with Madam Stoppel—then I would feel worthier than I do now, and I believe she would think me so too!"

"Trust a woman for not doing that. She knows the real hero when she sees him, even through the unfortunate screen of a whole physique. She draws her impressions of heroism from a little fresher sources than we men, and with a great deal clearer insight. I think I know where you get yours; do you remember that old book of Sea Songs, and the print of a Greenwich Hospitaler, with one wooden leg, a hook on each wrist, and several glass eyes, over 'Hearts of Oak,' heh?"

"She may look at me as much as she pleases, but I am sure she can see nothing like the men her grandmother has made her more familiar with than the passers in to-day's streets. What great, good, noble thing do I do?"

"Your duty as it comes to you, John."

"Perhaps—at any rate I try to do it. But when I think of my boyish longings; how even at Dresser I lay awake at night and prayed that I might be a great, good man; that I might have some way opened to me for the development of the very highest manhood; that at any expense of self-sacrifice I might work out some noble aim, whose accomplishment, after I was out of the way even, might make the world better and perhaps thank me a little—it seems as if I had sadly degenerated."

I who knew him to hear him talking so!

"I think I understand your trouble. You have been hitherto satisfied with your way of living. Your hand could have held a sword—God put a pen into it. Your eyes might have been occupied, without giving them too much to do, in looking through the wards of wretched prisons and unkenneling the corruption and cruelty there, like Howard's—God put a ledger under them, and said, 'Balance this profit and loss account, that my commerce may be a better and purer thing among men, for having a pair of honest man's eyes, among so many blinking hucksters to overlook it.' Your heart might have throbbed and bled for the rights of a whole nation. George Solero, your noble father, who as he grows old wants a son more and more, your maiden cousin Cecily, myself (and what should I have been to this day but for you?)—these few at first, and now the two ladies whose almost only earthly friend you are, have been given your heart to love and work for instead of a nation. All this is God's business; to look at it from the human side, man's duty. And you have done it. That is heroism, if it were sweeping out the warehouse. John—I take a friend's liberty—were you ever in love with any other woman than Margaret Herrlich?"

"I never have been, Arthur," he answered, ingenuously.

"Then I can still more easily understand your present self-dissatisfaction. The strongest combatant in a man's whole fight of life now hugs you for the first time. And that same love is a stout one. He reveals to you, from the very necessity of coping with him, great relays and magazines of strength that were never needed before. They are now brought out of their arsenal, and as you look at them you say to yourself, 'Why have I never used these before to be great with, and make myself worthy of Margaret Herrlich?'"

"I do think so, many times a day."

"The answer to the question is, that this was not the use for them. They were not wanted for this. They were not useless, however, because they were latent; they made a basis for your active character. God himself makes a grain of sea-sand better, because he can make the sea beside it, when a sea is necessary. Christopher Wren cut out a handsomer, better-spinning top for his boy when top-making was duty, because the dome of St. Paul's was latent within him, and possible on requisition. And the capability of having been a Revolutionary General in Revolutionary times has made a better merchant, son, brother, friend, man, of John Heathburn. At the present moment, too, a better lover for Margaret Herrlich. Perfectly worthy of her; far worthier than if you had been doing that which was not worthy of you—not duty. God crowns some men as heroes, in private, for the present, reserving their more conspicuous reward till things shall be seen as

they are. And then the faithful good relative, and the just, patient, honorable, generous merchant will be seen standing among the heroes, high as any, for he did what God put before him. At any other time I need not remind you of that, John."

"You are right, Arthur; right in the abstract. And I thank you for taking that view of me. If I look at my whole life, not only now but unendingly, I could be happy once more as I used to be. But I am pinned down to this Present as I never was before. It has Margaret Herrlich in it. And I can not lose her! Unless to gain her would be wrong, which I will not let myself think. Arthur Grosvenor, my whole life is melted in with her!"

"Again I say, I'm glad! And I believe you will win her. I do her the justice, which your present feeling won't let you see to be justice, of thinking that she can perceive the hero in you as you are. That the same course you have pursued, of manifest duty doing, with the ordinary tendernesses a man pays to the woman he loves, will make her worship you."

"Ah, Arthur, I am afraid you think every body looks with your eyes! For myself, I am driven to think that she is a woman, who, in loving for life, will pursue one of two courses."

Another knock came upon my door. Again I cried, "Come in!" and enter Astolpho. Dressed as when I first saw her, but flurried to an extent that I believed impossible in that weird machine of a child.

"Well, Astolpho?" said I.

"Missis Stoppel been and got sick 'gain, and this time die sartin'! Come right away—and Missis Mar'gret say God bress you!" And the page bounded out of my door without waiting another moment.

"I am not much frightened by this news," said I, rising and buttoning my coat. "It is probably only another strange delusion, such as I've seen twenty times already. But let us go together, John, for if any thing serious is to happen, it's best you or your father should be there."

So we set out in company. John kept silence until we had passed square after square, and at last spoke rather to himself than to me.

"If this is true, what will she do?"

"You were speaking, John, of the two courses from which Miss Herrlich might choose?"

"I was going to say that she would either marry a man whom she could worship to the death—like a great soldier, for instance—or a man whom she could support upon her own strong nature. One of two extremes—a powerful mind and heart, or a very frail weak one. She will marry either to adore, or to pity and protect."

"You speak so earnestly that you must have something more than ideal reasons. I know the one extreme you mean—the impossible revolutionary hero—now, who is the other possible weak one?"

"My cousin, George Solero."

"She has not the least thought of him—could not have!"

"You are mistaken. I believe she has already."

"But why? Where are your proofs? I know that he is very anxious to please her; that she talks and walks a great deal with him when at your place; but the sole reason to my mind is, and has been, that for the first time in her life she finds herself not entirely at her ease with you, and is perfectly so with him."

"You know, of course, that he loves her?"

"I never heard of it before."

"He told me that he was going to tell you of it. I supposed he had. Let it be, then, just as if I had not unintentionally betrayed his confidence."

"I can not consent to that. I am the repositor of the confidence, however unintentionally, and must give you advice based upon it. I am sure she does not return his passion. If you could see her now, in the light of a man's ordinary self-esteem, you too would be sure of it. Do this, then. But first, have you paid for George's confidence with your own?"

"No, not yet; I could not then."

"Do it now. Tell him at your very first opportunity that you also love Margaret Herrlich. That, though loving each other also, as you have and ought to, you and he are rivals. And tell him that for the next six months you will promise him not to speak a word with her upon the subject, unless some third person comes in between her and you two, making your declaration necessary, when you are absolved. If he accepts that covenant, making the same promise, go on further to tell him that you are both of you, during the interim, to use every fair means for the conquest of the lady's affection. After that you are at liberty to offer a distinct proposition."

"I do not think I could bear this for six months." As he spoke he pressed his hand to his breast, as if something there were consuming, and so simply, so like a pure child, that I felt that curious emotion which expresses itself in a smile when the heart is most tenderly touched by it.

"Let it be three, then. I said six, because I have never loved myself, I suppose. At any rate, some definite time."

"I will think of your plan, Arthur. It seems, just now, perhaps the best. There is something the matter at last—just look!"

We were close by Madam Stoppel's house. Past the upper windows lights were hurriedly glancing to and fro, and quick feet were audible on the stairs within. We hastened up the yard, and opening the door without knocking ascended to the room where I had first seen this remarkable woman.

As we entered the chamber my first glance fell on that fierce-rushing chair which always met my visits with its hawk-freight from the fireplace. The old indomitable hand was instantly on its wheel; it creaked, but did not turn, and never moved again. With eyes now tightly closed as by a weight, now opened till their

great black orbs shone on me wide and clear to absolute unearthliness, Madam Stoppel was sitting erect, as she had lived, and dying. Behind her, as always, stood Margaret Herrlich dreamily smoothing the damp forehead of her grandmother, with face almost as colorless as hers, and silent.

"Madam Stoppel," I said, tenderly, "do you know your Doctor? Mr. Heathburn and I have come to see you."

A smile contended for a moment with the chill that was settling upon her face; her eyes opened wider than ever, and though she could not speak, we saw she knew us.

"How long has this been, Miss Herrlich?" I whispered.

"It came on during the last two hours, while she was talking with me. Can any thing be done for her?" she asked me, almost sternly.

"She is in the hands of Our Father in heaven."

"I thought so," replied Margaret Herrlich, and asked no further question.

Still a physician never uses the word "give up" in regard to his patient till she is taken from him. For an hour we did all for her that stimulants could do. And I wished that George Solero, and every man that is tempted like him, had been there to see how little that *all* is at last! And then we waited, bitterest work of the soul, and last.

Just before Madam Stoppel died her speech came again.

"I see him!" she murmured—"I see *him!* He smiles again. General George Washington—Commander—in-chief—of the—American—forces! I recommend to your care my daughter—Margaret Herrlich. To the post of surgeon—in your own guard—Arthur—Grosvenor. Next in command—to yourself—I pray you put—that young hero—the noble—John Heathburn!"

John knelt and kissed her hand, while, with his name on her lips, she was gone. As he arose Margaret Herrlich took his place. She buried her head in her dead grandmother's lap, and leaving her quiet as the dead we withdrew into the entry. In that strange garb Astolpho sat there on her accustomed stool brooding over her lap, so unchildlike in her stony quiet that we shuddered as if she were the phantasm of the death that had just entered in.

On returning we found Margaret Herrlich arisen. With composure she assented to our arrangements for the funeral, and for the care of the house by John's cousin Cecily and one of us men in the mean time. While John went to bring the help required she and I sat watching the dead, but neither spoke a word. He came back; and, leaving the others, we both walked home together and spent the rest of the night at my rooms.

When I awoke toward the gray of the morning I found him kneeling by my bed. I slept again, and the next time I awakened I looked, and he was gone.

VII.—JOHN HEATHBURN'S TITLE PASSES TO HIS GRANTEE.

The funeral of Madam Stoppel being over, Margaret Herrlich yielded to the entreaties of the elder Mr. Heathburn, and consented to put herself under his protection—at least until the California uncle who had provided for her grandmother could be heard from. The lonely house which she had occupied had been rented for three years, so that it was thought best to leave all the furniture there, in charge of a careful woman, who was glad to receive her lodging for her pains; and Margaret removed to the Heathburns', under the duennaship of Cousin Cecily.

John, the week after my talk with him, came to the conclusion that he would follow my advice, and fairly stated to George the case between them. His cousin was much astonished by the revelation and the proposed agreement, but assented to the latter with perfect apparent cordiality. The time, as I had originally counseled, was made six months, to meet the delicacies of the altered position of them all—the lady in mourning for her best friend, and they, her hosts.

The end of the six months arrived. Mr. Heathburn had written twice to San Francisco, where Miss Herrlich's uncle lived, without receiving any answer. At length—after he had written the third time—a reply arrived, couched in the coolest, business-like terms, expressing regret at the writer's and sympathy with the niece's affliction, but expressing inability to receive her into his family, or do any thing further for her "beyond influence and good wishes," owing to "hard times," "stagnation of business on the Pacific coast," and sundry other causes quoted from the ledger. At the same time Mr. Henry Stoppel gave the lady the cheap benefit of his advice, suggesting that she should find a place as governess in some Southern family, which course he further characterized by the several adjectives "easy," "healthful," and "profitable." This letter, in very small pieces, went into Mr. Heathburn's stove. The misfortune still remained that the signification of the letter could not share the fate of the material. Mr. Heathburn had to communicate that to Margaret—*how*, in his indignation and perplexity, he could not quite make up his mind. While delaying the performance of the painful office, a telegraph dispatch called him imperatively to Baltimore, to attend to certain stock interests of the firm which seemed in danger. John was out of the counting-room when it came; so his father left a hurried note, promising to be back in a few days; went home, packed his valise, and started North by the next steamer.

On the afternoon of the second day after this John came to my office and asked me to walk with him. George was busy in the study of a difficult case I had proposed to him when John came in; but I still thought it strange that he did not even look up at the entrance of his cousin, or speak the least word to him.

"Is any thing the matter with George in his

relations to you?" I asked, as soon as we were on the sidewalk.

"I am afraid the matter is that he hates me. I think he has done so more and more ever since I made him my confidant. And now that the six months have ended, and we are both at liberty more than ever before, I do not believe he means to, or thinks he is doing it; but it is in his nature not to help it."

"I am very sorry. Have you taken advantage of your liberty?"

"No, not yet; but I must do so this very night. If I wait father will have communicated the contents of her uncle's letter to Miss Herrlich, and then I could not bring myself to say a word to her. It would have the look of taking her at a mean disadvantage."

"You are right. I would not delay the matter another day."

"I tremble for George; I tremble for myself. As for him, if the result is against him, think what dreadful temptation there will be to that fiery nature to return to the past! And if I fail—Oh! Arthur, you can't know how I am tormented day and night by that thought! You once thought me a strong man; don't do your love for me the wrong of deceiving it any longer. I am brought down from every height where I once hoped I stood. I am a child in the grasp of this anxiety. I could do nothing strong-hearted if I had to or die!"

"I tell you again, John, that this feeling of yours is nothing but a revelation of the strength that lies in you. The man who is strongest loves most strongly. If I did not hope to love so, some time in my life, I should wish to die now, as too puny to deserve life at all. Your great love brings great humility, and you undervalue yourself in proportion to your estimate of the woman you worship. That is the secret of this despair, so unusual, so unprecedented, in you. Tell Margaret Herrlich you love her, in the perfect simplicity of the man you are—tell her to-night—and I believe she will not deny that she loves you."

"Arthur, I am utterly unworthy of her. I am not the free-hearted boy that I was when you first knew me. I have grown world-crusted, degenerate."

"To all of that, in perfect love for you, I say pshaw! I know that if the necessity arose for doing any deed, however bitter, of self-denial, for Margaret Herrlich, you would do it now more easily than you ever did any littlest kind action of your life. And I believe that before you are through with this matter that conviction will be forced upon you, as it is upon me. You will be shown the strength that God can give to true souls, even at the expense of the hardest conflict. You will believe as fully as you used to before this difficult time of your life arrived. At any rate, speak, I say, like a man, to-night—speak without dread or doubt—and be sure, whatever happens, you will have some opportunity given you of demonstrating your love to Margaret Herrlich most thoroughly."

"I will speak to-night, at any rate."

And thus our walk and talk for the morning concluded.

I shall now go on to narrate what occurred subsequently, as if I had been an eye-witness of it, though it was not until days afterward that I came into possession of the facts.

That night George Solero sat in the back-parlor of the Heathburns' house, reading. In the front parlor Cousin Cecily with her embroidery, John, thoughtful and silent, and Margaret Herrlich, working upon a mourning-collar, formed the quiet, uncommunicative group. Cousin Cecily, with all her staidness, had a dislike for long pauses; and, after elaborating several violet-leaves with her needle, and innumerable themes for awakening conversation, in her mind, presently broke forth:

"I wish I knew how old Sarah is to-night. Her fever was quite high when I left her this morning; and I really believe I'd step over to the servants' houses if it weren't for this twinge of rheumatism that has just taken my shoulder again."

"I will go for you," said Margaret Herrlich, quietly, putting the collar into her work-basket, and rising.

"I will go with you, if I may," spoke John, standing up at the same time.

"Thank you, Mr. Heathburn; I shall be glad to have your protection, if it won't trouble you too much, and leave Miss Cecily too lonely."

"Not at all," said Miss Cecily and John Heathburn at once. So John and Margaret went out together. They did not know, nor did any one except himself, that George Solero saw them, heard them above his book, and in a state of mind that was almost madness, followed them close, keeping on the other side of the great horse-chestnuts.

Reaching the negro houses, he lurked until they had finished their visit, and as yet had heard nothing. He followed them stealthily back along the way they had come, and then did hear these words, or enough of them:

"Miss Herrlich, will you let me tell you how selfish I have been in coming with you to see old Sarah, without thinking less of me?"

George Solero could see in the dim starlight that Margaret did not lift her head as she answered, quietly,

"You may tell me what you mean; but I can hardly believe you selfish."

"The only cause that led me out to-night was to tell you that I love you, and to ask if you will be my wife."

For a few moments Margaret walked silently, leaning on John's arm. George Solero crept as close as he dared along the light rail that bounded the chestnut row, and listened like one who waits to hear words of life or death.

"You are displeased with me for talking to you upon this subject, then?" said John.

"No, I am not displeased," answered Margaret Herrlich. "I am only unable to speak. What you say is so new to me, so unexpected.

Forgive me if I do not answer another word now. I am alone in the world, and must think for myself. May I reply at some other time?"

She said these words as if she were dreaming. John Heathburn seemed intuitively to understand her mind, and quietly answered,

"Yes. When shall that time be?"

"To-morrow, at this same place, this same hour."

"Very well; I will be here then. In this walk, at the fourth chestnut."

As he counted up the row George Solero slipped behind the trysting tree just in time to escape discovery. He had seen and heard but little that was decisive, yet that little sent him wandering through the fields for the rest of the night, driven by the plague of Cain. Upon men who have sinned and suffered as he did the influence of any intense mental stimulus, I have found, often acts similarly to a resumption of the physical indulgence. The old liquor delirium was revived in him again: he walked wildly without knowing whither, and cursed like a fiend.

Margaret went to her own room as soon as she entered the house. John, as is the custom of men in such circumstances, sat until eleven o'clock, interesting Cousin Cecily with his conversation as thoroughly as if he did not feel that the balance of his life was quivering on the turning-point, without any prescience of his own to tell him which way it would bow. And then he retired for the night.

He had been at the counting-room about an hour on the next morning when a telegraphic dispatch was handed to him. He opened it, and found it read as follows:

"BALTIMORE.—Mr. Heathburn taken ill. Physician calls it pleurisy. Come immediately."

The next steamer North was only an hour off. John sent a boy to bring me, and then wrote the following note to Miss Herrlich:

"I have just got word from my father that he needs me at Baltimore. He is not very well, and can not transact his business there without my help. Perhaps nobody can understand what I feel in deferring an appointment for this evening. If *you* can you will pity the necessity which compels it, and forgive JOHN HEATHBURN."

The boy came back and said that I was not in the office. John Heathburn thought for a moment, and then directed his letter—marking on the corner, "Send this up by the carriage this P.M."

He had just time to write another note of two lines to George and myself jointly, accounting for his absence, but expressing no fears he might have upon the subject of his father's danger. After which, without change of dress, or taking a single article of baggage, he reached the steamer just a minute before it went out.

When I came back from my morning round I found the note lying on my table.

"Where is Mr. Solero?" I asked of my office-boy, as soon as I had read it.

"He has not been here to-day, Sir," was the reply.

It was now a quarter to two. This was the first time George had been absent a whole morning since he commenced his studies with me. I left the letter open where I had found it, and told the boy to call his attention to it as soon as he came in. I was so fortunate as not to have any dangerous cases on my hands just then. I left word that I was called out of town suddenly, and making ready, took the next steamer to follow John Heathburn.

All the way up the Chesapeake I was harassed by fears which I could not control. Mr. Heathburn's constitution had of late been sorely tried by his incessant attention to business; was there enough reactive force left in it to meet and overcome any insidious disease? And if not, what mischief in innumerable forms would not happen?

It was long after noon of the next day when I reached the hotel at Baltimore, and asked to be shown to Mr. Heathburn's room.

"He is forbidden to receive visitors," was the clerk's reply.

"I am his physician from Norfolk."

"Boy! show the gentleman up to Mr. Heathburn's room, directly."

As I entered John clasped my hand, and said, "God bless you, you're too late." And as I looked at the silent bed I saw that all the world was too late. The father had gone whither there is no need of hastening feet—where all is readiness, immediate, constant, unendangered life forever.

My fears were true. Five minutes before Mr. Heathburn had died of the disease which, a year sooner, his strong frame would have met and rolled back like a wave broken on a rock.

He had not left his will, any more than his other preparation for death, till the foe met him. But on the last day of his life he had dictated and signed a codicil, in which he made John and myself its executors. The last wish that he expressed was that he might be laid by the side of John's mother in Baltimore cemetery.

"You are all that God has left me now," said John, solemnly. "Father and mother have I none. The man whom I have loved and cherished as a brother hates me. Some men, in such bitterness, have a noble wife to turn to. I—"

"I am sure you have, in God's purpose, if not in God's present."

"No, Arthur; none—none."

Then, for the first time, he told me that he had spoken to Margaret Herrlich. And labor as I might in that trying hour, I failed to persuade him that Margaret's hesitation was not for the purpose of weighing his love against his cousin's.

I staid by the dead while he returned to Norfolk to bring the family back to the funeral.

On reaching his counting-house he found George Solero there. He did not know then, as afterward, how that maddened nature of his cousin had been driving him ever since the night of his own proposal to Margaret through the old

desert places. How his wandering Ahasuerus had awakened in him again.

There was an expression of unusual gayety about George's face which at any other time would have aroused his suspicion.

"Well, how is father now?" George lightly asked him.

"He is well, very well *now*," John answered, quietly.

Then, with a strange smile, George Solero continued,

"I was the bearer of your note to Margaret Herrlich, deferring your appointment."

(He did not tell his cousin that he had opened —read—kept it.)

"I must be the bearer of the answer too—that appointment may be deferred indefinitely. She will be my wife within the next three months."

John leaned upon his desk, and looked George Solero full in the face, as if at first he could not fully take in the import of the words. George returned the gaze silently, but did not blench. The fire within him made him for the moment able to face any human eye, however searching.

"Did Miss Herrlich make you the bearer of that message to me?"

"She preferred that to delivering it herself."

John was silent for a few moments. Then, gathering strength, he forced himself to say this —and no more than this—

"My father is dead. Will you go home and bring all the family to meet this evening's boat for Baltimore? The funeral takes place the day after to-morrow. Go instantly, if you please."

And as he turned again to his desk, George Solero, with a face pale as death, rushed out of the door.

When the time came to expect Margaret and Cousin Cecily at the wharf with George, John was in readiness to receive them aboard. He had been busily at work all day in the counting-room revising books and bills, paying drafts and salaries, and making all ready for the closing of the doors until after the funeral. He then provided state-rooms for the family, and stood waiting by the gang-plank to see the carriage come down.

But half an hour before starting, and still no sign of the family. A quarter of an hour, not a sign yet. Five minutes, and not even a messenger or a note. The last bell tolled, and John obtained a fifteen minutes' longer delay from the captain, who knew the urgency of the case and felt it, like all Norfolk. At the last instant the carriage drove down, the horses all flecked with foam and almost on a gallop. John opened the door and handed down the two ladies. Neither of them said a word as they took his hand. He pressed his cousin's tenderly, and let Margaret's rest for a moment in his own, then led them to their state-rooms. As he came back to see the baggage on board, the coachman, that old servant whose idol he had been from his birth, broke forth with tears rolling down his cheeks,

"Oh, Massa John, dear Massa John, you ain't a goin' to leave me behind, are you? Oh, mayn't I go, Massa John? Mayn't I go?"

"Yes, Sam, go on board; perhaps you will never leave me any more." And he gave the horses in charge of a policeman, to be sent back to their place.

John then went aboard himself, thinking it likely that George had arrived before him. Not finding him after the steamer got under way, he asked Sam if he knew what had become of him. Sam had not seen him at all since last evening. Only by the merest chance, through a neighbor coming in to offer his help and sympathy, had Cecily and Margaret heard of this affliction. At the last moment they had made ready, driven to the counting-house to find it locked, and then, almost in despair of its being of any avail, come to the wharf where John met them. None of them had seen George Solero at all that day.

Though setting forth from an inn, our funeral train was a simple, quiet one. Our dead would not have wished for pomp and ceremony, and there were none of us who in that hour could bear it. The two sad women, John and myself, rode together, and Sam, the chief glory of whose life it had been to carry his master day and night wherever he bade him, sat by the driver of the hearse to ride with that master for the last time, in heart-broken silence.

When the final word had been said above the grave, and we had returned to the bitter loneliness of the great roaring city, we all separated for the night, each to his own chamber. In spite of my own almost filial grief, perhaps on account of it and the fatigue of travel, I fell asleep and did not wake till the next morning's sun was high.

On coming down into the office the clerk called to me, and presented me a heavy sealed package, directed to myself in John Heathburn's handwriting. For a moment I felt stupefied, and made no attempt to open it—hardly dared to look at it, such was my foreboding.

"Where is Mr. Heathburn?" I inquired, mechanically of the clerk.

"He left on the Philadelphia train four o'clock this morning."

I could not endure the suspense of waiting long enough to get to my own room. I hurried into the reading-parlor and tore off the seals of the package. It contained a number of separate papers. The first was a letter from John, which in part read thus:

".....You will perceive that by the Will all my father's property—saving a few small presents, the legacy to yourself, the annuity to Cousin Cecily, and $30,000 to George—is left to me. Subjoined to the Will is an inventory (Schedule A.), of all the assets of the firm. My dear father was intending to retire from business within the next three months, and I finished, not two weeks ago, a thorough investigation of the partnership concern, little thinking then for what a different purpose it would be used. Every one of our outstanding liabilities is now paid, the debts to us are perfectly safe, and the books are so orderly arranged that it will be a very brief and light task to close the business definitely. You, my dear Arthur, are my co-executor. Had I not made your labor so easy by

my past preparations, I should feel it my duty to stay and assist you in the settlement of the estate—at any expense of pain, of life even. But I know you do not need me. The various schedules annexed to the Will will guide you in every particular where the books are not sufficient. I inclose also my power of attorney, and, as the last act of friendship you may ever perform for John Heathburn, ask that you will take the trouble to close the business and execute the Will.

"As soon as you have funded all the firm property, invest fifty thousand dollars in stock of the New York Bank of Commerce—depositing the certificates to my order with Lanier, Winslow, and Co. You will then have performed for the estate all that I shall ever ask of it for myself..... Even in this hour I pray God as sincerely as ever in my life to bless and keep my cousin George Solero. Nevertheless, I fear for him. I am not sure that any permanent reformation can ever be hoped of him. The heritage of his blood may fall upon him again at any moment of passion and temptation. And if I fear for *him*, what agony there is in the fear I have for *her!* What if the whole life she has bound to his should become one long, black, midnight misery! I will not trust myself to speak —to think any more of her thus.

"But lest the thirty thousand left to George should some day be exhausted, and she find herself a deserted wife sitting by a cold hearth in the midst of starving little children, I inclose the deed marked with her name, which you will please put in her hands as early as possible..... I am going abroad. There may be work to do for man in Italy, in France, in Germany before long. Work which asks a strong arm and a heart which has given no hostages to fortune, no wife, no child, no home to make it pause before it devotes itself. And then I can at least die well. America is not wide enough to separate me from the daily and nightly horrors of the Present and remembrances of the Past, which would benumb me in trying to live and obey God at all.

"God bless you! God bless you, Arthur Grosvenor! Let us meet again in the world to come.

"Your friend, JOHN HEATHBURN."

Feeling that this letter was rather some dreadful part of a novel I was reading than any reality brought home to me, I laid it down without a sigh, and took up the deed to which it last referred.

It was a conveyance of all the property, real and personal, left him in the Will, saving the exceptions the letter mentioned—to Margaret Herrlich, in her own right and her heirs forever!

VIII.—THE RETURN OF THE TITLE.

In an upper room of one of the great hotels of New York, late at night, a young man sat alone. The fire in his grate had died down to dull cinders; yet he kept his chair silent and motionless, not knowing that the air grew chill. Light seemed as little a matter of care to him as heat—the jet of the one burner by the pier was turned so low that the room was lonelier for it, and the walls were draped in long funereal shadows of the man and the things around him.

The city outside of him was lying in its first sleep. The hand of the giant Work had fallen by his side like a tired child; no longer pushing to and fro along the roaring streets the carriages, and carts, the beasts, and hurried, wearied men who did his pleasure.

But the man within was laboring still. His was the harder labor than hands can do—the labor of the heart and brain; forever building up great towers with endless staircases mounting heaven-high; quarrying for them in depths of living pain, where every blow of the hammer sent a pang like the tortures of the victim on the wheel; then laying the cornices, and carving on them, "*It might have been!*" then tumbling them to the ground again, and sitting among the ruins, compelled by some irresistible force to weigh and number every stone one by one.

On the steps of the hotel stood another man who could not sleep. Behind him was a pile of boxes and trunks, all strapped and corded, evidently waiting to be carried away. At every approach of a stray carriage he started from his watch beside the baggage, and looked eagerly until the vehicle was past him.

Down the long silent street, through the vista of twinkling lamps that grew smaller and closer till, in the far distance, they ended in one dim starry point, came three figures—a woman, with a man on either side of her. As they drew near the hotel they stopped for a moment, looked up at its great desert of lightless windows, and then came to the steps. Still the watcher by the trunks paid them no notice. He waited for a wagon, not for foot-passengers.

Yet as they saw him they stopped again, whispered with each other, and then one of the men rushed up the steps, caught the watcher by the shoulder, and exclaimed, as he held him to the gaslight,

"Thank God! It is he! We have found him!"

"Where is your master?" asked the woman, eagerly.

And Sam told her where.

He was still alone in the upper chamber of the hotel. Yet not alone as before. For God's great letter to the souls that almost think he has forgotten them lay open on the table before him in the dim light.

"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you."

As he read these words he broke the silence as if the dear speaker of them stood before him.

"When? when?"

To few men who ask this question does the answer come back—"*Now!*"

But just then a quick, passionate hand knocked on the door.

"Come in!" said John Heathburn.

The door opened, and the three stood before him.

The three were Arthur Grosvenor, George Solero, and Margaret Herrlich. John stood up and looked upon them as in a dream.

"John!" cried the girl, passionately, and clasped his hands. "John! I have come to answer your question, if it is not too late. Yes!"

"What?" said John Heathburn. "What?"

"I have come to tell you that I love you like my own soul. That in the most glorious wishes of my whole being—my highest askings for the life that is and is to come—to be loved by you

has been the highest. To entreat that I may be your wife."

Before he was able to assure himself that what he heard and saw was truth, John Heathburn's arm was grasped by George Solero.

"For God's sake, forgive me, my brother! For God's sake! But I lied—lied accursedly! I was mad. I would be mad still, mad forever, but for her. And now that I give her up in my very thought—now that I place her among my angels who can not be my wife—for God's sake, pity and forgive me, my brother!"

"Believe them, John," I said, solemnly, putting my arm around his neck. "Believe them; for what they say is the waking truth; and let all the past be the dream. I am not a minister in name; but in such an hour as this, God, for the time's sake, consecrates the humblest soul. John Heathburn, will you take Margaret Herrlich to be your wedded wife?"

"I will!" said John Heathburn, and drew her to his breast.

"Whom God hath joined let not man put asunder."

That same night the baggage-wagon went away from the hotel-steps empty, and the next morning the Bremen steamer sailed without one passenger who was on its list. Sam, with the tears rolling down his dark cheeks, laughed through them to hear the order given for a return to Norfolk, and looked southward toward his old home among the pines as if he had not seen it for the full year he had sworn to follow his master.

That same night George Solero knelt and thanked God that he was not in resolution only, but in soul, a new man. That come life or death, he had conquered his devil; and the heritage of his curse, by God's grace, should never fall on him any more. That even in the bitterness of man's greatest disappointment he lived yet, and had not heard his fiend, but his angel—was not lying in the ooze of Hampton Roads, nor dead in the desert places where he had been driven, his pistol wet with blood and brains. That even so late, while it was not too late, he had conquered. That, as he has ever proved in his self-denying, faithful labor through the trying scenes of our joint battle with the Norfolk fever, he was a free, a new man.

That same night, too, was the order to blot out the firm-name of the Heathburns rescinded.

That same night did Margaret tell John before God's better priest than I—but especially before God over all—that she would be his till Death did part them. Vain words! Death can not.

That same night did she restore the deed of the estate to John Heathburn, who received it as the safe steward of his own priceless love

That same night accrued, with a sanctity higher than all human courts and laws, John Heathburn's Title.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XLIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR GOING.

"MAMMA, read that letter."

It was Mrs. Dale's eldest daughter who spoke to her, and they were alone together in the parlor at the Small House. Mrs. Dale took the letter and read it very carefully. She then put it back into its envelope and returned it to Bell.

"It is at any rate a good letter, and, as I believe, tells the truth."

"I think it tells a little more than the truth, mamma. As you say, it is a well-written letter. He always writes well when he is in earnest. But yet—"

"Yet what, my dear?"

"There is more head than heart in it."

"If so, he will suffer the less; that is, if you are quite resolved in the matter."

"I am quite resolved, and I do not think he will suffer much. He would not, I suppose, have taken the trouble to write like that if he did not wish this thing."

"I am quite sure that he does wish it, most earnestly; and that he will be greatly disappointed."

"As he would be if any other scheme did not turn out to his satisfaction; that is all."

The letter, of course, was from Bell's cousin Bernard, and containing the strongest plea he was able to make in favor of his suit for her hand. Bernard Dale was better able to press such a plea by letter than by spoken words. He was a man capable of doing any thing well in the doing of which a little time for consideration might be given to him; but he had not in him that power of passion which will force a man to eloquence in asking for that which he desires to obtain. His letter on this occasion was long, and well argued. If there was little in it of passionate love, there was much of pleasant flattery. He told Bell how advantageous to both their families their marriage would be; he declared to her that his own feeling in the matter had been rendered stronger by absence; he alluded without boasting to his past career of life as her best guarantee for his future conduct; he explained to her that if this marriage could be arranged there need then, at any rate, be no further question as to his aunt removing with Lily from the Small House; and then he told her that his affection for herself was the absorbing passion of his existence. Had the letter been written with the view of obtaining from a third person a favorable verdict as to his suit, it would have been a very good letter indeed; but there was not a word in it that could stir the heart of such a girl as Bell Dale.

"Answer him kindly," Mrs. Dale said.

"As kindly as I know how," said Bell. "I wish you would write the letter, mamma."

"I fear that would not do. What I should say would only tempt him to try again."

Mrs. Dale knew very well—had known for some months past—that Bernard's suit was hopeless. She felt certain, although the matter had not been discussed between them, that whenever Dr. Crofts might choose to come again and ask for her daughter's hand he would not be refused. Of the two men she probably liked Dr. Crofts the best; but she liked them both, and she could not but remember that the one, in a worldly point of view, would be a very poor match, whereas the other would, in all respects, be excellent. She would not, on any account, say a word to influence her daughter, and knew, moreover, that no word which she could say would influence her; but she could not divest herself of some regret that it should be so.

"I know what you would wish, mamma," said Bell.

"I have but one wish, dearest, and that is for your happiness. May God preserve you from any such fate as Lily's! When I tell you to write kindly to your cousin, I simply mean that I think him to have deserved a kind reply by his honesty."

"It shall be as kind as I can make it, mamma; but you know what the lady says in the play—how hard it is to take the sting from that word, 'no.'" Then Bell walked out alone for a while, and on her return got her desk and wrote her letter. It was very firm and decisive. As for that wit which should pluck the sting "from such a sharp and waspish word as 'no,'" I fear she had it not. "It will be better to make him understand that I also am in earnest," she said to herself; and in this frame of mind she wrote her letter. "Pray do not allow yourself to think that what I have said is unfriendly," she added, in a postscript. "I know how good you are, and I know the great value of what I refuse; but in this matter it must be my duty to tell you the simple truth."

It had been decided between the squire and Mrs. Dale that the removal from the Small House to Guestwick was not to take place till the first of May. When he had been made to understand that Dr. Crofts had thought it injudicious that Lily should be taken out of their present house in March, he had used all the eloquence of which he was master to induce Mrs. Dale to consent to abandon her project. He had told her that he had always considered that house as belonging, of right, to some other of the family than himself; that it had always been so inhabited, and that no squire of Allington had for years past taken rent for it. "There is no favor conferred — none at all," he had said; but speaking, nevertheless, in his usual sharp, ungenial tone.

"There is a favor, a great favor, and great generosity," Mrs. Dale had replied. "And I have never been too proud to accept it; but when I tell you that we think we shall be happier at Guestwick, you will not refuse to let us go. Lily has had a great blow in that house, and Bell feels that she is running counter to your wishes on her behalf—wishes that are so very kind!"

"No more need be said about that. All that may come right yet, if you will remain where you are."

But Mrs. Dale knew that "all that" could never come right, and persisted. Indeed, she would hardly have dared to tell her girls that she had yielded to the squire's entreaties. It was just then, at that very time, that the squire was, as it were, in treaty with the earl about Lily's fortune; and he did feel it hard that he should be opposed in such a way by his own relatives at the moment when he was behaving toward them with so much generosity. But in his arguments about the house he said nothing of Lily or her future prospects.

They were to move on the first of May, and one week of April was already past. The squire had said nothing further on the matter after the interview with Mrs. Dale to which allusion has just been made. He was vexed and sore at the separation, thinking that he was ill-used by the feeling which was displayed by this refusal. He had done his duty by them, as he thought; indeed more than his duty, and now they told him that they were leaving him because they could no longer bear the weight of an obligation conferred by his hands. But in truth he did not understand them, nor did they understand him. He had been hard in his manner, and had occasionally domineered, not feeling that his posi-

tion, though it gave him all the privileges of a near and a dear friend, did not give him the authority of a father or a husband. In that matter of Bernard's proposed marriage he had spoken as though Bell should have considered his wishes before she refused her cousin. He had taken upon himself to scold Mrs. Dale, and had thereby given offense to the girls, which they at the time had found it utterly impossible to forgive.

But they were hardly better satisfied in the matter than was he; and now that the time had come, though they could not bring themselves to go back from their demand, almost felt that they were treating the squire with cruelty. When their decision had been made—while it had been making—he had been stern and hard to them. Since that he had been softened by Lily's misfortune, and softened also by the anticipated loneliness which would come upon him when they should be gone from his side. It was hard upon him that they should so treat him when he was doing his best for them all! And they also felt this, though they did not know the extent to which he was anxious to go in serving them. When they had sat round the fire planning the scheme of their removal, their hearts had been hardened against him, and they had resolved to assert their independence. But now, when the time for action had come, they felt that their grievances against him had already been in a great measure assuaged. This tinged all that they did with a certain sadness; but still they continued their work.

Who does not know how terrible are those preparations for house-moving; how infinite in number are the articles which must be packed, how inexpressibly uncomfortable is the period of packing, and how poor and tawdry is the aspect of one's belongings while they are thus in a state of dislocation? Nowadays people who understand the world, and have money commensurate with their understanding, have learned the way of shunning all these disasters, and of leaving the work to the hands of persons paid for doing it. The crockery is left in the cupboards, the books on the shelves, the wine in the bins, the curtains on their poles, and the family that is understanding goes for a fortnight to Brighton. At the end of that time the crockery is comfortably settled in other cupboards, the books on other shelves, the wine in other bins, the curtains are hung on other poles, and all is arranged. But Mrs. Dale and her daughters understood nothing of such a method of moving as this. The assistance of the village carpenter in filling certain cases that he had made was all that they knew how to obtain beyond that of their own two servants. Every article had to pass through the hands of some one of the family; and as they felt almost overwhelmed by the extent of the work to be done, they began it much sooner than was necessary, so that it became evident as they advanced in their work that they would have to pass a dreadfully dull, stupid, uncomfortable week at last, among their boxes and cases, in all the confusion of dismantled furniture.

At first an edict had gone forth that Lily was to do nothing. She was an invalid, and was to be petted and kept quiet. But this edict soon fell to the ground, and Lily worked harder than either her mother or sister. In truth she was hardly an invalid any longer, and would not submit to an invalid's treatment. She felt herself that for the present constant occupation could alone save her from the misery of looking back—and she had conceived an idea that the harder that occupation was the better it would be for her. While pulling down the books, and folding the linen, and turning out from their old hiding-places the small long-forgotten properties of the household, she would be as gay as ever she had been in old times. She would talk over her work, standing with flushed cheek and laughing eyes among the dusty ruins around her, till for a moment her mother would think that all was well within her. But then at other moments, when the reaction came, it would seem as though nothing were well. She could not sit quietly over the fire, with quiet, rational work in her hands, and chat in a rational, quiet way. Not as yet could she do so. Nevertheless it was well with her—within her own bosom. She had declared to herself that she would conquer her misery—as she had also declared to herself during her illness that her misfortune should not kill her—and she was in the way to conquer it. She told herself that the world was not over for her because her sweet hopes had been frustrated. The wound had been deep and very sore, but the flesh of the patient had been sound and healthy, and her blood pure. A physician having knowledge in such cases would have declared, after long watching of her symptoms, that a cure was probable. Her mother was the physician who watched her with the closest eyes; and she, though she was sometimes driven to doubt, did hope, with stronger hope from day to day, that her child might live to remember the story of her love without abiding agony.

That nobody should talk to her about it—that had been the one stipulation which she had seemed to make, not sending forth a request to that effect among her friends in so many words, but showing by certain signs that such was her stipulation. A word to that effect she had spoken to her uncle—as may be remembered, which word had been regarded with the closest obedience. She had gone out into her little world very soon after the news of Crosbie's falsehood had reached her—first to church and then among the people of the village, resolving to carry herself as though no crushing weight had fallen upon her. The village people had understood it all, listening to her and answering her without the proffer of any outspoken parley.

"Lord bless 'ee," said Mrs Crump, the postmistress—and Mrs. Crump was supposed to have the sourest temper in Allington—"whenever I look at thee, Miss Lily, I thinks that surely thee is the beautifulest young 'ooman in all these parts."

"And you are the crossest old woman," said Lily, laughing, and giving her hand to the postmistress.

"So I be," said Mrs. Crump. "So I be." Then Lily sat down in the cottage and asked after her ailments. With Mrs. Hearn it was the same. Mrs. Hearn, after that first meeting which had been already mentioned, petted and caressed her, but spoke no further word of her misfortune. When Lily called a second time upon Mrs. Boyce, which she did boldly by herself, that lady did begin one other word of commiseration. "My dearest Lily, we have all been made so unhappy—" So far Mrs. Boyce got, sitting close to Lily and striving to look into her face; but Lily, with a slightly heightened color, turned sharp around upon one of the Boyce girls, tearing Mrs. Boyce's commiseration into the smallest shreds. "Minnie," she said, speaking quite loud, almost with girlish ecstasy, "what do you think Tartar did yesterday? I never laughed so much in my life." Then she told a ludicrous story about a very ugly terrier which belonged to the squire. After that even Mrs. Boyce made no further attempt. Mrs. Dale and Bell both understood that such was to be the rule—the rule even to them. Lily would speak to them occasionally on the matter—to one of them at a time, beginning with some almost single word of melancholy resignation, and then would go on till she opened her very bosom before them; but no such conversation was ever begun by them. But now, in these busy days of the packing, that topic seemed to have been banished altogether.

"Mamma," she said, standing on the top rung of a house-ladder, from which position she was handing down glass out of a cupboard, "are you sure that these things are ours? I think some of them belong to the house."

"I'm sure about that bowl at any rate, because it was my mother's before I was married."

"Oh dear, what should I do if I were to break it? Whenever I handle any thing very precious I always feel inclined to throw it down and smash it. Oh! it was as nearly gone as possible, mamma; but that was your fault."

"If you don't take care you'll be nearly gone yourself. Do take hold of something."

"Oh, Bell, here's the inkstand for which you've been moaning for three years."

"I haven't been moaning for three years; but who could have put it up there?"

"Catch it," said Lily; and she threw the bottle down on to a pile of carpets.

At this moment a step was heard in the hall, and the squire entered through the open door of the room. "So you're all at work?" said he.

"Yes, we're at work," said Mrs. Dale, almost with a tone of shame. "If it is to be done it is as well that it should be got over."

"It makes me wretched enough," said the squire. "But I didn't come to talk about that. I've brought you a note from Lady Julia De Guest, and I've had one from the earl. They want us all to go there and stay the week after Easter."

Mrs. Dale and the girls, when this very sudden proposition was made to them, all remained fixed in their places, and, for a moment, were speechless. Go and stay a week at Guestwick Manor! The whole family! Hitherto the intercourse between the Manor and the Small House had been confined to morning calls, very far between. Mrs. Dale had never dined there, and had latterly even deputed the calling to her daughters. Once Bell had dined there with her uncle, the squire, and once Lily had gone over with her uncle Orlando. Even this had been long ago, before they were quite brought out, and they had regarded the occasion with the solemn awe of children. Now, at this time of their flitting into some small mean dwelling at Guestwick, they had previously settled among themselves that that affair of calling at the Manor might be allowed to drop. Mrs. Eames never called, and they were descending to the level of Mrs. Eames. "Perhaps we shall get game sent to us, and that will be better," Lily had said. And now, at this very moment of their descent in life, they were all asked to go and stay a week at the Manor! Stay a week with Lady Julia! Had the Queen sent the Lord Chamberlain down to bid them all go to Windsor Castle it could hardly have startled them more at the first blow. Bell had been seated on the folded carpet when her uncle had entered, and now had again sat herself in the same place. Lily was still standing at the top of the ladder, and Mrs. Dale was at the foot with one hand on Lily's dress. The squire had told his story very abruptly, but he was a man who, having a story to tell, knew nothing better than to tell it out abruptly, letting out every thing at the first moment.

"Wants us all!" said Mrs. Dale. "How many does the all mean?" Then she opened Lady Julia's note and read it, not moving from her position at the foot of the ladder.

"Do let me see, mamma," said Lily; and then the note was handed up to her. Had Mrs. Dale well considered the matter she might probably have kept the note to herself for a while, but the whole thing was so sudden that she had not considered the matter well:

"My dear Mrs. Dale"—the letter ran—"I send this inside a note from my brother to Mr. Dale. We particularly want you and your two girls to come to us for a week from the seventeenth of this month. Considering our near connection we ought to have seen more of each other than we have done for years past, and of course it has been our fault. But it is never too late to amend one's ways; and I hope you will receive my confession in the true spirit of affection in which it is intended, and that you will show your goodness by coming to us. I will do all I can to make the house pleasant to your girls, for both of whom I have much real regard.

"I should tell you that John Eames will be here for the same week. My brother is very fond of him, and thinks him the best young man of the day. He is one of my heroes, too, I must confess.—Very sincerely yours,

"Julia de Guest."

Lily, standing on the ladder, read the letter



"BELL, HERE'S THE INKSTAND."

very attentively. The squire meanwhile stood below speaking a word or two to his sister-in-law and niece. No one could see Lily's face, as it was turned away toward the window, and it was still averted when she spoke. "It is out of the question that we should go, mamma; that is, all of us."

"Why out of the question?" said the squire.

"A whole family!" said Mrs. Dale.

"That is just what they want," said the squire.

"I should like of all things to be left alone for a week," said Lily, "if mamma and Bell would go."

"That wouldn't do at all," said the squire. "Lady Julia specially wants you to be one of the party."

The thing had been badly managed altogether. The reference in Lady Julia's note to John Eames had explained to Lily the whole scheme at once, and had so opened her eyes that all the combined influence of the Dale and De Guest

families could not have dragged her over to the Manor.

"Why not do?" said Lily. "It would be out of the question a whole family going in that way, but it would be very nice for Bell."

"No, it would not," said Bell.

"Don't be ungenerous about it, my dear," said the squire, turning to Bell; "Lady Julia means to be kind. But, my darling," and the squire turned again toward Lily, addressing her, as was his wont in these days, with an affection that was almost vexatious to her; "but, my darling, why should you not go? A change of scene like that will do you all the good in the world, just when you are getting well. Mary, tell the girls that they ought to go."

Mrs. Dale stood silent, again reading the note, and Lily came down from the ladder. When she reached the floor she went directly up to her uncle, and taking his hand turned him round with herself toward one of the windows, so that they stood with their backs to the room. "Uncle," she said, "do not be angry with me. I can't go;" and then she put up her face to kiss him.

He stooped and kissed her and still held her hand. He looked into her face and read it all. He knew well, now, why she could not go; or rather, why she herself thought that she could not go. "Can not you, my darling?" he said.

"No, uncle. It is very kind, very kind; but I can not go. I am not fit to go any where."

"But you should get over that feeling. You should make a struggle."

"I am struggling, and I shall succeed; but I can not do it all at once. At any rate I could not go there. You must give my love to Lady Julia, and not let her think me cross. Perhaps Bell will go."

What would be the good of Bell's going—or the good of his putting himself out of the way, by a visit which would of itself be so tiresome to him, if the one object of the visit could not be carried out? The earl and his sister had planned the invitation with the express intention of bringing Lily and Eames together. It seemed that Lily was firm in her determination to resist this intention; and, if so, it would be better that the whole thing should fall to the ground. He was very vexed, and yet he was not angry with her. Every body lately had opposed him in every thing. All his intended family arrangements had gone wrong. But yet he was seldom angry respecting them. He was so accustomed to be thwarted that he hardly expected success. In this matter of providing Lily with a second lover he had not come forward of his own accord. He had been appealed to by his neighbor the earl, and had certainly answered the appeal with much generosity. He had been induced to make the attempt with eagerness, and a true desire for its accomplishment; but in this, as in all his own schemes, he was met at once by opposition and failure.

"I will leave you to talk it over among yourselves," he said. "But, Mary, you had better see me before you send your answer. If you will come up by-and-by Ralph shall take the two notes over together in the afternoon." So saying, he left the Small House and went back to his own solitary home.

"Lily, dear," said Mrs. Dale, as soon as the front door had been closed, "this is meant for kindness to you—for most affectionate kindness."

"I know it, mamma; and you must go to Lady Julia, and must tell her that I know it. You must give her my love. And, indeed, I do love her now. But—"

"You won't go, Lily?" said Mrs. Dale, beseechingly.

"No, mamma; certainly I will not go." Then she escaped out of the room by herself, and for the next hour neither of them dared to go to her.

CHAPTER L.

MRS. DALE IS THANKFUL FOR A GOOD THING.

On that day they dined early at the Small House, as they had been in the habit of doing since the packing had commenced. And after dinner Mrs. Dale went through the gardens, up to the other house, with a written note in her hand. In that note she had told Lady Julia, with many protestations of gratitude, that Lily was unable to go out so soon after her illness, and that she herself was obliged to stay with Lily. She explained also that the business of moving was in hand, and that therefore she could not herself accept the invitation. But her other daughter, she said, would be very happy to accompany her uncle to Guestwick Manor. Then, without closing her letter, she took it up to the squire in order that it might be decided whether it would or would not suit his views. It might well be that he would not care to go to Lord De Guest's with Bell alone.

"Leave it with me," he said; "that is, if you do not object."

"Oh dear, no!"

"I'll tell you the plain truth at once, Mary. I shall go over myself with it and see the earl. Then I will decline it or not according to what passes between me and him. I wish Lily would have gone."

"Ah! she could not."

"I wish she could. I wish she could. I wish she could." As he repeated the words over and over again, there was an eagerness in his voice that filled Mrs. Dale's heart with tenderness toward him.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Dale, "she could not go there to meet John Eames."

"Oh, I know," said the squire: "I understand it. But that is just what we want her to do. Why should she not spend a week in the same house with an honest young man whom we all like?"

"There are reasons why she would not wish it."

"Ah, exactly; the very reasons which should make us induce her to go there if we can. Perhaps I had better tell you all. Lord De Guest has taken him by the hand and wishes him to marry. He has promised to settle on him an income which will make him comfortable for life."

"That is very generous; and I am delighted to hear it—for John's sake."

"And they have promoted him at his office."

"Ah! then he will do well."

"He will do very well. He is private secretary now to their head man. And, Mary, so that she, Lily, should not be empty-handed if this marriage can be arranged, I have undertaken to settle a hundred a year on her—on her and her children if she will accept him. Now you know it all. I did not mean to tell you; but it is as well that you should have the means of judging. That other man was a villain. This man is honest. Would it not be well that she should learn to like him? She always did like him, I thought, before that other fellow came down here among us."

"She has always liked him—as a friend."

"She will never get a better lover."

Mrs. Dale sat silent, thinking over it all. Every word that the squire said was true. It would be a healing of wounds most desirable and salutary; an arrangement advantageous to them all; a destiny for Lily most devoutly to be desired—if only it were possible. Mrs. Dale firmly believed that if her daughter could be made to accept John Eames as her second lover in a year or two all would be well. Crosbie would then be forgotten or thought of without regret, and Lily would become the mistress of a happy home. But there are positions which can not be reached, though there be no physical or material objection in the way. It is the view which the mind takes of a thing which creates the sorrow that arises from it. If the heart were always malleable and the feelings could be controlled, who would permit himself to be tormented by any of the reverses which affection meets? Death would create no sorrow; ingratitude would lose its sting; and the betrayal of love would do no injury beyond that which it might entail upon worldly circumstances. But the heart is not malleable; nor will the feelings admit of such control.

"It is not possible for her," said Mrs. Dale. "I fear it is not possible. It is too soon."

"Six months," pleaded the squire.

"It will take years—not months," said Mrs. Dale.

"And she will lose all her youth."

"Yes; he has done all that by his treachery. But it is done, and we can not now go back. She loves him yet as dearly as she ever loved him."

Then the squire muttered certain words below his breath—ejaculations against Crosbie, which were hardly voluntary; but even as involuntary ejaculations were very improper. Mrs. Dale heard them, and was not offended either by their impropriety or their warmth. "But you can understand," she said, "that she can not bring herself to go there." The squire struck the table with his fist, and repeated his ejaculations. If he could only have known how very disagreeable Lady Alexandrina was making herself, his spirit might, perhaps, have been less vehemently disturbed. If, also, he could have perceived and understood the light in which an alliance with the De Courcy family was now regarded by Crosbie, I think that he would have received some consolation from that consideration. Those who offend us are generally punished for the offense they give; but we so frequently miss the satisfaction of knowing that we are avenged! It is arranged, apparently, that the injurer shall be punished, but that the person injured shall not gratify his desire for vengeance.

"And will you go to Guestwick yourself?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"I will take the note," said the squire, "and will let you know to-morrow. The earl has behaved so kindly that every possible consideration is due to him. I had better tell him the whole truth, and go or stay as he may wish. I don't see the good of going. What am I to do at Guestwick Manor? I did think that if we had all been there it might have cured some difficulties."

Mrs. Dale got up to leave him, but she could not go without saying some word of gratitude for all that he had attempted to do for them. She well knew what he meant by the curing of difficulties. He had intended to signify that had they lived together for a week at Guestwick the idea of flitting from Allington might possibly have been abandoned. It seemed now to Mrs. Dale as though her brother-in-law were heaping coals of fire on her head in return for that intention. She felt half-ashamed of what she was doing, almost acknowledging to herself that she should have borne with his sternness in return for the benefits he had done to her daughters. Had she not feared their reproaches she would, even now, have given way.

"I do not know what I ought to say to you for your kindness."

"Say nothing—either for my kindness or unkindness; but stay where you are, and let us live like Christians together, striving to think good and not evil." These were kind, loving words, showing in themselves a spirit of love and forbearance; but they were spoken in a harsh, unsympathizing voice, and the speaker, as he uttered them, looked gloomily at the fire. In truth the squire, as he spoke, was half-ashamed of the warmth of what he said.

"At any rate I will not think evil," Mrs. Dale answered, giving him her hand. After that she left him and returned home. It was too late for her to abandon her project of moving and remain at the Small House, but as she went across the garden she almost confessed to herself that she repented of what she was doing.

In these days of the cold early spring, the way from the lawn into the house, through the drawing-room window, was not as yet open, and it was necessary to go round by the kitchen-garden on to the road, and thence in by the front door; or else to pass through the back door, and into the house by the kitchen. This latter mode of entrance Mrs. Dale now adopted; and as she made her way into the hall Lily came upon her, with very silent steps, out from the parlor, and arrested her progress. There was a smile upon Lily's face as she lifted up her finger as if in caution, and no one looking at her would have supposed that she was herself in trouble. "Mamma," she said, pointing to the drawing-room door, and speaking almost in a whisper, "you must not go in there; come into the parlor."

"Who's there? Where's Bell?" and Mrs. Dale went into the parlor as she was bidden. "But who is there?" she repeated.

"He's there!"

"Who is he?"

"Oh, mamma, don't be a goose! Dr. Crofts is there, of course. He's been nearly an hour. I wonder how he is managing, for there is nothing on earth to sit upon but the old lump of a carpet. The room is strewed about with crockery, and Bell is such a figure! She has got on your old checked apron, and when he came in she was rolling up the fire-irons in brown paper. I don't suppose she was ever in such a mess before. There's one thing certain—he can't kiss her hand."

"It's you are the goose, Lily."

"But he's in there, certainly, unless he has gone out through the window, or up the chimney."

"What made you leave them?"

"He met me here, in the passage, and spoke to me ever so seriously. 'Come in,' I said, 'and see Bell packing the pokers and tongs.' 'I will go in,' he said; 'but don't come with me.' He was ever so serious, and I'm sure he had been thinking of it all the way along."

"And why should he not be serious?"

"Oh no, of course, he ought to be serious; but are you not glad, mamma? I am so glad We shall live alone together, you and I, but she will be so close to us! My belief is that he'll stay there forever unless somebody does something. I have been so tired of waiting and looking out for you. Perhaps he's helping her to pack the things. Don't you think we might go in; or would it be ill-natured?"

"Lily, don't be in too great a hurry to say any thing. You may be mistaken, you know; and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

"Yes, mamma, there is," said Lily, putting her hand inside her mother's arm; "that's true enough."

"Oh, my darling, forgive me," said the mother, suddenly remembering that the use of the old proverb at the present moment had been almost cruel.

"Do not mind it," said Lily; "it does not hurt me; it does me good; that is to say, when there is nobody by except yourself. But, with God's help, there shall be no slip here, and she shall be happy. It is all the difference between one thing done in a hurry, and another done with much thinking. But they'll remain there forever if we don't go in. Come, mamma, you open the door."

Then Mrs. Dale did open the door, giving some little premonitory notice with the handle, so that the couple inside might be warned of approaching footsteps. Crofts had not escaped, either through the window or up the chimney, but was seated in the middle of the room on an empty box, just opposite to Bell, who was seated upon the lump of carpeting. Bell still wore the checked apron as described by her sister. What might have been the state of her hands I will not pretend to say; but I do not believe that her lover had found any thing amiss with them. "How do you do, doctor?" said Mrs. Dale, striving to use her accustomed voice, and to look as though there were nothing of special importance in his visit. "I have just come down from the Great House."

"Mamma," said Bell, jumping up, "you must not call him doctor any more."

"Must I not? Has any one undoctored him?"

"Oh, mamma, you understand," said Bell.

"I understand," said Lily, going up to the doctor and giving him her cheek to kiss. "He is to be my brother, and I mean to claim him as such from this moment. I expect him to do every thing for us, and not to call a moment of his time his own."

"Mrs. Dale," said the doctor, "Bell has consented that it shall be so, if you will consent."

"There is but little doubt of that," said Mrs. Dale.

"We shall not be rich—" began the doctor.

"I hate to be rich," said Bell. "I hate even to talk about it. I don't think it quite manly even to think about it; and I am sure it isn't womanly."

"Bell was always a fanatic in praise of poverty," said Mrs. Dale.

"No: I am no fanatic. I'm very fond of money earned. I would like to earn some myself if I knew how."

"Let her go out and visit the lady patients," said Lily. "They do in America."

Then they all went into the parlor and sat round the fire talking as though they were already one family. The proceeding, considering the nature of it—that a young lady, acknowledged to be of great beauty and known to be of good birth, had on the occasion been asked and given in marriage—was carried on after a somewhat humdrum fashion, and in a manner that must be called commonplace. How different had it been when Crosbie had made his offer! Lily for the time had been raised to a pinnacle—a pinnacle which might be dangerous, but which was, at any rate, lofty. With what a pretty speech had Crosbie been greeted! How it had been felt by all concerned that the

fortunes of the Small House were in the ascendant—felt, indeed, with some trepidation, but still with much inward triumph! How great had been the occasion, forcing Lily almost to lose herself in wonderment at what had occurred! There was no great occasion now, and no wonderment. No one, unless it was Crofts, felt very triumphant. But they were all very happy, and were sure that there was safety in their happiness. It was but the other day that one of them had been thrown rudely to the ground through the treachery of a lover, but yet none of them feared treachery from this lover. Bell was as sure of her lot in life as though she were already being taken home to her modest house in Guestwick. Mrs. Dale already looked upon the man as her son, and the party of four as they sat round the fire grouped themselves as though they already formed one family.

But Bell was not seated next to her lover. Lily, when she had once accepted Crosbie, seemed to think that she could never be too near him. She had been in nowise ashamed of her love, and had shown it constantly by some little caressing motion of her hand, leaning on his arm, looking into his face, as though she were continually desirous of some palpable assurance of his presence. It was not so at all with Bell. She was happy in loving and in being loved, but she required no overt testimonies of affection. I do not think it would have made her unhappy if some sudden need had required that Crofts should go to India and back before they were married. The thing was settled, and that was enough for her. But, on the other hand, when he spoke of the expediency of an immediate marriage, she raised no difficulty. As her mother was about to go into a new residence, it might be as well that that residence should be fitted to the wants of two persons instead of three. So they talked about chairs and tables, carpets and kitchens, in a most unromantic, homely, useful manner! A considerable portion of the furniture in the house they were now about to leave belonged to the squire—or to the house rather, as they were in the habit of saying. The older and more solid things—articles of household stuff that stand the wear of half a century—had been in the Small House when they came to it. There was, therefore, a question of buying new furniture for a house in Guestwick, a question not devoid of importance to the possessor of so moderate an income as that owned by Mrs. Dale. In the first month or two they were to live in lodgings, and their goods were to be stored in some friendly warehouse. Under such circumstances would it not be well that Bell's marriage should be so arranged that the lodging question might not be in any degree complicated by her necessities? This was the last suggestion made by Dr. Crofts, induced no doubt by the great encouragement he had received.

"That would be hardly possible," said Mrs. Dale. "It only wants three weeks; and with the house in such a condition!"

"James is joking," said Bell.

"I was not joking at all," said the doctor.

"Why not send for Mr. Boyce, and carry her off at once on a pillion behind you?" said Lily. "It's just the sort of thing for primitive people to do, like you and Bell. All the same, Bell, I do wish you could have been married from this house."

"I don't think it will make much difference," said Bell.

"Only if you would have waited till summer we would have had such a nice party on the lawn. It sounds so ugly being married from lodgings; doesn't it, mamma?"

"It doesn't sound at all ugly to me," said Bell.

"I shall always call you Dame Commonplace when you're married," said Lily.

Then they had tea, and after tea Dr. Crofts got on his horse and rode back to Guestwick.

"Now may I talk about him?" said Lily, as soon as the door was closed behind his back.

"No; you may not."

"As if I hadn't known it all along! And wasn't it hard to bear that you should have scolded me with such pertinacious austerity, and that I wasn't to say a word in answer!"

"I don't remember the austerity," said Mrs. Dale.

"Nor yet Lily's silence," said Bell.

"But it's all settled now," said Lily, "and I'm downright happy. I never felt more satisfaction—never, Bell!"

"Nor did I," said her mother; "I may truly say that I thank God for this good thing."

CHAPTER LI.

JOHN EAMES DOES THINGS WHICH HE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DONE.

JOHN EAMES succeeded in making his bargain with Sir Raffle Buffle. He accepted the private-secretaryship on the plainly expressed condition that he was to have leave of absence for a fortnight toward the end of April. Having arranged this he took an affectionate leave of Mr. Love, who was really much affected at parting with him, discussed valedictory pots of porter in the big room, over which many wishes were expressed that he might be enabled to compass the length and breadth of old Huffle's feet, uttered a last cutting joke at Mr. Kissing as he met that gentleman hurrying through the passages with an enormous ledger in his hands, and then took his place in the comfortable arm-chair which FitzHoward had been forced to relinquish.

"Don't tell any of the fellows," said Fitz, "but I'm going to cut the concern altogether. My governor wouldn't let me stop here in any other place than that of private secretary."

"Ah! your governor is a swell," said Eames.

"I don't know about that," said FitzHoward. "Of course he has a good deal of family interest. My cousin is to come in for St. Bungay at

the next election, and then I can do better than remain here."

"That's a matter of course," said Eames. "If my cousin were Member for St. Bungay, I'd never stand any thing east of Whitehall."

"And I don't mean," said FitzHoward. "This room, you know, is all very nice; but it is a bore coming into the City every day. And then one doesn't like to be rung for like a servant. Not that I mean to put you out of conceit with it."

"It will do very well for me," said Eames. "I never was very particular." And so they parted, Eames assuming the beautiful arm-chair and the peril of being asked to carry Sir Raffle's shoes, while FitzHoward took the vacant desk in the big room till such time as some member of his family should come into Parliament for the borough of St. Bungay.

But Eames, though he drank the porter, and quizzed FitzHoward, and gibed at Kissing, did not seat himself in his new arm-chair without some serious thoughts. He was aware that his career in London had not hitherto been one on which he could look back with self-respect. He had lived with friends whom he did not esteem; he had been idle, and sometimes worse than idle; and he had allowed himself to be hampered by the pretended love of a woman for whom he had never felt any true affection, and by whom he had been cozened out of various foolish promises which even yet were hanging over his head. As he sat with Sir Raffle's notes before him he thought almost with horror of the men and women in Burton Crescent. It was now about three years since he had first known Cradell, and he shuddered as he remembered how very poor a creature was he whom he had chosen for his bosom friend. He could not make for himself those excuses which we can make for him. He could not tell himself that he had been driven by circumstances to choose a friend before he had learned to know what were the requisites for which he should look. He had lived on terms of closest intimacy with this man for three years, and now his eyes were opening themselves to the nature of his friend's character. Cradell was in age three years his senior. "I won't drop him," he said to himself; "but he is a poor creature." He thought, too, of the Lupexes, of Miss Spruce, and of Mrs. Roper, and tried to imagine what Lily Dale would do if she found herself among such people. It would be impossible that she should ever so find herself. He might as well ask her to drink at the bar of a gin-shop as to sit down in Mrs. Roper's drawing-room. If destiny had in store for him such good fortune as that of calling Lily his own, it was necessary that he should altogether alter his mode of life.

In truth his hobbledehoyhood was dropping off from him, as its old skin drops from a snake. Much of the feeling and something of the knowledge of manhood was coming on him, and he was beginning to recognize to himself that the future manner of his life must be to him a matter of very serious concern. No such thought had come near him when he first established himself in London. It seems to me that in this respect the fathers and mothers of the present generation understand but little of the inward nature of the young men for whom they are so anxious. They give them credit for so much that it is impossible they should have, and then deny them credit for so much that they possess! They expect from them when boys the discretion of men—that discretion which comes from thinking; but will not give them credit for any of that power of thought which alone can ultimately produce good conduct. Young men are generally thoughtful — more thoughtful than their seniors; but the fruit of their thought is not as yet there. And then so little is done for the amusement of lads who are turned loose into London at nineteen or twenty. Can it be that any mother really expects her son to sit alone evening after evening in a dingy room drinking bad tea and reading good books? And yet it seems that mothers do so expect—the very mothers who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth! O ye mothers who from year to year see your sons launched forth upon the perils of the world, and who are so careful with your good advice, with under-flannel shirtings, with books of devotion and tooth-powder, does it never occur to you that provision should be made for amusement, for dancing, for parties, for the excitement and comfort of women's society? That excitement your sons will have, and if it be not provided by you of one kind, will certainly be provided by themselves of another kind. If I were a mother sending lads out into the world, the matter most in my mind would be this—to what houses full of nicest girls could I get them admission, so that they might do their flirting in good company.

Poor John Eames had been so placed that he had been driven to do his flirting in very bad company, and he was now fully aware that it had been so. It wanted but two days to his departure for Guestwick Manor, and as he sat breathing a while after the manufacture of a large batch of Sir Raffle's notes, he made up his mind that he would give Mrs. Roper notice before he started that on his return to London he would be seen no more in Burton Crescent. He would break his bonds altogether asunder, and if there should be any penalty for such breaking he would pay it in what best manner he might be able. He acknowledged to himself that he had been behaving badly to Amelia, confessing, indeed, more sin in that respect than he had in truth committed; but this, at any rate, was clear to him—that he must put himself on a proper footing in that quarter before he could venture to speak to Lily Dale.

As he came to a definite conclusion on this subject the little hand-bell which always stood on Sir Raffle's table was sounded, and Eames was called into the presence of the great man. "Ah," said Sir Raffle, leaning back in his arm-chair, and stretching himself after the great ex-

ertions which he had been making—"Ah, let me see? You are going out of town the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir Raffle, the day after to-morrow."

"Ah, it's a great annoyance—a very great annoyance. But on such occasions I never think of myself. I never have done so, and don't suppose I ever shall. So you're going down to my old friend De Guest?"

Eames was always angered when his new patron Sir Raffle talked of his old friendship with the earl, and never gave the Commissioner any encouragement. "I am going down to Guestwick," said he.

"Ah yes; to Guestwick Manor? I don't remember that I was ever there. I dare say I may have been, but one forgets those things."

"I never heard Lord De Guest speak of it."

"Oh dear, no. Why should his memory be better than mine? Tell him, will you? how very glad I shall be to renew our old intimacy. I should think nothing of running down to him for a day or two in the dull time of the year—say in September or October. It's rather a coincidence our both being interested about you, isn't it?"

"I'll be sure to tell him."

"Mind you do. He's one of our most thoroughly independent noblemen, and I respect him very highly. Let me see; didn't I ring my bell? What was it I wanted? I think I rang my bell."

"You did ring your bell."

"Ah yes; I know. I'm going away, and I wanted my— Would you tell Rafferty to bring me—my boots?" Whereupon Johnny rang the bell—not the little hand-bell, but the other bell. "And I sha'n't be here to-morrow," continued Sir Raffle. "I'll thank you to send my letters up to the square; and if they should send down from the Treasury—but the Chancellor would write, and in that case you'll send up his letter at once by a special messenger, of course."

"Here's Rafferty," said Eames, determined that he would not even sully his lips with speaking of Sir Raffle's boots.

"Oh, ah, yes; Rafferty, bring me my boots."

"Any thing else to say?" asked Eames.

"No, nothing else. Of course you'll be careful to leave every thing straight behind you."

"Oh yes; I'll leave it all straight." Then Eames withdrew, so that he might not be present at the interview between Sir Raffle and his boots. "He'll not do," said Sir Raffle to himself. "He'll never do. He's not quick enough—has no go in him. He's not man enough for the place. I wonder why the earl has taken him by the hand in that way."

Soon after the little episode of the boots Eames left his office and walked home alone to Burton Crescent. He felt that he had gained a victory in Sir Raffle's room, but the victory there had been easy. Now he had another battle on his hands, in which, as he believed, the achievement of victory would be much more difficult. Amelia Roper was a person much more to be feared than the Chief Commissioner? He had one strong arrow in his quiver on which he would depend, if there should come to him the necessity of giving his enemy a death-wound. During the last week she had been making powerful love to Cradell, so as to justify the punishment of desertion from a former lover. He would not throw Cradell in her teeth if he could help it; but it was incumbent on him to gain a victory, and if the worst should come to the worst, he must use such weapons as destiny and the chance of war had given him.

He found Mrs. Roper in the dining-room as he entered, and immediately begun his work. "Mrs. Roper," he said, "I'm going out of town the day after to-morrow."

"Oh yes, Mr. Eames, we know that. You're going as a visitor to the noble mansion of the Earl De Guest."

"I don't know about the mansion being very noble, but I'm going down into the country for a fortnight. When I come back—"

"When you come back, Mr. Eames, I hope you'll find your room a deal more comfortable. I know it isn't quite what it should be for a gentleman like you, and I've been thinking for some time past—"

"But, Mrs. Roper, I don't mean to come back here any more. It's just that that I want to say to you."

"Not come back to the crescent!"

"No, Mrs. Roper. A fellow must move sometimes, you know; and I'm sure I've been very constant to you for a long time."

"But where are you going, Mr. Eames?"

"Well, I haven't just made up my mind as yet. That is, it will depend on what I may do—on what friends of mine may say down in the country. You'll not think I'm quarreling with you, Mrs. Roper."

"It's them Lupexes as have done it," said Mrs. Roper, in her deep distress.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Roper, nobody has done it."

"Yes, it is; and I'm not going to blame you, Mr. Eames. They've made the house unfit for any decent young gentleman like you. I've been feeling that all along; but it's hard upon a lone woman like me, isn't it, Mr. Eames?"

"But, Mrs. Roper, the Lupexes have had nothing to do with my going."

"Oh yes, they have; I understand it all. But what could I do, Mr. Eames? I've been giving them warning every week for the last six months; but the more I give them warning the more they won't go. Unless I were to send for a policeman and have a row in the house—"

"But I haven't complained of the Lupexes, Mrs. Roper."

"You wouldn't be quitting without any reason, Mr. Eames. You are not going to be married in earnest, are you, Mr. Eames?"

"Not that I know of."

"You may tell me; you may, indeed. I won't say a word—not to any body. It hasn't been my fault about Amelia. It hasn't really."

"Who says there's been any fault?"

"I can see, Mr. Eames. Of course it didn't do for me to interfere. And if you had liked her, I will say I believe she'd have made as good a wife as any young man ever took: and she can make a few pounds go farther than most girls. You can understand a mother's feelings; and if there was to be any thing, I couldn't spoil it; could I, now?"

"But there isn't to be any thing."

"So I've told her for months past. I'm not going to say any thing to blame you; but young men ought to be very particular; indeed they ought." Johnny did not choose to hint to the disconsolate mother that it also behooved young women to be very particular, but he thought it. "I've wished many a time, Mr. Eames, that she had never come here; indeed I have. But what's a mother to do? I couldn't put her outside the door." Then Mrs. Roper raised her apron up to her eyes, and began to sob.

"I'm very sorry if I've made any mischief," said Johnny.

"It hasn't been your fault," continued the poor woman, from whom, as her tears became uncontrollable, her true feelings forced themselves and the real outpouring of her feminine nature. "Nor it hasn't been my fault. But I knew what it would come to when I saw how she was going on; and I told her so. I knew you wouldn't put up with the likes of her."

"Indeed, Mrs. Roper, I've always had a great regard for her, and for you too."

"But you weren't going to marry her. I've told her so all along, and I've begged her not to do it—almost on my knees I have; but she wouldn't be said by me. She never would. She's always been that willful that I'd sooner have her away from me than with me. Though she's a good young woman in the house—she is indeed, Mr. Eames; and there isn't a pair of hands in it that works so hard; but it was no use my talking."

"I don't think any harm has been done."

"Yes, there has; great harm. It has made the place not respectable. It's the Lupexes is the worst. There's Miss Spruce, who has been with me for nine years—ever since I've had the house—she's been telling me this morning that she means to go into the country. It's all the same thing. I understand it. I can see it. The house isn't respectable, as it should be; and your mamma, if she were to know all, would have a right to be angry with me. I did mean to be respectable, Mr. Eames; I did, indeed."

"Miss Spruce will think better of it."

"You don't know what I've had to go through. There's none of them pays, not regular—only she and you. She's been like the Bank of England, has Miss Spruce."

"I'm afraid I've not been very regular, Mrs. Roper."

"Oh yes, you have. I don't think of a pound or two more or less at the end of a quarter, if I'm sure to have it some day. The butcher—he understands one's lodgers just as well as I do—if the money's really coming, he'll wait; but he won't wait for such as them Lupexes, whose money's nowhere. And there's Cradell; would you believe it, that fellow owes me eight-and-twenty pounds!"

"Eight-and-twenty pounds!"

"Yes, Mr. Eames, eight-and-twenty pounds! He's a fool. It's them Lupexes as have had his money. I know it. He don't talk of paying and going away. I shall be just left with him and the Lupexes on my hands, and then the bailiffs may come and sell every stick about the place. I won't say nay to them." Then she threw herself into the old horse-hair arm-chair, and gave way to her womanly sorrow.

"I think I'll go up stairs and get ready for dinner," said Eames.

"And you must go away when you come back?" said Mrs. Roper.

"Well, yes, I'm afraid I must. I meant you to have a month's warning from to-day. Of course I shall pay for the month."

"I don't want to take any advantage; indeed I don't. But I do hope you'll leave your things. You can have them whenever you like. If Chumpend knows that you and Miss Spruce are both going, of course he'll be down upon me for his money." Chumpend was the butcher. But Eames made no answer to this piteous plea. Whether or no he could allow his old boots to remain in Burton Crescent for the next week or two must depend on the manner in which he might be received by Amelia Roper this evening.

When he came down to the drawing-room there was no one there but Miss Spruce. "A fine day, Miss Spruce," said he.

"Yes, Mr. Eames, it is a fine day for London; but don't you think the country air is very nice?"

"Give me the town," said Johnny, wishing to say a good word for poor Mrs. Roper, if it were possible.

"You're a young man, Mr. Eames; but I'm only an old woman. That makes a difference," said Miss Spruce.

"Not much," said Johnny, meaning to be civil. "You don't like to be dull any more than I do."

"I like to be respectable, Mr. Eames. I always have been respectable, Mr. Eames." This the old woman said almost in a whisper, looking anxiously to see that the door had not been opened to other listening ears.

"I'm sure Mrs. Roper is very respectable."

"Yes, Mrs. Roper is respectable, Mr. Eames; but there are some here that— Hush-sh-sh!" And the old lady put her finger up to her lips. The door opened, and Mrs. Lupex swam into the room.

"How d'ye do, Miss Spruce? I declare you're always first. It's to get a chance of having one of the young gentlemen to yourself, I believe. What's the news in the city to-day, Mr. Eames? In your position now, of course, you hear all the news."

"Sir Raffle Buffle has got a new pair of shoes. I don't know that for certain, but I guess it from the time it took him to put them on."

"Ah! now you're quizzing. That's always the way with you gentlemen when you get a little up in the world. You don't think women are worth talking to then, unless just for a joke or so."

"I'd a great deal sooner talk to you, Mrs. Lupex, than I would to Sir Raffle Buffle."

"It's all very well for you to say that. But we women know what such compliments as those mean—don't we, Miss Spruce? A woman that's been married five years as I have—or I may say six—doesn't expect much attention from young men. And though I was young when I married—young in years, that is—I'd seen too much, and gone through too much, to be young in heart." This she said almost in a whisper; but Miss Spruce heard it, and was confirmed in her belief that Burton Crescent was no longer respectable.

"I don't know what you were then, Mrs. Lupex," said Eames; "but you're young enough now for any thing."

"Mr. Eames, I'd sell all that remains of my youth at a cheap rate—at a very cheap rate, if I could only be sure of—"

"Sure of what, Mrs. Lupex?"

"The undivided affection of the one person that I loved. That is all that is necessary to a woman's happiness."

"And isn't Lupex—"

"Lupex! But hush—never mind. I should not have allowed myself to be betrayed into an expression of feeling. Here's your friend Mr. Cradell. Do you know I sometimes wonder what you find in that man to be so fond of him." Miss Spruce saw it all and heard it all, and positively resolved upon moving herself to those two small rooms at Dulwich.

Hardly a word was exchanged between Amelia and Eames before dinner. Amelia still devoted herself to Cradell, and Johnny saw that that arrow, if it should be needed, would be a strong weapon. Mrs. Roper they found seated at her place at the dining-table, and Eames could perceive the traces of her tears. Poor woman! Few positions in life could be harder to bear than hers! To be ever tugging at others for money that they could not pay; to be ever tugged at for money which she could not pay; to desire respectability for its own sake, but to be driven to confess that it was a luxury beyond her means; to put up with disreputable belongings for the sake of lucre, and then not to get the lucre, but to be driven to feel that she was ruined by the attempt! How many Mrs. Ropers there are who from year to year sink down and fall away, and no one knows whither they betake themselves! One fancies that one sees them from time to time at the corners of the streets in battered bonnets and thin gowns, with the tattered remnants of old shawls upon their shoulders, still looking as though they had within them a faint remembrance of long-distant respectability. With anxious eyes they peer about as though searching in the streets for other lodgers. Where do they get their daily morsels of bread, and their poor cups of thin tea—their cups of thin tea, with perhaps a pennyworth of gin added to it, if Providence be good! Of this state of things Mrs. Roper had a lively appreciation, and now, poor woman, she feared that she was reaching it by the aid of the Lupexes. On the present occasion she carved her joint of meat in silence, and sent out her slices to the good guests that would leave her, and to the bad guests that would remain, with apathetic impartiality. What was the use now of doing favor to one lodger or disfavor to another? Let them take their mutton—they who would pay for it and they who would not. She would not have the carving of many more joints in that house if Chumpend acted up to all the threats which he had uttered to her that morning.

The reader may, perhaps, remember the little back room behind the dining-parlor. A description was given in some former pages of an interview which was held there between Amelia and her lover. It was in that room that all the interviews of Mrs. Roper's establishment had their existence. A special room for interviews is necessary in all households of a mixed nature. If a man lives alone with his wife, he can have his interviews where he pleases. Sons and daughters, even when they are grown up, hardly create the necessity of an interview-chamber, though some such need may be felt if the daughters are marriageable and independent in their natures. But when the family becomes more complicated than this, if an extra young man be introduced, or an aunt comes into residence, or grown-up children by a former wife interfere with the domestic simplicity, then such accommodation becomes quite indispensable. No woman would think of taking in lodgers without such a room; and this room there was at Mrs. Roper's, very small and dingy, but still sufficient—just behind the dining-parlor and opposite to the kitchen stairs. Hither, after dinner, Amelia was summoned. She had just seated herself between Mrs. Lupex and Miss Spruce, ready to do battle with the former because she would stay, and with the latter because she would go, when she was called out by the servant girl.

"Miss Mealyer, Miss Mealyer—sh—sh—sh!" And Amelia, looking round, saw a large red hand beckoning to her. "He's down there," said Jemima, as soon as her young mistress had joined her, "and want's to see you most partic'lar."

"Which of 'em?" asked Amelia, in a whisper.

"Why, Mr. Heames, to be sure. Don't you go and have any think to say to the other one, Miss Mealyer, pray don't, he ain't no good; he ain't indeed."

Amelia stood still for a moment on the landing, calculating whether it would be well for her to have the interview, or well to decline it. Her objects were two; or, rather, her object was in

its nature twofold. She was, naturally, anxious to drive John Eames to desperation; and anxious also, by some slight added artifice, to make sure of Cradell if Eames's desperation did not have a very speedy effect. She agreed with Jemima's criticism in the main, but she did not go quite so far as to think that Cradell was no good at all. Let it be Eames, if Eames were possible; but let the other string be kept for use if Eames were not possible. Poor girl! in coming to this resolve she had not done so without agony. She had a heart, and with such power as it gave her, she loved John Eames. But the world had been hard to her; knocking her about hither and thither unmercifully; threatening, as it now threatened, to take from her what few good things she enjoyed. When a girl is so circumstanced she can not afford to attend to her heart. She almost resolved not to see Eames on the present occasion, thinking that he might be made the more desperate by such refusal, and remembering also that Cradell was in the house and would know of it.

"He's there awaiting, Miss Mealyer. Why don't yer come down?" and Jemima plucked her young mistress by the arm.

"I am coming," said Amelia. And with dignified steps she descended to the interview.

"Here she is, Mr. Heames," said the girl, and then Johnny found himself alone with his lady-love.

"You have sent for me, Mr. Eames," she said, giving her head a little toss, and turning her face away from him. "I was engaged up stairs, but I thought it uncivil not to come down to you as you sent for me so special."

"Yes, Miss Roper, I did want to see you very particularly."

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, and he understood fully that the exclamation referred to his having omitted the customary use of her Christian name.

"I saw your mother before dinner, and I told her that I am going away the day after to-morrow."

"We all know about that; to the earl's, of course!" And then there was another chuck of her head.

"And I told her also that I had made up my mind not to come back to Burton Crescent."

"What! leave the house altogether!"

"Well; yes. A fellow must make a change sometimes, you know."

"And where are you going, John?"

"That I don't know as yet."

"Tell me the truth, John; are you going to be married? Are you—going—to marry—that young woman—Mr. Crosbie's leavings? I demand to have an answer at once. Are you going to marry her?"

He had determined very resolutely that nothing she might say should make him angry, but when she thus questioned him about "Crosbie's leavings" he found it very difficult to keep his temper. "I have not come," said he, "to speak to you about any one but ourselves."

"That put-off won't do with me, Sir. You are not to treat any girl you may please in that sort of way; oh, John!" Then she looked at him as though she did not know whether to fly at him and cover him with kisses, or to fly at him and tear his hair.

"I know I haven't behaved quite as I should have done," he began.

"Oh, John!" and she shook her head. "You mean, then, to tell me that you are going to marry her?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind. I only mean to say that I am going away from Burton Crescent."

"John Eames, I wonder what you think will come to you! Will you answer me this? have I had a promise from you—a distinct promise, over and over again, or have I not?"

"I don't know about a distinct promise—"

"Well, well! I did think that you was a gentleman that would not go back from your word. I did think that. I did think that you would never put a young lady to the necessity of bringing forward her own letters to prove that she is not expecting more than she has a right! You don't know! And that after all that has been between us! John Eames!" And again it seemed to him as though she were about to fly.

"I tell you that I know I haven't behaved well. What more can I say?"

"What more can you say? Oh, John! to ask me such a question! If you were a man you would know very well what more to say. But all you private secretaries are given to deceit, as the sparks fly upward. However, I despise you—I do, indeed. I despise you."

"If you despise me, we might as well shake hands and part at once. I dare say that will be best. One doesn't like to be despised, of course; but sometimes one can't help it." And then he put out his hand to her.

"And is this to be the end of all?" she said, taking it.

"Well, yes; I suppose so. You say I'm despised."

"You shouldn't take up a poor girl in that way for a sharp word—not when she is suffering as I am made to suffer. If you only think of it—think what I have been expecting!" And now Amelia began to cry, and to look as though she were going to fall into his arms.

"It is better to tell the truth," he said; "isn't it?"

"But it shouldn't be the truth."

"But it is the truth. I couldn't do it. I should ruin myself and you too, and we should never be happy."

"I should be happy—very happy indeed." At this moment the poor girl's tears were unaffected, and her words were not artful. For a minute or two her heart—her actual heart—was allowed to prevail.

"It can not be, Amelia. Will you not say good-by?"

"Good-by," she said, leaning against him as she spoke.

"I do so hope you will be happy," he said. And then, putting his arm round her waist, he kissed her; which he certainly ought not to have done.

When the interview was over he escaped out into the crescent, and as he walked down through the squares—Woburn Square, and Russell Square, and Bedford Square—toward the heart of London, he felt himself elated almost to a state of triumph. He had got himself well out of his difficulties, and now he would be ready for his love-tale to Lily.

MENTAL HEALTH.

THE starry heaven gains in interest and power over us with time, and the more we gaze and meditate upon that majestic and well-ordered empire of globes, without haste, without rest, without a single laggard or a single runaway, we can not but be more and more impressed by the contrast between the sublime method of the Creator and the derangement that enters into almost every work of man's hands, and sometimes invades the very citadel of his mind. It is good for us to be star-gazers more constantly and earnestly than ever, and try if we can not read there on high something better even than the astronomer's science, and ascend to that idea of divine order, which was written upon the heavens that it might be copied in the thoughts and purposes and methods of the earth. During these late magnificent nights we have been on better terms with the heavens than usual, and have, perhaps too fondly, thought that Ursa Major and the Pleiades, Venus and Jupiter said something even to our dull ears that our readers would be willing to listen to without impatience.

Walk through the wards of an insane asylum, and talk here and there with a patient; mark them in all their varieties from abject melancholy to raging madness, or read some good book on mental disease, like Dr. Ray's recent admirable hints to our people, with the addition of some philosophical thoughts from the great German masters of the subject; then ask the stars to help you toward some simple and comprehensive view of mental health and ailment. You will not be long without the needed light. Evidently the mind, like the universe, has its pervading law, and the soul, like the solar system, gravitates according to the play of balancing forces and recurring cycles. Our earth in her cosmic relations illustrates the affinities, the attractions, repulsions, and periodicities of the life of her children; and the true kingdom of God over men must copy the polity of the Cosmos, which is its ground-work. We do not mean to deal now in dry, far-fetched, or mystical correspondences between mind and matter, the soul of man and the universe of God, but simply to illustrate the laws of mental health by two or three hints from the shining heavens.

It is obvious that the order of the globes is kept by the play of two forces in regular cycles. Thus our good mother earth, toward whom we confess to a growing attachment in spite of her manifesting some of the infirmities common to us her children, keeps her orbit by being attracted toward the sun, and at the same time being driven off by her own centrifugal force and by the concurrence of these two forces in a certain periodicity. Is it not precisely the same with the mind in its own relation to its dominant interests? We surely are subject to a constant attraction toward the world of nature and society in which we live, and a large part of our existence is as much in the passive voice as is the relation of the earth to the imperial sun. So, too, like the earth, we have a certain force of our own, and much of our life is in the active voice, whether for good or for ill. Like the earth too, we have our periods, and our existence is well ordered as it moves in judicious round in habits that repeat the harmony of the spheres. Let us throw out some practical thoughts upon each of these aspects of the subject, and speak of the healthy condition of the *sensitive capacities*, the *active powers*, and the *periodical habits* of the mind.

I. In the largest acceptation of the term the sensitive capacities comprise the intellectual tastes as well as the physical and moral susceptibilities, for these tastes come into consciousness by being acted upon, as when the eye perceives beauty and the ear music by the touch of lovely sights and sounds upon these senses. A large part of the perceptive power is sensitive; and not only in the sensation which tells us whether an object is agreeable or disagreeable, but in the perception that records its qualities, the mind is acted upon at least quite as much as it acts; and even in the highest form of thinking there is some reality, visible or invisible, that is impressing itself upon the perceptive faculties. Yet without dwelling longer upon definitions, but taking the facts of our sensitive capacities as they are, it is evident that we do not enjoy mental health until our sensibilities are brought under the influence of their appropriate objects.

The eye must feel the light or it is very unhappy, and pines and worries almost to distraction when long bereft of the element in which it lives. So, too, the ear must hear sound or it virtually starves, and a familiar voice to one who has long been immured in solitude and silence is as welcome as bread and water to the thirsty or famishing. Even the sense of touch must have its object, and after long cessation from action, the fingers clutch the pen or staff or hammer or sword with absolute delight, and rejoice even in the pressure of any weight upon the muscles that bears witness of the mighty power of gravitation to this perhaps lowliest of the senses. Terrible disorders evidently ensue when the senses are robbed of their due objects, and the diseases that abound among people living in seclusion and darkness are owing undoubtedly quite as much to want of healthy impressions upon the senses as to noxious influence upon the body. Pre-eminently are we

dependent upon the master senses, the eye and ear, for healthy sensibilities, and the Creator is our benign physician in the wonderful care which he has bestowed upon His provision for refreshing and healing sights and sounds. There is medicine in the brown earth, the green grass, the silver waters, the blue heavens, the golden and sabled night. There is healing not only in the hues of nature, but also in the distances; and after returning from the open country to our city streets and walks, we have a sense of imprisonment within these inexorable barriers, and the eye for a while, like a caged bird, seems to beat against those ruthless bars, and to sigh for the long vistas of meadow and valley and mountain and lake and river. The sounds of nature, too, are healing—the bleating sheep, the lowing cattle, the chirping crickets, the humming bees, the singing birds, and, above all, the human voice, whether in playful children or thoughtful and kindly men and women. Sometimes a single word heals us of a bitter wound, and the despondency that was settling down upon us like a dark cloud vanishes at once, and morning breaks upon the benighted spirit as at the voice of the lark that the poet hears singing at heaven's gate to call up the tardy day. Undoubtedly the world was constructed by the Creator upon hygienic principles, and we make sad mistakes in so often turning away from His benign school for the dementing artifices and deceptive nostrums of man's device.

We sin against God's method of treating our senses alike by apathy and intensity. If we fail to accept all this wonderful provision for our intelligence and comfort, and close our eyes and ears to what He sets before us, sad derangement at once follows, in the form of apathy, whose sullen and stagnant waters close in not around death alone—the death of the higher sensibilities and affections—but around the life, the monstrous and abounding life of the sensual appetites. Idiotic apathy may coexist with the most appalling sensualism, and the bestial instincts of gluttony and lust may run riot in their dark caves, while the lordly towers above are wrecked or scaled, and the daughters of music and vision are shut out or driven away. We see cases of such stolidity and sensualism wherever the higher sensibilities are neglected, and the vital point settles down into besotted earthiness. Our own danger, however, probably lies in the opposite direction, and our senses suffer from being drawn away from their natural and healthful objects, and being exposed to all kinds of morbid stimulus. After we have been a month in the country, it is a trial of our nerves to pass a day in the city. The tumult and hurry and noise of Broadway almost distract us; the very air surges like an angry sea on which proud ships ride forth to conquest, and wrecked crews are always hoisting the flag of distress or firing their minute-guns. We feel an electric thrill in the very presence of the great multitude by day and even by night, and we almost sleep upon our arms, half conscious that life is a constant campaign, and every hour an alarm-bell may ring. True, indeed, we become in time used to all this excitement, and like it, and even add to it; but this fact is no proof that it is good for us. The drunkard loves his cup, and we love ours —our habitual excitement—too, the most fondly the very moment that we are nearest ruin.

This fast life surely is not good for us. It may be, and undoubtedly is, better than swinish apathy, but it is not healthy. Our men do not live long in cities, and threescore and ten years is becoming a very exceptional age among our elderly people. Many who hold on to life pretty stoutly are yet very shaky, and seem to keep alive like patients whose soul and body are held together by spirits and anodynes. Many an elderly man, who ought to be in the full exercise of his judgment and the calm enjoyment of his affections, is slowly wasting in a fever that is fed in the morning by greedy money-getting, and in the evening by free potations. Between the counter and the decanter a great multitude are digging unconsciously their graves, and from time to time they fall into the open pit without giving or taking a word or sign of warning. The physician may note their symptoms, and read in the trembling hand or tongue the disorder of the nervous system and the perils to life or sanity, but even if he ventures upon timely hints, they may lead to some slight precautions —a little riding, a few weeks' diet, a journey to the Springs, a voyage to Europe—but seldom to any radical change in the whole method of living.

It is not merely the physical senses, of course, but the whole range of sensibilities, social and religious, that need the attraction of their appropriate objects, and are deranged by the lack or the abuse of them. Our whole social nature is now eminently sensitive, and besides those several instincts that determine specific social relations, as in the family, there is a great social sensibility, a dominant sympathy of race, that craves human fellowship, and can not live alone. This exists wherever man is found, but is peculiarly intensified by our modern civilization. The ancients felt deeply the great loyalties and affinities of family, country, and, in a measure, of religion; but they knew no such power of public opinion as now sways the world, and decrees the cut of a coat, the trimming of a bonnet, the turn of a treaty, the fame of an author, or the fashion of a religion. We live not only upon the air of heaven, but upon the breath of opinion; and in our cities life, in a great measure, follows this mysterious and almost inexorable social law. Country people seem to be more independent, and almost indifferent; but they too are often given to the reigning idols, and in the farm-house city ways and thinking win great attention and force the moment the sons and daughters are in question, and the future of the family is to be decided.

We do not say that moderate sensitiveness to social opinion is in itself an evil, but quite the contrary, for utter indifference is far more likely

to lead to apathy or eccentricity than to manly independence; and we hardly know of a recluse or an oddity who would not be vastly humanized by a tolerable leaven of sympathy and companionableness. Yet it is clear that immense dangers wait upon this instinct, and far more of our people languish and die of mortification and fancied neglect than of starvation or want. We are well aware, indeed, that a certain amount of difference and competition is necessary to give a healthful stir and pleasant zest to society; and that where all the elements are wholly monotonous, stagnation and disease inevitably ensue. In the general relations of society, as well as in marriage, a certain diversity of blood and experience is necessary to health and sanity; and as those families and districts that constantly intermarry with each other tend to degenerate, so it is, in a great measure, with the households and cliques that associate only with each other until they are so assimilated that wholesome variety can not exist, and they settle down into a dull routine that is more like dead mechanism than living harmony. We believe that serious mental diseases sometimes result from this monotony of households and neighborhoods, and many a moping woman or hypochondriac man would be made a new creature, not by a brief change of air and locality, but by a permanent change of the whole plan of living, through more genial associations and varied pursuits and recreations. In all monotonous homes and haunts, as in all stagnant waters and marshes, deadly miasmata lurk; and nothing is more frequent, among persons who are compelled to be constantly together without due change, than the alternation of gloom and irritability—fits of sullen silence broken by flashes of petulant temper, like forked lightning from the dark and heavy cloud. Such association, or rather conglomeration, is like the earth without the sun to cheer, and vary, and transform its elements and existences by solar gravity, light, heat, and electricity. The soul, quite as much as the soil, needs the solar influence, and a wise economy of life will copy the arts of good husbandry in its use of the blessed sunshine. We must remember, however, that there is moderation in all things, and even the sunshine may scorch our gardens, and blind our eyes, and dry our springs. Happy is he who can feel the wholesome attraction of all social forces, and yet keep his mind lightly poised upon its own centre, and true to its own orbit.

Terrible evils come from giving solar centrality and attraction to some equivocal if not evil power, such as often goes by the name of fashion or the world. In one way or another we are all more or less subject to this sway, and our spirits rise or fall, are gloomy or giddy as our great arbiter smiles or frowns upon us. Much even of our hard work and anxious scheming looks for its reward to this pitiful demi-god; and success in business or a profession has its choicest reward in the eyes of worldlings from the breath of social opinion, and but for the spur of emulation, the sting of rivalry, many an eager competitor would rest upon his laurels or his gains, and save something of himself, both body and soul, from the wasting fever that is burning him up. To all of us there is some social power that tends to be our central sun, and be the solar arbiter of our destiny; and evidently our modern manners that so discourage the old-fashioned rural independence and muscular hardihood, and herd such multitudes together in cities with so many and so incessant excitements from financial and social competition, heating atmospheres, enervating amusements, enfeebling and inebriating habits at table, stimulating books and arts, tend very much to intensify our social sensibilities and throw us into the arms of the world in which we move. That world, indeed, may take many shapes, whether of business, politics, pleasure, vice, literature, or religion, and we must allow that a great city presents some forms of social attraction that are solar in intrinsic worth as in actual importance. Probably the best society in the city if well understood will help its clients forward in true life, and the thorough gentleman or lady has not only the charm of refined manners, but the grace of gentle breeding and high principle. Yet every where a yielding, dependent nature is in danger of some malign fascination, and we all need to say our prayers, whether strong men or sensitive women, that alike in body and soul, in nerve and spirit, we may be saved from this tyrant world that insists on being our idol, the central sun of our worship, and our life.

Our sons and our daughters feel the attraction, and before we can say definitely what the matter is with them, we know that something is the matter, and a power is at work upon them, and not mainly for good, not mainly according to the lessons of the home, the school, and the church. Our daughters, as being the most sensitive, may sooner indicate the tendency of their dispositions, and interpret to us the code of the social arbiter that claims homage. We see something of the world within the world, that so mightily presses its decrees and plies the overtasked nerves and spirit with its incessant appeals and stimulants, that ransack all nature and art for materials and methods, and touch every sensibility of our being, from the senses and passions to the taste and imagination, and make it the part of prudence to play upon every responsive string of this magnificent but not over-strong organism with which the Creator has endowed us. This new sun worship, this new honor of Baal and Astarte, has its retinue of priests, its splendid ritual, and its orders of teachers and artists. Wonderful is the paraphernalia of pomp and luxury that waits upon its will, and perhaps the most voluminous portion of modern literature, the novels and romances of society, is devoted to its service, and does its best to turn the heads of our young people with morbid love dreams and fortune hunting. Apparently a large part of the place that was once filled by books of devotion is now held

by romances and stories of the world and the heart, or what goes by that name. The old confessional is not so much abandoned as transformed, and the circulating library puts questions and hears secrets such as were seldom on the lips or in the ears of ghostly priests.

What is coming of all this new ministry to the sensibilities which now begins with little readers in bibs and tuckers, and is continued sometimes by mothers and grandmothers in caps and spectacles, we can not say, for we have not seen the end of it, and it takes at least a full human lifetime, threescore and ten years, perhaps more, to show the entire run of a social usage, especially of a mental epidemic. It is very certain, however, that there is a great deal of morbid sensibility both of body and mind that comes of this excess of sentimental and passional stimulus with the attendant diminution of the old-fashioned outdoor exercise, household thrift, and muscular activity. Whatever be our solar attraction, whether the world of romance or the world of current society, it is a very fickle and shaky luminary, and sad are they who make it their light and guide. In some respects the old *régime* of the Court and the Church were better, for they were more steadfast, and the solar quality of stability is an offset to many of the limitations and rudenesses of the ancient times.

Even our religious world has not the solar stability that should belong to it, and we believe that a considerable share of the mental unsoundness of our time comes from want of a fixed foundation of faith, and regular nurture of the higher affections. Not many people run mad from fanaticism now, and the authentic reports are ample proof that a very small percentage of the insane become such from fear of having committed the unpardonable sin, and lost the hope of salvation. But we look for the fruits of religious unsoundness to the too general fever and instability of the people, and regard all ill-temper, gloom, and discontent, all apathy and excess, as more or less connected with a fundamental defect in religious training. Almost all the mischiefs of an ill-built house may rise from a bad foundation, and they who build on the sand must expect all discomforts and perils in the superstructure, no matter how fine the material and careful the work. Now we certainly fail of the true stability in religion in these days of universal questioning and agitation. Even good religious people carry their religion too much in the upper story, and too little in the affections and habits that are the basis of life. They are reasoning, talking, bookish believers, and they are satisfied with a fine theory of light and warmth divine, instead of going directly to the fountain-head in an affectionate, genial, practical, orderly church and home life. We are not pleading for the restoration of the old fixtures, and for anathematizing modern thought, or calling all doubt the child of the devil. But sure we are that if our reasonable scruples could be more satisfactorily met, and our tastes and dispositions could be duly considered, and the ministry of religion could be brought to bear upon us with something of the ancient stability, order, solemnity, and variety, our age would be greatly a gainer, and health and spirits would be vastly nearer the true mark. As things are, religion too often frets and fevers us. It is too critical and subjective, calling us to spin faith out of our brains, and grow grace from our own emotions, instead of finding all that we want in Him who asks to be the all in all to us, and in whom we are to live, and move, and have our being, as does our old mother earth in the sunshine. Every age has its form of morbid religious sensibility; and we suffer in our way, not so much, we think, from any prevailing fanaticism or superstition as from a general mobility, a critical unrest, and an introversial uneasiness. All self-consciousness is more or less morbid; and whether we fix attention on our stomach or our conscience, our heart or our affections, an unhealthy current sets toward that quarter, and we are not well until we forget ourselves and our organs and frailties in the service of God and his people.

II. Thus we come to the active part of our nature—to the will, the centrifugal force that checks and counteracts the excessive and morbid play of the sensibilities. Here we are still subject to danger; and the active impulses, as well as the more passive senses and affections, are liable to great derangement. Very likely the barbarous races, that seem to have been so free from our ailments, had peculiar infirmities; and those savage warriors, instead of sighing like our sentimental swains over imaginary troubles, and pining for coy beauties until they lose their wits, if they ever had any to lose, live a life of continual madness, and their war fever was a bloody mania that haunted them like a remorseless fiend. Barbaric times are full of the traces of fearful cruelties and demoniacal possessions, which perpetuate themselves even in the temples and rites of religion. The martial spirit itself mated with two evil spirits, widely contrasted, and found distraction now in monstrous fanaticism, and now in the grossest sensual indulgence. If we suffer most from unstrung nerves and sensibilities, they suffered most from unsubdued impulses; and if folly is our besetting ailment, madness was theirs. In fact every active power may be beside itself by overexcitement, and even the simple instinct of muscular motion may be crazed either by long suppressed exercise or overexcitement; and the arms, legs, and features may make chaos come again by their wild and discordant play.

All the social impulses are exposed to similar disorder, and what are called irritable tempers are such often from the suppression of healthy social impulses. Let any of us keep in the house a day or two without active exercise, and how our muscles rebel against the prison walls, and are craving to upset every thing in their way, and to seize hold of every stick or toy that can be made to call into play the suppressed energies. On the same principle, let the active

spirits be kept down, and what mischief comes! How cross is the child that is not allowed to play, and how madly the little creature rushes at the first opportunity, and seizes hold of the first available playmate as an oasis in a desert, or a loaf of bread in a famine! We grown children are quite as impatient of restraint, and we fret and fume like madmen if we are cut short of our accustomed activity. What a wild beast an active man generally is when kept away from his usual pursuits, and in the fullness of health! He can not keep still, and his muscles and impulses are as ravenous for exercise as the stomach after fasting is ravenous for food. In fact the human will has its own appetite as much as the senses, and hungers and thirsts after its appropriate objects; nay, it pines and starves without its proper aliment, and starvation of the will is one of the frequent forms of mental disease. This truth is very obvious whenever men suddenly renounce their active pursuits, and lead a life of comparative seclusion, as in case of the sailor who goes to live upon a farm, or the merchant who gives up business for unbroken leisure. Immediate discomforts, and generally in the end alarming maladies, follow. The impulses and the will, bereft of their accustomed play and nurture, clamor for their objects; and when disappointed turn upon their masters, and tear them, as the old demoniacs of Gadara were torn by the fiends that possessed them. Something like *delirium tremens* ensues, and all the active powers, like the fearful appetite for stimulants, have their form of delirium when their indulgences are cut off; and even common business becomes as necessary to its votary as liquor is necessary to its victim; and the hypochondria of the retired merchant is very much, in nature, though not in degree, like the madness of the restrained inebriate.

The inference from this principle of our constitution evidently is, that every active power or impulse should move in its proper orbit, alike for the sake of its own healthy development and as a check upon the excessive sensibility to which it is so nearly allied. Instead of quarreling with the more tremulous and morbid forms of sensitiveness, we are to study them carefully and tenderly, and consider what capacities they denote and what activities they demand. It is the part of wisdom not only to satisfy and soothe them with their appropriate objects, as by bestowing kindness upon the gentle, comfort to the lowly, encouragement to the desponding; but also to set them to work in such way as to stir nervous delicacy to healthy effort, and remove nervous tremor by muscular training. It is a new study to some of us—this study of morbid sensibilities with an eye to corresponding healthy activity. Yet how rich in lessons in this science is our common life, and how vast the field is for the application of the true science or art of checks and balances! Take, for example, the nervous delicacy and morbid sentimentalism so common among girls of a certain age. We do not make light of it, nor slight either the gentle manners and methods of soothing a sensitive temperament, nor the bracing discipline that brings muscular hardihood to the relief of overwrought nerves. Yet God's method surpasses ours by calling all those trembling sensibilities, both of mind and body, into the active voice, and woman is a new creature when her affections go forth on their providential mission, and as wife and mother her love is unwearied labor, and her labor is unwearied love. In constitution, temper, mind, and spirit, she puts forth new power, and she does not surrender, but transposes, the delicacy of her nature in this benign school of her Creator, as the magnet does not lose but quickens and steadies its trembling life by pointing strongly and loyally to its polar star.

It is well to question every sensitive capacity in the light of this same large philosophy, to discover its wholesome, active sphere. We are not for making fun even of the vanities that are so tremulously alive to social favor; and we have long been convinced that many of the most gentle and valuable characters that are capable of feeling the best moral and intellectual influences and following the noblest leaders, are those that are in danger of being laughed out of countenance, if not trodden under foot. The vines are as important as the oaks, and bear richer juices and have more flexible and perhaps as strong fibres. Let the vines be taken care of, and beautify the oaks by their clusters and their climbing. All this excessive susceptibility in modern society, in many men and in most women, should lead us to look for some appropriate career, such as shall not shock delicate tastes, and shall carry out fine dispositions to fitting objects. The heart must have its own mission to fulfill, and the arts of charity as well as beauty must open paths for its activity, give music to its marches, and lend glow to its pulses. A beginning has been already made, and whatever is best in our modern humanity and culture proves that mercy is twice blessed, and they who heal others are themselves healed, as the spring that healed the sick was itself healed by the visits of the troubling angel.

All true art we regard as eminently sanative, because it calls out the active powers in fellowship with beautiful tastes and delicate affections. Even rude manual labor has a share in this healing ministry, for it braces the nerves, and strengthens the limbs, and gives point to the hours, and works off the moody humors that else might be morbid and dangerous. We tremble to think of what the gathering animal spirits of fifty thousand workmen in a great city might do, if this enormous electric battery were not every day and every hour discharging itself upon some stubborn and insensible material of wood, stone, leather, cloth, iron, or the solid earth. The daintier classes have the same needs to meet in their way, and all the arts of business, culture, accomplishment, humanity, and religion, are needed to keep them with sound mind in sound body. We believe that the progress

of the beautiful arts in the higher classes has been very conducive to their health; and even music, which is usually ranked among the soft and enfeebling arts, has done much to train the will as well as to quicken the senses; and an expert pianist or vocalist must take a vast amount of physical and mental exercise to keep in tolerable practice. Is there not a compensation in this for the perils of our new social refinement, and are not the daughters, and in a measure the sons, of the affluent to open new paths of culture and distinction, that shall feed the sensibilities, and train the powers, and elevate the position, without interfering with the usual market of labor, or robbing the poor of their bread? Let all the beautiful arts then live; and it is no small comfort to know that the benign muses that solace weary hours and give zest to lives not subject to the spur of want or the sting of oppression, may be a precious stay in times of trial or adversity, like the bright blooms of summer gardens that may be the sweet and healing balms of the dark and cold winter days.

The highest and fairest of all arts is that which devotes the life to God, and trains the will to its highest office of love and duty to that Supreme Will which is the end of our being, the infinite object and blessedness. We will not presume to limit the forms or varieties of this art. We are willing, nay, glad to have all earnest people follow it in their own way, and we confess that we are ourselves trying to take lessons in it every day of our lives from some of the many proficients in this benign art, and our list of adepts and exemplars follows no party lines, but rejoices in a wide fellowship of loyal sons and daughters of God; comprising, in friendly closeness, names most diverse, from the obedient Catholic to the independent Quaker, and running the whole intermediate scale. To us he is master of the art of arts and of the noblest of sanative schools who can so lift his own will to God in piety and charity as to bring other souls within the saving attraction, and join them thus vitally to the only true church, the blessed company of the children of God. This art is not yet exhausted, and it has finer issues and deeper treasures to open than any that physical science can open; anodynes beyond the power of narcotics or anæsthetics, tonics beyond the range of drugs and electricity. He alone is by eminence the Good Physician who came to heal souls by teaching, and moving them to love and do the will of our Father in heaven, in sympathy with his children.

III. We have given these hints upon the discipline of the two spheres of human life, the more passive sensibilities and the more active energies, and shown in passing how the two counterbalance and check each other in a wholesome method, like the forces that draw the planets to the sun, and send them off also by centrifugal weight, and so keep the harmony of the spheres. It is obvious that a judicious method will accept this principle, and so rule life as to give each side of our being its rights, and combine the passive and the active elements in due combination and succession. Here the Creator is our teacher, and we are wise as we copy the order of nature in the method of life. Thus consider the interchange of day and night—the one for action, the other for rest; the one more in the tone of the striving will, the other more in the tone of the genial affections, tranquil meditation, as well as of physical repose. What a disaster it would be were either day or night to be perpetual, and we were compelled to lose the benign alternation or to imitate it by our poor arts; to illuminate night into the look of day, or to darken the glaring and perpetual day into the semblance of night! The result would be not only inconvenience and discomfort, but disease both of mind and body. Let us read, then, the majestic lesson, and allow our life to have its day side and its night side, as also its intermediate twilight, by wisely uniting active labor with tranquil rest, and interposing the twilight of genial recreation and soothing conversation between the two.

The Creator is teaching us the art of mental health, too, in the round of the seasons. The year, like the day, needs its variety, and suffering and disorder ensue whenever we do not yield to the influence, or we allow care or pleasure to set aside the benign ministry of the changing months, which are as essential to our human life as to the uses of the soil and the trees. Health and spirits alike feel the variation in this grand ritual of creation; and the old church did but copy the work of God in the varied order of its year, and base the priest's breviary upon the pages of the almanac of nature. In the ancient times great good was done to the people undoubtedly by the rich variety and benign alternations of the church year, which copied inversely the order of the seasons, and made the long and dreary winter of nature the blooming and varied summer of the Church, in a round of feasts and fasts without ceasing from Advent to Pentecost. There is still much power in this ancient method, although it is too pedantic and antiquated, too much bound down by obsolete ideas and usages, and too little adapted to the thinking and action of our age. Without picking a quarrel with any of our neighbors of the old régime, we do not hesitate to say that we believe in a more reasonable and generous order of the year than has hitherto prevailed in the old church Catholic or the new church Protestant—a method that shall develop our present convictions into practice as the ancient church developed the convictions of its own leaders from the fourth century to the fourteenth. We do not believe indeed in forcing the matter, and we know very well that the best things grow, and are not manufactured; that life is born, not made.

We should like, however, to have our wisest heads try their hand at planning or maturing the true order of the year for humanity and religion. As matters now are, money is the ruling power, and capital, taking advantage of

the indifference of the masses to the old religion, is gradually and perhaps unconsciously shaping society to its own policy, and dividing the year, month, and day so as to make the most profit out of the method. We do not denounce capital or capitalists, yet we believe this age of gold lacks some elements that redeemed the old ages of faith; and we are not altogether pleased at seeing banks, work-shops, stores, and factories lord it over life in place of the old priories, colleges, and churches, and at having the year of merchandise and manufacture supplant the year of religion. We are not, however, for going back but forward. Suppose then, dear reader, we startle you with a closing hint, and suggest calling a grand council of health to tell us how to use better the time that life is made of, and divide the months and days so as best to copy Heaven's merciful law. We are willing to be very liberal, and let every true thought and generous interest be represented.

We will give the body a fair voice in the council, and not only shall the doctors of medicine send their best men but the *roughs* shall not be crowded out; and the German Turners and the English Cricketers shall have their say for the arts that are manly, and the sports that are genial and strengthening. All trades and professions shall state their grievances and wants, and suggest their remedy for monotony or overwork. Woman shall be justly and generously heard, especially her plea for more joy and nobleness in her social life, and such order of church and home as to bring higher motives and associations to bear upon her daily lot. Children shall not be shut out, and bright girls and boys from our schools and play-grounds shall be heard, especially in their protest against the utilitarianism that makes religion of politics and trade, and installs dogmatics and metaphysics at the altar in place of the living God and the loving humanity. The artists should have their place, and plead at will for the worth of their vocations, and the importance of bringing music, poetry, the drama, architecture, sculpture, painting, eloquence, to bear habitually upon the common life, and enlist and convert the old muses to the new catholicity of the children of God. The clergy we would deal with most liberally, and seek the most earnest and judicious of them all from mitred Archbishops to radical Puritans, from Cardinal Wiseman to Henry Ward Beecher, bidding them, in the name of religion, devise some method by which worship may resume its place in the affections of mankind, and the year as it rolls may bear all its interests and blessing to the mercy-seat, and call all men to find in God the all in all. As things now tend religion is making more and more of its old heritage over to the world, and losing its hold over the masses that were once its strength without succeeding in gaining any proportionate power over the wealth and culture which are its pride and ornament. The general health both in body and mind suffers from the want of some dominant wisdom that ascends to universal principles, and rules life under its solar influences, in the sensibility and intelligence, the earnestness and strength that are Heaven's own law, and can alone bring Heaven's kingdom to our earth.

The great consummation, however, is coming, and in various quarters the thinkers and actors are moving to their aim. We believe all the more in their success, because we believe that they have a leader not of their own appointing, even Him who made the world and marshaled the hosts of heaven. Every hour of idle star-gazing is a comfort to us, therefore, trying as this last hour of star-gazing may have been to the patience of our readers in suggesting this humble essay.

RALPH FARNHAM'S ROMANCE.

SNOWDON is a small country village nestling among the hills. The principal street is shaded by a double row of elms, whose long and stately branches bend protectingly over the modest houses, which, in New England fashion, are mostly painted white and decked with green blinds. From a hill overlooking the town there is a charming prospect of the village. Each house seems a white island set in a sea of green foliage. About midway of the street stands the tavern which for fifty years has furnished entertainment for man and beast. Of late years it has been repaired and enlarged, and now a freshly painted sign bears the name of "Snowdon Hotel." The city has found out the attractions of this quiet country retreat, and for a few weeks in the summer Snowdon is gay with unaccustomed visitors. The railway station is five miles distant, and an old-fashioned stage conveys passengers to and from the hotel twice in the day —once in the early morning, and again at six o'clock in the afternoon.

At the close of a June day the stage deposited at the door of the inn a young man of middle height and quiet, unpretending manners. He seemed to have no acquaintance among his fellow-passengers. The next morning he solicited an interview with the landlord, in the course of which he declared his intention of spending some months in the village. As his means were small and his pursuits literary, he desired to find a home in a quiet private family, where he could pursue his studies free from interruption. Could the landlord recommend any such?

"I guess the Widow Hawkins would take you," said the landlord, after a moment's thought. "The minister used to board there till he got married. Now he keeps house."

"Does Mrs. Hawkins live near by?" asked his guest.

"It isn't more than an eighth of a mile. She has a small one-story cottage just opposite Judge Henderson's. Maybe you noticed the Judge's house as you came by in the stage."

"Is it a large house with pillars, and a driveway leading up to the front door?"

"Yes; that's the one. Most every body no-

tices it, being the handsomest house in the village. Cost the Judge twenty thousand dollars for the house and fixing up the grounds, so it's said. The Widow Hawkins lives just opposite. You can't miss it."

"Thank you."

The young man put on his hat, and with slow step passed down the street. To him, just from the city, with the dust of its crowded streets still upon his garments, this quiet village seemed a Paradise.

"I think I shall enjoy myself here," he said to himself, drinking in the fresh morning breeze with a keen sense of pleasure. "I seem already to feel a new life stirring within me, and a new courage emboldens me to the prosecution of the task I have undertaken."

The rustic gate which separated the precincts of the Widow Hawkins from the street was open, and he passed through. On either side of the path there was a narrow strip of land planted with marigolds, pinks, bachelor's-buttons, lady's delights, and other familiar flowers. They afforded glimpses of the character of the widow, who was a worthy, commonplace body, well content with the flowers that sprang up in the path of an ordinary, uneventful existence, and had no thoughts of a broader life than the one she led.

The young man lifted the ponderous knocker and sounded a summons, which was speedily answered by the widow in person—a woman of fifty or thereabout, with a kind, motherly face. She looked with a little surprise at her unexpected visitor.

"Mrs. Hawkins, I believe?" he said, inquiringly.

She nodded assent.

"I have come to Snowdon with the intention of spending a few months. As I am a student, I desire to obtain lodgings where I shall be quiet and undisturbed. The landlord recommended me to come here. He said, I believe, that you used to board the minister."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawkins, "he boarded with me most a year and a half; but I expect," she added, with a smile, "he's got a pleasanter home now. He got married to Lucy Ann Perkins, and now they keep house."

"Would you object to receiving me in the minister's place?"

"I don't know as my living would suit you," said the widow, doubtfully. "The minister never complained; but then he wasn't a bit particular. I rally believe he didn't half the time know what he was eating."

"I have no right to be particular," said the young man, "since I can not afford to pay a high price. One object I had in view in coming to Snowdon was to live more economically than I can do in the city. May I inquire your terms?"

"The minister paid me three dollars a week."

"That is very reasonable. What room did he have?"

"Walk in and I will show you."

The widow opened the door to the left of the front entry and displayed a room of good size but low studded. There was a comfortable carpet on the floor, a few cane chairs, a square table in the centre of the room, another small table under the mirror between the front windows; an angular, straight-backed sofa, covered with striped gingham, and an easy-chair on rockers. There was no stove in the room, but a fire-place of generous size, with brass andirons, scoured till you could see your face in them. The window-panes were small, but through them a pleasant prospect was visible. Facing the east, the sun found them out early in the morning, and irradiated the room with its glorious presence. A small bedroom opened out of the larger room.

The young man looked about him with an air of satisfaction.

"This is just what I like," he said. "Do you think you can take me, Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Well," said the widow, cautiously, "I always calc'lated to take a boarder in place of the minister, and I don't know but you may come. I s'pose it would be convenient for you to pay every month?"

Do not accuse the widow of undue worldly anxiety. The addition to her income afforded by her one boarder was of importance to her, and the young man's allusion to his limited means made her caution only natural.

"I will pay you every week in advance," said he, promptly, "and thank you besides for consenting to take me. When may I come?"

"If you could put off coming till after dinner it would be an accommodation," said the widow. "I had some work to do to-day, and, being alone, I have got a picked-up dinner. You can come to supper at five, if you like."

"I will have my trunks brought here in the course of the afternoon. As you will naturally wish to know who is to board with you, let me give you this card."

After her visitor had gone the widow drew from her pocket a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, and read the name "Ralph Farnham."

"I like the looks of the young man," she said to herself. "He looks quiet and well-behaved. He's about the age that my Thomas would have been if he had lived, poor fellow!" She furtively wiped her eye with the corner of her apron. "I wonder whether he's got a mother living. I don't believe he has, or he wouldn't come to this out-of-the-way place to live alone. I'll try to make him comfortable."

In the course of the afternoon Ralph established himself in the widow's front-room. One of his trunks was filled with books. These he unpacked and stored in a small hanging book-case. Some few he laid on the table. A capacious ink-stand and a couple of pens were placed in the centre. Then he drew up the arm-chair, and looked about him with an air of satisfaction. He was already beginning to feel at home.

He had scarcely completed the arrangement of his room when the widow called him out to

tea. Home-made bread, sweet butter, squash pie, and a small dish of preserves, furnished a very acceptable meal. Ralph congratulated himself anew on securing so desirable a boarding-place.

This was the way in which Ralph Farnham came to board in Snowdon. Weeks passed; the visitors from the city had all returned, but the young man still lingered. His life was very regular and monotonous. He was in the habit of taking a long walk in the morning directly after breakfast, after which he wrote and read till dinner. In the afternoon he resumed his studies, which he continued in the evening, with the interruption of another walk after supper.

"He's the most studious young man I ever see," said the widow to one of her neighbors. "I can't make out what he's studying for. I asked him once if he was going to be a minister, but he only laughed and asked what put that into my head. He writes a good deal, and I shouldn't wonder if he was at work upon a book. I hope it will bring him in some money, for he told me that he had to be economical."

Leaving our hero for a while, let us cross the street to the Judge's mansion opposite. His family is small, consisting only of his daughter and himself. He has been a leading practitioner at the New York bar; but now, having accumulated a fortune, he has withdrawn from his profession, and made himself a home in this quiet New England village. His daughter is never without visitors from the city, and is thus able to supply her own society. Otherwise she would find it dull living in the country.

The Judge is a portly, dignified-looking man of sixty, or thereabouts. His gray hair is carefully brushed away from a massive, judicial-looking brow, and he has the air of a gentleman of the old school.

His daughter, not yet twenty, has but recently returned from boarding-school, where, fortunately, her natural good sense has saved her from having her good qualities overlaid with a stratum of sentimentality and girlish conceit. As she sits on an ottoman at her father's feet, in the luxuriously comfortable library, you will have no difficulty in discovering why it is that the old lawyer's judicial features are softened into a look of tenderness as he meets the glance of those sweet eyes, reminding him of the brief season of romance in his own youth when he wooed and won the mother. Ellen was the last and much the youngest of their children. The two eldest were sons, and had died—one of disease, the other of wounds received in the Mexican war. Ellen alone was left, and on her the Judge had lavished the tenderness which would otherwise have been divided among three. No indulgence which money could purchase was denied her. Costly engravings and books in profusion, for both of which she had a special taste, were purchased for her without regard to expense. The Judge, too, liked to see his daughter's rare beauty fitly adorned, and for this purpose made a munificent allowance, which was oftentimes bestowed in part on those whose needs awakened her compassion. Not that she was indifferent to dress. Her artistic taste was gratified by harmony of colors, and she took pleasure in seeing herself arrayed in costly fabrics from distant countries. But dress was not the chief end of her existence, as it appears to be with many young ladies of the present day, nor was her dress-maker the most important person in the list of her visitors.

"So you have declined the Thurstons' invitation, Ellen?" said her father.

"Yes, papa."

"And it is quite four months since you have been in New York. I thought Snowdon might have become a little monotonous to you, so that you would gladly welcome the gayety of the city."

"I am getting wonderfully used to our quiet life here. Besides, I get more time for reading."

"Quite possible; but there is one important question to be considered," said the Judge, with mock gravity. "How am I ever to find a husband for you in this quiet village, unless, indeed, some one of the young farmers in the neighborhood should take compassion on you?"

Ellen laughed. "I am afraid we should prove very uncongenial companions," she said. "Do you know, I happened to speak of Tennyson the other day in presence of James Hodges, and he asked me if he was a New York man. Besides, I am afraid I should come to disgrace if I undertook to make butter or cheese. However, papa, I don't feel in any great hurry about marrying. Ten years hence, when I am twenty-nine, I shall make desperate efforts, if I am still unmarried. Like my historical teacher, Miss Pinkham, I shall sigh for some 'congenial spirit.'"

"Did she succeed in finding one?"

"There is little chance of it, I am afraid. She has a very small share of the perishable gift of beauty. Her sallow face and cork-screw curls are not likely to attract any one who looks forward to matrimony in any other way than as a penance."

"By-the-way," said the Judge, suddenly, "who is the young man that boards in the house just across the street?"

"I believe his name is Farnham. I supposed him at first to be a summer visitor, but I hear that he has come for purposes of study."

"He has a good face—a face that indicates culture and refinement. I have occasionally met him in the street, and could not help contrasting his expression with that of most of the young men in the village."

Until then Ellen's attention had not been particularly drawn to Ralph. Now she was resolved to observe him more carefully when she had an opportunity.

It came earlier than she anticipated.

Toward the close of the afternoon Ellen walked out alone, taking with her sketching materials. There was a picturesque old rock, with

trees growing about it, which she had selected for her subject. In order to obtain a good point of view it was necessary to open a gate and cross a pasture. A few cows were browsing there, but Ellen had lived long enough in the country to have lost her first dread of them. But unfortunately all cows are not mild or pacific. The Judge's daughter had thrown over her shoulders a crimson scarf, unconscious of the peculiar antipathy entertained by the whole bovine tribe for this color. She had proceeded but a hundred yards when, turning her head, she saw a cow with lowered horns and a very inimical expression making for her at an alarming rate of speed. Physically Ellen was no heroine; and without considering that retreat was inglorious, dropped her sketching materials and, with a loud shriek, ran with trembling steps toward the gate by which she had entered. Perhaps, if she had perceived the advance of the foe in time, her escape would have been easily effected. But the cow had already got within a few rods, and two feet were no match for four.

With white face and suspended breath Ellen continued to run. She dared not stop to look behind her, but she could hear the panting of the excited animal. The gate was only a few feet distant—but would her strength, which she felt to be failing, suffice to carry her to a place of safety?

But in that crisis of peril the deliverer came. A young man, whom in her fright she did not recognize, had seen her danger. Already he was over the bars. With hasty hands he snatched a rail from the fence, and undauntedly ran to meet the foe. Looking up the cow saw her new antagonist, and stopped short. In that moment Ellen, with a last effort of strength, succeeded in getting through the gate, and fell in a swoon on the other side. Meanwhile her deliverer, brandishing the rail in a determined manner, made a fierce onslaught on the late triumphant pursuer, accompanying the charge with a shout which had its effect. In the most cowardly manner the animal faced about and beat a pusillanimous retreat.

Ralph Farnham—for, of course, the reader has surmised that it was he—did not attempt to overtake the flying and "demoralized" foe. He ran hastily to the gate, and found, to his great joy, that the young lady was recovering consciousness. She looked about her in a startled manner.

"The danger is over. Quiet yourself, I entreat," said Ralph, earnestly. "Allow me to assist you to your feet."

"That dreadful cow!" shuddered Ellen. "I gave myself up for lost!"

"She was probably incensed by your scarf," said Ralph. "You know cows have an antipathy to red."

"How can I ever thank you?" said Ellen, with emotion. "I feel that I have been rescued from serious peril by your means."

As she looked up she saw, for the first time, that it was the young man of whom her father had spoken to whom she was indebted. It was this thought, perhaps, that heightened her color a little.

"Do not think of it," said Ralph, quietly. "It affords me great pleasure to feel that I have been of service to you, Miss Henderson."

"I think I am speaking to Mr. Farnham?" she returned.

Ralph bowed.

"My father has spoken of seeing you in the street. He will feel obliged to you for giving him an opportunity of adding his thanks to mine."

Ralph's face lighted up with pleasure. "I shall be most happy to call," he said, "not, indeed, to receive thanks which I do not require, but I shall esteem it a privilege to make the acquaintance of one who has won so honorable a reputation as Judge Henderson."

Ellen was neither sentimental nor romantic, but it is certain that the circumstances under which she had made the acquaintance of our hero heightened the interest with which she regarded him. He left her at her own door, and then with a promise to call the next day.

The cordial warmth with which he was greeted when he did call was most flattering and agreeable. Until now he had made scarcely an acquaintance since coming to Snowdon. His pecuniary circumstances and devotion to his literary labors made him shy of making friends, and there were none of the young men in the village who would have sympathized in his pursuits. Now, however, a delightful intercourse was open to him. With the Judge he felt himself in the presence of an intellectual superior, while the occasional remarks of the daughter unconsciously revealed a rich culture.

They talked of books, art, authors. Seldom had either of them passed a pleasanter evening. When Ralph rose to go he was pressed to call again, in a manner which showed him that he would indeed be a welcome visitor. He returned to his room little disposed to study.

"She is, indeed, a beautiful girl," he said, half aloud, after sitting thoughtfully for an hour, gazing into the blazing embers.

"A most intelligent and agreeable young man," said the Judge, standing with his back to the fire. "Evidently a fine mind. I wonder what he is studying. If he should follow my profession I would do what I could to help him."

Ellen did not reply, but sat with her eyes fastened meditatively upon her work.

As the reader may share the Judge's wonder as to the character of Ralph's studies, I have thought it well to introduce a paragraph or two from a letter written by the young man the succeeding day. It was addressed to his only sister, who, for several months, had been acting as governess in a family on Long Island:

"I have nearly completed the romance upon which I have been for some months engaged. I had commenced it, as you know, before coming to Snowdon. The quiet life which I have led, entirely free from interruption, for I

have scarcely had an acquaintance, has been very favorable to progress in my work. Yet there are times when my sanguine hope of success deserts me, and I throw aside my pen, feeling that perhaps I have made a dreadful mistake in my estimate of my own abilities. I have hazarded much upon it. If I should fail—but I try to drive away ill forebodings. For myself I do not so much dread poverty and its necessary privations, but I can not bear to see you, my darling sister, reared in affluence, a dependent among strangers. If I could only provide a home for you, however humble, so that we might be again united, I should feel happy. I sometimes think that it was my duty to accept the clerkship offered me by Messrs. Fogg and Dodson. Though it would bind me to a life I detest, it would have given me a secure income, while now I may only experience mortifying failure. But I try to drive away desponding thoughts. *I must succeed!* A fortnight hence I shall forward the manuscript of my romance to the eminent New York publishers, Messrs. —— and ——, and shall await their decision with as much composure as I can.

"I have made to-day, by the merest accident, some most agreeable acquaintances. This afternoon I was enabled, most fortunately, to rescue from a position of considerable peril the only daughter of Judge Henderson, of whose legal eminence you have heard. This has secured me the entrée of their house. It is so long since I have associated with people of culture that my call proved a delightful one. I shall call again; but sparingly. The uncertainty of my position makes me a little shy of returning to that world from which my father's loss of property has exiled me."

For the next fortnight Ralph was busy with his romance. Once during that time he called at the house opposite, where he met with a cordial welcome. In the kindest manner Judge Henderson invited him to make free use of his large and well-selected library. This offer was gratefully accepted.

In due time the manuscript was dispatched. Free from the task which had engrossed his time and thoughts for so long, the young writer found the days of double length. He could settle his mind upon nothing new while the fate of his first venture remained undecided. He was tortured by suspense. If an unfavorable answer should be received what should he, what could he do? Must he look upon it as all a mistake, and, abandoning that life which had the greatest charm for him, bind himself apprentice to traffic which he found so uncongenial? He spent most of the time in purposeless wandering about the fields. He had nothing to wean his mind from the one subject which kept him in a state of feverish suspense. He might have renewed his call upon the Judge's family, but in his uncertainty he preferred solitude to society.

At length the blow fell. His manuscript was returned. It was accompanied by a note, written with the utmost courtesy, in which his talents were acknowledged, but his defects frankly pointed out. His romance was too highly colored. It needed toning down. The characters were drawn, not from life, but from the writer's glowing fancy. The incidents were some of them forced and unnatural. Effect had been too much strained after. It was probably a first essay in this branch of writing. If he would use the ability which he undoubtedly possessed in writing a book more true to nature and to life, it would give them pleasure to examine it.

Ralph was at first stunned by this blow. He had expected so much from his romance, and now what had come of it? He felt that the criticisms of the publishers were just, and would be confirmed by others. He would gladly take their advice and set to work upon something better, but how would he support himself in the mean time? He examined his scanty stock of money. He found that he had remaining enough to pay his board for four months. But he could not write a book in that, and even if he could do so, and it were successful, it would be some time afterward before he would begin to realize any thing from it. Again, winter was coming, and he ought to have a new over-coat. But the expense would make a frightful inroad into his limited fund. Every way the prospect seemed dark.

There was another week of inaction. Ralph felt wretched and spiritless. One day Ellen met him in the street, and as she returned his bow could not but detect the change in his appearance and his evident depression. With a woman's quick wit she divined the cause. His coat, already beginning to show marks of service, betrayed his secret.

She returned home, and thoughtfully opening her desk examined her purse. It contained two hundred dollars. She had no need of this. Her wardrobe was abundant. Besides, she could readily apply to her father if she required it. If she could only transfer it to Ralph without injuring his pride or betraying the source from whence it came. It was a case requiring the greatest delicacy, and for a long time no expedient occurred to her. By-and-by, however, a plan was suggested.

Ten miles distant the county paper was published. The *Weekly Bugle* had some literary pretensions. Occasionally it published an original story, frequently a poem by some "gifted favorite of the Muses." The editor was a man of small intellectual calibre, who edited a newspaper as he would have "kept a store," simply to gain a living. With the help of the county advertising he succeeded in obtaining a fair income. It is needless to say that his original contributors received no compensation, except, indeed, an abundant measure of flattery from the editor.

The next day Ellen ordered the carriage to go to the shire-town. She mentioned to her father that she had some purchases to make. On her arrival she directed the driver to proceed to the village hotel, and there wait for her. Then with some trepidation she sought out the office of the *Weekly Bugle*. She regarded with some dread the mission she had undertaken, but felt no disposition to turn back.

At the head of the stairs she saw a glazed door on which she read the name *Weekly Bugle*. She knocked timidly. The door was opened by a sandy-haired man in a shabby coat.

"To which of my fair contributors have I the pleasure of speaking?" he asked, with an insinuating smile.

"I am not a writer," said Ellen, hurriedly, "but wish to see you on a little business."

"Wish to subscribe to the paper, perhaps," said the editor. "Walk in, miss, if you please. You won't find us very neat. Can't keep an office looking like a parlor."

He removed a pile of exchange papers from a chair, and invited Ellen to sit down. She noticed with a feeling of relief that they were alone.

"Should you like," she commenced somewhat abruptly, "to engage a young man of fine talent to contribute a column weekly to your paper?"

The editor looked embarrassed.

"I should most certainly like to receive such assistance," he said; "but your proposition probably contemplates remuneration. My expenses are so great that I can not afford to purchase articles, though I should be willing to send the *Bugle* free, as I do to 'Serena Starr,' the gifted poetess, whose contributions you have doubtless noticed in some of our weekly issues."

"Remuneration would be expected," said Ellen; "but this shall be no expense to you. I am authorized to furnish you with a sum of money sufficient to pay for the contributions referred to."

"Indeed," said the editor, in some surprise, "that alters the case. I did not know any one felt sufficient interest in the *Bugle* to incur such an expense."

Ellen felt grateful to him for putting such a construction upon her proposal.

"The *Bugle* is better appreciated than you think," she said, smiling.

"At what rate am I authorized to engage this young writer?" inquired the editor.

"I am empowered to name five dollars per week for a weekly article."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed the editor, with a sudden start that dislodged the pen from behind his ear. "That is most liberal. The young man must be a first-class writer."

"I think you will find his contributions a great addition to your paper if you can induce him to form an engagement." This last clause was thrown with the artful desire of heightening the editor's opinion of Ralph's talents. "You no doubt can write him in such terms as to induce his acceptance."

"Without doubt," said the editor, rubbing his hands with the thought of how much capital he could make of this engagement in his forthcoming prospectus.

"I will place two hundred dollars in your hands," said Ellen, opening her purse, "and will beg you to pay the young man every ten weeks in advance. You can name this to him in your letter."

The editor counted out the notes, and, obtaining Ralph's address, at once wrote him a letter, which we will follow to its destination.

He had risen in the morning more depressed than usual. Success seemed farther off than ever. He had become convinced that his resources would fail him before he had half completed his work. Under these circumstances he decided that it was his duty to abandon it. He wrote a letter announcing his determination to his sister. When it was completed he carried it to the post-office.

"I have a letter for you, Mr. Farnham," said the postmaster.

Ralph was surprised. It was only the day previous that he had received a letter from his sister, and he knew of no other correspondent.

He opened the brown envelope, and with a strange mixture of feelings read the following:

"DEAR SIR,—Your reputation as a writer having reached me, I am desirous of securing your valuable services for the *Weekly Bugle* during the coming year. I will pay you five dollars per week for a weekly article of a column in length or thereabout, the subjects to be selected by yourself. This is a very large outlay, but I am resolved to spare no pains or expense to make the *Bugle* the leading paper of its class in the United States. Should you accept my proposal, as I earnestly hope you may, please write me to that effect at once. In return I will forward you a check for fifty dollars, being compensation for ten weeks in advance. I should like to receive your articles as early as Tuesday, my paper going to press on Thursday. Yours, respectfully,

"NATHAN BUTTERFIELD.

"P.S.—I mail you a copy of our paper, and should you accept my proposal will do so weekly, in addition to the compensation I have mentioned."

Joy and perplexity succeeded each other in the young man's mind as he read this letter. The heavy cloud of despair lifted, and a serene heaven of hope was revealed. Five dollars per week would pay his board and give him two dollars per week over. With his trifling expenditure this would be independence. One day in the week would meet this literary draft upon his time, and then he would be free to devote the remainder to his great work. The letter which he had written to his sister remained in his pocket. He wrote instead one of a very different character, which carried joy to his sister's heart. His walk terminated at the tailor's shop, which he entered, and with the air of a Rothschild ordered a new over-coat. How the outward landscape varies with the mood of him who looks upon it! In the morning it had seemed sombre. Now it was smiling; the faces of men seemed friendly; every thing was in tune.

"You've heard good news, I expect, Mr. Farnham," said Mrs. Hawkins, who had felt quite concerned about her boarder's evident low spirits.

"Yes, Mrs. Hawkins," said Ralph, cheerfully. "I have had an offer to write for the *Weekly Bugle* at five dollars per week. That will enable me to remain with you for some time to come. Until it came I feared that I should be obliged to leave Snowdon within a month."

"Then I'm very glad you've been engaged. But how did the editor of the *Bugle* come to hear of you?"

"I don't know," said Ralph, looking perplexed. "He spoke of knowing me by reputation. On the whole," he added, with a smile, "as the offer is an advantageous one, I won't inquire,

lest it should turn out to be a different man he intended."

The same evening Ralph called at the Judge's house, from which he had absented himself for three weeks. Ellen marked with pleasure his altered demeanor. She could not doubt that it was the result of the step she had taken. Perhaps it was this thought that made her, though not less friendly, a little more quiet than usual. Ralph, on the other hand, showed more than his usual confidence and animation. He was conscious that he had never appeared to better advantage. It was not alone the sense of pecuniary independence. The liberal terms which had been offered made him feel that his abilities were acknowledged. Might it not happen that the great world would confirm the verdict of the country editor?

"Really Mr. Farnham made himself very agreeable this evening," said the Judge after his visitor had departed. "I hope he will call upon us oftener than he has hitherto."

"I think he will," said Ellen to herself.

She was right. Freed from the terrible pressure of pecuniary anxiety, on good terms with himself and his work, Ralph almost unconsciously increased the frequency of his visits. In so doing he was treading, though he knew it not, on dangerous ground. As he became more intimate with the Judge's daughter her many attractions of mind and person revealed themselves one by one. Her beauty he acknowledged on his first encountering her. Now that he knew her better he felt that this was her least charm. The reader does not need to be told that he was fast drifting into love.

Ellen became daily more quiet and thoughtful. She was not easily led to speak of Ralph, and her father blamed her in his heart for treating the young man coldly. How little do fathers understand of their daughters' hearts!

It was some time before Ralph became aware of his love for the Judge's daughter. There came a time when it was revealed to him, and he stood dismayed at the discovery. Meanwhile weeks had slipped by, and it was now the middle of January.

One afternoon the stage left a passenger at the Judge's door. He was a spruce-looking young fellow, bearing the stamp of the latest New York style, and looked quite out of place in quiet Snowdon. He had run down to spend a fortnight with the Judge, who was his distant relative, and had been his guardian. He made himself very attentive to Ellen, whom he familiarly addressed as "Cousin Nelly," much to the disgust of Ralph. Of course the villagers were not long in forming their conclusions. A very small measure of attention is sufficient in a New England village to authorize the report that two parties are "engaged." Who started such a report in the present instance did not transpire. But one day Mrs. Hawkins referred to it at the table as a matter of which there could be no doubt.

Ralph started, and his face flushed and then grew pale.

"They do say," continued Mrs. Hawkins, "that they've been engaged for a year or more, and are to be married in the spring. She is such a beautiful girl that I do hope he is worthy of her."

"Worthy of her!" retorted Ralph, bitterly. "He is an empty-headed coxcomb."

He rose from the table abruptly, and went to his own room.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Hawkins, clear-sighted on such subjects. "I was afraid of it. And he's gone without tasting of my apple-pudding! I will warm up some for him to-night."

Ralph paced his room with rapid, unequal steps. He did not for a moment doubt the truth of what he had just heard. What was more natural? Though he was a fool, no doubt, Leslie James had money, and was recognized as holding a position in good society. Of course Ellen would marry in her own sphere. Why not him? Yes, it was true. Now he felt how imprudent he had been. He had suffered himself to fall in love where there was no hope of return. For he felt that he did love with all the intensity of which he was capable. Again the sun seemed stricken from his firmament. Again he relapsed into gloom. Worthy Mrs. Hawkins tempted his appetite with all the little delicacies her experience could suggest; but she realized the truth of a famous saying, though she had never heard of it, that it is "hard to minister to a mind [*Query*, heart?] diseased."

Ralph ceased writing any thing beyond the weekly contribution which he had engaged to furnish to the *Bugle*. He was living a romance of his own, which left him no room to shape one from the experiences of ideal characters. His mind was in no mood for exertion. He wandered moodily hither and thither, occasionally meeting Ellen and her companion. He contented himself on such occasions with a hasty bow, though once he could not but notice that Ellen intended to speak to him.

"Has that fellow lost any friends lately?" asked Leslie James, carelessly. "He looks like a walking funeral procession."

Ellen did not reply, but looked pained.

There was a pond in Snowdon, a pretty sheet of water about two miles in circuit, wooded on one side. This was now covered with ice nearly a foot thick. It was a capital place for skaters, and out of school-hours the boys congregated there in large numbers.

Ellen was an expert skater. Her visitor was but a novice. One morning she sportively challenged him to a trial of speed. He accepted, and procuring the best pair of skates the village store could supply, set out with his cousin on their expedition. They were soon on the shores of the pond, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. Putting on their skates, they confined themselves for a time to the immediate neighborhood. At length Ellen proposed to cross the pond.

"You are sure the ice is safe?"

"Oh yes, there is no doubt of it. It must be a foot thick."

There was one important circumstance of which Ellen was not cognizant. On the opposite shore a considerable tract of ice had been cut by an ice-dealer the week before, and as yet the surface only had frozen over, not thick enough to bear even a child's weight, though in general appearance it did not differ much from the surrounding ice.

Her cheeks flushed with exercise, Ellen sped on to the dangerous spot, not dreaming of peril. Her cousin, who was a much inferior skater, lingered considerably behind. There was a little recess or bay at the northwestern extremity of the pond, where it chanced that Ralph was that morning practicing. As he emerged from it to the open pond what was his horror on beholding Ellen swiftly approaching what he knew to be dangerous ground! He could not warn her in time. He must try some other means of saving her. Tasking his strength to the utmost, he set out to intercept her. Success seemed doubtful. She had not seen him or his warning gestures. At last she saw him, and understood her danger. But she could not stop. Her headway was such that she must inevitably plunge into the jaws of destruction. Her heart turned sick within her. She half-unconsciously ejaculated, "Save me, Ralph!" using this name for the first time.

He was too late. Her feet had pressed the treacherous surface, and the ice gave way beneath her. In a moment she was immersed in the chilly waters of the pond. But not alone. She felt that there was some one at her side, that strong arms upheld her. Then she fainted, and knew nothing more till she found herself on the ice with Ralph leaning anxiously over her. Her great peril and his instrumentality in saving her flashed upon her mind. She held out her hand. Urged by an uncontrollable impulse, he kissed it. She did not withdraw it, but smiled faintly. That smile told him all that he wished to know.

Just then Leslie James came up. He had been very much frightened by his cousin's danger, but the strap of his skate had broken, and he had been unable to come to her assistance sooner.

"By Jove, Nelly, you've had a narrow escape!" he said.

"I should have lost my life but for Mr. Farnham's timely assistance."

"By Jove, Mr. Farnham, we're excessively obliged to you! You're a trump. Excuse me, I mean a gentleman."

"Thank you," said Ralph; "I feel fully repaid for all that I have done." He looked brightly and significantly at Ellen.

When Ellen and her cousin returned home and reported what had happened the Judge opened his arms and, clasping his beloved child to his heart, thanked God fervently that she had been spared to him. With almost youthful impetuosity he hurried across the street and into Ralph's room.

"How can I thank you?" he said, extending both hands, his tone full of emotion. "She was all that I had, and you have saved her."

"Do not thank me, Judge Henderson," said Ralph, in a low voice. "I fear you will frown upon me when I tell you, as I feel it my duty to do, that I love your daughter."

The Judge was silent for a moment. "Does Ellen know this?" he asked.

"I think she does. In the excitement of saving her I think I betrayed myself."

"And do you think she returns it?"

Ralph blushed like a girl. "I—I have reason to think she does," he faltered.

"Then you have my consent," said the Judge, promptly.

Ralph started, and his face became radiant with joy. "But I am poor—I have nothing," he said, a moment afterward, looking anxiously at the Judge.

"You have talent, and Ellen has money," said the Judge, cheerfully. "It is a fair exchange. But go over and see her. If she gives her consent mine will not be wanting."

A day or two afterward Ralph Farnham sat in the Judge's drawing-room, his future son-in-law. Ellen was sitting near by, her face full of quiet happiness, while Ralph read to the attentive Judge the first chapters of his new romance. As it is soon to be given to the world I will forbear any further allusion to it. The day of its publication is to be Ralph's wedding-day. His sister, who has resigned her position as governess, will officiate as bridemaid, and become a member of her brother's household. No one is better pleased with the match than Judge Henderson, who firmly believes that his son-in-law is destined to win a place among our most eminent American authors.

WOMAN IN COMEDY.

THE comic dramatists of the Restoration had at least this merit—that they were frankly and confessedly wicked. If they were void of virtuous instruction, they did not pretend to proffer it; if their plays were one long-drawn sneer at female chastity, they did not affect to believe in its existence; if they gibed at the sober citizen, they avowed that they thought a rake-helly life the only one for a man of spirit, and money of no value except to squander in the brothel or at the basset-table, upon loose ladies of quality, or upon tailors of a brilliant taste. The refined corruptions of the court and the stolid virtues of the city were the constant themes of playwrights, who professed an easy familiarity with the one, and an impudent contempt for the other. They laughed at their monarchs and they libeled their merchants. They borrowed money, and repaid the obligation by ruining the lender's wife. It was a rare joke, at which the whole theatre roared, to bilk a banker of his cash, and then to destroy his domestic happiness. It showed wit and good-breeding to gibe at his honesty, to caricature his religion, to sneer at his punctuality, and to burlesque the formality of his manners. Yet the men who were thus systematically subjected to derision not merely

laid the foundation of the commercial greatness of England, but were continually called upon to supply the necessities of a poor yet extravagant court. The palace depended for food and raiment upon the counting-house, when it did not more ignominiously depend upon the subsidies of Louis XIV. There is a laughable story in Pepys of the lamentable shifts to which Charles II. was driven in the matter of clean linen, through the peculations of his valet and the badness of the royal credit with the draper.

A fine lady in the comedies which we are considering was a hybrid of French levity grafted upon English coarseness. After her marriage—and sometimes before it—she felt herself at liberty to swear, to gamble, to drink, and to intrigue. The chief business of her life was to irritate, and mortify, and ruin her husband; to pass all day in bed reading romances, and all night at a drum dancing minuets; to play high and to paint high; to divert herself with ratafia, the spleen or coarse talk over a raking pot of tea; to disseminate scandal about her dearest friends, and to cheapen old china at an auction. Virtue did well enough for parsons' wives and dowagers in their decadence. But virtue could not satisfy the wants of a fine lady. "Can virtue," sneers Sir Harry Wildair, "bespeak a front row in the boxes? No; for the players can not live upon virtue. Can your virtue keep you a coach and six? No, no; your virtuous woman walks afoot. Can your virtue hire you a pew in the church? Why, the very sexton will tell you, No. Can your virtue stake for you at piquet? No: then what business has a woman with virtue?" Yet this very homily comes from gallant, dashing, delightful Sir Harry—a part often played by a woman, as a print of pretty Mrs. Greville in the character, in our possession, attests.

It is strange that this vulgar type of tainted women should, for so many years, have kept possession of the English stage, from which it has now, and, as we trust, forever, almost entirely disappeared. The character of Lady Teazle, which is but a faint and tolerably modest copy of her predecessors, was the last specimen of it upon the London boards. The pertinacity with which it was adhered to for so long a period by the dramatists is the more noteworthy because nowhere to a greater extent than in England have the domestic virtues been valued, and the pricelessness of female purity acknowledged. There is a vassalage to the French theatre now, as there was a century and a half ago; but we put our imported wares through a purgation, and make the Parisian demireps all die of consumption in an odor of sanctity. The smirch of most English comedy in the last century has rendered a considerable portion of our literature at present quite useless for its original purposes, not at all fitted for general reading, and simply curious to the literary antiquarian. To him even these wretched distortions of a diseased humanity seem as monstrous as the gods of a Polynesian savage. At all that is comely and decent, at all that is lovely and of good report, at the truth which strengthens, the modesty which graces, and the love which rounds the womanly nature, these London ladies shake their powdered heads, and titter behind their painted fans. In their creed vows were made to be broken, children were given to be abandoned, and homes were established only to be deserted. We can imagine nothing worthier of the flail of the satirist than a pit full of husbands who would have savagely resented any invasion of their own honor, chuckling at the loose talk and action of the stage gallant, mocking the hesitation of the stage wife, and sneering at the wrath of the stage cuckold. Yet even women of unquestionable modesty, or at least honor, witnessed without a blush exaggerated exhibitions of womanly degradation, and listened complacently to language at the theatre for which they would have banished the user from their drawing-rooms.

The only philosophical explanation of this is that words are not things, and that these fops and fine ladies were regarded as ideal creatures, not to be criticised according to the laws of ordinary morality. This, which was the theory of Charles Lamb, though kindly, seems to us superficial. Vice is at once detected by intelligent purity, and detected only to be abhorred. Actors are the servants of the public; and as their business is to amuse, they will repeat that which they have, by actual trial, found to be amusing. No performer who has been once vigorously hissed for a *double-entendre* will ever try the same merry experiment again before the same company. But, alas! why do we talk of hissing in these days of the universal salvation of comic stupidity and of tragic nonsense? The good old anserine method of rendering judgment, and of consigning mediocrity to the limbo of things dismissed from earth, has faded into a tradition, and mild-minded people, who have paid their money to be entertained, sit patiently under their long infliction, without once thinking that theirs should be an absolute jurisdiction, and that no manager has a right to compel them to swallow physic instead of the cates and delicacies for which they bargained. It is the royal stage now which dominates over the pit, disappoints reasonable expectation, relies upon the ignorance or good-nature of the audience, defies censure, and bullies the town. Play-goers, not knowing what they want, are contented with what they can get. It must be a consolation to the ladies and gentlemen of the profession to know that while they have but little to give but little is required of them. If they can neither amuse nor instruct the sober-minded—if they can but stumble and stammer through their parts—they may at least spare us

> "——the arts of Lydian panderism,
> Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries."

Comedy is the representation of manners rather than of events. Its natural end is a probable future felicity, upon which it is not called to enter, but which it sufficiently foreshadows. It

closes with a wedding, as tragedy with a funeral. Perhaps the dramatic form which is truest is to be found in that commingling of the grave and the gay, of mourning and merriment, of fatality and of fun, of the wonderful and the common, which the cunning of Shakspeare alone could completely master, and which, after all our fine writing about classical models and deep dissertations upon the unities, is the nearest to artistic perfection because it is the nearest to nature. Tragedy is serious and stately; it advances with a high step and recites to us the darker fortunes of mankind, with a voice full of earnestness, and with eyes full of tears; while Comedy trips lightly before us, and pelts with its quirks and quips the frailties and the follies of the world. Tragedy is saved by the very solemnity of its purpose and the earnestness of its action from all temptation to pander to prurient appetite and a debauched taste; it walks among the tombs, where the heartiest laughter would sound but hollow; the scenes which it paints are those from which merriment has long been banished; the loves which it records are failures; and the high purposes which it indicates are to sink into disappointment and despair before all is over. Tragedy acknowledges law, admits responsibility, and bows to the decrees of all-judging Jove; while Comedy, prone to abandonment, restive under restraint, dancing through to-day, warbling of victorious wooing and of merry wedding, leaves our delighted vision in a Paphian rain of prismatic jewels, with its madrigals and melodious hymeneals still bewitching our ears. We tremble at the buskined dame glancing at us with that fatal and consuming fire in her eyes, which all her tears can not quench; but we gaze fondly upon the airy lady of the sock, who beckons us to follow her through perfumed gardens, to rest with her in bowers of complete ease, to taste from her crystal cup the nectar which she has purloined from Olympus, and in the summer of her countenance to forget all our winter woes.

But pleasant as is the vision, natures which have been wounded by the sharp experience of existence are hardly cheated by the spectacle for a moment. There is the past, with all its bereavements and failures, behind us; there is the future, full of distracting uncertainties, before us. It is a sad heart that never rejoices, but it is a mad heart that rejoices always. There is work to do in this world, as sooner or later we find out; and although Comedy bids us be always at our sports, it may be the death to all our manliness should we childishly heed her injunction. The life which the fine folk of Wycherly and Congreve are represented as leading, with all its fire-fly glitter, is simply the life of the beasts that perish—a life well enough if man were born a butterfly, into an Elysium prepared for him; well enough if he were irrational, irresponsible, and mortal. It is a round of drinking and dicing, of dressing and drabbing; of love-making, and of marriage, which a month of enjoyment converts into intolerable slavery; of infidelity to the most sacred vows, and of theoretical and practical contempt for whatsoever things are lovely; of wit wasted upon ignoble themes; of outward refinement and of inward coarseness. The sole desire of these Foplings and Flutters, of these Beau Clinchers and Sir Novelty Fashions was to wear fine garments, to win fine women, to swear fine oaths, to fight fine duels, and to finesse dextrously at cards. In this busy and bustling century we wonder if such insects ever lived in the human form. They are horrible — these barbarians in silk cloaks, these skeletons in gay dominoes skipping with a strange agility, these apes chattering of love, these liars parading their honor, these cheats proclaiming their honesty, these men so ignominiously emasculated! Our age may have grown overhard and practical, but we nourish no such nondescripts as these. Thank God that we have a loifter ideal of manliness! Better that mediocrity, mercantile, mechanical, material, if you will, between the hero and the scamp, which is the despair of the modern playwright, and which starves the stage! If we can not have a comedy without a thousand pestilent social vices, let the gay muse go hang herself in her garters! It is hardly worth while to cultivate folly merely for the diversion of seeing it wittily rebuked.

Noscitur a sociis. We beg pardon of all lady lecturers, but we are obliged to believe that as the men are so will the women be; or, to put the statement in a more palatable form, and thus save ourselves from the possibility of a lecture or a letter, we will say that as the men have been so have been the women. At least it is so in the Comedy which we have been considering. Here is a picture of a Lady of Quality, from Sir John Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife:"

"She wakes about two o'clock in the afternoon—she stretches—she makes a sign for her chocolate—when she has drank three cups she slides down upon her back, with her arms over her head, while her two maids put on her stockings. Then hanging upon their shoulders she is trailed to her great chair, where she sits and yawns for her breakfast. If it does not come presently, she lies down upon her couch to say her prayers, while her maids read her the playbills. When the tea is brought she drinks twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter, and half an hour after she sends for the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready. By the time her head is half dressed she hears her husband swearing himself into a state of perdition, that the meats are all cold upon the table; to amend which she comes down in an hour more and has it sent back to the kitchen to be all dressed over again." Our dear Mrs. Potiphar is certainly an improvement upon this amiable lady, especially when we consider certain other traits which follow in the play, and which we modestly omit.

We may well ask of what value, for our modern purposes, is the play from which this extract is taken. A character like this, not universal and eternal like the characters of Shakspeare, but conventional and contemporary, means no-

thing and teaches nothing now. A painter might as well import a mummy from the pyramids for his lay figure. Mere walking bundles of manners and customs can never supply characters for the stage. No one is to be persuaded from his vices by the exhibition of vices to which he has no inclination. The only vital literature is that which portrays the unchanging nature of mankind and depicts the common features of the ages. All else is fit only for the cabinets of the antiquarians.

Why has the nineteenth century no drama except in the lower and lyrical form? Why, with such illustrious examples in our literature, has our play-writing dwindled into farce, mere clumsy translation and shifty adaptation? Within the memory of man no fine tragedy has been produced, if we except "Ion," which is of the Greek, Grecian; and no fine comedy, if we except "London Assurance," which is of the French, Frenchy. No other department of the Fine Arts appears to have been smitten by this palsy. Our painters give us great and original pictures—our sculptors hew from the marble fresh forms of life and loveliness—our lyrical poets are the finest since the age of Elizabeth—our music is, as music should be, full of the spirit of the time—our prose fiction is incomparably fine, in spite of its morbid anatomy; but in the midst of all this profuse wealth, the poor drama stands naked and hungry, with none to clothe her in the garments of the time, and with nothing to rekindle the flame of her suspended vitality. We go to see new plays, and come away with a sad feeling that what in them was good was hardly new. We must content ourselves with acres of painted cloth, and new petticoats for the actresses; while, if there is a little Shakspeare to save appearances, we heartily wish that there had been no Shakspeare at all.

And yet, as we have said, it is only in dramatic *form* that our age is deficient. In prose fiction, for instance, we have dramatic creations, especially by female hands, of female character, which are remarkably subtle and true to nature. There is dramatic ability enough in "Jane Eyre" for a remarkable tragedy; and there is an exquisite sense of human eccentricity in Marian Evans's novels, which might have given us a comedy of a high order. But, putting out of the question the consideration of supply and demand, dramatic laws must be extremely irksome to female volubility; for although the unities have never been much regarded in English plays, the limit of five acts requires a certain steady conduct of the action, a close development of the plot, and a reasonable verbal restraint, which the swift manufacturer of novels may find distasteful. For this reason, perhaps, no novelist, unless Bulwer be an exception, has ever written a good play. Fielding's comedies did not take with the town. Goldsmith succeeded in one play, but it was in spite of incredible absurdities in his plot, and he showed no inclination to repeat the experiment. Sir Walter Scott could do nothing originally with the drama, although several of his novels, dramatized by the inferior but dextrous hand of Terry, had a prolonged success. One would have thought that, of all modern writers, Mr. Thackeray might have revived the waning glories of the comic stage; but he keeps [alas, that for *keeps* we must now say *kept*] steadily to the work in which he has won immortal honor, and shows no stomach for Thespian experiments. The same delicate discrimination and rigorous fidelity with which he has painted female character in his books, might lack breadth for the boards, and, unrelieved by narration and commentary, might be found unpalatable by the belles of the boxes. In comedy, at least, it has been settled that we want women who are under the dominion, or doomed to be under it, of love, which is the paramount passion and prime necessity of the feminine nature, and not of hate, which deforms and distorts it—women whose logic is in their laughing eyes, and who are imperious by soft persuasion—women of that gentle wit which gives pleasure to its objects by the very pain which it inflicts—women of the world who are yet unworldly, and who move through the brilliant scenes of society without being unsexed by its corruptions—women whose native graces have been cultured but not conquered by conventionalities, and who, while weak in all chaste and honorable concession, are like the lioness despoiled of her young when tempted by sensual advances—women whom the virtuous need not fear to personate; upon whose personations the modest need not fear to look.

Who thinks that this would make the stage dull? Who are they to whom only harlot smiles can give pleasure; and whose unchaste ears are to be tickled only by licentious speech? What sin may not be as decorously rebuked upon the stage as in the pulpit? Have preachers always scorned the aid of wit, and of humor, and of facetious characterization, from Dr. Luther down to Sydney Smith? He who thinks that wit must be wicked makes as great a mistake as he who thinks that devotion must be dull. It is the blunder of an exceedingly coarse nature to suppose that all merriment must need be culpable, and that nothing can entertain us which is not contrary to good morals. This is a subacidulous theory which some may propound for the sake of a sour distinction, but according to which few live or affect to live. At every well-regulated breakfast-table, under the ordinary circumstances of social life, there is, or should be, a new and glad comedy to inaugurate the day—an extemporized play of conversational pleasantries, of good-natured personalities, of attack without malice, and retorts without anger. Whenever and wherever refined and educated men and women are gathered together, there is an improvised play enacted with a jovial and confiding sincerity, in which, without exceeding the limits of good-breeding, the frailties and foibles of the company are thrown into a joint stock for the public amusement. Who finds this dull because there is a restraint upon his facetious fancies, and etiquette requires him

to be decent? The man of the world, who in the drawing-room is delighted by the soft and swift repartee of a modest, and clever, and accomplished woman, would be none the less gratified could he see her, or something like her, reproduced at the theatre; for the presentation would be not only an immediate pleasure, but a pleasure of the memory. Should he wish for exaggerations or diminutions of nature's most excellent standard, he knows where the dwarfs and the giants, the very lean and the very fat are to be found. It is, or it should be, a slander upon any society to say that in dramatic representation it can relish only what is prurient.

If, with all that is charged upon it, the playhouse is but slenderly supported, is not the conclusion a fair one, that if it were something different and opposite it would be more liberally maintained? If we can have popular novels without a single scarlet woman in them, yet running through numerous editions, read by numberless thousands and achieving a miraculous success, why should not a play, decorous and able as that novel, attract to its representations at least a moiety of such readers? When "Uncle Tom" had undergone a dramatic transmogrification, even church-members thought it no shame to lead their delighted progeny to the theatre to witness the life and death of that remarkable African. But did "Uncle Tom" exhaust decent dramatic possibility? Is the nineteenth century poverty-stricken to that extreme degree? The world wants amusement, and, in one form or another, will have what it wants. We all seek, as our elder brethren from the beginning of time have sought, occasion of relief from the wearing work and wearisome anxieties of living—forgetfulness, if but for an hour, of sorrows which fill our days with anguish and our nights with distempered dreams—relaxation from tension of nerve and attention of mind extorted by the exigencies of artificial life. In this the brain is like the rest of the body, it requires variety of diet. We can not always be reading even the best of books, or thinking the bravest of thoughts, or listening to the most lucid of lectures, or looking at the finest of pictures, or hearing concerts of the most melodious music. The drama, which under so many and such different forms the world has always possessed, and which was for a period the humble handmaiden even of the Church, is, by its double appeal to the eye and the ear, one of the most naturally attractive forms of recreation. Here is a normal and universal taste, which, while we certainly can not afford to abuse it, we can not afford to love. It is capable of purity—why should it not be purified? It is susceptible of moral influences—why should it be denied the opportunity of moral culture? It may be delightful as well as decorous—why should it be abandoned?

But in any reform which may be attempted of English comedy, the first work must be to rid the repertories of the theatre of the accumulated Augean rubbish which for so many years has been there accumulating—the good old stock which it has been accounted flat blasphemy to displace. A standard play, with certain illustrious exceptions, is a stench in the nostrils of the tasteful and virtuous. In addition to the treasures of the past, an age needs its own drama, as it needs its own fit political institutions. But the theatre has been strangely tenacious of its traditions. You go to the play to be amused, and you are shown an old gentleman wearing a coat of the year 1800, a waistcoat of 1775, breeches of 1750, shoe-buckles of 1730, and a wig of 1720, who swears oaths of the times of the Regent, and affects the manners of the times of Charles the Second. It is a very antiquarian business, and a little too musty to be amusing. What to us is a hideous old battered rake, who cries, "Stap my vitals!" and talks of his triumphs at White's, or last night at Ranelagh? of Lady Betty Modish's drum? on like topics, once so absorbing to so many people who are now in their coffins? Why turn our theatres into mere mausoleums and mummy-shops? Comedy should be the offspring of contemporary follies, the scourge of rampant vices, the corrector of prevailing evils, the mirror of lively absurdities, the arbiter of still vital tastes. Let the dead bury their dead! What have we to do with the foibles of our grandfathers or with the flirtations of our great-grandmothers? with the scandalous prattle, and jigs, and jollifications of those faded and dusty years? We do not ask our actor to gabble the long Greek words of Aristophanes, or the Latin of Terence; nor could we reasonably be expected to laugh at "the Birds." Yet a whole company of honest people will gapingly sit out a comedy by Congreve, and will believe that they are entertained because they have been told that the play is classical. It is a melancholy piece of business, especially when we consider the money which is paid at the door. If Thespis had come back upon a new cart, his cheeks fresh-stained with wine-lees, and had grinned never so broadly at the polished Athenians, do you think they would have smiled in return upon the old gentleman, or have given him so much as a single obolé? The Hindu comedy is merry and old. Why do not the managers of the mausoleums try that? We have already had Iphigenia and other long-skirted Greek dames, and Mr. Talfourd's short-skirted Greek boy. Has the laugh all died out which once mingled with their long and woeful wails?

Shakspeare, whose lightest direct criticism of the dramatic art is authority, calls the players "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times." With no great violence the remark of Hamlet may be applied to the plays also, or to what they should be. It would be cynical, as it would certainly be unphilosophical, to deny that the woman of the present age, in social position, in mental and spiritual cultivation, in all her relations to man, occupies a position which, whether we consider it higher or lower, is different from that which woman occupied in

times which have become historic. The American woman, especially, in her freedom from petty and needless restraint, and in the opportunities afforded her for the fuller and freer development of her whole nature, presents salient points of character in great variety. If the liberty of her motion permits that exhibition of the graces of which she is capable, it none the less allows the display of the subtler elements of character, of earnestness as well as frivolity—of the little and great doubts which distract her in the most momentous crisis of life and of love—of her fascinating waywardness, her sweet, unreasoning abandonment to high impulses, and her dear, illogical habit of skipping to her conclusions. To a remarkable extent she influences public affairs, and the respect with which she is regarded in the forum would in Rome have filled the Conscript Fathers with consternation. It is no shame, it is rather a credit to our manhood, that we permit her to do a portion of our work—that we admire the poems which she writes, the statues which she moulds, the pictures which she paints, and the fine novels which she produces, to say nothing of the sermons which she preaches, and the prescriptions which she writes for our wives and children.

In Women's Conventions there is sometimes shrill complaint that we are jealous of female incursions, and dread the rivalry of our wives, mothers, and sisters in pursuits which we have heretofore monopolized. We must declare that for these accusations we can discover no sufficient foundation. We are willing, in this matter as in all others, to trust to the eternal laws of nature which are not to be repealed either by the prettiest or the profoundest convocations. We think it more gallant, or at least more prudent, to admit that what woman *can* do she *will* do, maugre feudal precedents and black-letter statutes. We do not believe that she was made merely to cook. When our Götz von Berlichingens go forth to battle we see no reason why their wives should ride with them, nor do we see any reason why they should be left in the kitchen. Women tell us pettishly that we consider them good for nothing but to cook and coquet, to dress and dance, to preside in the nursery and ornament the drawing-room. There is a coarse injustice in this which every gentleman must keenly feel. No high-minded man ever permits his least thought or action to be swayed by such outworn bigotry. On the contrary, all who believe that our race is always advancing toward a higher development, and that every century should add to truth and diminish error, desire nothing more ardently than the complete emancipation of woman from every unnatural disability and unjust restraint. We want no revival here of the gynækonitis of Greece, and no establishment here—in spite of Mr. Milne's poetry—of the Oriental harem.

In proof of the sincerity of this declaration, we ask leave to point out to literary ladies the field of comedy as one which they may cultivate not without fresh and fragrant laurels. For two centuries woman has been permitted to share in the glories, and, alas, in the degradation of the English stage. From the days of Mrs. Behn to the days of Mrs. Mowatt—we beg pardon of the latter for the conjunction of names—there has never been a time when a good play, written by a woman, did not have a fair chance of representation and of kindly reception. The net result, we must confess, has been rather lamentable. It would have been better for Aphra Behn if she had never been born. The memory of Mrs. Centlivre is not sweet. The comedies of Miss Baillie were found to be utterly unfitted for the stage. Miss Edgeworth wrote a few dramas of no especial value. The single play of Mrs. Hemans which was exhibited did not succeed. But as a palliation of this honest but meagre record, we hasten to declare our full conviction that woman can write comedy, and our earnest desire that, by so doing, she may lend her aid, which will be invaluable to the resuscitation of the drama now gasping in the article of death, and deserving to die if it can live no worthier life. Let the poor stage have the benefit of her quick wit, of her sharp and delicate discrimination of character, of her purity of thought, of her passionate intensity of purpose, and of her affectionate nature. Here is a service which, if she will but perform it, will win for her the gratitude of the good, and the plaudits of posterity.

The comic stage is, indeed, in a most uninviting condition. The victim of a cruel French invasion, it is filled by those who either never did live, or never should have lived. Courtliness and decorum have fled from it, and it needs to be taught, for it no longer teaches, good manners. It has ceased to be the school of politeness, the academy of gentle breeding, the college of courtesy, the seminary of the amenities. That considerate demeanor by which the asperities of our selfishness are mitigated, and which softens the inevitable collisions of life, has been exchanged for a swaggering vulgarity; and the easy and rounded elegance of polished womanhood, which lends even to the commonplaces of conversation an irresistible charm, has degenerated into the simpering affectation of chambermaids, by some freak of fortune metamorphosed into fine ladies; so that what with text, twisted by a bad memory into nonsense and false grammar, and costume which is an irritating anachronism, and awkwardness of carriage in the drawing-room which would disgrace a milkmaid in a barn-yard, the theatre only confirms clownishness, and legitimates rusticity. It is not too much to believe that if women wrote more frequently for the theatre they would impart to its exhibitions something of their own grace, purity, and elegance; and it is certain that at the present time, under hardly any temptation to cater to the coarse and unthinking, would they venture upon the employment of those licentious baits of applause which men are not ashamed to use. A woman well enough nurtured to write well is not one likely to write coarsely, or to

barter her modest reputation for the applausive chuckles of the base. She would rather seek to vindicate the dignity of her sex by presenting it in its most creditable estate, and by proving that brilliancy of mind and of manners need not argue depravity of heart. If the Greek women had been in a condition to write comedy, no enactment to keep the Athenian ladies from the theatre would have been necessary, nor would they, in the disguise of slaves, have crept to a hearing of the plays of Aristophanes. Mr. Dickens has proved that prose fiction may be humorous without being besmirched: perhaps it is for some brilliant female genius to show that we may have comedy without the vices which so easily beset it. There would be a glory in the work, but there would be a consciousness of a noble service nobly performed, and of an exalting influence conscientiously exerted, which would, to an ingenuous mind, be worth all the fame and emolument which might incidentally follow.

Nor can we forget that woman might in this way do something to consign to eternal oblivion those dramatic creations which reflect only dishonor and ridicule upon her sex—which represent it as sensual and fickle, as thoughtless and reckless, as bent only upon pleasure and prone only to intrigue, as fonder of winning admiration than of deserving it. In this way, moreover, she might repay the debt which she owes to those dramatic writers who have vindicated her capacity for a higher life, her fidelity to nobler intuitions, her truth, her honor, and her long-suffering. Out of the depths of her own womanly soul such a writer might repeat, with a new truth and an uncommon vigor, the ideal heroines of poets who have celebrated not merely mortal loveliness but immortal love. Nor this alone. By dignifying the drama she would dignify that vocation which so many of her sisters follow, and would rescue from the indignation of the censor and the sneer of the scandalous those who are sometimes causelessly blamed, and sometimes not without a sufficient reason.

The reproach which has been cast upon the stage, at almost every period of the world's history in which a stage existed, has come from no mean sources, and has never been wholly undeserved. Pagan and Protestant and Catholic writers have united in this denunciation. Plato condemned the influence of comedies; Aristotle thought that youth should not be allowed to witness them; Tacitus applauded the German women for keeping aloof from the theatre; Ovid advised Augustus to suppress it; Tertullian, Cyprian, Chrysostom denounced it; Collier, Law, and Tillotson, among Protestants, joined in the censures of the Catholic Church; while, to make the circle of authority complete, we find Rousseau advising the authorities of Geneva to suppress the theatre in that city. This has been the judgment of great and good minds in the past. What shall be the drama of the future? As there is too much of real value in the theatre to allow us to ask for its demolition, even if that were possible, which it is not, may we not hope to behold it partaking of the enlightened spirit of the century, and whether it shall demand our tears or our laughter, appealing only to what is worthy, pure, and innocent in the nature of man?

THE STOMACH AND CIVILIZATION.

ART, which is the food of the eye—music, which is the titillater and pleasurable affecter of the ear—have had their historians, their worshipers, their eulogists. Poets have sung them. Their effect upon civilization has been extolled and expatiated upon—their *chefs-d'œuvre* pointed out with pride as episodes in the world's history, while their decline is mourned, and a retrograde in that world's progress as promptly predicted.

Nor is this wrong; but we would at the same time venture the remark that heretofore an important civilizer has been overlooked; one that has perhaps wielded as potent an influence as either of the others, though its poets may be few, and no splendid monuments even rear their heads in honor of its masters: we mean the stomach.

"All the arts owe their origin," says Elzéar Blaze, "and their improvement, to the necessity for eating, which is a daily recurrence among men.

"If there existed in nature any common and abundant food, which each could procure without labor, as there exists a beverage of which we may drink as much as we please; if this food were at the command of all, like water, we should still be in the woods, clad in the skins of beasts, and never think of building cities or constructing railroads."

It is the necessity for eating, he argues, and that with some reason, that gives rise to all the ideas of art, science, and civilization. Rabelais, who has called the stomach Messire Gaster, the first master of arts in the world, he pronounces right; for, "From what is necessary men want the superfluous; from the cake baked in the embers to the box at the opera there exists a long series of things, an uninterrupted chain of wants, which has its origin in the stomach."

Without going this length, we may yet safely contend that in the history of gastronomy we may trace the progress of every other art. In the records of the nations of antiquity this is particularly observable.

Thus as the art of cooking advanced in Greece we find that nation progressing in every other science, arriving rapidly at that perfection of elegance and refinement which afterward astonished the world. The Athenians particularly excelled in the art of gastronomy. A didactic poem, written by Archestratus of Athens upon this subject, has been esteemed so highly as to be classed by *savans* among the choicest of the lost works of antiquity.

From this we may judge that the Grecians had made considerable progress in that art;

yet, as Madame Dacier, with all a Frenchwoman's ingenuity, has discovered, the Greeks were undoubtedly ignorant of the art of boiling meat.

"Homer," says a pleasant writer, "makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *pièce de résistance* undoubtedly is a broil."

The degree of civilization and luxury which Greece attained has been a continual source of wonder and admiration to all successive ages. Who can tell, then, to what extremes this might not have reached had her people been acquainted with the art of boiling their viands?

Who can estimate the consequences of continual broils upon the great minds of the learned and luxurious of Athens (for in those days men were both)? the comparative indigestibility of food thus prepared? its consequent effect in impairing the judgment or heightening the passions of a people? True, afterward they acquired this art from Egypt, and turned it to the best possible advantage; but it was too late. Greece had arrived at the apex of that inevitable wave which seems to bear in turn all nations upon its bosom; and the downward course which Fate had decreed was not to be stayed by even so pregnant a discovery.

With other arts, upon the decay of Greece, gastronomy flew to Rome, where we find it without that same classic ideality that it possessed in Athens.

The pupils of Archestratus, if we may believe Athenæus, had grasped, though effetely, at the *soul* of the science; but the Romans perceived little else but the animal portion. Profusion and costliness were consequently the distinguishing features of their celebrated banquets. Nothing but the brains of five hundred peacocks or the tongues of five hundred nightingales would satisfy their ideas of luxury. All their dishes were on the principle of *immensity;* and this trait runs all through this people's history. It was thus they conquered provinces and afterward ruled the world.

"Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million."

Apicius, after having spent millions in the gratification of his palate, and finding that he had only about $250,000 of our money left, committed suicide for fear of starving to death. Cleopatra gave her noble lover dissolved pearls to drink worth a prince's ransom. Which freak of extravagance has been approached in later times by the fair, frail, but famous Mrs. Sawbridge, who, to show her disgust for an aged admirer, tucked the hundred-pound note which he had laid upon her dressing-table into a sandwich, then ate it.

During the dark ages which succeeded the decline of the Roman empire the science of gastronomy is entirely lost to sight. The Normans, who were a discriminating and refined people, were among the first to catch a glimmer of it again; but absolutely the revival of cookery, as well as learning, is due to Italy.

Catherine de Medicis introduced the art into France, where it seemed to find itself immediately at home, and grew apace. She brought with her the secret of making ices—also fricandeaus, which were invented by the *chef* of Leo X. The science progressed rapidly. It was a seed well sown, and sprang up into a luxuriance that has ever since moulded and astonished the world.

Under Louis XIV. cooking made prodigious advances. *Côtelettes à la Maintenon* and liqueurs were invented during his reign; and so honorable had the profession become that Vatel, the cook of the Great Condé, killed himself because the fish did not arrive in season. Weighty state matters also perished with him; for, as Madame de Sévigné narrates in her memoirs, "the Duke wept, for it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The Prince related what had passed to the King, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honor which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The King said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

But still greater events in the world's history have "hinged" upon Vatels—or rather, upon that humble organ, the stomach.

Father Prout (Mahoney), in his ingenious and learned dissertation on Fasting, has shown that the dislike of abstemiousness inherent in the Gothic races had undoubtedly much to do with the Reformation. Fast-days, Lent, and its humiliation of the flesh, were bid adieu to with joy by these gross feeders, and the gastric juices were all-potent in this movement; while the Celtic races, who were extremely temperate in their food, still clung tenaciously to the old religion, its fasts and observances.

One thing certain, gastronomy, prior to 1514, was in England at a very low ebb. It then began to attract more attention, and the year 1514 may be said to be the period of the introduction of this science among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

"Turkeys, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in this year,"

says the old distich, Leonard Maschal being the introducer; as he was also of that fine apple, the pippin.

Gardening had been introduced from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables had been imported into England some five years earlier. Prior to this time (1509) land in the "tight little island" had been, as it were, almost worthless. It began now to increase in value, and luxuries became more diffused. So rapid, consequently, was the progress of gastronomy, that but a few years elapsed before we find the mass of English stomachs already scoffing at the fasts and mortifications of the flesh so plentifully in-

culcated by the *old*, and so happily ignored by the *new* church.

"But," it will be exclaimed, "there were more potent influences at work. The manifold corruptions in the old religion. The arrogance of the clergy, and the lustful nature of the king." True; but had not the gross demands of Henry's stomach been obeyed, there can be but little doubt that the sinfulness of his amours would have become as apparent to him as they have since become to us all. "For fasting inculcateth reflection and conscientious scruples," says an old writer, "whereas a full belly knoweth neither."

As to the first, which is certainly a more valid objection to this theory, it is doubtful whether, supposing the stomach not to have been in the ascendant, these abuses would have been exposed as soon even as they were, for that the influence of the stomach over the passions and views of men is most powerful none can deny.

"Henry," declares a charming writer, "was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavor of a new pudding that he gave a manor to the inventor."

Louis XVI., of unhappy memory, was neglectful of his table; and the fearful revolution which terminated his reign, and deprived him of his life, threatened to subvert gastronomy along with every other social distinction. It was, however, the real means of spreading the blessings of this delightful science—"one which harmonizes with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss."

This was effected, unwittingly, by the establishment of *restaurants*, which had their origin during this fearful crisis. The famous cooks who had been employed by the numerous royal or noble Amphitryons of the day, were now forced to throw themselves upon the public for maintenance and approbation. Since then these popular institutions have been to the gourmets of France what Jullien was, in music, to the people of England; gradually educating them to their present high standard of gastronomic skill and excellence.

The wonderful degree of popularity with which they met is evinced in the fact that in 1790, less than twenty years after the establishment of the first restaurant, they had increased so rapidly as to already number over one hundred. In fifteen years they had multiplied sixfold, and *now* their name is legion.

Nor were these epicurean innovations less important elements in the well-being of the State; a fact duly set forth in that remarkable work, the *Physiologie du Goût*.

By the treaty of November, 1815, France was bound to pay numerous claims, requisitions, etc., amounting to several millions of francs, besides the sum of 50,000,000 francs payable within three years. All the money of the country seemed emigrating. National bankruptcy appeared inevitable; and the people expected nothing less than absolute ruin. A five-franc piece, they believed, would soon become as great a curiosity as an honest man. Weakness, exhaustion, civil death, were freely predicted.

Events proved these apprehensions to be unfounded. Payments were made readily. Credit rose, so Savarin tells us, and during the entire time of this most critical period the balance of exchange was in favor of France.

"What is the power that came to our assistance?" he demands. "Who is the divinity that effected this miracle? *Gourmandise.*"

The allies having overrun France imbibed luxurious tastes and ideas. That great refiner, the stomach, began to wield its magic wand, and what had been regarded as luxuries soon became positive necessities; for *bon goût* never retrogrades. Upon returning home they carried these newly-created wants with them, and as France was the only country that could supply them, they either sought the first opportunity to return to it, or else transported to their own countries, at a corresponding expense, the delicious offerings which had so titillated them while there. A greater influx than outflux of specie was thus created, national ruin averted, and five-franc pieces unhonored by distinctive positions in museums and cabinets of curiosities.

Napoleon, in common with all other great generals whose duty it is to butcher, and who effect progress in the history of mankind by a backhand stroke, as it were, was disregardful of his *cuisine*, eating irregularly, and not caring particularly what he ate as long as it was roast chicken or cutlets. That this irregularity in regard to meals injured his health is unquestionable, perhaps even shortening his life, while it is said to have paralyzed him upon two occasions, the most critical in history; viz., at the battles of Borodino and Leipsic.

He was, however, in spite of this personal disregard for "the great object of life," fully alive to the important position which the stomach has ever maintained as a civilizer. And he sustained Cambacères, his arch-chancellor, in his custom of giving magnificent dinners, making them frequently important state-engines; while his advice to the Abbé de Pradt, when dispatched to gain Poland to his cause, was, "*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes.*"

But France no longer wields alone the palm of gastronomic excellence, any more than she does that of other refining arts and sciences. England rivals her in this respect, and that most successfully.

Of gastronomy in our own country we can say but little. Like all other progressive influences, it is more diffused and less concentrated with us than with any other nation on the face of the globe. With the rest of the arts and sciences, it has been transplanted at an advanced stage of perfection, and there is no question but it will attain here that pre-eminence which the naturally refined habits of our people and the extensive capabilities of our country would seem to entitle it.

The system of Shoddyism, so decried, may in time exercise an all-important influence over this science. Financiers have ever been its most liberal votaries; and as bad is permitted, frequently, that good may come of it, these *parvenus*, nobles of the future, may yet surprise the world in this particular; thus making some amends for their unwarranted intrusion into society.

The tests of gastronomic excellence vary with the age and people, and there can be nothing more striking and curious than to follow these changes. Fashion, which seems in an incomprehensible manner to regulate this as well as other matters, is undoubtedly answerable for many of these freaks.

One of the customs of the good old times, long since exploded, was the employment of *éprouvettes* (*i. e.*, dishes of such undoubted excellence that the very sight of them excites all the faculties of taste) by *negation*. For instance, a magnificent fish, or other dish of extraordinary merit, would be *destroyed*, as by accident, just as it was about to be placed upon the table. A dread pallor would thereupon overspread the faces of the guests, who were only restored to equanimity by the production of an exactly corresponding dish, which was allowed, this time, to be served in safety. The inventor of this twofold surprise was the Cardinal Fesch—a name famous in the annals of gastronomy.

Another was the introduction of curious pieces of confectionery, of the extravagances of which the following description of a ship and castle thus composed may give some idea. Tiny guns were mounted upon these marvels of gastronomic skill; and after giving a description of their firing, etc., the writer continues: "All dangers being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pyes; where, lifting first the lid off one pye, out skip some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shreek; next after the other pye, whence come out the birds, who, by a natural instinct, flying in the light will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company. At length the candles are lighted, and a banquet brought in; the musick sounds, and every one, with much delight and content, rehearses their actions in the former passages."

After this absurd custom had died out, one only worthy of the period (1610), a less objectionable feature was advanced by that fickle goddess, Fashion, for public approbation.

Shepherdesses of Saxon china, Turks, Chinese, and other mantle ornaments—for we can call them nothing else—surrounded by groves of curled tissue-paper and French flowers, were consequently soon "the rage."

To these succeeded cottages in sugar, for the ornamentation of the dessert. Pigmy Neptunes in cockle-shells, reflecting themselves in mimic seas of looking-glass, or resting on silver-tissue billows; and many other children's toys in the same brittle material.

At a later date huge figures followed in the wake of these tiny sweets; and Horace Walpole speaks of a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's), who complained that, "After having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlor to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: 'Imaginez vous,' he said, 'que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!'"

These immense figures were sometimes in wax. Just think, dear reader, if you can bring your mind to it, of a Madame Tussaud exhibition as a finis to one's dessert!

The nearest approach to this droll fashion that we remember to have seen was the introduction, at one of the Royal tables of Germany, of an immense silver-gilt vase, large enough to be a garden ornament; and, what with running vines and drooping tendrils, looking extremely as though it had lately been acting in that capacity.

Another change is in the preparation of food, which is no less surprising. Again, what was esteemed a luxury at one time is tabooed at another. As an instance, take the choicest dishes of the Romans, which would now, if presented, disgust our more refined sensibilities. Some things, on the contrary, which were disliked by the ancients are now regarded with favor: witness eels. The Romans held this fish very cheap. By-the-by, Ude, speaking of skinning these slippery creatures, recommends a most cruel system: "Throw them into the fire," he says, "and as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail." This extracts the oil, which is injurious, and besides rendering their meat white and palatable, makes it more digestible.

Apropos of the Romans, it may be interesting to our Yankee friends to learn that their favorite dish, pork and beans, is strictly a classical one, being eaten by the Romans during the calends of June, in honor of the goddess Carna, this comfortable promise being made: "Quæ duo mista simul sextis quicunque kalendris ederat huic ladi viscera posse negant."

To the Teuton we would fain render a service, also, by proving that his beloved beverage was that of the Amphitryons of old. Be that as it may, malt liquor was certainly used in Egypt B.C. 450; and there is no good reason why Lager should not have been discovered as soon as any other kind of beer.

Butter, which by many is supposed to be comparatively a modern addition to our *mundus edibilis*, was known to the Scythians: was called *pikerion* by Hippocrates; eaten by the Thracians at the wedding entertainment of Sphicrates; and used by the Lusitanians instead of oil. Pliny ascribes its invention to the Germans. To learn properly how old butter is, a cheap boarding-house victim must be questioned.

But to return to our subject-matter. We

have proved, we trust, that as a civilizer the stomach may rank pre-eminent, being beyond cavil the First Master of Arts in the world.

Others have gone quite as far—men, too, high in council, esteemed, and the pride and honor of their states. One of these insists even that he will never "regard the sciences as sufficiently honored or adequately represented" until he sees "a cook in the first class of the (French) Institute;" with which opinion we beg leave to agree.

If we have proved our case, then we claim that we have done thereby a service of some magnitude to the world, and rendered a grateful tribute of justice to that much underrated and abused organ, the stomach.

If we have *not* proved it, we can only say that among ancient philosophers there were no less than three hundred different opinions respecting what constituted the *summum bonum*, or chief good; and at a period like the present, when blessings multiply so rapidly, there can scarcely be fewer than that number, one of which is here humbly submitted.

NETTY'S TOUCH-STONE.

I'M only Netty's maiden-aunt; but for all that I couldn't help noticing how beautiful she appeared on a certain evening not long ago, when George Holmes and Henry Kirtland sat talking with her by the library window. Both of the young men were evidently of my opinion; but George Holmes, if I may say it, seemed to take in the idea rather differently from Henry Kirtland. The clear, haughty eye and softly modulated voice of the latter seemed to say, as plainly as eye and voice could say, "You're very pretty, Miss Netty, pretty enough to suit even my fastidious taste, and I can well appreciate your satisfaction in having a fine young fellow like me among your admirers." But George Holmes seemed to just sit and drink in her loveliness until it choked him.

I liked George by far the best, and it provoked me enough to see him looking almost gawky in his self-forgetfulness, while Henry Kirtland posed himself elegantly upon the sofa, holding his hat like a prince of the blood, and sending forth a flow of rippling small talk that caused Netty's eye to sparkle with merriment. If she chanced to shyly look up at either of them, I (sitting nearly behind her in my corner) could readily tell at which one she was looking. If at Henry, I knew it by a peculiar brightness in his glance, and a placid elevation of his eyebrows. If at George, the stupid fellow looked instantly as red as a beet and as expressionless as a pumpkin. I had no patience with him, and I could not help thinking to myself, as I sat there knitting, that if he lost Netty altogether it was just his own fault.

Pretty soon Henry, after covertly consulting his watch, arose with a listless and at the same time reluctant air.

"Are you going?" asked Netty, with mock sorrowfulness.

"Indeed I must go," responded Henry, in the same style, "sorry to distress you, but" (with an air of intense security) "I leave you in such good company that I doubt not your tears will soon be as mist."

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Netty, laughing, "almost a pun, I declare. I really thought better than that of you, Mr. Kirtland. But before you leave us do tell me one thing. Is it true that you are going to the war? Some one at Mrs. Watkin's soirée told me that you had been drafted."

"Not I, indeed! I believe this goodly town *did* do me the honor of drawing my poor name from one of its autocratic wheels, but I have already canceled the obligation. A better soldier than I would care to be in this fraternal brawl will do that share of my work for me, while I shall remain here attending to my own affairs, which he would be quite incompetent to manage. Our social scheme, you see, balances all these things beautifully," and Henry Kirtland, with a graceful bow which somehow included George and myself, though he didn't fairly look at either of us, took his departure without waiting to discuss the matter further.

A puzzled expression gleamed in Netty's blue eyes as she bade him "good evening," and then turning toward George said, rather abstractedly,

"I suppose I must congratulate you upon a better fortune, for I have not yet heard of your name being among those drawn."

"You are right," returned George, quietly. "I have taken care that mine shall never be upon their lists."

"Why," exclaimed Netty, opening her eyes wider yet, "have you really such a horror of being drafted?"

"I have indeed," was the candid response.

Poor Netty! Those three words from George's lips evidently stung her far more than she would have confessed. I saw that plainly enough, though I hardly raised my eyes from my knitting. Meantime my own opinion of the young gentleman fell down nearly to zero.

"Oh, if I were but a man!" burst almost unconsciously from Netty's lips.

He looked at her inquiringly while, strange to say, a pleased expression played about his face.

"And if?" he suggested.

"Why, I'd act like a man," was the indignant rejoinder. And if Netty had looked pretty an hour ago I am sure she was doubly beautiful now, with her flushed cheek and flashing eye, and her head, with its rich waves of golden hair, thrown proudly back.

Just then the door-bell rang, and in an instant two insipid specimens of "Young America" were ushered into the room.

Thanking my lucky stars that my time for being attractive to their particular species had passed away, I busily plied my needles, weaving in with the coarse blue yarn many a tender, yearning thought of "the brave soldier-boys" for whom I had been steadily knitting and working for months.

Presently George came to my quiet corner, and, seating himself beside me, talked so manfully and cheerfully of the war, of our duties, both men and women, and of the many things that he seemed instinctively to feel would interest a busy, happy old woman like me, that I quite forgot his paltry confession about the draft. It may seem foolish in me to say so; but I have always noticed that when a young gentleman can enjoy an hour's quiet talk with a woman neither young, beautiful, nor fascinating in any way, but simply hopeful and in earnest, there's sure to be something good and genuine in him. He even told me of a lotion which his mother had used very successfully for her rheumatism (and, by-the-way, I mean to try it myself when I get time). Then he hinted so gently that he thought I was making my sock a little too big (as if you *could* get a hospital thing too big!), and every thing just as natural and easy in his manner as if he'd been an old bachelor brother instead of the handsome youngster that he was.

It struck me that George wanted to outstay the other visitors; but they were so much delighted either with Netty or themselves (though she looked weary enough of their chit-chat, poor girl!) that he unwillingly took his departure late in the evening, leaving them still in possession of the field, or, rather, the sofa.

All the next day I had such trouble with Netty. It was almost impossible to get on with the child. She was neither cross nor ill-natured (my darling was too sweet-tempered naturally for that); but she was so fitful, so feverish, and so inclined to sigh every five minutes, that when I found she couldn't be coaxed into taking a little magnesia, or going to bed and having warm bricks to her feet, I began to be really worried.

At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as we sat working together, just as I had turned the heel of the last one of my half dozen pair, out came the real trouble.

"Did you ever see two such stupids, Aunty?"

Thinking, of course, that she alluded to last night's committee from "Young America," I replied, promptly:

"They certainly *were* very insipid, my dear. I wondered that you could endure them for an instant."

"Ma'am!" ejaculated Netty, in real astonishment.

"Oh, if you mean George Holmes and Henry Kirtland," I laughed, "I'll retract. I consider them both very fine young men, though George is my favorite."

"He isn't *my* favorite," said Netty, tossing her head. "In times like these true men would never shrink from their duty. They're cowards, both of them; but I must say George Holmes's fear of being drafted is perfectly amusing." And she burst into tears by way of illustration.

She didn't intend that I should know it, but I saw the bright drops falling one by one upon her sewing.

"Don't think of them, dearie," I said, soothingly. "There are plenty of brave young fellows in the world, and better worthy of my girl's thoughts. Henry Kirtland, if I am not mistaken, is a—"

"So he is," interrupted Netty, excitedly. "I really am tired and sick of his nonsense; and last night his shameless avowal of unpatriotic sentiments made me fairly despise him. He is agreeable and amusing enough; but I hate these agreeable men," she added, biting off her thread with a snap, as though it were the "one neck" of all mankind so longed for by that old tyrant in Plutarch's Lives.

"Then you must hate George Holmes too," I said, as a sort of left-handed plea for my protégé; "for he is certainly very agreeable at times."

"I *do* hate him, and he isn't one bit agreeable," pouted Netty, as she made a vigorous stitch, drawing her thread through with a jerk.

"He was a little gawky last night, I own," was my amiable response; "but—"

"Gawky!" cried Netty; "well, if that isn't a strange charge to make against George Holmes. I'm sure I never saw any thing in the least way gawky about him. It's his principles that I object to."

"Ah, his principles!" I echoed, remembering his anti-draft notions. "Yes, they're not what they ought to be, that's certain."

"Why, Aunt Hester!" exclaimed Netty, laying her work upon her lap and looking me full in the face; "what in the world has Mr. Holmes ever done to you that you should talk so dreadfully about him?"

In sheer despair of suiting the poor, distracted child, I explained.

"Oh, it's only about not wanting to go to the war, my dear; in other respects I consider him to be one of the finest young men I ever knew."

"Umph!" she answered; "I don't see any thing particularly fine about him for my part. One thing is certain, he's a coward, though he professes to be such a stanch Union man. I'll have nothing more to say to him;" and Netty's sewing caught one tear after another, smothering their fall in its soft folds as though it pitied her.

I was just thinking what I should say next when the door-bell rang.

In an instant our new colored boy handed in a letter.

"For Miss Netty," said he, looking with no little curiosity around the room as he spoke, for it was all novel to him yet. "The man's a waitin' fur an answer."

Netty read her letter. It contained something very important; I knew that by her manner. Then she got out her little desk and sat writing for a few minutes. Her lips were pale, and I could see that her hand trembled a good deal. After the messenger had gone away with her reply, I took an old aunty's privilege and asked who her letter was from.

"From Henry Kirtland, Aunt Hester," she

replied, quite sobered down. "He—he won't come here any more, I think."

And this was all she ever said to me about it, though I know very well that his letter contained an offer of marriage, and that she refused him.

It is a strange circumstance (but I am writing about just what happened), in less than an hour the bell rang again, and our waiter-boy soon after bolted into the room with a quizzical,

"Here's anudder note for Miss Netty."

"Is—is the person waiting?" stammered Netty, holding the still unopened letter in her hand.

"No, marm."

"You may go, then."

I wouldn't have been human if I hadn't looked up from my knitting a few times while the child was reading it—any how I couldn't help doing so. At last, after seeing her blush and start, and finally bury her face in her hands with a quick sob, I walked straight up to her and wound my arms about her neck.

"What is it, dearie?" I whispered, kissing her.

She handed me the letter to read, and I held it up with one hand while with the other I stroked her soft, beautiful hair.

Surely the men must have been possessed after my Netty that day. This letter, too, contained an offer of marriage; but it was from George. Oh! how beautifully he told the old, old story. I can't remember half the letter contained, but I know it said that he had loved her for a long time but had not been in a position to offer her a fitting home; that he had at last gained, what for her sake he had steadily labored for—a competence; but he felt he had no right to linger by her side now that his country was in danger, and that he had lately entered the army. He had intended the night before to tell her about it, and all he felt, and so on. In the evening he would call to "learn his fate," he said, and bid her farewell for a time, unless, indeed, she should banish him forever. There was much more in it that I can't recall now, but I remember the letter made me fairly cry with joy; for Netty was the orphan child of my only sister, and the young man was one after my own heart.

Netty looked up at me when I had finished reading.

"You see," she said, smiling brightly through her tears, "we were mistaken about his courage after all. God grant that *mine* may not falter. It is right for him to go."

"So it is," I responded, heartily. "We might have known, bless his heart! what he meant by saying that his name should never be upon the drafted list."

Netty was looking dreamily before her, but with such a happy light in her eye that I thought it wasn't best to talk much, so I sat down again and narrowed off my toe.

I wasn't in the room that evening, so I can not, of course, be expected to tell what happened.

I only know that I am very busy now, for Netty and the Captain are to be married when he comes home on his first furlough, and there are lots of things to be made.

MRS. BRADDON'S HOME.

SO Jane Braddon had bought the old place. All the morning the windows had been opening; a brisk figure had been shaking mats and dusters out at the door; and the blue smoke had been curling up from the kitchen chimney, rising and fading into the frosty air. All the morning Mrs. Risley, through her blinds, had watched these signs of life in the brown house opposite, till she could watch no more from impatience. Faith must have its fruition. She must discover what ever possessed Mrs. Braddon to come back to *that* house. So the morning's work was divided among a group of outwardly obedient but inwardly refractory children. The baby was deposited into the meek arms of a very thin, very mild-faced little man, known as "Mrs. Risley's husband." Then she caught up her green sun-bonnet, opened the door, and disappeared, leaving the little man by the stove regent of her realm. He clutched the baby as if he had been drowning and it were the fabulous straw we hear so much about, holding its head to the fire and its feet against the buttons of his vest, submerging it in blankets and then diving into their depths with a terrified celerity to find its face, meekly reproving the children, and otherwise behaving in a very obedient and proper way; while his sovereign crossed the street, and stood knocking at the door of the brown house.

"Good mornin', Miss Braddon! Didn't calc'late on seein' callers so airly? I s'pose I'm dreadful in the way, and I sha'n't stay but jest a minute. Come in to see how you was gettin' along, and if maybe my Jim couldn't help do some of your chores till you get kinder put to rights," she said, in her most neighborly tone, as the door opened and the occupant of the house appeared.

She was a woman of perhaps thirty-five years, tall and strongly built, with a face which would not strike you as worthy of special notice, unless you were well used to reading the features of the women on our New England farms, and could select for yourself, in brow, or lip, or eye, the index of the presence or absence of that inner life which looks beyond the drudgery of their daily toil, which chafes and frets at its galling bonds, and so, flying away, makes a little world of its own, into which no weary work can enter, but where the real woman, such as God made her, communes with herself and with Him. Her hair, which had once been brown, was growing gray fast—too fast for the touch of years alone—and was pushed back from a forehead crossed with deep lines. Her eyes were blue and calm, but it was a smothered calm; there was something hidden behind it. Her lips were thin and determined, not sparing of smiles

when she talked, but sad when her face was in repose. The whole look of the woman, for the most part, was a quiet one; there was nothing nervous about her but a quick way she had of fluttering her hands, and an occasional start of something into her eyes which glittered there a moment and was gone.

She invited her visitor to enter the house cordially; her voice in itself was a whole story of hospitality—it was clear and sweet.

Mrs. Risley, with many protestations that she must return home in "half a second," divested herself of her sun-bonnet and shawl, took the chair Mrs. Braddon held out to her, drew forth her knitting from the cavernous depths of some unseen pocket, where the marbles of disobedient Jim and the doll of sulky Susan were mourning in darkness their lost playmates, and prepared for a morning's gossip.

"You jest go right on with your work, Miss Braddon," she said, glancing around the room, where the process of "putting to rights" had evidently but just begun.

Mrs. Braddon said that if her visitor would excuse her she thought she would dust a little, as she had a great deal to do before night.

"So you've come back agin, true as Gospel, haven't you?" remarked Mrs. Risley. "I've heern you was goin' to, a long spell since; but I allers disbelieved it. 'Twarn't only t'other day that Miss Hodges—she that was Sarah Gould, you know—was a tellin' me how you'd bought the old house; and says I, 'She ain't never comin' back to live in *that* place alone by herself, after there's been such doin's and treatin's of her there; for *my* part I should jest rather go to some place where Mr. Braddon hadn't never been before me.'"

"I liked this house best," answered Mrs. Braddon, in a dry tone, standing with her back to her visitor and dusting an old rocking-chair carefully, not noticing that she was cleaning its arms for the fourth time. Mrs. Risley was Yankee enough to see that this direct mode of attack would never storm the fortress, so she changed tactics.

"So Sarah Hodges said. Says she, 'I'd go back if I was her.' By-the-way, did you know how dreadful Hodges has been abusin' on her? I've heern tell things about him that would—well I *could* make you open your eyes if I would. He went on from bad to wus, and last month he desarted her, and she with them twins, and the other one's teeth skercely cut; and you wouldn't believe it now, but the woman acterly hain't opened her lips agin him! For *my* part I call it nonsense. I guess Mr. Risley wouldn't find me mournin' for him if he run away from me and his helpless offspring. Run away! Why the man dersn't do it. I say when a man goes to treatin' his family as Tom Hodges did his'n, it's downright senseless in a woman to go to excusin' of him, and praisin' of him up, and cryin' for him, and carin' for him jest the same."

The quiet figure which her keen eye had been watching while she talked turned suddenly, and there was a strange sharpness in the voice which answered her:

"Mrs. Risley, it isn't the sins and abusings of her husband that she praises; it isn't the hard-hearted creature that starves her and strikes her little babies; but it's what he used to be in the old days when they were young; it's the man that courted her, and kissed her, and put the ring on her finger, and promised to be true to her; *that's* who she loves and cries for, and I'm sorry for her."

She spoke with an impetuosity that seemed to startle herself. She stopped abruptly, turned away to the window, and went on dusting.

Mrs. Risley coughed and changed the subject. The fortress was hers. She understood now why Mrs. Braddon had come back to the old brown house. After a half hour of indifferent gossip she crowned her head again with the brown sun-bonnet, hoped Mrs. Braddon wouldn't be lonely in this drearsome house, was afeard she would, invited her to drop in any time, and took her leave.

Jane Braddon stood at the door a moment before she closed it, not to watch her visitor's disappearing form, but to get a bit of fresh air. She felt stifled somehow. She kept repeating in her mind the words she had just heard; they hurt her. She drank in the cool of the frosty morning eagerly, her eyes fixed on some hills, whose purple summits were painted clearly against the western horizon. The sun crept warmly over them, touching in spots of gold here and there among the woodlands. The brilliant blue of the November sky softened the outlines of the sharp bare trees; the crisp leaves, with their coat of feathery hoar-frost, were dancing and rustling over the meadows, and the wind, as it swept round the corners of the house, had a sharp, cheery sound. There was something glad and healthful in the whole stir of the bright morning. So there was, too, in the woman's face as she stood watching it, taking it in to her soul like a beautiful promise. The hand that had written heavily in the dark places of her life had not crushed her. There was nothing morbid looking out of her quiet eyes and hiding in her sad lips; only a great sorrow healthfully borne, and trusted with all its mystery into the care of a love that looked at her with a smile from over those sunlit hills. She gave a sigh of relief as it came to her with its healing for the pain of a moment before, closed the door, and went back to her work about the house with a smile.

"Drearsome, is it? Why, no, it shall not be," throwing back all the blinds to let the fresh morning into every corner of the silent rooms.

It was a busy day to Mrs. Braddon, but the neighbors were kindly folk, and did not forget her. One sent her in a bit of cold chicken and a pudding for her dinner, because "'twa'n't expected she'd do much cookin' *that* day;" another sent to know if "her gal Biddy couldn't pick up a bit for her;" and Mr. Risley was dispatched by his wife directly after dinner, as soon

as his task of holding the baby was completed, and bidden to offer to "move furnitur' or any thing else a man like him could do;" while Jim followed in his father's wake, grinning from ear to ear as he recited accurately his mother's message to the effect that he could "fetch her water, build her fires, shake the carpets, and run on errants."

There is something so pleasant in our country ways of doing a neighborly kindness. At least Mrs. Braddon thought so, and showed that she thought so in her manner of receiving them. Mr. Risley was rewarded for his efforts with a pleasant chat, and Jim made happy by a "drumstick" from the cold chicken; and every visitor and helper that dropped in, from the meddlesome old woman down to the freckled baby-girl who came to give her "a napple," was met with a bright smile or a grateful word.

By the time that the gray dusk came creeping up the garden and into the house her day's work was quite done, her simple supper eaten, and now it was so still. All the day she had resolutely put away from her the thoughts and memories that sprang to meet her from every nook and corner, and every deserted room of the silent house; but they would be repulsed no longer; this was their hour. Sitting there alone in the gloom, her chin resting on her clasped hands, and her eyes gazing into the slowly-dying fire, they came before her one by one, each with its own story of joy or pain.

You would wonder, perhaps, at Jane Braddon's choice in coming back alone and uncheered to this place. The house was old and weather-worn, the rooms few and small, and bearing the marks of time plainly on their low ceilings, and dingy windows, and unpainted floors. The whole look of the house was cheerless and uninviting at its best. Living there alone, how could she find it otherwise? The grounds outside were scarcely better. The few elms in front of the house were growing old and dying fast; one had been struck by lightning a few years since, and its bare trunk still stood, holding up a few skeleton-like branches that rapped against the window of her sleeping-room when the wind was high. The garden was of good size, but now so overgrown with weeds and brambles as to obliterate all traces of what it had once been. Yet Jane seemed to care for the spot. That very afternoon she had made her way through it down to its farthest corner. Pushing away the brambles, she had found what she sought. If you had seen her face when she bent over it, you would not wonder why she loved the poor neglected garden. It was a little grave.

The embers almost dying out started her from her reverie; she lighted a candle, and drawing a shawl over her shoulders, went round through the chilly rooms to see how things looked. Do you suppose she called the house silent because there was no sound but her hushed footfall on the old carpets? *Silent?* Why, it seemed to her a hundred voices called to her.

That old clock at the head of the stairs, did not every tick of its heavy pendulum remind her of the day when some one brought it home from the shop proudly, and nailed it up there? he had made the case himself. The dingy carpet in the bedroom, and the old chairs, and the little looking-glass with its frame of dull, old-fashioned gilt—why they grew bright as she looked at them, and told her a story sweet as a fairy tale to a child. This had been her bridal furniture—how he used to laugh at her about the glass, and tell her "she knew well enough where to find the prettiest picture in the house." Clasping and unclasping her hands nervously, she turned with a forgetful instinct to look into it. Her breath came quickly and short, her lips were parted and tremulous, her eyes dewy, and a faint color on her cheeks, timid and flushing as a girl's. For a moment, just one moment, the picture did not undeceive her. After that she hid her face on the table, and was still a long time.

Out in the entry, and even in the closets, it was still the same; every where something sprang to meet her and gave the desolation life.

In this little room he used to store his corn in the autumn, going up to look at it proudly almost every week, till a rise in prices and a pleasant day brought out Billy and the farm-cart, and he and they trotted off to market over in Worcester. She used to stand stroking the glossy sides of the horse and curling its mane, calling it all sorts of pretty names, and watching her as she fed the gentle creature with clover-tops, the reddest and sweetest she could find, and then—and then how he always kissed her before he drove off!

Well, well, poor old Billy! he had gone with the pleasant days; they had all gone together; she and the old house were all that were left.

Down stairs, behind the front door, were the nails where David always hung his hat, coming home from work and finding her ready to meet him; his eyes were so bright then, and he had such a way of smiling when she came up, laying her head on his shoulder a moment.

There were times when it was not so, but of those she would not think now.

Back again into the sitting-room, which after all was the pleasantest. She had arranged every thing here, as far as was possible, exactly as it used to be; as indeed she had all over the house. Some articles of furniture were lost or broken, but not many. She had kept them carefully. She threw fresh wood on the fire, and as the ruddy light shot into all the dark corners of the room her gaze followed it wistfully—just such a cheery light it had in the old days. The rocking-chair in which she sat had been David's; there was the table at which he used to read to her winter evenings. The very curtains of snowy white were the same; he had a fancy for white curtains; they had been washed and patched many times; she could not give them up. A bed stood in the room also; they had moved down here after the baby came,

because it was warmer. The baby! her eyes filled quickly.

Over in the corner, half hidden by the old-fashioned chintz curtains of the bed, stood a cradle with its paint worn, and the very dents the tin rattle had made left in it yet. She went to it. Stooping over and rocking it mechanically with her foot, her hands clasped tightly on her breast, the tears dropping fast down on the little blankets. Even there her husband was not forgotten. The fire-light crept up into the cradle, and this was the picture it painted. The child, left alone for a moment, had wakened, and David, coming in from work, had found it crying. When she came in he had it in his arms by the fire wrapped in its tiny blankets, and he was playing bo-peep with its little pink face, as if it could tell what he was about!

How she laughed at him, and how he called her a hard-hearted mother, and pretended to scold her for deserting her baby, kissing her all the while!

Yet there were other scenes than these. Why should none but pleasant memories fill the old house to-night? Why should she see her husband only as her girlhood saw him? Why should the deserted home meet her with such a rest of tender thoughts, because it had been his and hers together? God knows. He so ordered it, and perhaps with a thoughtful love, of which she was unconscious. If He had shown her only the darker picture; if instead of the low love-words and tender lullabies, which had made the silence vocal, she had heard nothing but the wail of all these dead years, would she not have shrunk back from the very threshold, and left the gloomy house to its own solitude again? And if she had, what then? Why, you see He knew what then, and so remembered her tenderly. Not that she did not recall the rest; it came to mind at last, but slowly, and somehow softened of its pain.

After a while she thought it all over—the days when he first loved her, she a happy country-girl over on grandmother's farm; their marriage and the happy years which followed here, he working at his trade of carpentering over in the shop, and making what they could off from the little farm besides. Then the baby came—the poor wee baby, that they both loved so. Her health was poor, and the work was hard, but she was very happy. At last a change had come over David. It was the old story of the tavern and the wine-cup, and she had read it through to its bitter end. She re-read it to-night, shrinkingly—it hurt her so to remember those months of misery and abuse; those watching nights and starving days; those bitter tears when he slept a maudlin sleep at her side, and she praying for him all night long. Why had not God heard those prayers? Her face grew dark a moment, but there came a thought which softened its hard lines again. She saw once more the baby drooping daily in her arms, its little white face looking to her mutely for help, and she could not, could not save it. One night it died, and they buried it out in the garden. It almost killed David, he loved it so. Perhaps it was this; perhaps she mourned and pined too much after it; and so there was nothing more pleasant at home for him, and so he went away from it. He left her, he left her all alone. Yet she was *sure* he loved her once. Had he not told her so that day when they were walking out among the violets on the old homestead fields? Had he not told God and the angels so when he put this ring on her finger—this poor little ring, all thin and dulled now from too many kisses and tears on it? Had he not told her so every day and every hour of all those happy years? Why, there wasn't a kinder husband nor a truer in all the town than he had been to her till that change came.

"It was all the drink, poor fellow!"—hiding her face and rocking to and fro, with a low moan—"it was all the drink; he didn't know what he was about. God will forgive him. He can't be harder on him than his wife that he left alone. Poor David! poor boy!"

You think her weak, perhaps; you have no patience with the blind folly of such a love as this. Yet there was nothing abject in the woman's endurance. If her child had lived, and he had abused it, she would have left him quietly, without reproaches perhaps, because she was a woman, and, being a woman, had a sort of faith in him all the time. But no one could have kept his child from harm with a loftier dignity than she, if so it had happened. As it was, her suffering had softened to her view every thing that she looked at. She had a tender charity for all sins—why not for her husband's? What he was when he gave her that first kiss among the violets, that, in her heart, she believed him to be yet. That image it was which, enshrined there all these years, had never lost its young beauty, and she tried to veil the cuts and mars upon its surface even from herself. After he had gone she found his debts were heavy, so she sold the house, taking, however, the familiar furniture away with her, hired a room over in the west part of the town, where business was more stirring, took in sewing, and lived the lonely years out, saving something from the earnings of every one for the fulfillment of the purpose that had been growing and strengthening all the time with a comfort and help in it. At last she had enough; the house wasn't worth much to any one but her; perhaps, too, its owner had a thoughtfulness for the patient woman, and so lowered the price. At any rate she had bought it, and had something left besides.

And so she had come back to the old place, fondly, foolishly, perhaps, as we return again and again to an old memory that is full of pain—but she had come back. As I said, it had been so ordered in mercy. She had never realized before how dreary the time had been since she left it. "Thirteen years!—so long, so long, David!"—stretching out her hands with a low cry. So long to be alone, with the little baby lying

out under the garden grasses, and no one to comfort her; so long to be without a word of love or a glimpse of her husband's face! If she could see him once—just once; if she could know how it fared with him all these weary years! Was his life full of sin? or had he found a Forgiver and a Helper? Had he forgotten her, his wife, who loved him? Did he never think of the old home? Would he never come back to it? She crouched down by the fire, shivering: "O God! remember him—remember him!" she cried.

Through all her suffering this woman had never lost the old habit learned at her mother's knee of carrying her wishes to Him. She had never lost faith that He loved her but once—when He took away her baby. Even now, seeing the vacant cradle where the pretty round face had been, its smile her sweetest blessing, missing the tiny fingers twining round her own, and thinking that she never again would feel their waxen touch, her heart cold from aching for the little form that she rocked to sleep every night against it, she could not help it, the old question would come up, "Is it *right?* must He take *every thing* away?"

But He who had been her supporter all these years would not fail her now. Down through the silence His blessing came, touching her bowed head like a soothing hand, and she grew quiet.

"It is all right somehow," rising quickly and pacing the room—"it is all right, even about the baby: I shall know some day."

But David! was there no blessing for him too? Yes, she felt sure there was. Somewhere out the wide world her love would reach him, and perhaps he would come back to her, if she waited patiently. Looking out now, into the silent night, she saw one bright star like a smile watching her, and she thought the low wind chanted the burden of an old promise, which told her, that though she had seemed forsaken in wrath for a moment, yet with great kindness she should be gathered to some coming rest.

She made the fire brighter than before, that its light might fall far out into the lonely night. If some one should ever see it, he would know she had come to the old home again, for his sake. She stood a moment warming her chilled hands at the blaze, loosened her thin silvered hair for the night, then, going over into the corner by the cradle, kneeled and prayed for her husband as she had done every night for thirteen years.

That night, in a low gambling-house in New York, a group of men were busy at their cards, filling the air with the fumes of their tobacco and rum, and the sound of their constant oaths. It is needless for me to describe them; in almost every story you take up you meet just such, and the scene is a familiar one to you by this time, though your eyes may never have looked upon its counterpart in real life.

One man of the group you would have singled out at once for a certain hopelessness of expression, visible through all the horrid mirth of his drunken jokes and laughter. In the fitful changes of his gray eyes, in the tremor of his lips and hands as he watched the game, in the very look of the limp, yellow hair, you would read the signs of a weak soul, enfeebled perhaps by long years of sin, but enfeebled certainly. He was not engaged in the game, but stood leaning idly against a chair, looking on. Some one called out to him to join them. An oath was his only answer. He turned away, giving the chair a kick, and went to the window, looking out into the dark street, his back turned to the group. The man who had spoken to him came up after a time to where he stood, drumming restlessly on the window-sill with his fingers.

"Come on, Braddon, what the devil's to pay with you?"

"Billings, I'm sick of this," turning suddenly and stopping the tune he had been thrumming unconsciously; it was an old tune he had learned somewhere long ago.

"Should think you might be," responded the other. "There can't be much of a prospect out here."

"No, no, I don't mean that, but *this*," pointing to the table where the faces of the men were growing bloated and maudlin now over their rum—"it doesn't pay. What if one had a home, wouldn't it be better?"

The other laughed a coarse laugh.

"If by a home you mean a wife and a parcel of children, I can answer, for my part, that this is quite as amusing."

"Do you mean that you have little children of your own, and yet you're here?" the man's lips trembling, and his hand wandering uncertainly to his forehead. "I—I thought—little innocent children! What would they think of all this?"

"Come, Braddon, you're drunk," returned the other with a stare and perhaps a slight start; "you'd better be off, and go to bed, or you'll be worse yet before morning." He turned away whistling and went back to the table.

The man finished his tune on the window-sill, then opened the street door and went out, stopping a moment on the steps to watch a star that shone through rifts of light cloud in the bit of sky above his head. How still it was! how pure and far off! Heaven? Yes, he used to believe some people went there when they died: his face darkening, and a great oath trembling on his lips. What was heaven to him? What indeed? Just then a thought came to him like a voice. The little baby! perhaps it was living now beyond that star and the floating clouds. Perhaps it saw him—had seen him all these years!

He shivered and sat down, weak and trembling, on the steps, drawing his hat over his eyes.

Something seemed to come to him and lead him back through the years, as if he trod an old path with an old guide. Home, and Jane, and love, and the little baby!

He said the words over mutteringly. They had been, but were gone now forever. Beyond he dared not look. A great horror seized him; he trembled from head to foot. "O my God! who will save me?" His cry was sharp, his hands stretching out blindly into the air as if to grasp a helper. Bowing his head he thought an answer came to him; perhaps it did, or it may have been only a fancy.

"Thine own right hand must save thee; yet in me is thine help."

His own right hand! Why, that had first taken the wine-cup in the little country tavern, and had held it ever since, and had thrown away for it wife, and home, and hope. He saw what the answer meant: he rose, pushing back his hat from his forehead to let the damp wind cool it, stepped down on the sidewalk, and walked hurriedly through the streets, his eyes glittering, his breath coming fast, and his lips set tightly together with a purpose that never faltered. The star passed out of the silvered cloud and on, where the sky was deep and quiet, and its way was clear. He followed it as the weary Jews did of old, when they sought, through many patient wanderings, the promised blessing.

It led him at last out of the city, where the road was still and the houses few. Over, across the fields, the outlines of a small patch of woods were plainly visible, and he turned to them, stopping, as he climbed the fences, to think about one he built on the farm the first year to keep old Billy from the corn, and how Jane, in playful revenge, had pulled some of the plumpest ears to feed the creature with—brushing his hand over his eyes, hastily remembering how pretty she looked as she stood leaning over the rails, the horse pulling and jerking at the corn on the other side, and tossing its head defiantly at him as he stood resting on his hoe and laughing. In the woods the air was dryer, because of the sweet breath of the pines in it. The wind had a low, cool sound among the branches; there was a broad expanse of sky over his head, and the star was not far distant. Looking round, and taking in the stillness to his fevered brain, he smiled, and thought the task he had undertaken would be easy here. He pulled out a bottle from his pocket, and held it up in the light.

"It's me and the rum—God and the devil! We'll see which 'll beat."

The softness in his eyes was dying away; they grew dark, his breath coming fiercely. All the tender memories faded out of his heart; this thing that he held had maddened him, he had meant to bury it and never touch it again; but now he stood panting and putting his finger to the cork. In a moment, however, he dropped it with a cry: he was going to find home again: was this the way?

"I can't, I can't help it—there's the very devil in it!" he called out, sharply, dropping on his knees beside it, his hand almost clutching it, his eyes growing wild. The cool winds which had soothed him so a moment ago were only madness to him now. All the thralldom of the long years tightened its chains about him. All the power of the man's soul, such as it was before vice had crushed it, rose up now to assert its own by the intensity of a struggle which shook him like a reed in its grasp—in which he was borne along out of himself by forces: he could not tell from whence they came or whither they went. All the good that had lain dormant in his heart so long had wakened and found a voice; all the evil clashed to meet it, and the contest was mighty: now it drew him to the spot where his tempter lay, placing his hand upon it—now it thrust him back shuddering from head to foot, cold chills creeping over him, his breath coming in gasps like one in mortal pain. The hours wore away, every nerve in his body tingled and ached; he crawled upon his knees before the rock where the bottle lay, grinding his teeth like some animal, looking round upon the sharp trees fearfully as if some demon form were at his side. I presume there was.

"It's no use," with his eyes on fire, "I'll give it up; the devil may have me!" He crept stealthily to the rock, took up the black thing which lay there, and drew out the cork.

Oh patient wife, waiting and praying in the deserted home, is this to be the end? Where is the promise? Will none fulfill it?

Suddenly, through the darkness, there came the sound of a child's voice—faint and far-off; yet, the wind catching it, bore it clearly to his ear. In any abnormal state of the brain the merest trifle will assume gigantic proportions. In his frenzy he thought the sound came from the clouds: that low wail, was it not the cry of some little watching-angel that looked down from above the stars and knew him as its father? He fell back, hiding his face in the grass a moment—a spasmodic cry on his lips—a cry for something—for some help, for Jane or—God.

While he lay there the child's cry came nearer and nearer till at last it sounded in the thicket at his side. It was a baby-girl, who had wandered away from home; and now, when the beautiful woods had grown dark, and the birds had gone to their nests, she was crying bitterly for her mother. Seeing some one sitting in the grass she tottered up to him, putting out her little hands: "Take me home," she sobbed. The man started as if her touch had stung him. What was he that he should take the hand of an innocent baby?

Before he answered her he turned around, buried his bottle hastily in the ground, stamped on it, bared his head, drew a long breath, and stood up a man again. In a few moments he was calm enough to speak. "Whose little girl are you?" he began, awkwardly taking the trembling child in his arms and walking on slowly, for he felt weak and faint.

"Mamma's," she said, nestling her head on his shoulder.

"What is your name?"

"I don' know," shaking her curls.

"Why, haven't you any name?" he said, laughing—a low, cheery laugh that came to him like a rest after his struggle. "What does mamma call you?"

"Oh she calls me Jenny," returned the child; "I s'posed you knew that."

Jenny! how long since he had said it; that was the only pet-name he ever gave her—she was so tall to be petted. She always loved it though, and would beg him to call her so, sitting on his knee and pulling his whiskers till he did, laughing merrily when he said it at last, and holding up her face to be kissed—she was so pretty as a girl. Jenny! did she ever want to hear any one say it now? He would like to call her so once—just once more, now that he was going to be a man again. He wondered if it could ever be—some time before he died.

He was disturbed from his dream by the child struggling in his arms, and crying out, loudly,

"Let me go!—there's mamma!"

He put her down. They had just reached the road, and she ran to a woman who was in front of them, calling loudly in her search, and a ragged boy with an old lantern in his hand was clinging to her dress. Braddon explained where he had found the little girl, and walked along by the woman's side, receiving her volley of thanks in a sort of surprise. She did not know what the child had done for him, he thought. The woman asked him in to her house—a tumble-down tenement in the suburbs—insisting upon his entrance, and bidding the boy—Jip, she called him—"fetch a mug o' water; the man looked kinder sick like." He was quite faint at first after coming into the heated room. He sat down weakly, not knowing before how exhausted he was. The woman bustled about over the stove, and soon brought him a cup of tea, the child Jenny standing by him while he drank, putting her dimpled finger on the drops his shaking hand spilled upon his coat-sleeve. He gave her a spoonful of his tea, smiling as he watched her swallow it. When she put up her little red lips, all wet, to kiss him, stroking his cheek softly with her hand, the tears sprang to his eyes. He gulped them down with his tea, choking. After a while he said he must go, looking round the room, poor and miserable as it was, with a home-sick feeling at leaving it; looking at the pale face of the mother, and the boy Jip, and the little girl, as if they were old friends. You see there was a bit of home-love here, and the little child had kissed him—he felt so weak, and wanted a little help so. They crowded round him as he rose to go, the mother giving Jenny a ginger-cake to slip into his pocket. She wished she could give him a hot supper; but, sighing, there was nothing much in the cupboard, they were very poor, and there didn't much of the money get to her. He noticed, as he went out and she held the lamp at the door, how pale and worn and thin the woman looked.

Just at the gate a man turned in and went up the walk; he recognized the face. So that was Billings's little girl who had saved him!

He walked on alone, his step feeble yet, a sharp pain in his head, and his pulse beating feverishly. Now that the thing which had separated them was buried in the woods and was no more to come back, he wanted Jane—he wanted her as he had all these long years that he had not dared to go back to her. If he wished, why not ask for it? So he did, and felt sure he should find her. But through the stillness another friend touched his hand, and he knew who it was. "But I have sinned!" he cried; "I am not worthy!" Whatever the answer was there was peace and forgiveness in it, for he smiled, and his sleep that night was sweet as a child's.

One night, about a month after this, a bitterly-cold wind came up suddenly, sweeping through the streets of the little country town, tearing among the leafless elms as if it would tear them to the ground, rattling the window-panes, moaning under the cracks in the doors, whistling down the chimneys, and threatening to blow out the fires which flickered and smoked on the farm-house hearths, around which people gathered in shivering groups, and said they never knew such a night without snow on the ground or a storm. Mrs. Braddon managed to keep her rooms warm—so warm that Mrs. Risley, seeing the light of the fire through the windows, had gone over to call in a minute, and taken the children with her. They were having a merry romp before the open fire-place, with its luxury of light and heat, to which they were strangers at home, for their mother never would hear of any thing but air-tights and the cooking-stove: "The fire-places made sich a dirt and fuss." They always loved to come over to Mrs. Braddon's, it was so pleasant there. So thought all the children within walking distance—and their parents too, for that matter. This woman had hardly been alone since she came to the brown house. She thought there were other things for her to do besides weep and mourn. There were other sad hearts that perhaps she could cheer; other tired feet that perhaps she could help over rough places. There were plenty of weary mothers, and rheumatic grandmothers, and home-sick girls to comfort, and plenty of little children to kiss and play with. So she took them all into her warm heart, and they loved her.

The little Risley children, as I said, were happy in their accustomed place on the hearth, by her knee; and their mother, knitting in the most comfortable rocking-chair in the room, was discoursing about her husband and the baby she had, as usual, left at home in his charge; and the whole room, with its fire-light dancing over the group, looked brighter and warmer than any in town. Mrs. Risley thought it was a very cold night, however; so did Mrs. Braddon, as she rose and went to the uncurtained window, looking out far into the night and shivering, her face

paling a moment as she saw the wind tossing the dry leaves out in the garden—a *very* cold night.

So thought a traveler just coming in at the further end of the village, plodding wearily against the wind. It was some miles from the station, and the walk was a hard one. He walked with his head bent upon his breast, and his hat pulled over his eyes. He need not have feared—no one would have recognized him even if people had been stirring about the streets. Thirteen years of such a life as he had led had changed him. What! would no one remember him? Was there not one who had not forgotten? Asking himself this question as he walked on, he did not look up to notice the familiar houses, not even the tavern; he was not to stop there now; his path took him farther on. Where? She wasn't there now; he left her in debt; besides, what should she stay in the lonely house for? She had forgotten him, or remembered him only with curses. Curses? No, that was not like Jane. What then? It could not be forgiveness. Where should he find her? She might be dead; he should never see her again. "Jenny! Jenny! It's no use!" he said, choking a little.

He had come here as one in a dream; he was walking now like one in a dream, but the bit of hope and courage that had made the dream pleasant had gone. How could he go back to her even if she lived? He had left her all alone for thirteen years—could he bring back any one of them? No, it was no use, he would go as he had come, and she need never know. But the old place, and—and—somewhere on it there was a little grave. If he could see it once maybe it would help him. He toiled on against the sharp gusts slowly. He had eaten nothing since morning; he had not thought of it before till he saw how weak he was growing.

Passing on over the hill he turned a corner in the road, and saw it, the old house. The tall elms in front were swaying in the wind, the leaves rustling in the garden, the light falling brightly out of the sitting-room window on the fence—all as it used to be. Of course some other family had moved in there; he was a fool to think the house would be empty; yet he would go on and say "good-by" to the little mound where Jane planted the violets, and where the daisies used to grow, and perhaps look in at the window; the curtain was up, and nobody need see him.

Whatever there was in the man's soul, as he stood at last looking in at the group by the fire, God only could have seen it. His face was white but immovable, his eyes gazing, gazing at the one figure in its quiet dress, with its quiet face, as if so he would look, and die.

She sat by the fire shelling corn for children. Little Susy had crept up, laying her dimpled cheek against her shoulder, and Jim stood holding the "popper" at her side, awkwardly trying to help her. Then, when the children laughed to see the plump white corn jumping and dancing over the coals, she laughed merrily with them, and Mrs. Risley's sour visage softened, and the fire, with its fresh wood, shot up bright jets of flame, which threw their light farther out into the dark street. How glad and healthful and home-like the scene was! The man outside drank it in thirstily, his face hardening into sharp lines. What had he to do with such as that?

After a while Mrs. Risley rose to go. Jane gave the children their corn to carry home, kissed them, and taking up the light came to open the door.

As he shrank back into the shelter of a cluster of lilac bushes by the steps, the long, sharp toll of the church-bell fell suddenly upon the air.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Risley, standing in the doorway to listen.

"Some one is dead," replied a low, clear voice—it was Mrs. Braddon's.

"There! I might have known—it's Sarah Hodges, I s'pose; she was sinkin' this afternoon, they said. Two, three—let's count the strokes."

They were all still in a moment, while the slow knell rang out the age, as the custom is yet in a few of our New England villages.

"Twenty-five!" said Mrs. Risley, at length, as the last peal died away. "That's jest her age—well, poor thing, she's better off, where Tom Hodges can't never touch her agin."

"What will become of the children?"

The man hiding in the shadow started—she was so near now he could have touched her. He saw her face an instant, pale and quiet, with its furrowed brow and calm blue eyes, then a gust of wind blew out the light.

"The children? Oh, they'll be sent to the poor-house."

Mrs. Risley stood a moment grumbling at the cold, and then bid her children run home.

"How far the light from your settin'-room shines down the street, Miss Braddon; I should think you'd be afeard of drawin' beggars to the house."

"Beggars!" returned the other, quickly. "I guess I could find a place for any one that was out such a night as this," her eyes wandering dreamily over the dark fields.

"Well you do beat all; I never see sich a woman!" With this reply Mrs. Risley said good-night, passed out of the gate, and disappeared.

The door closed again, and again some one stood watching Jane Braddon through the sitting-room window. He wanted to see her alone just a minute, to see how she seemed in the old room. She sat down before the fire, only her profile turned to him, with its sad mouth and dark eyebrow—Jane always had beautiful eyebrows.

Something in the turn of her head stirred an old memory that among the other thronging thoughts he had forgotten. Perhaps it was a certain timid waiting in her position, or perhaps a color that the fire had painted on her cheek; something brought to mind suddenly

what day it was. The third of December—their wedding-day. Would she remember it? Why should she? it was no matter! She did not move, she never once turned her face; she never came to the window, she only sat with the clasped hands, and the dreamy eyes looking far away into the blaze—through it—away somewhere where he could not follow them.

He watched her with hungry eyes. If he dared to go in—no, it might not be. A beggar might enter to be warmed and fed and would receive a welcome, but there was no place for him. This pure, patient woman whom all the little children loved, he could not bring his guilt and shame before her. She could have nothing to say to such as him—he had left her. Yet once she had been his own—his own wife, and had loved him. Once! but that had passed now; looking in at her again, a long look, and then passing on into the darkness.

Jane Braddon sat a long time looking into the fire and playing with her wedding-ring; the night was so full of memories.

Whatever the woman's soul called to God or her husband, she did not give it utterance by tear or moan. It was hidden down in her heart, where the waters were still and deep. After a while she rose, threw a shawl around her—it was a soft warm shawl David used to like to see her wear—and went out. Down through the garden, where the paths were cleared now, the weeds and brambles gone, and over to the corner where the dry grasses were worn with her frequent feet. She must talk with her baby a while to-night out where it was clear and still. Standing at last by the low mound, she did not start or cry out when she saw the form of a man crouched close by it, his face hidden, and the wind as it died away catching his groans.

She knew at once whom she had found; there was but one who would be here.

She went up and put her hand on his shoulder, her face white to be sure, but her voice distinct.

"David!"

He raised his head and saw her bending over him; he turned away and hid his face.

"You will come home with me?"

"I am not fit. I left you alone."

"But I want you," her voice low and sweet as it was fifteen years ago this night, when they two stood together in the little village church and promised to be true one to another forever. She had not forgotten this promise.

He only shook his head, pulling his hat further over his eyes.

"For the little baby's sake, David," laying her hand, which trembled now, down on the low mound.

He made no reply. She took his hand as if he had been a child: he followed her, and they went into the house together. The cold had numbed and weakened him. She sat down on the floor before the fire, laying his head in her lap, pushing away the damp hair from his forehead, her touch thrilling him.

He did not speak, but closed his eyes wearily, clasping her hand all the while. Seeing how weak he was she helped him to the bed, and busied herself silently making him a cup of tea. She brought it to him hot and fragrant, laying her cool hand on his forehead.

"See, David, the old tea-pot!"

He smiled at this, his eyes watching her lips as she spoke, as if to assure himself that the sound of her voice was real.

After a while, when he grew stronger, she drew up the old rocking-chair for him by the fire. Looking now around the room and seeing how things were, seeing how she had waited for him and planned for his coming, his face twitched nervously.

"Jane, I didn't know what I was doing when I went. After that, I never dared to come back. I thought you'd forget me. I left you all alone."

"I never forgot, David."

"But it was a long time."

"I knew you would come back to me." Her face for the moment turned away from him, and toward the window where she could see the starlit sky; her hands were clasped on her breast. As childlike in her thanks as she had been in her prayers, she was telling Him who had brought her husband home how the weary years had at last fulfilled his promise.

"Jenny!" She started at the old name and smiled—a pleased, tender smile, like a child's.

"Jenny, if I was only fit—if I might kiss you once, as I used to," his voice breaking utterly.

She went to him; she crept into his arms, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"I am so tired, David," she said.

After a while he spoke again, in a half-whisper:

"I've been thinking what night it is. I wondered, out in the cold, if—"

"I have remembered; I never forgot it for thirteen years."

Once more, raising his head and looking out toward the garden: "Jenny, when He took the little child I hated Him. I didn't mind what I did. I—I was wrong. I shouldn't have come back but for that; I was afraid and ashamed to see you. I thought the little grave out there wouldn't know what I'd done. I wanted to find it."

"He knew it all the time," she said, softly. "I used to ask for the reason when I was crying over the little clothes and cradle all alone: I never found it."

After that they were still a long time, thinking of the little dead baby, and of Him who was keeping it for them till some day they should both find it together.

In Memoriam.

IT has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great writer who established the *Cornhill Magazine*, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, "which quite took the power of work out of him"—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, "because he couldn't help it," and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I, of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretense of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture* in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterward added a verbal postscript), urging me to "come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me." He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked

[* The Lecture on "Charity and Humor," first published in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1853. In this Lecture he thus speaks of Mr. Dickens:

"As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is in bed, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do, reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book, reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.....I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal."—Ed. Harper's Magazine.]



William Makepeace Thackeray, Aetat. 52.—Born 1811: Died 1863.

down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss,

he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:

> I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
> The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the Public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a master-piece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been won't to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:

> And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And, as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea;
> I thought, as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts were bowed around his tomb.

CHARLES DICKENS.

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.—*MAY*, 1701: *DECEMBER*, 1863.

WHEN one, whose nervous English verse
Public and party hates defied,
Who bore and bandied many a curse
Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal abbey's Bishop-Dean
Waited for no suggestive prayer,
But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,
Craved, as a boon, to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,
Vanished before a Nation's pain;
"Panther" and "Hind" forgot their strife,
And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentler Censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler tongue!
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wrath, except with Wrong.

Fielding—without the manners' dross,
Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
What Prelate deems thy grave his loss?
What Halifax erects thy tomb?

But, maybe, He—who so could draw
The hidden Great—the humble Wise,
Yielding with them to God's good law,
Makes the Pantheon where he lies. H^{n}.



IN THE GLEN.

BRACKEN HOLLOW.

MARGARET AVON and I were old man and old woman together, and yet when she was the wedded mistress of Bracken Hollow I was but a young lad going to school, and used in vacation times ride my pony over the hills and hollows of Glenariffe for a cup of sweet tea at Mistress Avon's round tea-table, and a generous share of the cakes and marmalade with which that hospitable board was wont to be spread for my delectation. But at least half my errand there was to get a glimpse of tiny Mary Avon's sleeping face, so fair and plump, under the blue canopy of her cot. For baby Mary Avon was then to me the mystery of mysteries, as she was in years afterward the pearl, the very sunbeam, the blush-rose of womanhood.

I will tread lightly, and but a few steps of

this solitary by-path of my story. Let the roses moulder there where they fell, snapped from their stems so many years ago, and the passion-flowers shrivel into dust, and the dead leaves lie in shifting mounds, stirred only by the whisper of melancholy winds, undisturbed by the fall of even the holiest foot. Mary Avon fled from her home to be the wife of one who broke her heart and deserted her child. There are days upon which many of the aged can look back, when words and scenes which are burned into memory were first branded there. Such old scars still sting, when these dulled eyes glance again to the hour when, a strong and bearded man, I almost knelt to Margaret Avon in that old red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, and sued for Mary's memory and Mary's child. But the crags of Lurgaedon are not to be toppled into the valley by pecking birds, nor was the wedge of stern resolve to be wrenched from Margaret Avon's soul by prayers. Mary was gone, and, as though she had never been, the existence of her child was to remain unrecognized. I took the little orphan home, and if Hugh was wronged, I at least was a gainer by his loss.

Up to this date I had known Margaret Avon as a large, comely matron, with prosperity lying smooth on her broad forehead, and a helpful magic lurking in the palm of her strong, white hand; with all her actions, impulses of charity, of pride, or of anger; but that blow struck to the root of her life. The tree did not fall nor totter; it stood on, but the sap was gone. Years went by, and brought death twice again to the threshold of the old house, making her a widow, and bereft of her only son. Then the strong lines had hardened, the soft curves tightened, the good-humored eyes grown cold, and the firm mouth hard. She became a gaunt woman, with a bent masculine figure, and a harsh countenance. As such I knew her, still as a friend, and often as patient, about the time when, a middle-aged bachelor, I found myself settled down under this roof, with the physician's practice of the glens and village for my work, and with Mary's child for something to love, something to keep my heart green. For Margaret Avon, sitting sternly in that red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, with her face from the world, and her eyes fixed perpetually on her desolate hearth, would not forgive the dead. The only tie she recognized was the child of her dead son. The little girl had been born in Italy, where her father had passed all the later years of his life. In this grandchild, whom she had never seen, all the woman's sympathies with life were bound up. The child was said to be delicate, and lest she should inherit her father's disease, consumption, the anxious grandmother had decreed, with bold self-denial, that she should remain abroad with the English lady to whose care her father had intrusted her education—should be sunned and ripened by Italian skies, till the dawn of her womanhood, and that then, and then only, should Glenariffe be her home. And yet the old woman's yearning to see the child was piteous, and I knew that she dreaded lest death might seal her eyes before they could be satisfied.

Years passed. I was gray. Hugh was a man, and would soon be a doctor. A naval life would suit him. I felt that he would go off in a ship one day and leave me.

He had been studying too closely. I had sent for him, insisting on a holiday. We were chatting together in the garden. It was a bright May evening; the hawthorn blossoms were not yet done; the lilacs were in bloom. The sun was red on his face, and the lad was as glad as a child at his new freedom. Observing him with pride, I thought him more remarkable for an air of inherent power and a dash of frankness than for mere handsome looks. I thought I saw his character in his bearing and countenance, pure honor ennobling the brow, fidelity to truth well-opening the eye, the hot generous temperament lighting the whole face with electric glows and sparkles; and the careless gayety of youth dancing in lights and shadows on the tossing brown curls under his straw-hat. Some one spoke to me at the gate. It was a messenger from Bracken Hollow, requesting me to visit Mrs. Avon. I left Hugh amusing himself with some little fellows on the beach, and went. Margaret had a request to make. Grace was on her way home, was in England. Friends returning from Italy had brought her as far as their home in London. Would I go and fetch her to Bracken Hollow?

I thought, Margaret Avon forgets that I am not still the boy who used to eat her marmalade at yonder table forty years since, and carry her footstool and go on her errands whithersoever she pleased. But the next moment I felt this to be a churlish thought for one old friend to harbor toward another, and I promised to go.

Next day I went. A few words made Hugh understand the purpose of my journey. Beyond those few words nothing was said between us on the matter. Of course the lad knew all the details of his own story; but his position was a subject which he never approached, nor did I wish to hear him speak of it. I was sure of his fast affection; he was even too grateful for any thing I had done for him; but I knew that the pride of the Avons smouldered in the depths of his nature. I saw it when he courteously uncovered his head to his grandmother on Sundays as she came forth from the village church to her carriage, with her eyes fixed on the ground lest she should see him. I detected it in the gnawing of the lip and contracting of the brows when we stood to admire some rich bit of wooded land with a tradition of the Avon family scrawled over the gnarled trunk of every old tree. And even more forcibly have I seen it when by chance he has heard himself alluded to by the kindly peasants who compassionated him as "poor Mr. Hugh." I knew he felt the sting of the fire himself, and dreaded the occasion which might stir it to a blaze. I knew that he wished

all the world to recognize him as one who felt himself sufficient to carve his own fortune, and who was too high-spirited to claim any relationship which was so cruelly ignored.

I went upon my mission. I made my way to a gay house in a fashionable part of London. I arrived there in the midst of a brilliant entertainment. I was expected and welcomed. It was all out of my way, and I should have yielded to the inclination of fatigue, and retired quietly and at once, but that my curiosity to see Grace would not rest till morning. When I made my appearance among the guests I found them engaged in witnessing the performance of charades. I took my place as a spectator, and quickly had Miss Grace Avon pointed out to me among the performers. Thus, for the first time, I saw her in whom afterward I had so strange an interest.

Memory has odd whims in her dealings with the materials furnished to her. Some she lays by in dim scrolls, seldom to be opened and with difficulty. Others are spread, faultless charts, perpetually visible, and yet marked out in such dull ink that they are little better than blanks. While, again, some trivial chance becomes at once a picture, painted in imperishable colors, glowing with unfading life, refusing to grow pale with time, or to be darkened by shadows.

I see her now distinctly. It was a thoroughly Italian face, dark and clear, with bright lips and a rich cheek. I had never seen any thing so sombre yet so lustrous as the eyes. Some brilliant drapery was folded round her head like a turban, giving an Oriental effect. I do not know what the charade was; I never thought of asking. The idea must have been something about a slave; a slave loaded with splendor, and yet chafing under a sense of degradation and captivity. At least so she, in her acting, seemed to render it. She went through a strange pantomime, wrenching at the gilded chains that shackled her wrists, flinging her jewels passionately on the ground, and speaking forth shame and despair from her dumb face with terrible reality. I felt it unaccountably strange to see her thus for the first time, acting with such a piteous mimicry of truth in this gay crowd, dressed with such magnificence, and expressing so vividly her hatred of herself, her beauty, and her adornments. I said, how can this girl act so unless she feels it? What troubles her? Why is she so wretched? And then I smiled at myself for a foolish old man of the mountains, who was behind the age, and knew nothing of the cunning of such clever displays. But, my beautiful Miss Grace, I said, how will these fantastic accomplishments thrive at Bracken Hollow?

I saw her next at a distance in the ball-room after the performance had ended. She was the centre of a group of evident admirers, and was laughing and sparkling all over with merriment. Her dress was a robe of something white, which flashed about her as she moved; and I remember that her hair was bound with something blood-red, like coral. I saw our hostess move toward her, for the purpose, I knew, of acquainting her with the fact of my arrival. Her cheeks had been flushing, her lips smiling, but all at once flush and smile vanished, leaving her pale and still. She turned abruptly away from the disappointed group, and slowly followed the lady messenger from the room. A minute afterward I was introduced to her in a dim ante-room, where the softly-shed light was yet sufficient to show me the shrinking step, the pained lip, the white cheek, and the one rapid terrified glance from eyes that were instantly averted and obstinately refused to meet mine again.

What was it! Conscience winced. It was true that I had indulged an unwarrantable prejudice against this girl; and could it be also true that there may arise, without the communication of a word, with scarce that of a look, some swift subtle instinct, passing from one spirit to another, warning of the existence of dislike or distrust, even as such an instinct is said in other instances to herald the approach of faith or of love?

Our greeting was short and embarrassed. I had long since forgotten the more polished forms of address between ladies and gentlemen of the world. I could have spoken a kind word to this frightened child had I met her at home among the mountains, but here, in these courtly chambers, the mere spontaneous good-will of nature seemed out of place. I saw her glide back to the ball-room with a blanched, cowed aspect, but with a something of proud reserve that forbade observation. She seated herself at a distant table and affected to turn over some drawings, but her face was often averted to the shuttered window beside her, as though she studied some record of absorbing interest written on the blank of the painted wood. And so, despite my former determined indifference to every thing concerning Miss Grace Avon, I retired that night filled with a troubled perplexity, and strangely interested in the owner of the cold, damp, little hand that had for a moment touched mine, and the sombre eyes that had shunned me with an expression so much like pain and fear scarcely hidden under their lids.

We accomplished our journey in safety, but without effecting much more progress toward friendship than we had made on the evening of our first acquaintance. An impenetrable reserve sheathed the girl. Once or twice I detected her studying my face with a wistful, questioning expression in her eye, as though some burdensome secret hovered on her tongue, and she tried, unseen, to sound me, to discover whether or not I might be trust-worthy to receive that which she had to tell. This was the idea which impressed me at the time, and from which I could not free my thoughts. It seemed an absurd fancy, for what trouble could she have? And yet the impression would not be shaken off, but clung to me with annoying tenacity.

I assured myself that she was only timid, and shy of appearing among new friends. It will

wear away, I said; and I tried to win her confidence, and to be as kindly toward her as the thought of Hugh would suffer me to be.

I thought the wondrous vision of our glens will wake her up, for I feel that she has a soul: and who has ever seen our Glenariffe without enthusiasm, with its mists and breakers, its heathery crags and mossy knolls, its vivid rainbows and thundering falls? But Miss Grace Avon had been nursed under Italian skies, and beheld our wild highland scenery with a stranger's eyes. So I forbore to disturb her meditation as she sat quite still, her veil just folded above her brows, her pale lips fast shut, and her heavy dark eyes fixed blindly on the dimming horizon.

Arrived at Bracken Hollow a touching picture met our eyes. Out in the purple twilight, sown with blazing stars, growing from the heavier shadows behind, and framed by the frowning doorway, a tall bent figure stood. A shaking, withered hand grasping a stick, a rugged face softened with yearning love, a hard-lined mouth unwontedly relaxed and quivering, and frozen eyes melting with foreign moisture. So I saw Margaret Avon, and in spite of fidelity to Hugh I was touched to compassion for the woman who, having within her rills of tenderness so warm, could have suffered pride to petrify her life, and turn her to the thing of stone I had known her for the many past years.

So she stood with her one shriveled hand stretched forth in eager greeting. I felt Grace's fingers slip from my arm, and before I could prevent her the strange girl had sunk upon her knees at her grandmother's feet, with her face to the flags on the threshold.

"My child, my dear, my darling! what is this?" quavered forth the poor old rusty voice, while the shaking hand tried to drag upward the bent dusky head from which the bonnet and veil had fallen. "Be not frightened, my love, but welcome, a thousand times welcome, to your poor old grandmother's home—your poor old grandmother, your poor old lonely grandmother!" she kept on repeating, while Grace, creeping to her at last with a sob, suffered herself to be gathered to the old woman's heart. I left them sitting on the hearth in the red drawing-room, Grace with her face buried in Margaret's gown, and the old hand passing fondly over the thick curls.

Two mornings afterward I was sitting by the open window in the sun, reading the "Lancet." Hugh was standing at the book-case, poring into a book. The parlor-door was ajar, and the hall-door wide open, as it is the fashion for Glen's hall-doors to stand during the day. I saw a phaeton, which I knew, draw up a few perches away, and in it I saw two figures, which I also recognized. The younger sprang from the step, and came quickly toward the cottage. She passed in at the gate, in at the open door; a tap came on the panel outside, and there she stood before us—Grace Avon.

Never had any thing so bright gladdened our sober little parlor. The white dress, the black gossamer shawl hanging from her arms, the slouched hat, with its rose-colored ribbon, crowning the ripe face and cloudy curls, all made up a picture whose rich sweetness was a feast to the eye. A glamour of enchantment seemed to enter the room with her, a southern breeze stirred in the motion of her gown, a streak of Italian sunshine seemed to follow in her wake through the door. I thought, "Mary's hair was just one shade darker than the laburnum blossoms, and Mary's eyes were the color of forget-me-nots, but this is a beautiful woman." As she entered Hugh started, and looked up with a hasty glance of honest and ardent admiration, whose warmth surprise forbade him to moderate. The young lady seemed to resent this involuntary homage of poor Hugh's; she flushed, returned his bow stiffly, and having delivered her message, followed me from the room.

"Who is he?" she asked, abruptly, in the hall.

I was angry for Hugh, and felt harshly toward her at the moment. I answered brusquely:

"He is your cousin, Miss Avon, who has at least as good a claim to your grandmother's favor as you. Were he righted, you would not be the wealthy heiress you now are."

She fell back as though stunned by my words, and I passed her to speak to Margaret at the carriage. She wished me to spend the evening with them. Margaret did not know of Hugh's presence at the cottage; but I think, even had he been absent, I should not have gone to them that night. Grace gave me a pleading word and look, but I was firm. I said:

"I am going to visit a patient up the Glen, but I shall not have time to call."

At twilight that evening I passed near the gates of Bracken Hollow at a part where the wall that separates the place from the Glen road runs very low, and a stream stumbles its way through the wild briers and the tall reeds and brackens from whose luxuriance the house takes its name. I was startled by a figure rising up like a ghost from among the ferns and moss-grown stones beside me. It was Grace. She had watched and waited for me there. She wanted to know the meaning of my words spoken in the hall that morning about her cousin. Was he her cousin? Why had he been wronged? Who had wronged him?

I considered a little, and then thought it best to tell her all. She would be sure to hear the story, and it was right she should. I told her all Hugh's history; not, I am sure, without a dash of the bitterness which would always escape me when I spoke on the subject. As I went on she flushed deeper and deeper, till the crimson blood burned under her hair, and even colored her throat. When I had finished speaking it had ebbed away, leaving her unusually pale. She stood before me, straight and white and scared looking, with the breeze blowing the dark hair from her forehead. I moved to go on, but

she stayed me again imploringly, and commenced asking rapid passionate questions. If she had never been born, or if—if she had died as a child, would Hugh's grandmother have been forced to give him her affection, to make him her heir?

I answered as my conscience dictated:

"I believe she would. Your grandmother can be stern, but she must have something to love. If there had been no one else, I think it is likely that she would have relented toward Hugh."

She opened her lips, and cried vehemently, with a strain of high-wrought suffering:

"Doctor! I—" She stopped short, her lips whitened, blue shadows gathered under her eyes. I thought she was going to swoon.

"My dear child!" I cried, in surprise and alarm, taking her cold hand and placing it firmly on my own arm—"my dear child, you must not distress yourself so deeply about this. It is not your fault."

She gave me a piteous glance, bent down her head, and burst into a passion of tears, sobbing violently, with her forehead against my sleeve.

"It is a strange, wayward, and I believe generous nature," I thought, as I went on my way, having sent her back to the house.

Returning past the gates, and finding myself in a different mood from that in which I had refused Margaret Avon's invitation, I turned into the avenue, and walked along by the soft, noiseless turf. Soon I was startled for the second time that night by seeing a slight figure moving among the trees. It was passing to and fro, to and fro upon the grass quite near me. I stopped where a tree hid me from the danger of being seen. Heaven knows I did not mean to be a spy upon the poor girl, but I was deeply interested in her. The moon shone large and clear down through the branches on the mossy roots and trunks, and on the rich wilderness of the underwood, throwing dim flitting shadows over the impatient white figure that paced and paced, and would not weary nor rest. While I stood, with a fear and a foreboding of I knew not what stealing upon me and mingling with the sympathy which had been keenly awakened, the figure suddenly paused in its walk, the arms were flung above the head in an attitude of abandonment, and a loud, groaning whisper reached me through the clear, still air—

"Not my fault—not my fault! O God, pity me!"

I went home.

The next time that Grace came to the cottage she gave her hand to Hugh with an eagerness that made the brave fellow blush and tremble like a girl. Her voice was very sweet that day, and her manner very soft and subdued. After she had gone, Madge, my old servant, gave it as her emphatic opinion (delivered to the cat on the kitchen hearth) that "Miss Grace's smile would coax the birds off the bush." That evening Hugh sat for a long, long time staring out at the bay with an expression on his face which I had never seen there before. And I thought, "Oh, Hugh, Hugh, my dear lad! is it fated that this woman shall bring even yet more trouble upon us?"

About this time Margaret Avon had a slight illness, and Grace had an errand to the village on her horse almost every day—for books, for medicine, or for the gratification of some whim of her grandmother, who insisted on the girl's riding every morning, lest her health should suffer from the close attendance upon her which Grace was disposed to give. But Margaret did not know that Hugh was at the cottage, or she would assuredly never have sent Grace cantering up to its porch morning after morning, with cheeks glowing, lips scarlet, and eyes sparkling with the healthful exercise. I should have spoken of his being there, only for the fear of agitating her dangerously by mentioning a name which for so many long years had been a forbidden one between us. And so Grace came and went, and I soon saw how Hugh's eyes flashed when the clatter of the well-known hoofs sounded in our ears through the open window.

At last I said to him one day,

"Hugh, my lad! I think you had better go back to your work."

He, knowing very well what I meant, met my eyes frankly, and said,

"Yes; I think I had."

And he went.

On Margaret's recovery her first care was to invite visitors to Bracken Hollow. The house was soon filled, and balls and picnics and boating parties passed the summer days and nights gayly for its inmates. I never joined in their amusements, but I looked in now and again, just to see how our young Italian rose bloomed on the mountain-side; and, finding her pale and weary-looking, and subject to her old strange moods, I ordered her to renew her exercise on horseback. But her gay guests from town did not care for riding; they found the Glen roads too rough.

"Well, then," I said, "you must ride alone. We can not have grandmamma breaking her heart about those pale cheeks."

And after that I had many an early visit from Grace, who would arrive at my door of mornings when I was sitting down to my eight o'clock breakfast, and flash into the room, crying,

"Will you give me a cup of your tea, doctor? those lazy people at the Hollow will not have breakfast for two hours to come."

She had some suitors among her gay visitors. On one of these—a handsome, wealthy fellow—I thought Margaret Avon looked with favor, though I scarcely imagined that she could contemplate parting with her precious child so soon. But all these fine people seemed only to weary Grace, and she evidently regarded as so many boons the stray hours spent with me and Madge.

Hugh had been gone two months, when one morning I had a note to say that he had taken a dislike to his work, had got headaches, and must have a day—if only a day—in the Glens

to refresh him. I shook my head over the letter. Never had Hugh taken a whim like this before. I lifted a vase of flowers arranged by Grace yesterday morning, lifted them, breathed their sweetness, and shook my head again. "Dangerous," I said; "dangerous!" But feeling that I could do nothing, I was fain to apply myself to the "Lancet," and try to forget my perplexities.

Late that evening, in the midst of the first shower of a thunder-storm, Grace's steed flew to the door, and Grace herself cried with comical distress,

"Doctor! doctor! will you take me in and dry me?"

I lifted her, laughing, from the saddle, and carried her in all dripping with rain. Madge, with many "Mercy me-s!" and "Heart-alives!" helped to free her from her drenched habit, and after she had reappeared to me, arrayed in a wrapper of pink print belonging to Madge's daughter, with her limp hair brushed wet from her forehead, and her face as fresh as a newly-washed rose, I said:

"Now, my dear, you are storm-stayed for the night. I have sent back the servant to say so to your grandmother. Let Madge set forth her best tea-cups and prepare her most delectable griddle-cakes, and let us make ourselves as sociable as possible. Your gay friends must spare you to us till to-morrow."

She laughed, and tears flashed into her eyes, which April-like contradiction of mood was a trick of hers when much pleased. The next minute she said, abruptly:

"Doctor, if I were to be turned out by my grandmother, and come to you as a beggar, would you call me 'My dear,' and give me a night's lodging till I should find somewhere to go to?"

"Yes," said I, laughing at her earnestness; "and perhaps a cup of tea, too, if you were a good girl. And who knows but I might send you to fetch my slippers, and install you behind my tea-pot as housekeeper and stocking-darner to a single old gentleman?"

She said, eagerly, "Would you?" and then turned away and went out of the room. Not long afterward I heard her putting much the same question to Madge in the kitchen.

"Madge, if I were a beggar and came to the back door, would you give me a bit of that cake and call me 'Miss Grace, darlin,' and let me sit here and nurse pussy on my knee?"

And then I heard Madge's startled rejoinder:

"For the Lord's sake, Miss Grace! To be sure I would with a heart an' a half!"

What can fill her brain with such fancies? I thought. How could her grandmother ever turn against her? Unless, indeed—and then my thoughts wandered away to things possible in connection with Hugh. But no; her own two grandchildren—

Here my reflections were interrupted by a knocking at the door. I started to my feet and flung away my paper. It was Hugh's knock.

I saw their meeting that night on the bright sanded hearth of Madge's kitchen, whither Hugh had rushed to shake off his wet great-coat, and from that hour I made up my mind to one thing as inevitable. Grace made our tea that night and buttered our cakes, and afterward they two read poetry together at the table like a pair of young fools (I give the name in all tenderness), a pair of wise, happy, foolish children.

But the next day brought the cavalier beforementioned to conduct Miss Avon home. He treated me and Hugh with the air of a superior being, and I could not but smile as Hugh, having conducted himself toward the visitor with much dignified hauteur, finally flung the gate, and muttered something fierce between his teeth which I could not hear.

After that little adventure there was an end of Grace's visits to the cottage. Her grandmother heard of Hugh incidentally from the cavalier, and Grace was ordered to turn her horse's head in a different direction from the village when she went on her rides. So we saw no more of her for some time; but Hugh had his consolation in hearing of the dismissal of the cavalier, who, followed by the rest of the visitors, took his way from Bracken Hollow soon after.

Hugh's "day" lengthened into some weeks, and he had never once seen Grace since that night. Margaret was growing very weakly, and I was obliged to visit the Hollow regularly. On these occasions it struck me that Grace was looking ill and dejected. I invariably found her seated patiently by her grandmother's side. Poor Margaret said her child was the best of nurses. One evening she accompanied me to the hall-door. Autumn was waning fast, the sunset glared upon the mountains with a frosty fire, the air was disturbed by the constant rustling of dead leaves haunting the earth in search of a grave. Grace wore a pale gray dress, and the bright color was gone from her cheeks and lips as she stood on the threshold gazing toward the horizon, with dull dark eyes just lit by a red reflection from the western sky. Although not of a poetic temperament I could not but think she looked more like a spirit than any thing else; much too like a spirit to please my professional eyes.

I thought it right to tell her that her grandmother's disease was such as might extinguish life suddenly at any time. I thought it only natural that she should cry, but we had no scene. The trouble was strong and genuine, but controlled. As she gave me her hand at parting she said:

"Doctor, if she were gone might I not do as I pleased with the property which she says will be mine?"

I said I believed she might.

"And if I chose to give it to some one who has a better right to it than I have, would you help me to return to Italy? I believe I could earn my bread there on the stage."

I told her she was a foolish child, and had been moped too much in the sick room. I made her promise to take a long walk on the morrow.

Next evening I found Margaret on her couch in the drawing-room alone. She had sent the dear child for a ramble, she said. She herself felt much better. I sat a long time by her sofa. The poor old lady was in a good humor and communicative. She discussed with me the affair of the cavalier, in which, as I had guessed, Grace had proved unmanageable.

"Do not wonder," she said, "at my anxiety about it. I am very old. I may go any day. I should like to see the dear child happily settled before I close my eyes. He is a fine young fellow, and it would be a suitable connection for the Avon family. But he will come again, he will come again. She will soon tire of this dull life. It must come right. I have set my heart on it. And then—"

"Ay!" I thought, "and then?" But that "then" the future was destined never to bring forth.

"Give me your arm, dear friend," she said, "and take me to the door. I long for a breath of the fresh air."

We went together to the door and stood quietly looking out into the mild fresh dusk, the deeply-tinted shades of a highland twilight. Impalpable echoes floated dreamily in the air; stray notes from drowsy birds dropped down from startled nooks aloft; the trees seemed whispering an audible hush one to another; and now and again a brown leaf hovered reluctantly to the ground.

My eyes were better than Margaret's, and I was the first to see two figures coming slowly from among the trees. I passed my hand over my eyes, and looked again. Yes, they were surely coming, Grace and Hugh. Quickly I saw that he was almost carrying her, and that her arm hung helplessly by her side. As they approached the house I saw what was the matter. The girl's left arm was broken. I believe that surprise at seeing Hugh at first prevented Margaret from observing Grace's accident. In my own anxiety I did not note how her face greeted her grandson, but presently I heard her say in a husky voice—that pitiful, quavering voice which always will betray the emotion of the aged, no matter how strong or stern may be the spirit:

"May I ask, Sir, who are you?"

I glanced at Hugh. His eyes were wide and bright, his mouth pale and firm. Never had he looked nobler; never had he looked more like his mother. Some touching echo in the old lady's voice bade me hope, despite the hard uncourteousness of her words. How would Hugh behave?

He uncovered his head deferentially, and announced himself as Hugh Desmond.

At the name her mouth twitched ominously. Poor old Margaret! she had a struggle before she answered.

"Then, Sir, I will trouble you to come no further; you are not required here!"

"He saved me," moaned Grace; "but for him, I should have been brought dead to your door."

"Dead! dead!" Margaret repeated in a hurried, terrified voice, and I thought she glanced wistfully at Hugh. But the lad looked defiant, and the old spirit would not be so easily quenched. I think it drew an accession of bitterness and strength from Hugh's careless independence of bearing. She said, grimly: "You have done well, Sir, but you have done enough. We will trouble you no more. You may go."

"I will first place my cousin Grace in a less painful position," said the boy, boldly, and at the same time he carried the girl past her into the parlor, and laid her on the sofa.

"And now I will obey your hospitable commands, Madam," he said, bowing to her with the same slightly scornful deference, where she stood trembling by, with the frown gathering blacker on her brows each second.

"Go!" she whispered, hoarsely, pointing to the door with her shaking finger.

"Oh! wait, wait!" moaned Grace. But he was gone.

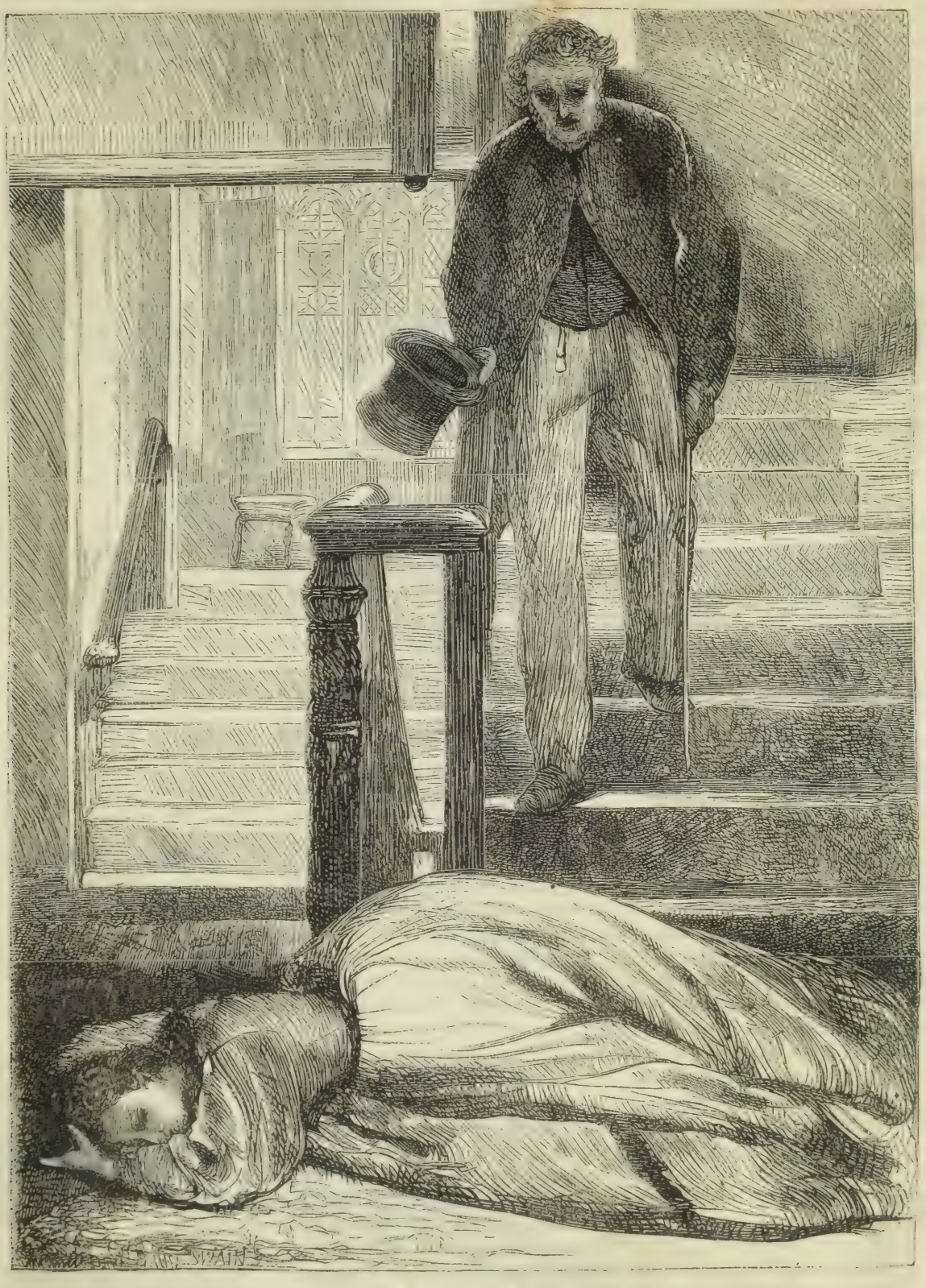
She raised her head. She sat up leaning upon her sound arm. Her hand, white and damp with the dew of agony, grasped the cushions with fierce effort. Her suffering must have been almost intolerable, but there was something in the wild, dark eyes looking from her pallid face, that told of mental pain to which mere physical torture was little.

"What have you done?" she cried, in a kind of passionate wail. "You have driven away the only creature who has a right to rest under your roof, your only grandchild. For me, I am nothing to you; nothing, nothing. I solemnly swear that I am not Grace Avon. Grace Avon died twelve years ago!"

She got up with her white wet face and broken arm; she waved me off; she shrank away, and crawled rather than walked from the room. I led Margaret to a chair. She did not speak, but her face worked piteously. She had got a sore, sore blow. I rang for a trusty servant, and followed Grace. At the bottom of the stairs I found my poor child, stretched stiff and insensible, with her face buried in the mat. I carried her up to bed. It was long before that swoon gave way. When it did there was violent illness and much danger. Late that night I stood by Margaret's bedside. It shook me with trouble to see how my poor old friend had aged and altered during the past few hours. From that bed I knew she would never rise again.

"Don't send her away!" she whispered. "Not yet. I would not turn out a dog with a broken leg. Let her get well. But take her away when she is better. I can not see her. My heart is broken."

And she turned her poor face to the wall. Oh, stern soul! Oh, inexorable will! the retribution had come.



AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

I found myself wondering much just then that Margaret should have so quickly admitted and comprehended Grace's strange confession, that she had not received it slowly and understood it with difficulty. But I afterward knew that she had long suspected the girl of having some secret trouble, something that pressed heavily on her conscience, which she, Margaret, could not and dared not divine. Therefore it was that Grace's short, vehement declaration came upon her, as upon me, with all the crushing weight of truth.

I went back to Grace, and there, in the dead of the night, with the lamp between us burning dim, and the shadows lurking black in the corners of the big old-fashioned room, I heard all the tale of this poor girl's life and suffering, and unwilling wrong-doing. The pain could not force her to keep silent till to-morrow, she must speak, she would confess. She writhed upon

her pillow, she bit her poor lip, but she would go on.

"I was a poor little hungry, wretched, half-naked child," she said, "begging in the streets. A kind-looking English lady took me by the hand and brought me home to her house. She clothed and fed me, and kept me with her. She taught me, and I loved to learn, and I was very happy. She always spoke of my kind grandmother who paid her for taking care of me, and who supplied all my pretty frocks, and toys, and sweetmeats; and told me that one day I should go across the sea, and live with that good grandmother. She seemed very anxious that I should forget all about my childhood before coming to her, and about that day when she first found me in the street and brought me home. But I could not forget. I remembered it all distinctly, and as I grew older the memory of that part of my life puzzled me greatly. Hints from a servant first made me suspect something wrong. I spoke to the lady, but she was very angry, and would tell me nothing. At last, when the time arrived for me to leave her she became frightened, I believe, acknowledged the deceit which she had practiced on my supposed grandmother, and conjured me to keep the secret, which she said was now mine much more than hers. The child left in her care, for whose education and maintenance she had been handsomely paid, had died at seven years of age, and her selfish dread of losing so good an income had induced her to conceive the cruel plan of concealing the death, and substituting another for the poor little girl who was gone. I was the unhappy creature on whom she fixed for the carrying out of her purpose, choosing me, she said, because she thought my face would please my supposed grandmother.

"She told me all this just before my departure for Ireland. My trunks were packed, and strangers were to bring me home. I implored her to write and confess to my—to Mrs. Avon all that she had done; but she only laughed, and called me a fool. She said if I kept my secret no one need ever know that I was not Grace Avon. She said, 'What would you do, reared and educated as you have been, if you were turned adrift on the world, friendless and penniless? Besides, how could you prove your story? Who would believe you? They will perhaps place you in a mad-house. I can easily hint that your brain is unsound.'

"When she found that I was not afraid for myself she reminded me of the poor old lady who expected me, who would be so enraptured to see me, and whom the shock of my confession would probably kill. I cried all through the nights. I prayed for strength to do what was right. I thought I would tell the friends who came to fetch me, and ask their advice. But when they arrived they were gay, fine people, and I could not find courage to speak. I fancied how they would stare and shrink away from me.

"Then I resolved to wait, and tell my—tell Mrs. Avon herself. While traveling here I longed to confide in you, for your kindness encouraged me; but still my voice failed me. I could not do it. Arrived here, I found it still more impossible to confess to the old lady, who was so good to me and loved me so well, that I was only an impostor, and that she had no grandchild. And then—when I learned Hugh's story—oh! what I have suffered since that day! Every hour that passed made it more terrible to confess, and every day that rolled over my head was another sin added to the mountain of wrong which was choking up my life. At times I have thought, she can not live a great many years; I will try to make her happy during her life. I will cling to her faithfully, and nurse her and love her; and when she is gone I will give up every penny which she bequeaths me to the rightful heir, and go away and try to earn my bread upon the stage; and perhaps the doctor will pity and forgive me, and help me to carry out the plan of my new life.

"I was thinking over all this to-night on the rocks. I was sitting on the edge of a bank; it gave way, and I fell from a good height down upon the stones. I must have fainted from the shock and pain. When I recovered I thought myself dying, and I was not sorry. I had suffered so much, and I thought, now my troubles must end, and that God would pardon me for the wrong I had so unwillingly done. And just then I saw Hugh's face. My eyes and senses were both dim, and I thought it was looking at me down from the sky, and then it came hovering nearer and plainer, and at last I saw it beside me. He lifted me up; I scarcely know how we got here. You know the rest. It was very wrong to speak so suddenly; but I could not keep silent when I saw him treated so."

This was her pitiful story.

For long I scarcely left the house, passing continually from one sick room to the other. At last one day I carried Grace down to the phaeton, and drove her quietly to the cottage, where Hugh and Madge watched for us. And then Grace lay for many days on our little parlor sofa, with her bandaged arm and her white cheek, and all her thoughts filled with the poor old lonely lady lying ill at Bracken Hollow. And Hugh went about the room like a woman, and mended the fire without noise, and read his book quietly in the corner, and when she was able to enjoy it, read it aloud to Grace. And Grace said to me one day, "Doctor, Hugh does not know all, or he would not be so good to me. I had rather you would tell him." And I said, "My dear, Hugh knows every word that you told me. Here he is; I will let him speak for himself."

And as Hugh came in I went out. As I turned my face to the Glen I knew very well what would happen before I came back. On my return Madge met me at the door with a warning "Whisht, Sir!" and on entering the parlor I found it filled with deep red light from the peat fire, the curtains drawn, the sofa arranged by a tender hand, and Grace sleeping softly, with a look upon her face which caused me to congratulate myself upon my gift of prophecy.

Not very long afterward Hugh and Grace were wed, and a day was fixed for their departure for India, Hugh having got an appointment there. Margaret Avon lay expecting her death; but she would neither see nor forgive her grandchildren. She would not even yet relent. Grace stole in one day while she slept, and kissed her withered cheek; and the next day they left me alone.

They had been gone some weeks when one evening Margaret sent for me. She was very weak and very gentle.

"Dear friend," she said, "I have been dreaming much about Mary. I feel death coming, and I want to see those children. Send them to me."

Alas, and alas! they were far away, and I had to tell her so.

"It is my punishment," she said. "My life has been all wrong. God forgive me!" and she turned her face to the wall.

Her grave is green. For two years the old house has been dark and desolate, and now it will again be filled with life. They are coming home.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

CLOSE by the side of the summer sea,
Idly dreaming one summer day,
Under the cedar boughs I lay;
And ever the scented summer breeze
Awoke in the fragrant cedar-trees
A wonderful melody.

I watched the clouds in the azure sky,
Fanciful shapes of castles grand,
Floating over the sea and land,
And the darting sea-gulls soar and dive,
And the white-winged ships which seemed alive,
As they drifted slowly by.

The waves broke low on the shining sand,
Scattering every where beautiful shells
Out of the ocean's mysterious cells;
And sentinel-like the huge gray rocks,
That had braved the storm and the tempest's shocks,
Guarded the beautiful land.

Afar in the east hung the crescent moon,
And the sun stood low in the royal west,
Gilding the cedars upon the crest
Of the rugged cliff with a jubilant fire,
And the wind, which sung like a sweet-toned lyre,
Died away in a peaceful swoon.

And there came a ship toward the rosy shore;
Radiant all were her sails so white
With the glowing hue of the sun's rich light;
And I said, "'Tis my ship, she comes this day,"
And lo! while I spoke she passed away,
Like those which had gone before.

Ah! many a ship have I sent to sea,
With costliest freight that a ship can hold—
Hopes more precious by far than gold—
Sent them adrift in my boyhood's time;
And now in my manhood's joyless prime
They never come back to me.

WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, then in command of the Department of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Fort Monroe, was extremely careful that no improper or doubtful use should be made of the flag-of-truce boats which we were sending almost every week up the James River, to Aiken's Landing or to City Point. City Point is about thirty miles below Richmond, at the mouth of the river Appomattox, and is connected by railroad with Petersburg, and, *via* Petersburg, with Richmond. Aiken's Landing is about twelve miles from Richmond, and is connected with that city by a common highway; and in that locality a common highway is, like the "Jordan" of the negro minstrels, "a hard road to trabbel."

My friend, Mr. Monday, of Old Point Comfort, who professed to be a devoted Union man, had sent one of his daughters, before the civil war broke out, to finish her education at Petersburg, had been unable to procure her return after hostilities commenced; and learning now that she was very ill, and greatly in need of maternal care, was anxious to bring her home. He applied to the General for permission to send a letter by flag of truce to Miss M., his child, notifying her to come down to City Point and meet him there, on the return of the flag-of-truce boat from Aiken's, and so take passage to Fort Monroe. It was a case that appealed strongly to the General's humanity; and no officer or man, in the service or out of it, is more truly humane. But no officer more uniformly than he subordinates all his private feelings to a conscientious regard for public and official duty. Having myself no doubt that the young lady could with propriety be returned to her parents in the way suggested by her father's application, and being solicitous to obtain her return, for the sake of both father and mother, from whom I had received many kind offices, I had several interviews with the General in regard to the matter, and earnestly endeavored to convince him that the application might be granted without any violation of the sanctity of the flag of truce. He came to the same opinion at last. Mr. M. was allowed to write—to go to City Point, to meet his daughter there—and to bring her home to Fort Monroe. I witnessed the family meeting on her arrival, and was deeply moved by that touching scene.

From this example I had learned how careful the Commander of the Department of Virginia was to guard the flag of truce against the very appearance of abuse or misuse. From other evidence I had learned that the banks of the James River, above City Point, were occasionally occupied by detachments of the rebel troops, and that they had—once at least, by mistake, as it afterward appeared—fired upon our flag-of-truce boats; and that it was, therefore, somewhat important to the personal safety of the navigators and passengers in such boats to keep the emblematic white flag conspicuously displayed, and to have it large enough to be seen by even near-

sighted enemies, or those with a single eye to Confederate rights and interests. I knew, too, that there was at least one hostile steam-tug that was in the habit of circulating briskly about the vicinity of Aiken's Landing, and stimulating the patriotic impatience of our officers in charge of the flag-boats by the display of the "red, white, and red" gridiron rag.

The General in command at Fort Monroe was in the habit of sending sometimes one officer, and sometimes another, in charge of the flag-of-truce boat, and the duty was greatly coveted by those who got weary of the monotony of the garrison or staff life at Old Point. I had often wished that my turn might come; and come at last it did, one pleasant evening in August, rather unexpectedly, but none the less to my satisfaction. My order was somewhat as follows, dated as late as 9 o'clock P.M.:

"Major —— will engage a suitable steamer to take a hundred prisoners up the James River to-morrow, leaving the Rip Raps (Fort Wool) as early as 7 o'clock A.M. He will have put on board one hundred cooked rations for the prisoners he takes up, and two hundred uncooked rations for such prisoners as he may have to bring back. Some of the prisoners are political and some military. Lists of each class in duplicate will be made out and delivered to Major ——. The political prisoners will be landed at the various points named in their lists. The military prisoners will be delivered at Aikin's Landing to such officer as the Confederate authorities may send to receive them, who will receipt for the same, and this receipted list the Major will bring back with him to these head-quarters, losing no time in going or returning. All of the prisoners will be taken on board at Fort Wool."

The receipt of this order about half past 9 o'clock at night obliged me to move with the utmost activity and celerity. I had to find the quarter-master and the commissary—the one to supply the steamer and the other the rations—and give them the needful orders and requisitions.

It was 1 o'clock at night before my arrangements were so completed that I could retire to my quarters for repose. But at 7 o'clock the next morning—a most lovely and cloudless morning—the smart little tug, *Commodore Du Pont*, having carried me and the rations, cooked and uncooked, on board the large side-wheeled steamer *Star*, engaged for the voyage, I was calling the roll of prisoners at the Rip Raps, and noting the names as they answered to the call and filed aboard the *Star*.

There were ninety-five "military prisoners," under parole until exchanged, to be taken to Aikin's, all but five of whom were privates; the remaining five were non-commissioned officers. The "political prisoners" were five in number. One of them, Colonel Smith, was to be left at Jamestown Island, but the other four were to be put ashore at various landings—Macox, Wilcox, etc., farther up the river. Such a shabby set of tatterdemalions as were these soldiers I had never before seen nor read of except in Falstaff's description of his Coventry recruits. Their only uniform was the uniformity of rags and dirt. No two hats of the same size, shape, or style, and no one hat that looked like a military head-piece could be found among this motley but right jolly crew. There was a wonderful variety, also, in the cut and fit of their garments, the prevailing clay color, or butternut-brown, giving them the general aspect of having all been dragged through the same chrome-colored puddle, furnishing a sort of *chrome-atic* scale of unneatness. Many of them were literally barefoot—shoeless, stockingless, and manifestly returning from a bootless expedition. Most of them were innocent of all familiarity with soap and comb. Not their nails only, but their whole hands, were in deep mourning for long-lost soap and water. The great majority, if there can be a *great* majority of undersized men, were of noticeably diminutive size; and only one of the entire lot—an Alabamian of superb stature and figure, "a Triton among the minnows"—approached the manly height of six feet.

Men! They were not men. They were boys, most of them; in the gristle of youth, not in the bone of manhood, and looked as though they ought, dozens of them, to be first whipped for playing truant, then decently washed and dressed, and then sent back to school. They were all in excellent health, and full of life, fun, and good-nature; and before the day ended I had become strongly interested in the personal history, and deeply impressed by the personal character of quite a number of this jolly throng.

Soon after receiving the prisoners on board I called them before me, sent the political prisoners aft by themselves (for they were gentlemen in dress, aspect, demeanor, and social position), ascertained who were the five sergeants and corporals; assigned to each his squad of eighteen men; enjoined upon all the duty of good and orderly conduct; promised them all a dinner at 12 o'clock, of as much boiled ham and wheat bread as they could eat, and the best of coffee, milk, and sugar. At this announcement there was a general and hearty shout of "*Hurrah for the Major!*"

I limited my promise to the dinner, for two reasons: first, because they had already breakfasted; and, second, because I meant, if possible, to reach Aikin's Landing as early as four o'clock that afternoon. My promise of coffee, milk, and sugar (which seemed to astonish the boys), was prompted by a discovery which I had made among my store of rations before the prisoners came on board. With the barrels of bread and ham I found a large bag of roasted and ground coffee, another of "coffee-crushed" sugar, and a huge can of milk, or what I took to be milk, but which proved finally to be molasses. These articles had at first surprised me; but, without special inquiry, I took for granted that they were "all right," and placed them all, milk, sugar, coffee, bread, and ham, under the stewardship of a clever old hand, who officiated as master of the mess under my appointment, and agreed to see that each of the five Confederate divisions of eighteen privates, and a corporal or sergeant, was in turn duly served with dinner "at twelve or thereabout."

Among the prisoners whom I have called "political," for want of a better word of description, was an old gentleman of wonderfully weak and watery eyes, and of equally wonderful breadth of hat-rim. His eyes were fountains of involuntary tears, and his hat-rim overhung them like a weeping willow, whose broad shadow kept them in a cool, refreshing twilight. They called him "Doctor," and I was directed to leave him at some "landing" above Jamestown Island.

Although not in strict chronological order, I will here finish the sugar and coffee part of my adventure, by stating that the "Doctor" was the real proprietor of those articles, which he had contrived to procure somehow, and somehow brought on board, contrary to regulation and without authority. The dinner-hour arrived and passed. Every hungry rebel had done ample justice to the occasion, and had eaten as an Esquimaux eats when he sees before his bodily eyes one huge meal of walrus or whale blubber, and before his mind's eye a week or month of probable starvation or "short commons." We were drawing near the "Doctor's" landing, and I was looking in vain for any appearance of village, or house even, which could give rise to the name of "Macox's Landing," or induce any boat to stop in such a wilderness, when the steward approached me with a scared look, saying:

"I beg pardon, Major, but we're in a —— of a scrape about that coffee and sugar."

"Indeed," said I, "what is the matter? Were they bad? Wasn't there enough of them for all hands?"

"Oh yes, Sir, there was enough; but we've eaten them pretty nearly all up; and, Major, they didn't belong to us at all, they wa'n't Government property, Sir; they belonged to the Doctor, and he's found it out, and is swearing like the— like a pirate about it."

"Is that all, Steward?" said I, after a hearty laugh at his panic.

"'*All!*' Major; yes, Major, that's all. But what shall I do about it? He's awfully mad, and threatens all sort of—"

"Ask the Doctor to come up on the hurricane-deck and speak to me, Steward. I think I can pacify him."

He went, and presently returned with the angry Doctor, who did not, however, exhibit any signs of passion in this stage of the adventure.

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "I am sorry to learn that you have forgotten what is due to a flag of truce, and have exposed yourself to the risk of further imprisonment, and us to the danger of being treated as culprits, and possibly shot by the Confederates, for carrying on trade under pretext of being a flag-of-truce boat. It was very wrong, very; and if I had known it before leaving the Rip Raps, I should have seized your coffee and sugar, and left you in prison until further orders. But, in consideration of our mistake, and as most of the contraband articles have been consumed, and as we are within a quarter of a mile of your landing-place, I will not be too severe upon you. You can keep what remains, enough now to last your family some weeks, and I will let you take them ashore."

He was extremely grateful, and the Steward fairly danced with delight. The Doctor shook my hand very heartily as he left the boat, and the Steward came up to me with the broadest of grins, rubbing his hands, and saying, "By Jim! Major, you got out of that snarl completely——slick."

I have said that the day was bright and beautiful; and I ought to add that a lovelier scene can scarcely be imagined than that which greeted our eyes as we began our voyage. The broad expanse of Hampton Roads, from the Willoughby Spit light-ship, moored where the waters of the James mingle with the waves of the Chesapeake, three miles below, up to Newport News, eight miles above Fort Monroe, and from the evergreen shore of Sewell's Point, five miles across to Hampton Creek, forming one of the most spacious and splendid roadsteads in the world, lay outspread before us like a vast mirror, unruffled by breeze, and unbroken by even a ripple; canopied by a sky of cloudless purity, and lighted up by the glories of a sunshine which was bright as Heaven itself. Upon this expanse of quiet water were floating the seemingly motionless forms of at least two hundred ships and vessels of every size and kind known to war or peace; English, French, and American steam-frigates; gun-boats and steam-tugs; the huge hulks of the old *Brandywine* and other receiving-ships; enormous sea-going steamers, black as Erebus; passenger-steamers and river-boats, side-wheelers and propellers, of gayer colors; merchantmen, coasters, and oystermen; ships, barks, brigs, schooners, sloops, and sail-boats innumerable; each one, "floating double, ship and shadow," duplicated by its perfect image reflected from the water, and all together forming a picture that artists might love to behold and despair of imitating, and which I seek in vain adequately to describe. Between the sky and the sea, almost engirdling this vast watery expanse, as frame-work to the picture, lay the low and level, yet verdant and beautiful, shores and banks of bay and river; no spot of ground rising fifteen feet above the surface of the roadstead, yet the varying line of forest and clearing redeeming the view from monotony and weariness, and gratifying the eye by the repose of their unbroken green.

It was a lovely morning, and the scene was lovely, and I entered heartily into all the joys that perfect health and perfect weather, pleasant occupation and pleasant prospects, can afford. To be sure, I was the only armed representative of the Federal Government on board. The captain, pilot, and all hands of the crew did not number fifteen, and had neither gun, cutlass, nor revolver. It was not an armed steamer, though a large one; and the hundred prisoners, had they been so disposed, might have seized the vessel at any moment after passing our fleet of iron-clads and Monitors above New-

port News, and carried us prisoners to Dixie. But I had no feeling of fear or thought of danger; and my first act, after seeing the white flag of truce and peace hoisted at the forepeak, was to unbuckle my sword-belt, untie my sash, and deposit sash, belt, and sword in my cabin. I knew that, except from the enemy on shore, who might fail to see our snowy banner, we had nothing whatever to apprehend of warlike peril.

The process of hoisting the white flag was of some interest. There was no such flag on board. It had not occurred to Quarter-master or Captain to procure one. Indeed, until we were half a dozen miles up river, nothing had been said or done on the subject. As we approached our fleet lying off Newport News I asked the Captain why he did not run up the *drapeau blanc* to avoid being hailed and stopped, and called on to announce our character and errand. "Besides," said I, "Admiral Wilkes may wish to forward letters by us to ships further up, and if he sees the white flag approaching he will send a barge to deliver them without delay." (And he did, as the event proved, wish not only to forward such letters, but to place in my hand certain packages of gold and bills of exchange for several of our officers imprisoned in Richmond; so that I saved half an hour at least by my suggestion.) "And moreover, Captain"—I ventured to suggest—"we may, in less than an hour, be within range of secesh rifles; and you had better get up your white pocket-handkerchief before giving those rascals a chance to mistake our character."

"Gracious!" was his first exclamation, "I have not got any flag. What shall I do?"

"Have you any sheets?"

"Plenty; but they are very small—single-berth sheets."

"Stitch four of them together; make the flag too large not to be seen a mile off; it is sometimes well to have more than 'three sheets in the wind.'"

It was done very promptly, and I fancy that no larger flag of truce ("to use," as Mr. Everett said, in his magnificent Gettysburg funeral-oration, "the language of the Confederate Secretary of War,") ever "flaunted the breeze," than that which we "flaunted" on this memorable occasion, and which we kept displayed aloft, both day and night, until we returned from Aikin's Landing to the cover of our gun-boats in the lower and wider portion of the James River.

A few minutes after running up our flag, we passed within a hundred feet of one of the saddest monuments of this sad war—the spars of the sunken Federal ship of war, the ill-fated *Cumberland*. Her top-masts, and top-gallant masts, the end of her bowsprit, and all of her complicated top-hamper, stood plainly visible above the surface of the river, leaning at a considerable angle from the shore, as she lay on the shelving bottom heading up stream. There she had lain for months—there she lies now; a reproach to our Government, while the worms are rapidly destroying those timbers and planks, every one of which ought to be saved as sacredly as "old Ironsides" herself. At whatever cost, and without the delay of a month from that memorable day when the *Monitor* so providentially appeared in Hampton Roads, the *Cumberland* should have been raised and set afloat to be forever held and cherished as the pride and glory, not of our navy alone, but of our whole country. The moral effect of such a rescue would have been equal to the addition to our service of half a dozen Monitors.

At the distance of a mile or two from the *Cumberland* lay the flag-ship of Admiral Wilkes, from whose side we saw suddenly shoot out a barge, with "the flag of our Union" flying at her stern, and evidently intending to cross our track. She brought to me the compliments of the Admiral, and the letters and packages of which I have spoken, and received from us the Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York papers of the day before, with which we had furnished ourselves from the Baltimore and Fort Monroe steamer, the *Adelaide*, that reached her pier at the Fort but a quarter of an hour before our voyage began.

After this brief interruption we had nothing to delay our expedition until we reached Jamestown Island; for although from every one of our gun-boats which we passed a boat pushed off to ask for newspapers, yet we supplied their wants without losing a single stroke of our engine. Ahead, therefore, went we, over that very track where, centuries ago, sailed Smith and Raleigh, Willoughby and Frobisher, admiring, as did these voyagers of the olden time, the quiet beauties of this noble river and its richly wooded banks. But I was pained, as well as pleased, by the prospect; for it is now almost as wild as then, almost as destitute of indications of human occupancy and cultivation. Ancient looking forests of vast extent are seen on either hand; not a city, not a town, not a village, not one solitary church or school-house, and only, at rare and wearisome intervals, a clearing or a dwelling-house appeared to break the low monotony of the river margin between Fort Monroe and City Point. Now and then, but very, very seldom, a mansion, with its attendant negro huts, gleamed through the green. Now and then, but yet less frequently, appeared, though in ruins, a solitary looking wooden wharf, as if, at some past and distant day, vessels might have stopped there for some inconceivable purpose. Every sign of commerce had vanished when we passed Newport News, except an occasional stake or buoy to indicate the channel, or the fragments of a river light-house destroyed at the beginning of the war by rebellious and semi-barbarous hands.

Far up the river, in the vicinity of Harrison's Landing, where the Army of the Potomac had held its camp, vast flocks of turkey-buzzards, foulest of vultures—whose disgusting forms I had never before seen—and of carrion crows,

birds of ill omen—in numbers that seemed fabulous, hovered over the banks, and actually at times darkened the air like clouds. There, too, the forests bore testimony, by torn limbs and blasted foliage, to the passage of shot and shell, while trampled wheat-fields, dilapidated fences, and strange drifts of rags, and torn fragments of paper, and refuse indescribable told the story of war, havoc, and destruction.

This uninhabited and wilderness look—this absence of town, village, and hamlet, so strange to Northern and Eastern eyes—I have noticed and deplored along the James and the York rivers, and the Potomac from Mount Vernon to Point Lookout. It is the stamp and badge of Slavery—that great curse which extinguishes enterprise and kills civilization. As I have steamed along those magnificent rivers, whose banks are nearly a desert, so far as population and business are concerned, but whose soil is as fat almost as Egypt, and every five miles of whose margin, were it in a Free State, would be the site of a populous town, I have wondered at such utter neglect and waste of the rich gifts of Nature, and have rejoiced in the conviction that, when Slavery and the war have together passed away, a new era of industry, enterprise, and active civilization will open on this wilderness, and transform it into a garden; and have said to myself, what I believe to be God's truth, that this accursed war shall end—perhaps after many long years of struggle—in blessings well worth all the treasure expended, and all the blood shed in its progress; and have been ready to exclaim,

"Shall we not, then,

'Be patient now, and cheerful,
Watch, pray, and wait?'"

Among the so-called political prisoners in my charge was a Colonel Smith, who had just been discharged from confinement by the General in command of the Department, that he might return to his residence near Williamsburg. I was to leave him, as I have already stated, at Jamestown Island, from which point he would easily procure transportation homeward. He was quite intelligent and gentlemanly, and in his conversation I whiled away some pleasant half hours. As we drew near the island I said to him that I had two errands there—"one to leave you, Colonel, and the other to receive on board a Confederate Captain, who is paroled and going up with me to be exchanged." I mentioned his name, and added that he had just been married under very romantic circumstances.

"Married!" exclaimed the Colonel, in a tone of great surprise—"*Married!*"

"Yes, married," I replied. "He was wounded last May at the battle of Williamsburg, so severely that he could not safely be removed; and so, as matter of kindness, our troops left him near the battle-field in care of a very hospitable family. He fell in love with one of the young ladies who nursed him—she returned his passion; he offered her his hand—she accepted, and they have just been married."

"*Married!*" said he, again. "I think you must be mistaken, Major."

"Oh no," replied I; "I know all about it. He was brought to Fort Monroe when sufficiently cured of his wounds. We saw a good deal of him, and were greatly pleased by his frank and manly character. I myself gave him the pass on which he went to Williamsburg to be married, and he invited us to come to the wedding."

"But, Major," persisted the Colonel, "I can't think he would have gone and got married without *my* knowledge!"

"Why not, Colonel? What have you to do with the matter?"

"A good deal," said he. "Why, Major, I am the father of the girl!"

It was my turn now to be surprised; for, as I had not heard, or had forgotten, the young lady's name, I had not associated the Colonel with the romance at all. "However," added I, "it is a fact; and I suppose that you were not consulted because of your imprisonment, and under the hurry of the exchange there was no time for delay, and in the inevitable haste they took your consent for granted."

The Colonel seemed still incredulous, and in a few minutes I found that he did not at all believe the story. For when we were near enough to see the wharf, and to discern a cluster of ladies and gentlemen standing on it, he came to my side, and said, "By Jove, Major, there are my wife and daughters come to meet me! How the deuce did they know I was coming to-day?"

It seemed almost too bad to set him right, but I could not help answering, "Why, Colonel, they *don't* know! They have not come to meet you, but to see the Captain off, and bid him good-by, and will be as much astonished to see you as you seem to be in meeting them. Don't you see that gray uniform? Inside of that uniform is the hero of the story, whom I must in a few minutes separate from his new bride."

When we got near enough the Colonel hailed the party, and his appearance created a great sensation, which was manifested in many hasty movements, and by many a shout of astonishment and delight. The sight of his wife and daughters so excited the Colonel that he could not wait for the steamer to touch the wharf, but leaping at least six feet across the intervening gulf of separation, he was in the arms of his wife before I could interpose. Seldom have I witnessed a more touching family scene. Smiles and tears were mingled in abundant and confused overflow of feeling, and my own eyes were filled with unsoldierly tears as I looked on and sympathized in all their emotions.

As soon as the Captain saw me he recognized and hailed me with an earnest heartiness that was very pleasant, and insisted that I should come ashore and be introduced to his wife. "I have told her all about you," said he, "and she wants to be introduced to the officer who gave me my pass to come and get married."

The Colonel was equally urgent, pretending that *his* wife, too, wanted to shake hands with me for bringing her husband home from prison. Of course I yielded to their wishes and went on shore, and spent ten or fifteen minutes right pleasantly. They were all very courteous and kind; but it was easy to perceive that the younger members of the family were strong Secessionists, and that it cost them an effort to be more than civil to a "Yankee" officer, whatever might have been his claims to their kindness.

After a quarter of an hour thus spent, I was obliged to chase every smile from their faces, and bring tears to their eyes, by reminding the Captain that "the fatal hour of parting" from his young bride and her family had come. It was a sad scene, and I was glad when the parting was over, and my boat again under headway, amidst sobs, and tears, and waving of hands and handkerchiefs. The Captain bore it gallantly; and though every feature in his fine face was eloquent with sorrowful expression, he struggled to maintain his composure, and entered readily into conversation with me on any and all subjects that I saw fit to suggest. I found him to be a gay, ingenuous young fellow, with pleasant manners, tolerably intelligent, not ignorant, for he had partially completed his education in the United States Military Academy at West Point when the rebellion broke out, but, like most young men from the Slave States whom I have met, not accurately or fully informed on any subject; a zealous State Rights man, but with "a zeal not according to knowledge;" unable to argue, though not reluctant to dispute, and quite ready, he said, to follow his own State, "gallant old North Carolina, wherever she chose to go, into hell or out of it! No rebel, Major, but true to the old North State!"

It is devoutly to be hoped that out of this war may grow a nationality of ideas and feelings, a patriotism of the Union, a conscious Federal unity of existence, such as has never yet inspired the hearts or directed the thoughts of our American people. If such a harvest can be reaped from the field of blood, the war will not have been in vain.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we had reached a portion of the river so narrow and winding that our progress became necessarily slow and difficult. Above City Point we crept cautiously along through many a mile of dreary, sickly-looking swamp, the very sight and smell of which, under the glare of that August sun, were almost enough to engender fever and give one "the shakes." Now and then the bank of the river on our right as we steamed along swelled a few yards above the level of the stream, and showed some signs of occupancy and cultivation. More than once we saw a group of negroes on the shore waving their hands and hats in token of welcome to us or to our prisoners, we could only guess which. Once, near a large bend in the river, we hailed a cluster of them, and inquired how near we were to Aiken's Landing. Their answer provoked a hearty laugh and shout of derision from the whole company of prisoners. "Keep 'round de bend! Go 'round de bend!" said a white-headed old man, with his arm describing the sweep of the river around a low point, which was covered with bushes, coarse sedge, and bulrushes; and then, directing his hand to that low point, he added, "Don't try to go across dar, but go 'round!"

We did not "try to go across dar," but did "go 'round," and at about five o'clock in the afternoon we touched the little pier at Aikin's, and had reached our destination. As I stepped on shore I was met by Mr. Aikin, the owner of the wharf, and a young Confederate officer with the badges of a lieutenant, whom he introduced as Captain Winder, son of the notorious General and Provost Marshal of Richmond, whose name is coupled with so many acts of wanton cruelty and rascality to Union prisoners.

Captain Winder received me courteously, informed me that he had no prisoners to deliver, but was ready to receive and receipt for those whom I had brought. They were then allowed to come ashore as their names were called aloud by me from one list, and checked by Captain Winder on a duplicate list as they answered and stepped upon the wharf. The Captain then signed the receipt, coming for that purpose on board of my steamer, near which there lay, fastened to the wharf by a rope not larger than a clothes-line, a little steam-tug, with her steam up, and her Confederate flag "flaunting the breeze." He told me that there were three ladies and one gentleman on the wharf, who had come down from Richmond in a hack, with passes from his father and the Confederate Secretary of War, hoping that I would take them to Fort Monroe on their way North and East.

I returned to the shore, and was introduced to this party. The gentleman, Mr. O'Brien, was a British subject, with a certificate from the British Consul at Richmond, and a permit from the Confederate authorities, and also a warm letter of recommendation from General Corcoran. I found him an intelligent and pleasant young man, and was convinced that he might safely be allowed to proceed, as he wished, to New York. Of the ladies, one was a native of Maine, who had been employed as a school teacher in Georgia, but at the outbreak of the rebellion had been forced to abandon her school, and indeed, on account of her outspoken Union sentiments, was driven away by threats of violence. With great difficulty, and at great expense, she had found her way to Richmond, where she had passed several weeks of peril and discomfort before obtaining a pass to come over the hostile lines. It had cost the party forty-one dollars carriage hire to get from Richmond to Aikin's. The carriage was in waiting, and if I refused to take them on board, they would be compelled, at an equal expense and with deep distress, to return to Richmond. Another of the ladies was Miss Sophie, a very pretty German girl of eighteen or nineteen years, with fair hair, ruddy complexion, sky-blue eyes, and reso-

lute-looking mouth, whose proper residence was with her parents in Baltimore, though she had been tending a shop in Richmond. She was a fervent Unionist, was longing to get home to see her family and to escape Secesh annoyances, and (not the least of her motives) hoping to find her lover, the failure of whose letters of late had excited some fears for his health if not for his constancy. The third lady of the party was also young and pretty, but exceedingly unlike Miss Sophie, a dark brunette, with one of the sweetest and purest expressions of countenance that I ever saw either in life or on canvas. She belonged in Washington, and was on her way thither to enter a convent, intending to become a Sister of Charity. Already she had spent several months in attendance on the sick in the hospitals and prisons of Richmond, and I thought that nature had set the stamp of gentle patience and sweet kindness on her face.

Each female in turn told me her story, showed me her papers, and earnestly besought me to take her on board the flag-of-truce boat. There was no mistaking the eager sincerity of their wish to escape from the discomforts and horrors of Secessia; and I was vexed with myself for doubting, as I did, whether I could with propriety comply with their wish. But it was impossible to forget how scrupulously my General guarded the sanctity of the flag of truce, and I feared lest my judgment might be warped to a wrong decision by my pity for these eloquent pleaders who surrounded me, and watched my every look, and awaited my answer so anxiously. At first it seemed to me that I could not, with a due regard to my very delicate duty, allow them to accompany me to Old Point. They might be emissaries; they were not prisoners; they came within no class of recognized exchanges; and were wholly outside of my written instructions—and I decided accordingly.

"Ladies," said I, "it pains me deeply, very deeply, to disappoint you; but I must. I have no authority to take you on board, and the General in command at Fort Monroe might reprimand me severely for any assumption of power on my part, however humane my conduct might seem to be. I can not take you; but with all my heart I wish I could."

The answer was received with the silence of death. The lady-teacher stood motionless, but tears rushed to her eyes and coursed like raindrops down her cheeks. Sophie shut tight her rosy mouth, as if to suppress all utterance, turned quickly on her heel, and walked two or three yards away. The young Sister kneeled with eyes closed and hands folded on her breast, and seemed to be seeking help from Heaven. It was a most touching sight, and my heart melted like snow in sunshine. How fast one will think when deeply moved! What if they were spies or rebel emissaries full of mischief! Their character and errand could be fully scrutinized at the Fort; and there, if needful, they could be detained for trial or punishment! What if I was acting without express authority from my General, or even departing from the strict propriety of a flag of truce! Who would find fault? Not the Confederate authorities, for they had granted passes for this very purpose. And if the General should blame me for bringing these people away, he could send them directly back; and though displeased with me, would not—being himself a thoroughly kind-hearted man—deem me very culpable, or treat my offense as grave beyond forgiveness. "I will, at all events, if I must offend, offend on the side of humanity. Better be blamed for imprudent kindness than heartless scrupulosity." And so my "sober second thought" reversed my first decision; and I notified the ladies that, on reflection, I would, if the Captain had suitable sleeping accommodations, take the responsibility and grant their prayer.

It was worth a month's pay and emoluments to witness the sudden transformation of their sadness and tears to delight and thanksgiving. The little nun started from her knees to her feet, laid her hand softly on my shoulder, and said:

"Oh, Major, my prayers were heard! This is an answer to my prayers."

"Well, Miss K——," answered the Major, "if your prayers are so prevalent, you must now pray that I may escape censure from my General."

"Be sure I will, Sir; and be sure, too, that my prayer will be granted."

They were all very happy, very grateful, very warm in the utterance of their thanks, and, of course, my own feelings were strongly moved to sympathy.

The Captain declared he could accommodate them with excellent mattresses in the ladies' saloon, and could give Mr. O'Brien and myself good beds in the lower cabin, and was manifestly glad that they were to be delivered from the jaws of Dixie.

It was considerably more than half past five o'clock P.M. by the time my new passengers and their luggage were taken on board. A swampy evening smell, that suggested fever and ague to my imagination, was now steaming up from the narrow and sluggish river and from the swamps beyond. I hated to be in such close vicinity to that buzzing "bumble-bee" of a rebel tug without feeling at liberty to run her down with my big steamer. There were various indications of a contraband trade springing up between my captain, pilot, and crew, on the one side, and divers persons, official and unofficial, on the other. My orders were to return as soon as practicable. I did not want to pass the night in that region of miasma and malaria. And so, hailing the Captain, I requested him to cast off at once, and begin our return voyage. But he and the pilot had made up their minds to stay where they were; and they offered a host of objections, all of them trifling and absurd, against our departure until morning; nor would they obey my order to depart until I quietly told them that if they remained that night a single mile above City Point they would be returned

next day to Fort Monroe in irons. Even then they loitered and murmured; and not until we had come to anchor about nine o'clock off the mouth of the Appomattox did they recover their tempers, and address me with their customary civility. But they did obey.

I may as well here as elsewhere state that, on arriving at Fort Monroe, I reported to the General my decision in regard to the ladies and Mr. O'Brien; and that he was quite well satisfied, saying "You did perfectly right, Major, and you may tell Miss K—— that her prayers are again answered." It was a moment of mingled pain and pleasure when, not without tears, on the following evening, aboard the Baltimore boat, I bade those warmly-grateful friends good-by, and received their earnest and oft-repeated benediction, and "God bless you, Major!"

Our return voyage from Aikin's to City Point was slow and tedious, and I was not without fear that the pilot would, by what Lord Brougham calls "a deliberate inadvertence," run us aground, and stick all night in the mud within easy reach of a brisk trade in cigars and other "notions," which were then commanding "fabulous prices" in Dixie.

But we met with no misadventure. The night was deliciously cool, and as bright and beautiful as an August full moon could make it. Mr. O'Brien and I, with our cigars, remained on deck with the ladies, all of whom were full of anecdote and illustrations of life in rebeldom, until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal'," all of us feeling reluctant to waste in sleep one minute of a night so lovely. Sunrise found us all on deck again the next morning, already far on our way toward the Fort. Our progress thither was not without curious and characteristic incident.

On our approach to the first Union gun-boat, far up the river, we were hailed from the ship, and then boarded by one of her boats, from which we received a private of the —th Pennsylvania Infantry Regiment—a miserable, starved, and feeble wretch and wreck of manhood, without his gun, his uniform soiled and tattered, and he seemingly at death's very door. With difficulty he was lifted on board and placed on a mattress, whereon he lay for a long time speechless, and almost without the power to move. A little brandy, carefully and slowly administered, revived him after a while, and then we learned his sad history. On the retreat of M'Clellan's army down the Peninsula he had straggled away from his company in search of water and of food; had been taken violently ill; been harbored, concealed, and cared for by compassionate and friendly negroes; had almost died of dysentery and diarrhea; had at last, by night and by short journeys, been brought to the banks of the river, and been paddled off in a "dug-out" to the gun-boat, from which the next morning he was brought to us. The diarrhea was still upon him, and he was still as feeble as an infant. We gave him a few drops of laudanum and brandy at short intervals until our arrival at the Fort, where he was transferred to a hospital, from which, a few weeks later, he was sent, almost well, to his regiment. He was but one of hundreds whom I saw in like deplorable condition, victims of that terrible chronic diarrhea, and of that more dreadful "Chickahominy fever," by which vast numbers of our troops were swept off as with the besom of destruction, while others, more fortunate, recovered after having suffered beyond all power of exaggerative description. Many a heartache did I suffer as I met men whom I had previously seen full of bodily vigor and bold, exuberant life and spirit, reduced to childlike weakness, broken in spirit, pale and unsmiling ghosts of their former selves. Some of these cases were full of interest; but I must not dwell upon them now.

Lower down the river we were again stopped to receive from another gun-boat a boat-load of passengers, and yet all members of one family; the husband a Polish gentleman, with a dozen unpronounceable consonants in his name, all ending in a sort of *-koffski*, or some other *-ski;* the wife an American; and the children as numerous as their father's consonants. They had been living in Dixie, discontented and anxious, but unable for a long time to get away from that disagreeable region; and had at last escaped by stealth, without passes, finding their way somehow to the river banks within hailing-distance of one of our iron-clads, where they were hospitably received and kept until my steamer came along and enabled Commander Barton to send them on to Fort Monroe rejoicing.

As they came aboard we all approached the gangway to receive them, and to my great amusement I saw demure little Miss K——, the nun that was to be, rush impetuously up to Mr. ——koffski and claim him as an old acquaintance—her former dancing-master, as it afterward appeared. He met her with hearty goodwill, and his wife was not less pleased, and not less cordial in her reception. Our party was now quite numerous, and we had a very lively time until, between 11 and 12 o'clock A.M., we arrived, without further adventure, at Old Point, and my voyage was ended.

I have nothing more to say, except that on reporting at head-quarters and relating my adventures to the General's staff, they all became enthusiastically anxious to undertake a similar expedition with the next flag of truce. But Fortune was unpropitious. A fortnight afterward one of them went up the river full of expectation on a similar errand, but came back chop-fallen and crusty in a day or two, having had but one return passenger — the widow of a deceased "public functionary"—who drove him half mad, or all mad, and half crazy, by her incessant and noisy rebel conversation, so that he vowed never again to visit Aikin's Landing in search of romantic adventures.

KITTY DAYTON.

AT fifteen Kitty Dayton was beautiful—yes, beautiful—a model for a sculptor—if a classical-shaped head, set upon a white neck, which looked as if turned from a block of ivory, exquisite bust and arms, and a slender figure, whose every motion was graceful and easy, could make her so. Perhaps we might miss from the eyes the depth and tone of expression that would have given life and beauty to a less perfect face; but be that as it may, she was faultless in form and feature. So thought Frederick Manning at the end of one of his long summer college vacations, when he met her, a school-girl, on a visit to her aunt, in his native village.

Kitty was an only child. Her mother, a widow in very delicate health, clung with all a feeble mother's idolatry to her only comfort. Of course Kitty's faults were not regarded with a very searching scrutiny. She was not more self-willed than most pretty girls and only children of her age; nor more diligent in her studies, nor more unselfish than could be expected of an indulged, petted, idolized darling. She was not remarkably brilliant at any thing, just about an ordinary girl, with many good impulses, and with careful training and judicious management, as her Aunt Sally used to say, "had the makings of a fine woman in her, and that will depend very much on what kind of a man she marries."

True enough; so much does depend upon that! So many young creatures are enticed away from their mothers' side, and the tender love and care which has all their lives followed them, to be placed in an uncongenial atmosphere, beside a careless, perhaps unloving, husband, and expected to practice all the womanly, heroic virtues under the sun, and when they break down or die in the struggle, or perhaps, when depressed and lonely, with a heart yearning and pining for the love and tenderness of early years, and no encouraging voice or hand to help and save, fall a victim to the arts and wiles of some specious villain. Then the world cries out, "What a shameful creature! Her beauty has ruined her! Beauty never is any blessing!" Her own sex loudest of all condemn her. Not that they are more unfeeling than men, nor altogether because they envied her beauty, but because men themselves are so hard upon the sex, and punish so fearfully any misstep or misdemeanor, and if women do not make a great show of disapprobation they may be mistaken themselves. They see no husband, no lover, ever forgive the slightest deviation from the path of duty in wife or mistress, although they themselves may be reeking in impurity; and while men are so inexorable no ordinary woman dare to appear lenient to any fault of the kind in her own sex, however much in her secret heart she may pity the offender.

And so it was the old story. Frederick whispered of love, and Kitty blushed and listened, and drew nearer, and learned the first sweet lessons of the mystic lore from his lips and eyes. The mother cautioned and warned in vain; then she wept and trembled for herself and her little girl. But what avail cautions and warnings against the voice of nature? She saw how it would all end. A shadow had come between mother and child, and already Kitty was no longer her very own.

Fred studied law and got to be a man; Kitty grew to be past seventeen, and more and more beautiful. Frederick asked the mother to give him her only child—her life—as young men ask such things—quite as an everyday affair, a matter of course. She faltered and shrank from the parting. Practical Aunt Sally said, "Your health is not good; you can not live always; the child will be alone; let her marry, and have a husband to take care of her." True again! It cut deeply and wounded sorely; but the child's interest must be considered before her own happiness. "But would he take care of her?" Mother's heart, do not be too curious. So, with many tears on her part, and many promises on his to watch over, and guard, and always, always love Kitty as she had done, to keep her so, so tenderly, she gave him her treasure. They were married, and in less than a year the meek mother folded her hands and died, and Kitty was left alone with her inexperience—only her love and womanly instinct to guide her. Poor little Kitty!

Frederick was—we have not told what he was. Young and untried, we know; a quick intellect and rare appreciation of the beautiful, that we have seen; accustomed to adulation; like most of his sex, somewhat vain and selfish and exacting, but brilliant and agreeable—no, *fascinating* is the word. The soft, low tones of his voice fell on the ear, bewildering the senses and thrilling every fibre with its rich melody. Nothing is so irresistible as such tones of the human voice, not even the eye itself.

Kitty was devoted to him; she was so engrossed in her love that even her mother's loss was swallowed up in the great mystery just revealed in her soul—she lived and breathed for him, and forgot to ask whether he were thus devoted to her. She took that for granted, happily, and it would have been well had she never learned to question.

She was the busiest of little housewives—awkward to be sure, but never weary of trying—and bade fair to accumulate quite a library of cookery books and written recipes. Her patience and perseverance were truly praiseworthy, and she thought them repaid by one smile or word of praise from him.

Two years passed away and there came a little child to the house, so dazzlingly beautiful that you almost trembled to behold it. You felt certain it was a cherub dropped from the clouds or strayed away from some heavenly pageant, and would soon be missed and recalled. How the little housewife was merged in the new character of mother! how she looked at her treasure, and

wondered if ever mother's heart was so full before! if ever any thing was so pretty, so lovely—if it was indeed all her very own! As it grew and expanded into all the wonder of babyhood, and learned to lisp the first accents so musical to mothers' ears, how all the Linds, Piccolominies, Pattis, and Nightingales of creation sank into utter insignificance before the magical tones of that infant voice! Every thing became insipid beside that. Not her husband exactly, but now it was the baby and husband: before he had been all in all. Sometimes he felt this loss of domestic consequence and chafed under it. He was exacting, and there was just one tinge of —what shall we call it? Jealousy? No. Envy? These are too strong terms. Something he felt had made him a secondary object. He couldn't be expected to share all these feminine raptures—at least he did not; and after a time he became just a little weary of hearing the reiterated praises of the baby, and would have been pleased if his little wife could have, or would have, shared his delight in some favorite author, or some new book he had brought home to read aloud. But there was the perpetual bustle and interruption —this thing or that must be done for baby, or he cried (blessed sound to mother's ears, to prove that he was human and would not depart mysteriously!) just in the midst of the most interesting passage, and thereby ruffled his papa's temper, which was not very sweet at best.

Fred didn't share Kitty's enthusiasm and raptures about her baby; she couldn't and didn't enter into his, and there came up sometimes just a shade of misunderstanding between them. Kitty thought cigar smoke hurt baby, and Fred thought it a bore to be moped all the evening, and occasionally put on his hat and sauntered down street, intending only to remain until baby was safely ensconced for the night in his little crib, then he meant to return and spend the evening, and have something like the good old times; but after a few trials the half hour expanded into an hour and a half, and then some old companions enticed him with a capital Havana until the evening was far advanced, and as on his return he not unfrequently found Kitty asleep beside baby, looking so sweet and lovely, he fancied she did not miss him, and was better content without him, especially as the creaking of his boots sometimes awakened baby, or retarded the all-absorbing occupation of "getting him asleep." Poor Fred felt himself thrust out of place, and grew more and more restless, and soon it came about that nearly all his evenings, under one pretext or another, were spent away from home.

When winter and its gayeties returned, as Kitty was never ready to go with him to party or concert, he went without her; at first he was rather cross about it, and at last he began to find it tolerable, and by degrees agreeable. This is a true story, and must be a short one; and we have no time to write a homily to young wives about dividing duties, though we admit the opportunity.

The society was not very large, and the advent of a dashing California widow (that is, a lady whose husband was seeking his fortunes in the mines of that golden region) was hailed as an event likely to produce a little sensation in the monotony of village life. Mrs. Castle was not a handsome woman; that is, she had no regularity of features, nor an alabaster complexion; but she had a light, graceful, airy figure; was gifted, cultivated, sprightly, and animated in conversation; danced perfectly, and her little twinkling feet nearly crazed half a dozen bachelors, and several married men into the bargain; but then her singing! Every thing shrank into insignificance before the tones of that rich contralto; and when the songs were her own — for she was a poetess besides — ah, who could resist the influence? Not Frederick Manning, with his cultivated ear and rare appreciation of high art. She sang and he listened, evening after evening. Kitty was at home with her baby-boy, and did not see him as he hung over the piano, breathless.

People began to whisper, and to wonder why Kitty never came to parties with her husband. "Babies had been born and reared before without banishing the mother from society altogether;" and some sagely suggested "it would be better if little Mrs. Manning wouldn't be quite so blind, but keep an eye on her husband's goings on."

Winter wore away, and Kitty still kept house and took care of her baby, and loved Fred with every bit of love she could spare him from little Willie. She did go to church half a day on Sunday, but she rarely found opportunity to visit.

Fred was fond of driving fast horses. Kitty was timid, and as he did not care to take little Willie—he thought him too young—she preferred to remain with her boy.

Mrs. Castle was not at all timid, and "loved to drive of all things!" could manage a tandem admirably, was a capital whip and horsewoman into the bargain, so it ended in their going out frequently together. Fred's bays were the envy and admiration of the town, and there was no other saddle-horse for a lady to be had so fine as his brown Bess; and as Mrs. Castle had still another weakness for the exercise of riding—in fact, the physician had prescribed riding especially for her nerves; and, besides, it was so happily adapted to her style, and showed off her elegant figure to such advantage, there did not remain a doubt of its necessity to re-establish her health (that wasn't just then particularly impaired), it would have been quite unfeeling in Fred, under the circumstances, not to offer his horse for her acceptance, and the most natural thing in the world, as her husband was away off in California, and the poor thing was so lonely and nobody to amuse her, and Kitty was obliged to stay at home to take care of her child, that Fred should accompany her, especially as the horse was restive and wild at times, and needed a little attention, and obeyed her

master's voice better than another; and as Fred felt so sorry for the pretty, lonely, engaging lady, he didn't like to trust any body else to see after her safety; and for some reason—he didn't stop to explain very clearly what it was—it appeared quite necessary that he should always accompany her.

These rides were frequent and varied, sometimes prolonged indefinitely. In the course of them they discovered that they had many tastes in common—enthusiastic love for natural scenery. Mrs. Castle sketched exquisitely, drew likenesses admirably; every body said, and indeed almost every one could guess, for whom they were taken. Fred had to sit for his—that was for Mrs. Castle: a copy was made for Kitty; she was delighted, and invited Mrs. Castle to the house; urged her to come often. Mrs. Castle admired her boy, kissed him rapturously over and over, won Kitty's heart by pronouncing him an angel of beauty and the perfect image of his father. She made Kitty sit for a sketch of herself and the baby, and called it a Madonna.

Kitty, in the goodness and simplicity of her heart, saw nothing, only that it seemed to make Fred happier at home to have Mrs. Castle sing for him, and he would spend every evening there if she were with them; and so Kitty invited her to come and sing for them, and Fred waited upon her home quite diligently; and they always walked very slowly (perhaps Mrs. Castle was too delicate to bear the exercise of fast walking—but it always took Fred a long time to see her home), and the time seemed to be passing very pleasantly to them all. Mrs. Castle complained of the solitary hours she spent, and Kitty pitied her very much, and begged her quite as a favor to spend as much time as possible with them, and amuse Fred while she was obliged to attend to her house and her child.

Mrs. Castle listened, and apparently sympathized so sincerely in all her little fears and anxieties about the child—it was delightful to Kitty. She, Mrs. Castle, had lost one dear little angel with croup—that fell destroyer that comes so insidiously and snatches away the most precious treasures.

Tears rolled down Kitty's cheek as she listened to the recital of her bereavement, and she clasped her own darling closer to her heart, and Mrs. Castle was sacred in her eyes from having known the joys of maternity and the great grief of such a parting.

The deepest expression of sorrow she had ever been heard to utter at the loss of her own mother was after the birth of her child:

"If my mother could only have lived to see him!"

And so Mrs. Castle came every day and admired Kitty's child, and Kitty's husband in return admired Mrs. Castle; so did Kitty in a feebler fashion, and it turned out quite a mutual admiration affair.

When the lovely summer evenings came, and Kitty watched her husband and Mrs. Castle as they rode away together, she often wished that she could accompany them, and when the prolonged twilight disappeared into darkness, and the moon rose up and cast dark shadows over the fair scene, it seemed as if these shadows deepened and lengthened until they stretched over Kitty herself, for occasionally a heavy-drawn sigh escaped her; she thought the time long until they returned. She moved restlessly about, leaned on the little gate, and gazed wistfully down the road to catch the first sight of their return.

She saw over the way Thomas Mansby, the carpenter, and his wife and child, sitting in their doorway, or sometimes he drew the child in a little basket carriage about the pretty garden, and the proud mother walked beside them looking so contented that Kitty half envied them, she scarce knew why, only it was so dull to be always alone—but reproached herself the next moment for ingratitude when she looked at her own lovely boy. "For have I not every thing to make me perfectly happy?" she would ask a thousand times when she felt herself missing the perfect bliss to which she as often declared herself entitled from her numerous possessions.

What Kitty could not or would not see was plain enough to others—how her husband was infatuated by Mrs. Castle; and one good-natured gossip thought it her duty to enlighten the young wife, and made an especial visit with that intent, but with small reward for her charitable purpose. Whether she succeeded or not she never knew; for Kitty suddenly grew so stiff and haughty she was obliged to pause midway in one of her insinuations in regard to Mrs. Castle.

But she must somehow have grown wiser in the mystic lore of love; for her cheeks became paler, and her sunny smiles were less frequent, and when she bent over her darling Willie, tears often mingled with the fervent kisses she pressed upon his brow; but she uttered no complaint or reproach, though she could not fail to perceive that Frederick was cold and absent, that his caresses for herself and child were fewer.

Only once, when he remarked, quite unfeelingly, that she was getting thin, and pale, and losing all her good looks, she burst into tears and left the room. Decidedly the most injudicious thing she could have done under the circumstances; for Fred thought she was growing peevish, and contrasted her pale, sad face, so seldom lifted to his now with the old look of confiding, fond love, with Mrs. Castle's sprightly, beaming countenance, always lit with smiles at his approach.

He whistled one of Mrs. Castle's songs and drummed on the table for a while, then went out of the house. Poor Kitty! it was a sad morning to her. She felt that she was losing her husband's admiration and affection, and could not tell why. She grew sadder and sadder. She would not cherish jealous thoughts, though they would intrude sometimes, and behaved like an angel to Mrs. Castle.

So the summer and autumn passed away.

One evening Frederick had just returned after an absence of some weeks; the interval had been a long and dreary one to Kitty. His absences were frequent and prolonged now. She had striven to find in his short, cold letters—short and cold under pretense of pressing duties—the love that was burning at her own heart. Alas! she felt that it was not there, and the consciousness had made her footsteps almost heavy, and the bright, glad smile had vanished from her pale, sad face.

But when he returned her heart had bounded joyously once more, and she had greeted him so tenderly that he could not but return something of the warmth and affection which welcomed him back. But there was no token of love and remembrance for either wife or child.

Kitty's unselfish heart would not have demanded aught for herself, but she would have been satisfied and happy had there been even a trifling gift for her boy. Only that morning she had watched the joyous return of Thomas Mansby, and the exultant pride of the mother as she strove to teach her boy to blow the little gaudy trumpet his father's love had bestowed. Kitty had bitterly felt the contrast: it was not that she coveted gifts, but she did crave the love that brought to Thomas Mansby's wife and child these little tokens of fond remembrance.

Kitty had spread the tea-table with more than ordinary care to please her husband's taste, and returned to the parlor to call him. He had fallen asleep. She bent over him and softly imprinted a kiss upon his lips.

"Isabel, dearest Isabel—my life, my love," he murmured in his dream, and clasping his arm about her there dropped from the unclosed hand a miniature of Isabel Castle.

Kitty started as if an adder had stung her, and sprang to her feet a changed and altered being.

When Frederick opened his eyes he could scarcely recognize the gasping, frenzied woman beside him as his gentle Kitty. Her face was ghastly; the great hollow eyes seemed to be sinking rapidly into her head, like those who are in their death-agony. The blue, livid lips refused to utter the sounds that were struggling for utterance. She did not faint, her grief was too sharp and stinging for that, and besides it was not quite new or unexpected. Kitty had had, without herself realizing the extent of her fears, some vague misgivings that all was not right. Her wild, tearless eyes were fixed on the miniature that hung conspicuous over his breast, as he started up at Kitty's wild cry.

"What is all this, Kitty?" he said, at last. "Why do you treat me to a scene the first day of my return?"

The cold words fell on her ear like ice: they chilled, but did not crush her. The gentle spirit was roused at last, and such are not the soonest appeased when once fairly awakened to a sense of grievous wrong.

"Frederick Manning, is it for this I have loved you better than my own soul? Is this the return I meet from the father of my child for all the love I have lavished? Is this the way you, my sole protector, fulfill your promise to my dead mother? God forgive you, Frederick, for I can not. You have broken my heart!"

She covered her face, and sobs of uncontrollable anguish burst forth. Then she stretched forth her hands, and groped as if all were blank darkness and despair before her; and she would have fallen had not Frederick put his arm about her.

She suffered him to lead her to the sofa, and sat down beside him; but she seemed not to heed the words of endearment he uttered.

What a bitter mockery they were to that stricken wife, with the words of tenderness her heart had craved lavished upon another still ringing in her ears!

Frederick soothed and caressed her, for he was thoroughly alarmed. She looked as if she had passed through ages of suffering, and his own heart was filled with remorseful sorrow as he gazed upon that wan face, and beheld the misery he had caused. She made no reply, only now and then raised her head and cast upon him a look so despairing and stony in its wretchedness that he half doubted whether she heard a word that he uttered.

He had not deliberately intended to wrong his gentle, patient wife, but he was blinded and infatuated by the heartless siren who had bewitched him by her spells. He made promises and vows of future fidelity and love. Either some great change had come over Kitty, or in that moment of the soul's agony she saw into the future and already felt the weight of the great darkening shadow; for she made no answer, only from time to time turned that same hopeless gaze upon him, and seemed to search his soul. At last Frederick put his arm around her, and weeping himself now, said,

"Oh, Kitty, have mercy, and forgive me! Will you not forgive me for our Willie's sake?"

"I will try," she murmured, but without returning his caress.

"Kitty, do you hear me? Do you mean what you say?" he repeated. "Say once more you will forgive me, and love me as you used." His selfish heart demanded the old love.

"I will try to forgive you, Frederick, as I hope God will forgive me all my sins." But still she sat cold, and returned no caress. Little Willie entered the room. Kitty clasped him in her arms and fainted.

Frederick's promises and intentions were sincere when he made them. The sight of Kitty's sufferings softened his heart, and for months he was as devoted and kind as she could desire, and he firmly resisted for a time the baleful witchery of Mrs. Castle's charms. But she was piqued at the loss of her triumph, and resolved to complete it. It may be that she did not deliberately plan the mischief she wrought; we will hope not, but she was vain and merciless—vanity always is so. She did not love her own husband, and she had become as much interested and fascina-

ted by Frederick as such a selfish woman can become in any one.

She left town ostensibly to visit some relatives; but she well knew that in the course of a few weeks Frederick's business would call him there to attend court, and she already felt herself half secure of her heartless triumph, for she knew the weakness of his character.

Week after week rolled away, and Frederick lingered at her side. The plea of business was long ago exhausted; his letters grew less and less frequent. Poor heart-broken Kitty! She knew it was vain to struggle with her fate. Good, plain Aunt Sally was with her; for she was too feeble to be left alone. She sent telegraph after telegraph, thinking to hasten him home. Sometimes her plain, downright way of speaking cut through Kitty's trembling heart like a sharp knife.

"She didn't see why, when a man's business was finished and ended, he didn't come home," and wanted Kitty to write a good sharp letter and tell him so.

She did not perceive the anguish she inflicted; she thought only that Kitty was weak and nervous, and needed to be taken out and have fresh air and exercise, and something lively and inspiriting to make her well again. She had not the delicacy and patient forbearance that is so requisite for those who minister to the stricken ones whose malady is of the soul.

Many weeks passed away, and one morning Aunt Sally brought the paper to Kitty, and told her to try and amuse herself while she went out for a short time on business. She was absent longer than she intended, and when she returned she entered Kitty's room and found her lying senseless on the floor, foam mingled with blood issuing from her lips.

How long she had been in that condition it was impossible to tell. Aunt Sally sent for a physician immediately, for she was dreadfully alarmed; but to Aunt Sally's anxious inquiries he gave very little hope.

"This is a sad business," he said, when she related the circumstances. "Let me see the paper." He soon pointed out to her a paragraph that Aunt Sally saw had occasioned all the mischief. Under the head of "Elopement in High Life," amidst the usual regrets and commiserations for the afflicted friends of the guilty parties, she picked out the woeful fact that Frederick and Mrs. Castle had sailed for Europe. What property he had besides the house they occupied was in money, and that he had drawn, besides heavily mortgaging the house; and the guilty pair had indeed left the country together.

Kitty gave birth to an infant, which survived but a few days; but there was no ray of returning reason; and as the physician gave Aunt Sally no hope that there ever would be, she took little Willie to her own home, and placed Kitty at an asylum where she might have the best of medical care.

No tidings ever came of the vessel in which Fred and Mrs. Castle sailed. "It is to be hoped none ever will come," Aunt Sally remarked, in her cold, hard way, "for we can hear no good of them."

Kitty's malady was mild in its form. She was gentle, always docile, and her face had assumed its childlike look of sweetness and beauty. She so soon won upon the heart of the Doctor's wife that she was admitted to their own family circle, and often was allowed the range of the whole house. She appeared to take an interest in the children of the family, and in turn was beloved by them.

The Doctor advised Aunt Sally to bring little Willie—it might perhaps awaken some slumbering chord in her heart. The result was not as favorable as he had hoped. She appeared more melancholy—that was all the difference he remarked in her deportment; but he had resolved to send the child away again, and wrote to Aunt Sally to come.

The day of her arrival Kitty, with the cunning of madness, if she suspected any thing, made no remarks or inquiries, but dressed little Willie with more than ordinary care, and wove a pretty garland of flowers and placed it upon his head. There was nothing whatever to awaken suspicion in her conduct. At the time of Aunt Sally's arrival, when the Doctor called her to come out and welcome her aunt, she manifested great pleasure, and started to follow him with so much apparent alacrity that he was quite deceived. She escaped his vigilance, and when he turned to speak to her neither Kitty nor the child were to be seen. Suspecting something amiss, he started quickly to follow her, but she was nowhere to be found. He sought her from room to room; and endeavoring not to create a commotion, for fear of making matters worse, he found at last a door leading to the upper part of the house slightly ajar, and as he reached a large lumber-room he saw the flutter of a white garment passing through an open window that led to the roof of a wing lower than the main building. She passed swiftly along, leading the bewildered child.

The Doctor paused, not daring to pursue her, lest she should commit some violence through fear of being overtaken. He called gently to the child, and Willie turned back as if he wanted to return to him. He held out an orange that he had in his pocket, and again the child strove to return, but his mother urged him forward. In despair the Doctor stepped out upon the roof, seeing there was no time to be lost, and called,

"Come, Willie, to see Aunt Sally; she has something nice for you and mamma."

The child broke from his mother's grasp and ran toward him, but she darted with the speed of lightning and seized him in her arms, and before the Doctor could take a step to rescue him she sprang with her boy from the dizzy height.

PART OF THE PRICE.

HE always called her little Ruth, not that she was so tiny, but Mr. Gardiner had known her from her childhood. He had been a protégé of her father's, and had himself, after a perilous and fatal voyage, brought to the desolate home in Lauderdale the tidings of Captain Norton's death and his own escape. She was such a bonny lassie then, wee and shy, but always winning, that the diminutive clung to his memory, though on every pilgrimage to his old Captain's home between his long voyages he always found her grown taller and more womanly.

In the first flush of Ruth Norton's womanhood he came home, wan and pale, to tell them that his sailor life was done: the sea, the beautiful sea, he had loved so well and served so long, had been cruel and treacherous; its fresh breath, so balmy to some, had been tainted with poison for him. It was not sudden. He had hoped against repeated warnings for years; but now he could no longer refuse to heed the decree that forbade him ever to hope to tempt the waves again; and so he came to the quiet inland town, that its milder air, fresh from the restful hills, might undo the fatal spell of the sea. He had few friends. Left orphaned to Captain Norton's care, shy and sensitive in spite of his sea-faring life, he had never learned that mood of ready and frank acquaintanceship that all old rhymes ascribe to his class. Yet with seeking, artist eyes he had wandered through picturesque old streets, as his ship lay at anchor in many a foreign port, noting well each charm of attire and manner.

Vivacious French voices stirred the air in some; in others he watched the more quiet Teutonic races, or olive, indolent Spaniards, ever to his fancy wrapped in listless memories of a decayed greatness, unlike the eager faces in the beautiful Italian cities; with more lustrous eyes and flushed faces they too remembered, but they did more — they waited, they hoped. Sometimes they had landed on strange new shores, sailing up South American rivers, broad and still, and wreathed with tropical verdure, to barter with the swarthy and glittering-eyed natives for precious woods and spices. Or their anchorage had been off dreary African coasts, where changeless and oppressive cliffs towered above the waves, and dusky figures crept down their heights from some unguessed interior, with ivory and gold dust, won by weary toil and wild forest encounters. Through all these scenes Mark Gardiner had passed, seeing more in them than most men, but still keeping himself quite alone.

Not that he was self-centred, and so content: he felt his life the most utterly unshared of any in the wide world; but when he turned wearily from the books that were to him "instead of friends" to seek a more answering companionship, the coarse, vacant, or frivolous faces that he chanced to meet on sea or land sent him again to the quiet but congenial pages that brightened his lonely cabin. Always between his voyages he had brought home to Lauderdale such of his thought-treasures as he found superfluous in that tiny domicile for safe keeping; and the room he occupied there, with its cases of familiar volumes accumulating year by year, was still the most like home to him in all his dreams. So when the need came that he should leave his place on shipboard it was natural that he should turn thither with a petition that he might find rest there for a season till he should gain strength and courage to face life's tumult again.

Of course little Ruth was much with him. Her mother's all, she had not been spared for a distant school, and she had learned at home, and chiefly from Mark Gardiner's books, her slender store of knowledge; and yet not all, for Nature had taught her young years, and well she knew all secrets of the hoarded hill-side treasures, the nests of bright-winged and shyest birds, the hiding-places of rare and loveliest flowers. The quiet gossip of Lauderdale was a little stimulated by his coming; but the dwellers in the brown cottage on its outskirts cared little. They were all happy and at rest together.

It was in the spring that he came, and all the blossoming fragrance of the upland orchards floated through the soft air to welcome him. Through the long summer days Ruth had much to teach him of the quiet country unfamiliar to his eyes. Pleasant drives and rambles they had, enlivened by snatches of song, untaught but musical, from the girl's lips, or, by a story of foreign lands from his, stirring all her keen sense of the wonderful and the beautiful to depths that lonely reading and contemplation seldom reach. As the winter went by he became her teacher, and the few but fascinating studies he gave her filled her days, while the cheery evenings were brightened by mutually loved books. Ruth Norton was not a genius awaiting development; she was only a womanly, intelligent girl, with true instincts and frank manners, gifted with a sensitive temperament and appreciative nature, accompanied by such perfect health of mind and body as prevented the morbidness too easily induced in girls of her type by any such quiet life as leaves them a burdening self-consciousness, without a neutralizing self-trust and reliance. She was not beautiful, save as fresh youth and the bloom and grace of unspoiled girlhood made her so; nor was she strong with that passionate strength which thrills the hearts of men even more than consummate genius.

Not from such material are made the heroines of history: from just such are made the heroines of home. The tender, loving, clinging atmosphere that makes the simplest home sacred to any man worthy of it, comes from the influence and the ministrations of women like her.

The winter fled, eventful to all her life as to the land which lay in passive waiting, while chains were forging for her liberties. It was a year since Mr. Gardiner came home. How blue the early violets were, how swiftly the months had gone, how much she had learned, happy lit-

tle Ruth! And for Mark Gardiner it had seemed even more fair in contrast with its lonely predecessors. Rest and peace and the delights of home, never his before, grew immeasurably dear; strength and health were borne back to him on the mountain air.

And for what? Often he asked himself this as he looked into the future, mournfully conscious that no new path lay open through which he might win his way to usefulness and power. He shrank from the future to find content in the peaceful town, with his dear books and little Ruth. Yet, thinking of her, he grew less satisfied. If this life could last! But a time might come, his foreboding heart whispered, when deeper visions should dawn for maidenly little Ruth, and she might awaken to a broader life than this simple one; when she might learn—oh, if it were his to teach her! For her sake he felt that he must rouse himself to gain the power to care for her as he would wish: this attained, he would come again, and then—then what? Yet he lingered, and Ruth sang happily about the quiet house all the day. Thus all winter Mark Gardiner paused at intervals from his tranquil enjoyment of regained strength, and home, and rest, to question existence with a dreamy Wherefore? With the earliest violets the answer came. The violets of that April unforgotten evermore, with its eager gatherings, and high-beating drums, and hearts, alas! throbbing more slowly, but more firmly also. We all remember how the flags flashed out, scintillant and glorious, and the light that shone in dear hero eyes through all those spring mornings, when the nation's glory covered tenderly its past shame.

And the spirit of the time stirred Lauderdale also. There was mustering and drilling, and new uniforms very becoming to boyish officers, and martial music, and gay banners.

And Mark Gardiner considered he had braved death too often in desolate midnight storms for personal fear; but he longed for home, and, most of all, little Ruth. For just at this time, with the offer of congenial labor in a beautiful city near, whose spires, shining fair in the sunset, they had often watched admiringly together, the possibility of love seemed nearer. Yet he could not so content himself. No radiant home would give peace to his soul in days like those. Solemnly the storm spirit of war brooded above the aroused land: Ruth sang less gayly; even on fresh young hearts like hers the shadow lay too heavily for song. Gradually Mark came to a decision; no longer should the dream, which was a dream only, of home and love allure him: his youth was past, his life had been vague and aimless, it should be of use now. Yet if she could have loved him before—if he might have taught her! Now he dared not think, nor ever hope. True, she clung to him with a "Don't go; pray don't leave us!" when he startled the breakfast-table with his purpose: but to his love the pleading and the entreating look seemed alike cold and childish. And when the deed was irrevocable, and he came at rare intervals from camp, and little Ruth welcomed him with frank, girlish affection, more and more he longed for her with an infinite sense of loss. To touch her hand, her hair, as was his wont in their friendly intercourse, involved a thousand eager regrets. Oh! he might have taught her, she had known so few; she might have loved him if it were not too late! Surely no one of all his comrades had made such sacrifice—little Ruth's possible love; need he make it: she was sorry he was going; might not her sorrow deepen to love before he left her? If once she could care for him with a tithe of that passionate tenderness grown so suddenly strong in his soul even death could not harm them; but to fall afar unwept, unloved! Should he try to win her?

"No, no," he said to himself in the last hours: "if I had realized, in happier days, what depths of love I had given her, I would have tried to win her heart; and God knows I would so have cared for her that my love should have been to her a crown of blessing. Now, if I could I would not waken her from her girlish dreams to Love, which must wear a crown of sorrow too bitter for her. I will leave her free. —Dear little Ruth! I will not burden her with that which might only be a long life of lonely pain unretrieved by memories of happier days, wherein love had brought her peace." Thenceforth he was calm and brotherly. It was a man's mistake. He did not know it; but if within a true woman's heart there lay the possibility of love in any case, that one love, however burdened with disaster, loss, and pain, would have made its crowning joy. And Ruth —she was sorry to the depths of her heart that he was going—how much she should miss him!

"Far more," she said, looking fondly into his face, "than any of the others; you have been so much with us I shall miss you as if you were my brother; and you will think of me so, will you not? and if you are hurt"—her lip trembled a little—"you will bid them bring you home to a sister's care?"

They were parting. He could hear the impatient drum-beats in the town below; and the sweet May air, with its scent of early flowers, seemed thrilled all through with a bitter refrain, "Never again!"

But he held her hand lightly, and when she had done speaking he kissed her forehead reverently, as not seeing the lips she had lifted to him, and, with a brief farewell, he left her. But his face was white; and the Colonel said to the Major as he fell into his place,

"I'm afraid Lieutenant Gardiner will not stand service long."

"No; he left the sea on account of his health, I am told. Our surgeon is none too strict. Are we never to be ready?"

So they marched away, the beloved, the beautiful of many a saddened household, amidst cheers, and clapping hands, and waving handkerchiefs; but the sudden silence they left behind them was deeper than tears. Ruth sat with her mother at

an open window on their route. When Mark had seen her flushed, eager face, all animation through its sympathetic pain, his eyes fell, nor lifted again till long miles away from Lauderdale. This June was less radiant than the last to little Ruth. She missed her friend sorely, her rambles were very solitary, and her books, for the most part, tasteless. He wrote home to her mother, but not frequently. There were lint-parties and quilting-bees at Lauderdale, and she scraped and stitched some weary hours away at these, which took the place of the customary picnics. All her roses bloomed into splendor and withered. With perfect golden sunshine the weeks slipped on. Some of us, in those days, felt the gay warm light a bitter mockery.

And Mark Gardiner? It was hard to bear at first. He was faithful to every duty, and doubled them all for very dread of lonely dreams. But sleepless, questioning hours would come. Was it for this, the monotonous drill, the camp amusements, the idle parade, that he had given up every hope, every possible delight in life?

Once there was a stir of battle near them, but it was only a sudden, fatal blunder reacting in quiet days and weeks. A vague foreboding stirred within him at times, and his smile, sweet as sad, grew shadowy. Yet, as they went on, his soul grew calmer, and manhood's firmer resolve nerved him anew. Life had been barren of gifts to his youth. Should he murmur if it were crowned now with will and power to rise above self and to die for his land?

One only friend he found—a brother officer, calm and brave, upon whose practical strength he felt himself relying daily. Hope did not quite leave him. He could not help picturing return and rest, and a meeting with little Ruth. Night and day he dreamed of her, worked for her, lived for her. Loyal and true to his love and his land, if he could have known!

It was a pretty picture, though, as I have said, little Ruth was no beauty. But the midsummer light shone so radiantly upon her bright hair, and she sat with such careless grace on the old stone step, and the long vine sprays fell luxuriantly about her, and there was something so earnest in her gaze, that you would have been arrested and won by her attractiveness. She had been reading—one of those true-toned and simply-written books, fortunately not rare now, that speak more forcibly to many a thoughtful and true-hearted girl than would a profound sermon, inciting her to constant purity and nobility in all things, till she arises from their perusal firm, eager, aspirant. This was a story of love, true and tender through doubt, and seeming treachery, and cruel pain to final reward; and the last page was still open upon her knee. Deep and soft the shadows darkened in her girlish eyes, gazing far away. Deep and soft the flush trembled upon her rounded cheek, and the crimson lips revealed that her whole nature had been touched suddenly and keenly. Longing and hope blended in her wistful gaze. "He will come again," she whispered, slowly; "dear Mark, and I will grow worthy; perhaps, after a while, he will love me as I love him, better than a world besides. If I had known how I loved him before! But when he comes again—it is not long now—I will try to please him; for I *could* make him happy, I know his every mood so well!"

So, with her eyes turned toward the far southern horizon, she sat there, marveling at her late awakening, glad that it had come, full of sweet girlish hope that ere long it should avail.

And just at that same moment, while the rosy sunset air, warm about her, was laden with the breath of summer lilies, Mark Gardiner fell, shot through the heart, on the battle-field. A gasp, a word to a faithful comrade, and the soft evening sky darkened to him. His life's work was done; before the hour of defeat he fell, full in the van. Life, hope, love, and home were all ended for him here. For his land, and for little Ruth's, in that briefest interval of waiting, Mark Gardiner had not found it hard to die.

For hours Ruth kept her mood of exalted hope, while strange hands gave him of whom she dreamed a grave. But it faded, this glad mood, and a dark foreboding chilled her heart even before the air was stirred with palpitating rumors of a great battle lost, of national shame, of carnage, and of despair. At last, alone in her own room, the truth was revealed. She had almost scanned the terrible column, and looked up with a relieved face, when her eyes fell again. Among the very last she read his name. Not wounded and suffering that she might go to him, not a prisoner in stern hands that she might wait and pray for him, but dead without having loved her, hopelessly divided from her, lost for evermore!

"If he could have known, if he had once loved me, any loss but this I could have borne; but now—" Mute and helpless grew her young face in this dark hour, and every hope seemed crushed at once.

"Oh! come down, dear," her mother called; "we have sorrowful news—come." And when Ruth had entered she began,

"Poor Mark!"

"Yes, I know, mother. What a terrible battle! I saw it in the paper. I am sorry." Was it her voice that dared to sound as before? How desolate it seemed! how forlorn the light and the pleasant room, with his beyond, and the flowers by the window he had smiled to see her plant!

"I knew you would be sorry, dear, he was so good a friend: it does seem very hard, and his time so nearly out too. 'Tis well he has no nearer friends than we to feel it. Captain Lewis was killed too: I have just come from there. Poor Nelly is almost distracted. They were so fond of each other. What will she do with all those little children? Think, dear, if our loss was like hers." For Ruth sat pale and cold.

There were neighbors' faces in the room. This she knew dimly, and answered their queries as the instinct of concealment taught her—scarcely conscious, yet striving to seem so.

When they were all gone, and Ruth and her mother were left alone at nightfall, Mrs. Norton broke the oppressive silence with—

"Oh! is it not all hard, darling? Seeing poor Nelly Lewis made me think so of my own loss, and that desolate day when Mark came. Poor Mark, too! How much it costs us, but for our country's sake—"

"Mother, don't speak so. I hate that kind of talk. The country? What has it ever done for Nelly, and for hundreds like her, that they should give up their dearest and best, and sit alone through all their widowed years? What can the country be or do to atone for the broken hearts and mangled frames it has made? I wish I had been born in any other."

"Oh, hush, Ruth! Your father would tell you, as he has told me, how the land's sanction makes these safe homes, and gives that assured peace in which love is happiest; and you know what Mark said—"

"It would all be idle talk"—poor Ruth was too wretched to choose words—"this *must* end somehow, once for all; and I should only say when it was done, remembering poor Nelly and others like her, of the words and the carnage alike, 'What good has it done?' I can not feel as you do, mother. I think it is wicked, wanton murder. Let us speak of something else."

Thenceforth, by tacit consent, little Ruth and her mother seldom spoke of the war or of the dead. Most fortunate are those who have no kindred silence to remember and to regret during these fiery months of varied trial; for it is a bitter thing, looking on those best loved, to feel in the soul that they are indifferent or hostile to all that is most vital to an upright personal and national existence. Day by day the summer dragged on. It was pitiful, and bare, and bleak to Ruth Norton; so sharp, and bitter, and concealed was her pain that it brought none of that soft tenderness with which grief is so often compensated. So hopeless and desolate that neither heaven nor earth could ever console or help her. And the blank mornings saw her start from unrefreshing sleep with that agonizing, inevitable quest of a sorrow, whose burdening weight the heart feels but too keenly, but whose name is for the moment lost. She went on with the same routine as of old, save that she shunned his books that had been so dear. Drearily she moved about the house, or sewed listlessly, and endured alone; seldom talking much, and when she spoke saying cold bitter things with a tone foreign to her old cheerful charity, only starting from apathy at intervals that strangers might not question. The day his regiment came home, only a week or two later than that one on which the whole earth darkened for her, she sat alone in her own room with cold fixed eyes and folded hands, hearing the welcoming cheers and beating drums. Once for an hour her mood had been softened, his sword was brought home when she was alone in the house; she took it to his room, entering it for the first time since her bereavement, and lifted it from its scabbard with an eager questioning feeling that there must be something with it for her, which, when her search proved vain, sent her down on the floor beside it with sobs, and prayers, and frenzied, hungering kisses. This senseless steel had known his last clasp, and holding it in hers, some possibility beyond, some future kindred with his brave and true soul, rose clamorous and visible to hers. But this mood was interrupted by words and influences alien to it, and would not come again. As the year changed to winter, such old existence as she had known before his coming rolled back to claim her. She had no denial for it, no mourner's acknowledged right to seclusion. What was her mother's old friend and their lodger to her? Darkly envious of Nelly Lewis, with her sad face and mourning robes, and her clinging children with their father's eyes; not daring to long for a death that held out to her no hope of reunion, she counted over the brief number of her young years pitifully, sighing, "And life is to be so long!"

At last this dead and utterly unrelieved stagnation, under which a less healthful mental and physical nature must have sunk, gave way. A young merchant from the town, who had long wished for her fresh face to brighten his pleasant house to a home, asked her to be his wife. Ruth's answer to his letter was a brief and dreary negative, which she laid in her mother's hand and stole away to be alone; alone, she thought bitterly to herself, for evermore. Oh, if Mark Gardiner had never come, she had been half happy and wholly content then. But her mother's voice, more tender than usual, sounded beside her:

"Dear, I would never urge you. I am but too selfishly glad to keep my only one; but I can not hope to stay with you very long, and Stirling loves you, and would care for you tenderly. Are you quite sure you know your own heart? Could you never like him enough?"

"No, mother, I shall never marry."

"Dear child, you must not say that; you are so young, you have never loved, you do not know how a woman needs love, utterly desolate without her home, which makes at once her labor and her rest."

"Do I not know?" cried Ruth, with sudden passion; "it can never, never be for me. Oh! mother, mother!"

And the mother's instinct caught the revelation, and they wept together in unrestrained sorrow for the bitter loss; for the woman's hungry heart denied through all life, wifehood and motherhood and home, that blest trinity of treasures whose possession alone rounds her life to full perfection.

And after a time there were tender, confiding words between them, fond praises of the lost, and whispers that tried to be comforting from the mother's heart, which could not believe her darling unloved. So desolate little Ruth was less forlorn; her sorrow, though unchanged, was shared and half-consoled. Still life was

weary; but faith came back and a blind trust that she must have needed this discipline. And the stricken heart prayed again, Peace for herself and for her land, and Divine consolation for the bereaved and for "all who are desolate and oppressed." Often the impulse of utter self-renunciation came to her now that this burdening life might rise over its pain; she longed for work that should tax every nerve and power. In dreary hospital wards, terrible with feverish odors and foul breaths, with mangled forms and delirious ravings, some, wounded to the heart as she had been, had found courage to live and patient peace. But this was not for her. Her mirror denied the wish, with its vision of her shrinking girlish face and dimpled, helpless hands. Nor for her the pen of genius, that sublimes anguish into inspiration, and so might thrill the land, growing sluggish after its first spasms, into new ardor. The clarion would have fallen soundless from her woman's lip, unconsecrated by the only kiss that could have enabled her to bid others dare *all* loss. For her no martyr's and no poet's crown; only the "anguish of the burning" and the cross. So the young heart lifted it, and strove to endure, with what struggle, with what bitter midnight vigils, only He who had borne unfalteringly the burden and the night-watches before her knew.

Her life was still and simple as another's: she stitched on hospital garments with quiet industry; little children loved her more than before; and she made her mother's caps, and with gentler consideration kept their little home in quiet comeliness.

Do you feel half-impatient at the thought of this girl, isolated from an ordinary existence by her great heart-grief, sweeping and dusting, and setting tables? She did sometimes. But it was her existence, all that remained to her. Often now, as she sat alone in the twilights of this new summer in his room, a feeling that was almost content hovered for a moment near her, banished but too surely by the plaint that would come:

"Oh! if he had not left me wholly comfortless! if his parting kiss had been less cold! if he had but once loved me!"

Perfect peace came at last. She sat in a shadowy nook of the autumn wood one fair day, the hungry, impossible desire strong upon her, when a shadow fell on the path beside her. Not his for whom she would gladly have laid aside all pride if he might come again: it fell from a soldierly form, dusky with Southern suns, yet wan with hardship and privation, and she knew him for the friend so kindly spoken of in that last letter. Their interview was very brief: he was hastening home from a long incarceration in an alien prison, through all whose months of waiting his dead friend's message had never left his memory. For he told her how, on the night before the battle, touched with presentiment, Mark had spoken with reverent tenderness of little Ruth, and had given to his comrade's care a packet which he had most carefully treasured all the time of their companionship, saying: "This will tell her all, if I come no more; yet bid her not to grieve for my love, if she cared for me as a friend only. I had better have died than lived to learn it. But if in her soul she can feel that she ever might have loved me, tell her from me that, standing in its shadow, I know that death can not harm a love that is mutual and true."

And he told her how, in the moment that intervened after Mark had met and recognized his fate, he had looked up with sudden light in his fading eyes, and said, "My Ruth! we shall not be truly parted."

When he had vanished in the wood she opened the packet he had left her. There fell from it a tress of his hair and hers (how won she never knew), a flower, and a ribbon she had worn, the one brief, sisterly letter she had written him; and from him words that held the love of a lifetime—strong, tender, passionate words, written on the eve of that fatal struggle, in the presence of coming and foreboded death.

All was there she had hungered for so long; before she had dreamed or wished, with his true, loyal heart he had loved her.

It was not too late. Heaven was merciful. They loved each other.

So through the twilight she went home, a sweet, soft flush upon her late pale cheek, as in that July day long gone, and moving about her wonted evening tasks her mother heard her singing softly to herself for the first time since Mark's death, and knew that at last she had found solace and rest.

Not as of old she sang, clear-voiced and jubilant, but with low, still cadence, as one singing beside a grave of the hope beyond. She sang:

"I wait. Watching and weary I wait,
But day will dawn at last;
Together, beyond the reach of fate,
Love shall retrieve our past.

"I wait. Ah! forever I can wait.
Forever! I am brave;
Time can not fathom a love so great,
It waits beyond the grave."

There is no more. The chronicle of little Ruth's life would be but bare henceforth. She has found peace that will never let her despair. She is, and ever will be, lonely; there are dark hours of bitter and hungry pain for her. Longings unutterable, passionate questionings as to the need and meaning of her fate. But the peaceful patience that makes her face so sweet abides unshaken.

That the days may have some purpose a few of the neighbors' children come to her daily, and she teaches them with reverence. "They will grow up and help to influence this land he died for," she says to herself. Her mother's step grows slower; after a time she will be left quite alone.

"But perhaps it will not seem *very* long," and she holds her hand close over her tired heart. No one has more eager sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others than she; she has grown

like one of Lowell's nobly pictured women, and "learned how many simple ways there are to bless." No one watches the current of affairs with such ardent faith as she; and when the hour comes of an end to all this tumultuous strife, the hour for which we all long so earnestly, more than any other I know she will have earned the right to look up proudly, as saying: "It is mine, the bitter sacrifice; and for his sake I make the triumph mine also!"

As I came home through the thronged streets of this great city in the red winter twilight of last Christmas eve, glad with a tender sympathy for all the happy ones, who, with eager self-forgetfulness and loving care, were turning to their homes, laden with thoughtful and unselfish preparations for the coming morrow—which seemed thus in very truth the festival of love—I thought for a moment of Ruth Morton, and of thousands stricken as she, who have been denied their very all, that you, oh! glad, and gay, and beautiful, may walk in smiling confidence along these splendid streets and avenues to your secure and treasured homes.

And I wondered if you, too, remembered with that reverent and aspirant gratitude such sacrifice deserves. If remembering them for whom no earthly Christmas dawn can shine on such happy homes, glad with festive interchange of affection, you lifted to Heaven a vow that, as far as your strength reaches, their sorrow should avail, the cause made so doubly precious triumph, and the lives so freely spent be used, not wasted.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

OUR Record closes on the 11th of February. The summary of Congressional proceedings gives a brief resume of the action of Congress, upon subjects of general interest, from January 11 to February 9.

In the Senate the resolution for the *expulsion of Senator Davis*, of Kentucky, offered on the 8th of January by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, on the ground of passages in a series of resolutions presented to the Senate, came up at intervals. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee, who were subsequently discharged from the consideration of the subject. On the 26th of January a letter was read from Mr. Davis stating that in offering these resolutions, in which appeared the sentence, "The people of the North ought to revolt against the war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands," he had no purpose to incite the army to mutiny or the people to sedition or violence; but his object was to exhort the whole people, North and South, to terminate the war by a Constitutional settlement of their difficulties, and the resolutions would not fairly admit of any other construction. Mr. Howard then moved that "censured" should be substituted for "expelled" in the resolution; in the course of his speech paying a high compliment to Mr. Davis for his general loyal course. In the ensuing discussions several prominent Republican Senators spoke decidedly against the adoption of a resolution of expulsion or censure. At length, January 28, Mr. Wilson withdrew his resolution. Mr. Davis subsequently made a personal explanation upon some points which had arisen during the debates. He had at a previous session introduced a motion for the expulsion of Senator Bright of Illinois: this motion was based not upon words uttered or opinions held by him, but upon the fact that he had written to Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, recommending to him a person who had an improved weapon to be used against the lawful Government of the United States; and also that Mr. Bright had uniformly voted against all measures for carrying on the war. He had also introduced a confiscation bill, the purport of which was a forfeiture of the estates of traitors during their lifetime. He said that he believed that it was the right of the people of the States to organize their own governments, but that if they refused to do so, then the United States must, as Chief Justice Marshall had decided, establish a civil government for them.

Senator Bayard's case, involving the constitutionality of the rule requiring an additional oath from Senators, came up at intervals. In the debates Mr. Bayard asserted his own loyalty, but considered the rule to be unconstitutional. The rule was affirmed by a vote of 27 to 11; whereupon Mr. Bayard decided that it was his duty to take the oath demanded, to which he had no personal objection, and then to resign his seat in the Senate. He did this on the 26th of January. Mr. Riddle was elected to fill the place vacated by Mr. Bayard, taking his seat February 2.

The *Enrollment Bill* has occupied a considerable portion of the time of both branches. The bill as finally passed in the Senate provides for the enrollment of all able-bodied citizens below the age of 45; exempting clergymen; and fixes the rate of commutation at $400, the payment of which sum exempts for the present draft only, leaving the commuter liable for succeeding drafts; all persons who have resided in the country one year and who have voted are liable to draft. Veteran troops re-enlisting are to be credited to the States from which they enlisted, and commutation money is to be applied to procure substitutes in the districts where paid.—The bill is now before the House, who have made several important alterations. The clause providing that "if any drafted man shall pay money for procuring a substitute, such payment shall operate only to relieve such person from the draft in filling that quota, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas," was stricken out; the House also refused to change the sum to be paid for commutation from $300 to $400, and also to pass the clause exempting clergymen. The details of the bill are thus left open to be settled by the further action of the two Houses.

The *Enlistment Bill* has also been the subject of protracted debate in the Senate, with especial reference to the clauses which relate to the employment and pay of colored soldiers, and to a provision freeing the mother, wife, and children of all slaves who enlist in the army. Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, wished to strike out the clause; Mr. Henderson, of

Missouri, offered an amendment applying it only to the recruited slaves belonging to disloyal owners. Senators Grimes and Wilkinson advocated the retention of the clause; they would free all those connected with men fighting our battles; Mr. Henderson said that he was in favor of Congress abolishing slavery wherever it had the power to do so; that if Congress had the power to pass this bill, it had the power to abolish slavery every where; to this Mr. Grimes assented; he had no doubt upon the question, and would cheerfully vote for such a bill; Mr. Henderson declined to debate the question of the powers of Government during the continuance of the war; the legislation proposed would be calculated to irritate the loyal people of the States which are now perfecting measures of emancipation; one of the blessings which would ultimately result from the war would be the abolition of slavery by the States themselves. Mr. Sherman opposed the amendment. The bill made no distinction between soldiers who were free and those who were held as slaves. It guaranteed to every man who entered the army freedom for himself, his mother, his wife, and his children. This guarantee was the inevitable consequence of the employment of the slave as a soldier; and Congress had the right to make this guarantee, if it had the right so to employ slaves; if we can give them pay, bounties, and honors, we can give them freedom. He was in favor of taking into the military service all the slaves we need. If our enemies lose their slaves, so much the better; but we should pay a reasonable compensation to loyal masters. He was prepared to vote for a comprehensive system of emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Mr. Carlile spoke at length. He did not believe there would be an early cessation of hostilities; the rebels were not, as had been said, on the verge of starvation. The Union could not be restored by the exercise of coercive power by the Federal Government. We should not inaugurate a measure which would render death preferable to reunion. We should distinguish between those who were in arms and those who were willing and anxious for connection with us. In his legislative capacity he would not interfere with slavery in the States; but as a military commander he would use slaves as he would a horse or a wagon abandoned by the enemy. We must conquer our own prejudices before we can conquer the South. A war of conquest was always an interminable one. The Union was as desirable for the seceded States as for us. For three years we have tried the coercive powers of the Government; why not now change our policy, and leave all these irritating subjects to the military department, where they properly belong?

The *Confiscation Act*, passed July 17, 1862, apparently provided for the confiscation of the entire rights of property of all persons in rebellion. It was understood that the President would veto this Act, on the ground that the Constitution declared hat "no attainder of treason should work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted." To obviate this objection of the President an "explanatory resolution" was adopted, declaring: "*Nor shall any punishment or proceeding under said Act be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the real estate of the offender beyond his natural life.*" That is to say, In the case of real estate held by traitors, only the life-interest of the offender can be confiscated, leaving the absolute right of his heirs to the fee-simple untouched. In the House a joint resolution was proposed by the Judiciary Committee, amending this explanatory resolution so as to make it read: "*That no punishment or proceeding under it shall be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the estate of the offender contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Provided, that no other public warning or proclamation under the Act of July* 17, 1862, *chapter* 95, *section* 6, *is or shall be required than the Proclamation of the President made and published by him on the* 25*th of July*, 1862, *which Proclamation, so made, shall be received and held sufficient in all cases now pending or which may hereafter arise under said Act.*" The amendment, after long and protracted debates, was passed, February 5, by a vote of 82 to 74. The joint resolution, as thus amended, assumes that the absolute right of confiscation of real estate is not prohibited by the Constitution; and that, therefore, in the opinion of the House, the real as well as the personal estate of traitors may be confiscated in fee and not merely for life. The general line of argument in these debates was as follows: Mr. Wadsworth said that this is not a public war between nations, but a civil contest within the States; that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that the laws of war do not authorize the seizure of private property on land, except in certain specified cases. Mr. Woodbridge maintained that if we adopt the theory that the rebel States are not out of the Union, then confiscation becomes a municipal regulation to operate practically on the property of those who are in armed rebellion against the Government. The rebels have broken the contract, and it is the right and duty of Congress to restrain their persons and confiscate their property. Mr. Kernan asked gentlemen on the Republican side to consider whether confiscation was not destructive of the Government. He would prosecute the war for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, and restoring peace and harmony; but do not make it a war of conquest or extermination; let not the lands of the South go to speculators, to those who follow the army to fatten on the plunder. Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, said that the policy of confiscation is embodied in the living law of the land, and was not therefore before the House. All that had been said by the opponents of the resolution was a waste of time. The rebellion was not to be crushed out by offering olive branches, or by the utterance of honeyed words even from the lips of members of Congress. We expect to see the Southern States rescued from a remorseless aristocracy, and a semi-feudal system destroyed, labor elevated to its just dignity, and such institutions of republicanism established as will secure the future peace and prosperity of the country. Traitors had no right to expect to be shielded from the consequences of their crimes. Mr. Blair, of Missouri, said that the debate on the resolution evinced that it is the determination of leading men here to compel the President to yield his ground on the subject of confiscation or to divide the party. He then went on to combat the idea that our Government had recognized the South as a belligerent power. We had always striven against such recognition. The President considered the insurgent States to be still in the Union. The doctrine, that these States were out of the Union, would permit an entire conquest to be made, and would substitute a military power for the Constitutional authorities, while the President maintains an entirely different policy for the reconstruction of the

Union. He called upon Congress to redeem its pledges, and compensate the loyal Border States for the emancipation of their slaves, and to provide for the colonization of the freedmen. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, advocated the resolution. He said that he was here simply as a Union man. He declared that when a man becomes a traitor to his country, and resorts to arms to overthrow the Government, he forfeits every thing, even to his life. There was no propriety in making distinctions between different kinds of property. If we can take cannon and other effects, we can take negroes and lands. There was no necessity to explain the Confiscation act of 1862. It was not an *ex post facto* law or bill of attainder. It proposed to reach the living man, and said nothing about women and children.

In respect to the *Conduct of the War* a great number of resolutions have been offered, especially in the House. We note some of the most important of these, as showing the opinions of the leaders on both sides, and of the run of sentiment in that body: Mr. Broomall offered a resolution to the effect that the Government endeavor to induce the slaves in the rebel territory to enlist in the army by giving them full pay and bounties, and by guaranteeing them freedom at once upon enlistment. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table, unless the mover would consent to an amendment conscripting all the blacks in the land: motion to lay on the table was refused, 73 to 61.—Mr. Dawson offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the President be requested to announce that when any State now in insurrection shall submit, all hostilities against it shall cease, and it shall be protected from all external interference with its local laws and institutions: laid on the table by 79 to 56.—Mr. Cox offered a resolution requesting the President to appoint Commissioners to negotiate with the Southern authorities for an exchange of prisoners; and that "the negotiation be withdrawn from the hands of Major-General Butler, who, as it is reported, is unable, from causes connected with his past military conduct, to hold intercourse with those charged with this business at Richmond:" laid on the table by 91 to 56.—Resolutions were offered by Mr. M'Dowell censuring the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and by Mr. Edgerton affirming the "Crittenden Resolutions" to be the basis on which the war should be conducted, condemning the assumption of power by the Executive, and deprecating all revolutionary measures: laid over.—Mr. Eldridge offered preamble and resolutions declaring that conscription or forced service is contrary to the principle of self-government; that the draft has proved inadequate; that the burdens of government should fall equally on rich and poor; and that therefore the Military Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing or suspending any further draft, and offering sufficient pay and bounties to secure the requisite number of volunteers: laid on the table, 84 to 42.—Mr. Grinnell offered a preamble and resolutions to the effect that colored persons claimed as slaves have rendered valuable services to the army; that the further employment of colored troops would relieve the people of the North; therefore "a more vigorous policy to secure a larger number of persons of African descent would meet the approbation of this House:" agreed to, 80 to 46.—Mr. Fernando Wood offered a resolution exempting from draft those who, from a disbelief in the humanity, necessity, or eventual success of the war, are opposed to its further prosecution, until an effort has been made and failed to end it by negotiation: rejected, 103 to 23.

In the Senate Mr. Sumner offered a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves, and another securing perfect equality before the law in United States Courts, and providing against the exclusion of witnesses on account of color. He also introduced a series of seven resolutions, of which the following is an abstract:

(1.) That the rebellion is an attempt to found a power on the institution of slavery, and is simply slavery in arms. (2.) That the rebellion can not be crushed without crushing slavery, and slavery can not be crushed without crushing the rebellion; that forbearance and toleration to one is forbearance and toleration to the other; and that it is therefore our supreme duty to utterly destroy slavery in the belligerent region; if this is undone nothing is done, and all our blood and treasure will have been lavished in vain. (3.) That in dealing with this war the National Government is invested with two classes of rights—those of Sovereignty and those of *War;* in virtue of the rights of Sovereignty the belligerent region is subject to the National Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to protect it from invasion; and in virtue of the rights of War the region is subject to all the conditions of warfare, among which is that of giving "indemnity for the past and security for the future." (4.) That in seeking a restoration of the belligerent States the rebellion must not be allowed the least germ of future life, and that any system of reconstruction must be rejected which does not fully provide against the existence or revival of slavery; and that to attain this the Government should maintain a civil and military ascendency over the rebel region of sufficient duration to stamp upon it the character of freedom. (5.) That it is the duty of Congress to see to it that no rebel State is restored to the Union until safeguards are established for all loyal persons, including the new-made freedmen, and especially that no man there may be made a slave; and that the best system of reconstruction is that which most effectually destroys slavery. (6.) That slavery being the enemy of the human race, it is further the duty of Congress to "secure the extinction of slavery even in States professing loyalty." (7.) That, in addition to the guarantees stipulated by Congress, the Constitution should be so amended as to prohibit slavery every where within the limits of the Republic.

Mr. Anthony introduced into the Senate a resolution repealing the following joint resolution passed March 2, 1861: "*That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of the State.*" Mr. Anthony said, in moving the repeal of this resolution, that the repeal would open a certain way for the downfall of slavery. If he had been asked a few years ago whether he would have voted to batter down the walls of Sumter or to invade Virginia, he would have answered No. Yet this and more had been done, because it had been made necessary by those who had entered into this unholy rebellion.

Mr. Sumner offered petitions signed by more than 100,000 persons praying Congress to pass an act for the speedy emancipation of persons of African descent. These petitions, he said, were an expression of the voice of the country. Mr. Saulsbury objected to the course of Mr. Sumner in presenting these petitions. He said that when, three years ago, Senators Seward and Crittenden presented petitions asking for the adoption of measures to prevent civil war, a deaf ear was turned to them. If the Crittenden resolutions had been adopted the civil war would have been averted. Mr. Hale said they were not passed because the party with which Mr. Saulsbury acted refused to vote for them. Mr. Saulsbury said that every member of that party

voted to take them up, although when an amendment was proposed by Mr. Clark, several Senators, wrongly, as he thought, refused to vote. Mr. Wilson said that the Crittenden proposition was the most wicked ever presented on earth. It recognized slavery south of 36° 30′, forbade the abolition of slavery without the consent of Virginian slavemongers, and took away the rights of colored citizens of the Free States. Messrs. Powell and Saulsbury defended the memory of Mr. Crittenden: Mr. Wilson said that he had no design to asperse the memory of the deceased Senator, for which he entertained a sincere respect; he had only criticised his proposition. Mr. Johnson deprecated the spirit in which the discussion was conducted; whatever was the cause of our troubles, we should devise proper measures to get out of them. The Father of his Country held slaves at the time of his death. Mr. Sumner replied that Washington would appear before the bar of Heaven as the emancipator of his slaves. Mr. Conness said if the Republican party prevented the passage of the Crittenden Compromise he honored them for it. It was introduced at a time when a traitor Cabinet and President were organizing rebellion. The time had come, and we were the ministers to relieve the country from the crime and treason conjoined in African slavery. The petitions were referred.

A bill restoring the grade of *Lieutenant-General* was reported in the House from the Military Committee. Mr. Garfield opposed its present passage; a Lieutenant-General could do nothing during the war that could not be done by the General-in-Chief; the President could select any one for Commanding-General; for Lieutenant-General it was better to wait till the close of the war, and then see who had merited most; every one knew who would now be appointed under this bill; would it be advisable to recall him from the army, and make him a bureau officer at Washington? Mr. Farnsworth replied, that should General Grant be selected he would not take up his quarters in Washington; he would still command the army, and hasten to any point where his presence was required. Mr. Spaulding asked if the bill contemplated that the Lieutenant-General should actually take the command, replacing the present General-in-Chief; if so, he should vote for it. Other members followed in the same general strain on both sides. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 113 to 19, when Mr. Ross offered an amendment recommending General Grant for the position, which was agreed to, 111 to 17. This bill was then passed, 96 to 41. The bill provides that the President may, when he thinks it expedient, and with the consent of the Senate, appoint as commander of the army any officer not below the grade of Major-General, who, on being commissioned as Lieutenant-General, shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States; his pay, allowances, and emoluments to be as provided for in the acts of May 28, 1798, and August 23, 1842; but nothing in this act shall affect the rank, pay, or emoluments of General Winfield Scott, Lieutenant-General by brevet, now on the retired list of the army; and recommends Major-General Grant for the position of Lieutenant-General under this bill. In the Senate this bill was reported back by the Military Committee, striking out the clause making the Lieutenant-General Commander-in-chief, and that recommending General Grant for the position.

The *Revenue Bill* is making slow progress, clause by clause, through both Houses; but only two important points have been acted upon: the tax upon cotton is fixed at two cents a pound, and that on distilled liquors at 60 cents a gallon, with 20 cents additional in the case of spirits into which any substance has been introduced so as to enable the spirits to be sold as rum, brandy, etc. Various bills have been introduced for preventing speculation in gold, silver, and foreign exchange. In the House the Committee on Ways and Means have been instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing duties upon foreign imports, especially articles of luxury, so as to give a revenue of $120,000,000; of raising the internal revenue tax so as to produce $230,000,000; and to limit the entire bank circulation, State and National, to $300,000,000; and authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue, as he deems expedient, bonds to an amount not exceeding $200,000,000. It is understood that the bill for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865, appropriates about $530,000,000.

Another *Draft* was ordered by the President on the 1st of February. The order reads thus:

"Ordered, that a draft for five hundred thousand men to serve for three years or during the war be made on the 10th day of March next, for the military service of the United States, crediting and deducting therefrom so many as may have been enlisted or drafted into the service prior to the first day of March, and not heretofore credited.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

By the draft ordered last October 300,000 men were called for; this number has been about half filled by volunteering and enlistments. The present order therefore calls in effect for about 350,000 additional men.

General Meade has been for some time in Philadelphia seriously ill. It is presumed that this will render necessary the appointment of a new commander for the Army of the Potomac. Beyond repeated raids made in no great force on either side, both armies of the Potomac have remained nearly quiet during the month until the 6th of February, when a considerable portion of our army, under General Sedgwick, was suddenly pushed across the Rapidan. One division crossed with little opposition, and the cavalry scoured the country as far as Fredericksburg, finding no enemy in that quarter. Other divisions appear to have found the enemy in force. His outposts were met, and a skirmish followed in which we lost one or two hundred men, killed, wounded, and missing, when the army having, as it is said, "accomplished its purpose," returned to camp. What that purpose was has not been officially announced. It is generally supposed to have been a mere reconnoissance for the purpose of ascertaining the exact position and force of the enemy. It may, however, have been connected with a movement made on the same day toward Richmond.

On the 6th of February a strong force from General Butler's command, under General Wistar, left Yorktown, and proceeded by the way of New Kent Court House toward Richmond. At Bottom's Bridge they met the enemy's pickets, drove them in, and advanced to within twelve miles of Richmond, causing great alarm in the Confederate capital. If we may trust the reports of the enemy, the object of this movement was to make a sudden dash upon Richmond, and liberate our prisoners confined there; but the enemy, having learned of this design through a deserter, were prepared, and the enterprise failed, our troops returning to Williamsburg.

The enemy have been making active demonstra-

tions in North Carolina, at one time seriously threatening our forces at Newbern. On the 1st of February our outposts at Bachelor's Creek, eight miles from Newbern, were attacked by a force said to number 15,000 men, and were compelled to retreat, destroying their camp and stores, and suffering a loss of from 50 to 100. The enemy succeeded in destroying the steamer *Underwriter*, lying in the river, repulsed our cavalry at Fort Totten, one of the defenses of Newbern, and pressed within sight of the city, the communications with which had been cut off. A vigorous siege was anticipated, but the enemy suddenly fell back to Kingston.

The movements of the enemy under Longstreet and Johnston, in Tennessee and Northern Georgia, are involved in much obscurity. They are reported to have advanced in force toward Knoxville, with the apparent purpose of recapturing that place. Other reports indicate that this movement is really a feint designed to conceal movements quite different. They have also made a vigorous though unsuccessful effort to recover Cumberland Pass. There is certainly great activity in this quarter on both sides; but it is hardly safe to undertake to explain the real designs of the opposing commanders. Many things, however, indicate that a joint movement upon Mobile, by Banks and Grant, is in contemplation.

The enemy have for some weeks been extremely active and annoying in Western Virginia, at one time apparently seriously meditating a raid across the Potomac into Maryland. If such was his purpose it appears to have been unsuccessful, and General Early, who undertook it, having been thoroughly foiled by Kelley.

General Banks, on the 11th of January, issued a proclamation to the people of Louisiana, on the basis of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, inviting the loyal citizens to vote on the 22d of February for State officers to constitute the Civil Government of the State, under the Constitution of Louisiana, except in so far as that Constitution relates to slavery. The sworn oath of allegiance is to be the only qualification enabling the citizens thus to cast their votes. He also orders a convention to be held next April for the revision of the Constitution as relates to slavery, and announces that an election for Members of Congress will soon take place. At the same time he proclaims that, for the present, the fundamental law of the State is martial law.

From Charleston there is little of special importance. Firing has been kept up upon the city, which is reported to be greatly damaged and almost deserted. The ruins of Sumter are still held by a Confederate force. Instead of a fortress, Sumter seems now to present the aspect of an earth-work, against which artillery is of little service. A circular has been issued respecting the purchase and culture of land in the vicinity of Beaufort. Any loyal person who has for six months resided upon or cultivated any lands in that district owned by the United States may enter the same for pre-emption in certain quantities, paying therefor $1.25 per acre: preference to be given to heads of families and to women whose husbands are in the service of the United States, and to soldiers and sailors honorably discharged.

The case of the *Chesapeake* has been decided by the Admiralty Court at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Judge ordered that the vessel and cargo should be restored to the owners, subject to such conditions as to the payment of expenses as might be prescribed by the Attorney-General.

The great "Colt Armory" at New Haven, Connecticut, was partially destroyed by fire on the morning of February 8. The portion of the establishment destroyed was devoted to the manufacture of pistols and revolving rifles, giving employment to about 900 men. That part used for making rifle-muskets for the United States was saved. The apparent loss is estimated at $1,000,000; but as much machinery and many patterns were destroyed which can only be reproduced in time, the absolute loss from delay in business will amount to a much larger sum.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the general drift of intelligence indicates that the Imperial Government under Maximilian will be established, and acquiesced in by the people as the only means of escape from absolute anarchy. There seems no prospect that the Government of Juarez can sustain itself, or can carry on any thing more than a desultory guerrilla war. At Matamoras, on the borders of Texas, there have been a series of semi-revolutions, of no special consequence except that our forces were, at Brownsville opposite, likely for a moment to be compromised. Governor Serna, anticipating an attack upon Matamoras levied a forced loan upon foreigners. An American citizen, from whom $10,000 was demanded, refused to pay, and was imprisoned. General Dana, then in command at Brownsville, demanded his release. The Governor complied. Difficulties subsequently ensued between the contending parties, and our forces were obliged to cross the Rio Grande to protect American citizens and property. At the latest accounts quiet was restored. Serna, who had been driven away, was restored, and Ruiz, his opponent, expelled.

Peace has been declared between Colombia and Ecuador by a treaty signed December 30. A movement appears to be in contemplation for uniting Ecuador with the Colombian Republic, with the further design of forcing Venezuela to join the Confederation.

A terrible accident occurred at Santiago, Chili, on the 8th of December. A grand celebration was held in the Church of the Compania, in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The church, which will contain some 3000 persons, was filled to its utmost capacity, mostly with women and children, when some of the decorations caught fire. The flames spread with great rapidity, soon filling the whole church. The doors were blocked up, and egress was impossible. Fully 2500 persons were burned and trampled to death, or crushed under the falling roof.

EUROPE.

The Schleswig-Holstein question, the essential points of which were noted in our Record for January, has become the most prominent one now agitating Europe. It has recently taken a new turn, growing out of the jealousy between Austria and Prussia, as leading powers in the German Confederacy on the one side, and the minor powers on the other. The Diet resolved to push a Federal force into the Duchies; Austria and Prussia then proposed to occupy the Duchies, not in the name of the Diet, but in their capacity of Great Powers. The Diet refused; whereupon these Powers sent their troops forward, at the same time demanding important concessions from Denmark. To these demands no final answer has as yet been given. The Danes meanwhile are making strenuous preparations for hostilities, relying, apparently, if war ensues, upon the intervention of France and England.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great, sad event since our last chatting is the death of Thackeray. He was a familiar friend upon these pages. We had all become used to hearing that rich, racy voice, to feeling the hearty pressure of that manly hand, to seeing that frank, bluff, kindly face—for all these characteristics of the man were reproduced in the works of the author. His latest book, the "Roundabout Papers," has been republished in part upon our pages. It was the simplest, pleasantest talk about the smallest incidents, but full of that genial wisdom, tenderness, and humility which belonged to the author. There is one paper upon domestic servants, which shows how constantly this warm heart was reaching out toward every man and woman who seemed to be at a disadvantage, and trying by tender appeals to lighten the load and smooth the path, even if it were ever so little. It seems as if that paper alone, thoughtfully read, would be a key to the author's mind and genius. Indeed, he was so truly humble—not artificially so—that he was often taken at his own valuation, with the most amusing consequent injustice. On the other hand, those who supposed that the tremendous satirist, as he was called, must be always feeding upon the vices and weaknesses of men and women, and forever, ogre-like, licking his chops and crying fee, faw, fum, as he smelled the blood of fresh Englishmen, were confused and confounded by the genial, childlike companion whom they found in Thackeray.

Those who saw most of him in this country would probably agree that a more cordial, gentle, and generous companion was never seen. Indeed, he was so impatient of a kind of homage which he thought ought to be offered to woman—while no man was more constant in offering it than he—that, to destroy the idol which he fancied some companion's imagination might have made of him, he would say or do something to shock it utterly. He was a perpetual conspirator against humbug of every kind; and he was so sleepless in the service that he was often misunderstood. If you asked, "Are you not afraid that if the preacher constantly cries, 'I am a miserable sinner,' the congregation will thunder back, 'Then stop your preaching?'" he replied, nimbly, "That is not my affair. My business is to let them know that I am preaching the truth, not to play that I am a model, nor that the truth is any truer or falser because I, a poor enough devil, preach it. I shall not recommend the truth by any shamming upon my part, or by permitting any deceit upon theirs." He was both simple and humble; but they are not the qualities which are always most easily appreciated.

Ben Jonson sings of nights at the Mermaid. Where is the poet to chant our nights at the Century ten and thirteen years ago? The Century Club was Thackeray's favorite haunt while he was in New York. Its rooms were then in Clinton Place; 24, I think, was the number. There he sat, and smoked, and sipped, and laughed, and sang, and, with his chair tipped back against the wall, answered the modest, innocent question, "Mr. Thackeray, what is thought in England of Mr. Tupper?" with a burst of delightful surprise: "My dear Sir, he is not thought of at all." There, too, as the midnight deepened, his great, sad, sweet voice drolled out, "There were three sailors of Bristol city;" or intoned, "for the soul's edification," the solemn ditty of "Doctor Luther," which he subsequently introduced into "The Adventures of Philip." There, too, in the bright May weather, we ate the feast with Thackeray and Dr. Kane, when the Arctic hero told the fresh story of his wanderings, and we listened like boys to Sinbad the Sailor, until, rising from table, and straightening his huge figure, Thackeray towered over the neat, small person of Kane, and said to the host, "Do you think the Doctor would let me kneel down and lick his boots?" There, too, you sang "Exile of Erin;" and the tears dimmed all our eyes as we heard, in the thrills of your manly voice, the faint and far vibrations of the "Bells of Shandon," that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee. No Captain Costigan stood between you and Thackeray. It was not the Englishman and Irishman who sang and listened and grew sad together; it was only man and man. Why have you forsworn the faith that man to man is the only permanent and peaceful relation?

So on another of those blithe May-days, when summer can not wait for June and roses, but must come at once, and breathing warm over the great city, sets all the canaries singing at the windows, and brings every parlor flower to sight, he sat, and sighed, and said, ruefully—the grand Cockney—"Dear me! Think how beautiful London is today! and how gay!" Then he began to hum "*Cari luoghi.*" It was not that he especially cared for London, pleasant and dear to him as it was. It was not for old times and old companions that he was so constantly murmuring. But he had a great heartache that never ceased; a profound, yearning sadness was beneath all the jokes and songs and merry-makings. His nature heaved, restless and moaning, like the sea, sparkling and dancing and scattering spray upon the surface. Companions, friends of those days and nights at the Century, gone now to join these of the Mermaid, can we ever recall that burly figure, that ringing voice, that wit and wisdom, without remembering the terrible picture of him sitting years before in the cabin of the steamer crossing from Ireland, and through the long night in which the ship struggled with the storm, holding his little child in his arms, while his wife, suddenly smitten by brain-fever, lay beside him. She never recovered from that illness, although she lived for many years. He lost his wife that night. But it seems to me that the spirit of the little child he held passed into his heart; for he was always, like his Colonel Newcome, noble and simple and childlike.

It was another kind of pleasure that his lectures gave; but how deep and delightful it was! The first course upon the Humorists was the more popular. Indeed, they were to many hearers an introduction to the Time and men of whom he spoke. They were delivered in Dr. Chapin's church upon Broadway. Who that heard is likely to forget them? His huge figure filled the pulpit, and the desk was raised so that he could easily read his manuscript. He stood erect and perfectly still: his hands thrust into his trowsers' pockets or the thumbs and forefinger into the waistcoat-pockets, and in that deep, honest, melodious, and flexible voice he read the essays. No purely literary lectures were ever half so interesting. As he moved on, his felicitous skill flashed out the living form of each man he described like a torch upon a statue. Probably most of those who heard him will always

owe their impression of Fielding, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, Pope, Congreve, and Dick Steele to Thackeray's lectures, as the general conception of Hamlet is derived from Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble in that part. I do not compare the power of the two artists, I speak only of the remarkable results that a literary, like any other, artist may achieve. For he was emphatically an artist. Few authors are more so. He had, we may be sure, an artist's exquisite delight in exposing the more shadowy and subtle forms of selfishness, precisely as a detective officer delights in unraveling a skillful plot of rascality. But he no more enjoyed the lie than the detective enjoys the crime. Now that he is gone, who of us does not feel that he described in all that illustrious company no greater or humaner genius than his own—no kinder teacher, no truer friend, no more charitable humorist than himself.

It is hard to think of him as dead, for he had such immense vitality, although he was always, of late years, subject to sharp turns of illness, and he enjoyed so much, while beneath all there were the heartache and the longing. Some people honestly thought him a cynic. But the great love and sorrow that followed him to the grave render the final verdict upon the man and the author. Here are some noble verses that were published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* soon after his death. We repeat them, and solemnly say Amen!

Now that his noble form is clay,
One word for good old Thackeray,
One word for gentle Thackeray,
Spite of his disbelieving eye,
True Thackeray—a man who would not lie.

Among his fellows he was peer
For any gentleman that ever was;
And if the lordling stood in fear
Of the rebuke of that satiric pen,
Or if the good man sometimes gave a tear
They both were moved by equal laws,
They loved and hated him with honest cause;
'Twas Nature's truth that touched the men.

Oh nights of Addison and Steele,
And Swift and all those men, return!
Oh, for some writer, now, to make me feel!
Oh, for some talker that can bid me burn!
Like Him, with His majestic power
Of pathos mix'd with terrible attack,
And probing into records of the Past,
Through some enchanted hour,
To show the white and black,
And what did not—and what deserved to last!

Poet and Scholar, 'tis in vain
We summon thee from those dim Halls
Where only Death is absolute and holds unquestioned reign.
Even Shakespeare must go downward in His dust—
And lie with all the rest of us in rust—
And mould and gloom and mildewed tomb
(Mildewed or May-dewed, evermore a tomb),
Yet hoping still above our skies
To have his humble place among the Just.

And so "Hic jacet"—that is all
That can be writ or said or sung
Of him who held in such a thrall
With his melodious gift of pen and tongue
Both nations—old and young.

Honor's a hasty word to speak,
But now I say it solemnly and slow
To the One Englishman most like that Greek
Who wrote "The Clouds" two thousand years ago.

THE winter that is ending must go upon record as one of the coldest ever known at the West. On New-Year's day the mercury in Chicago marked thirty-one degrees below zero, and they have cut ice there two feet thick; while in Wisconsin and neighboring regions it went down until it froze and other thermometers marked fifty degrees below! Upon the sea-board it was a pleasant but not a hard winter to the end of January. The Hudson River was early closed as far down as Peekskill, and the remote Western shore was brought nearer by the ice bridge. There was good skating, but not much sleighing or "coasting." Now coasting is a word which we had supposed was the indigenous New England, Yankee word to describe sliding or riding down hill upon a sled. But we were mistaken. In Springfield, upon the Connecticut River, the boys repudiate it, and declare that it is a Cockney Boston word! We shudder to repeat the phrase, and with exceeding slowness, "Cockney Boston word!" *Is* there a Boston Cockney? And is every body who calls going down hill upon a sled coasting one of them? And do they call it sled, or sleigh, or cutter? And when they go down hill upon a sled, prone, do they call it belly-bump or belly-gutter?

But there is even a more important question. What has become of the sleighing and coasting (call it at your pleasure) that we used to have? Has it gone with the old peaches and the wonderful cherries? Surely the old-fashioned ox-hearts, as we boys used to call them, are no longer to be found in market; and does any man see upon cherry-trees now the fruit he used to see there, in the days when he climbed into the trees, and, ensconced among convenient branches, opened his mouth and pastured upon the soft, sound, exquisite flesh of sugar-hearts? And where are the snow-drifts? The buried walls and fences, the universal muffling of the landscape in snow? Coasting, or what you will, came with Thanksgiving in November, and, defying the January thaw, lasted until March. Who coasts at Thanksgiving now? The winter roads lay through fields beside the summer turnpike, such was the stress of snow; but who does not toil now through mud and over frozen ruts. What has wrought this wondrous transformation of the seasons, of the elements, of the fruits of nature?

Was it indeed that we measured snow-drifts then by little figures three feet high? Was it indeed because our mouths were smaller in those halcyon days that the cherries seemed so monstrous, deliciously distending those callow maws of childhood? Is it, then, something else than the cherries and the snow that has changed? Is it the brave climber of trees who has become the sedate-paced elder, the swift coaster and tumbler in frosty drifts who is now the tall, sallow, anxious American citizen? Do you remember in the "Antiquary" that Monkbarns, on the first evening that Lovel is his guest, takes the candle and precedes him into the heavy-curtained chamber in the old mansion, and as he puts it down upon the table, in a low, murmuring tone speaks of other days, and repeats tenderly the lines of Wordsworth:

"My eyes are full of childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
That in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Grieves less for what Time takes away
Than what he leaves behind."

Let us hope that he will leave nothing sadder behind for us to mourn over than shallower snow-drifts and smaller cherries.

THE Easy Chair has received the following letter from "a disappointed man," whom he thanks for giving him the opportunity of making a few remarks, because there are many disappointed men who feel precisely what this one expresses:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—I wrote you a letter once about some poetry, and you gave it heed; for that reason I am tempted to address you once more on a topic that troubles me sorely. You expatiate sometimes on the cares and responsibilities of a journalist, of an editor, and in a gentle and considerate manner argue also for the hopes, fears, mortifications, etc. of disappointed contributors. Let us ask you one question—perhaps two. Suppose a Magazine for instance: there are very many articles offered the editor for his perusal, he reads all, presumably, and some he keeps, and still others he declines. Do you think that in all cases the judgment is fair? does not the unlucky contributor sometimes get slighted? I am a disappointed contributor; I confess it frankly. I have written a number of little stories of one sort and another, which have been well received; and once I sent an article to a certain Magazine (not yours of course), and it was declined. I kept it a twelvemonth, in a drawer, and sent it back, untouched by pen, and lo! it was received with thanks. Of course you will tell me that it was 'unseasonable' the first time it was presented; that there was 'no room;' that it was 'too long,' etc., etc.; but these reasons for its rejection, and subsequent acceptation, do not strike me as sound, and I have never yet accounted for the—to me—phenomenon.

"Once more, you tell us, virtually, that *an* editor is a judge of the public taste—he is, in fact, a sort of literary Soyer—and knows how to tickle brains and fancies, as the great artist understood how to titillate tongues. Would you please tell me what taste is catered to by a tale called —never mind the name, which ran through three numbers of a Magazine? Are there any such people in the world? Is it indicative of the popular feeling on any one point? Do people in good society call each other nicknames? Is it not a weak dilution of Mr. Pendennis? in fine, what does it all mean? I have asked a number of those who have read it, and no one can discover beginning or end, plot, plan, or principle. When I had read it I was no wiser than before, and I trust firmly that it may be owing to my stupidity and not the author's. The moral is—If John Doe's rubbish is printed why is not mine? If Richard Roe gets payment for his platitudes why do not I? The case is as broad as it is long, and quite as just one way as the other. Mind you, I do not dispute the editor's *right* to publish what seemeth to him best; but if you admit that he is human and errs, you open the door to a long train of sorrowful (and perhaps hungry) contributors, who might say, or ask, 'Please reconsider my paper again,' which, of course, the editor wouldn't do. Do you not think an editorial jury should sit on every doubtful (not *dubious*) MS.? If I understand the matter correctly the public, not the author, has the benefit of a doubt, and that which might please and charm the multitude goes under the table. You know that.

"Major Winthrop (peace to his memory!) never got a hearing while he was alive; but after his glorious death, what a change there was in this respect! His experience was that of the many; and of all the eager crowd who delight the world with their tales, essays, and what not, how many are there who have not, perhaps at home, articles far better than those which were printed, but which will never reach the public eye and heart, because they have been declined? You know that this is the experience of every writer, from Sydney Smith to Thackeray; and I ask you, courteously, is there no help for it? I am disheartened about writing stories and tales, for they are always thrown back on my hands. While those which are accepted are not any better than mine, that I can see.

"A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

The Easy Chair is very sure that, if his correspondent will imagine himself sitting in judgment as an editor, all these apparent hardships and inconsistencies will be readily explained by his own good sense. An editor is, after all, but a man, as Richard Cobden has lately shown very conclusively in the case of Delane. He may be very differently impressed by a manuscript at different times—as very possibly our correspondent has been by printed books. He is subject to moods like other men. A joke may seem to him very dull on Wednesday that on Friday sparkles before his eyes. Even the fate of the most love-lorn Phillis that under one moon fails entirely to interest him, when the new moon fills her horns may move him to admiration, sympathy, and tears, and that solely from the moon's change, and from no other horn whatever. Yes; and now that we are at the Confessional, we will go farther, and say that an editor may be sometimes cross, harassed, jaded, and the taste of a manuscript seem to him repugnant, which, upon trying in a more placid moment, may have the flavor of genius and success.

That the stories which are published should seem stupid to the authors of stories which are not, is but another phenomenon of the same human nature which editors and authors share alike. John finds James's sketches really too trivial for a sensible man to be guilty of. James asks, in good faith, whether John really supposes that people buy Magazines to read Sermons; while Orlando, who sweeps the lyric lyre, demands to know why the *Ledger*, for instance, engages Mr. John G. Saxe to write exclusively for its columns, while the impassioned muse of Orlando can not find a single column to lean against. Our correspondent would reply that he does not wish to be judged by extreme cases; that he means only to say that he can not discover any superiority in Thomas's love story of the war which is printed, to Timothy's which is not. They both treat of love, and war, and glory. They are both pathetic, humorous, and heroic. Yet while Thomas's name is printed in large type among the contributors, and his autograph is in instant demand at every truly refined seminary for young ladies in the land, Timothy can not even get a chance to make a bow, and say politely "By your leave!"

Our friend declares that it is hard. So it is. But look at it in other lights. Robert Browning is one of the noblest of English poets. He has—according to this Easy Chair—the most profoundly dramatic genius in English literature since Shakespeare. His imagination, his insight, his passion, and subtle power, are great and unrivaled. Yet Browning's poems scarcely pay for the printing; while Martin Farquhar Tupper, who is to Browning what Amos Cottle was to Byron, soars and sweeps upon the fiftieth, sixtieth, and seventieth editions.

Or again: there is a novel, the "Wide Wide World," that was most popular a few years since, and is so still, let us hope, for the kindly author's sake. Yet the manuscript was politely declined by many publishers before it finally found one who was willing to take the risk. He did take it, and we are most happy to know that neither he nor the author drew a blank in the great lottery of popularity.

Once more: if our friend had been an editor or a publisher's reader, and had perused the manuscript of "Lady Audley's Secret," or "Aurora Floyd," is he quite sure that he would have exclaimed that

they were the most popular hit, and sure of making a sensation? Let him ask himself whether, in his secret soul, he does not believe that he could write quite as good novels as Miss Braddon writes; or quite as poetic poetry or virtuous philosophy as Mr. Tupper; or serial tales quite as desirable as Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jun.?

Well, he does not deny the difficulties, nor will he suppose that the secret of popularity is known to an editor *ex-officio* more than to himself. But he will surely grant that it is very much a matter of experience; that a man who has passed many years in observing what kind of literature is popular, will be more likely to judge correctly than one who looks at literature simply for its intrinsic character and excellence. He will make mistakes, as we all of us do in every business; but, upon the whole, he will hardly show less than the average fidelity and sagacity of men. Ought even a disappointed man to demand more?

Yes, he says, why not have a jury? Why not let several judges decide?

But why should there be a jury in a literary transaction more than in any other? And, if there should be, is there not virtually a jury? In any single editorial room perhaps not. But upon the whole there certainly is. For instance, the novel of the "Wide Wide World" was submitted to a jury. Each person who read it for a publisher was a juryman. And, unlike the method in other cases, it is the dissenting twelfth man who decides the verdict. If our friend should take any one of his manuscripts to every weekly journal, for instance, in New York, it would be passed upon by a jury, would it not, and with signal impartiality? He sends it to the Easy Chair, let us imagine. The Easy Chair reads—but not, we will hope, upon a dyspeptic day—and, having read, he writes that little polite note to the effect that it is declined with many thanks, and that, while it is found unsuitable for these columns, no judgment is expressed upon the merits of the article. The author passes on to another Easy Chair, and another, and another: and from each comes a mild negative, until at last he lights upon the Easiest Chair of all, which announces that the admirable article is accepted with pleasure, and will appear in an early number. Has not a jury sat upon the article, and considered it unbiased by the opinions of any individual member? And if it be finally returned with many thanks, is it not because, as Mr. Foreman says, so say you all, gentlemen of the Jury?

No, there is no other way. All human transactions come down at last upon the hard-pan of character. If men are mean and selfish and unjust, it is very clear that justice and manliness have a poor chance. But it is equally true of all relations. If a Government agent or contractor accepts shoddy for cloth, he cheats his employers and imperils his soul. If an editor, from any feeling of spite, or clique, or envy, rejects a good article, he equally defrauds those who employ him, and certainly hurts himself. But if the contractor selects blue cloth rather than gray or brown of exactly the same quality, it is only the makers of brown and gray who are likely to be discontented. Yes, it is true, brown cloth is as good as blue, but if blue be the regulation color, what can be done?

Is not our disappointed friend really complaining that there is not another regulation color, although he puts it in the form of saying that the agent is color-blind?

He writes fairly and kindly, and we shall not be sorry to hear from him again.

THE letter we have been considering suggests a form or result of literary disappointment, of which there is small trace in our correspondent, but which not infrequently shows itself, as jealousy of success. An author who does not achieve fame can not always see with equanimity his friends and fellows passing on to be crowned. His head aches for the laurels which he sees blooming on other heads. He groans when the illustrious roll is called and his name is not heard.

But the success of another does not interfere with his. Although a hundred caves a hundred times as spacious as the mammoth cave in Kentucky should be opened, there would be no diminution of the daylight; and if a mother have a dozen children she loves them all as if she had but one darling. Fame is like love or light:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

But as no man's success injures your own chances or lessens your achievement, so you do not shine the brighter from the effort to smirch another's lustre. If a man cares to inquire, he will too often find that the venom of hostile criticism is distilled from mere envy. And of all human emotions envy is certainly not the least mean or disagreeable. Can you fancy Browning carping at Tennyson, or Tennyson at Browning? Oh no! They are peers, they are poets, they are gentlemen. Each loves and honors what the other has done or is doing; although one is most famous and popular, and the other has never won general applause. Each reveres his art—his high vocation—and rejoices in any thing that glorifies it. They are eminent and even infrequent examples, if you please. But why should such be infrequent? Is Prescott's history any less excellent because Motley's is so good? Shall Godwin sneer because Kirk has done so well? Is Bryant likely to scoff at the "Tales of a Wayside Inn?" or Longfellow at "Thirty Poems?"

Noblesse oblige in a higher sense than the proverb. Seek to be of the noblesse, young man. Be content with nothing less than nobility. Study in famous men what makes them illustrious, and in their works what it is that draws and charms the human heart. Leave to others to show that Cromwell has a wart, and to tattle that there are unpleasant stories of Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Lucy's park. Scott wrote Robert of Paris; but who wrote the Heart of Mid-Lothian and Ivanhoe? Buzzards and beetles, swine and scavengers, there must be. Will you be of them? Do you concede that you are gifted only to find what is unpleasant, and to brood upon it and expose it? There is not a cockney tourist who will not tell you the faults of St. Peter's. But, for all that, Michel Angelo, when he designed it, meant to raise the Pantheon in air; and if he did not accomplish all he intended, yet he built St. Peter's. If you are a poet, for instance, is it not a pleasanter and more valuable pastime to observe how far short you fall of what is truly excellent in a great poet, than to scan his verses for the halting lines? In the beginning of our chat this month we were speaking of Thackeray. Do you recall those noble lectures upon the Humorists, and do you remember with what sincere humility he spoke of them, even when censuring what he could not approve—except, indeed, when there was radical falsity and baseness, as in Sterne?

Let us not grudge other men their success and popularity, lest we should only make our own disappointments more conspicuous.

Old Samuel Woodworth has a place among our poets because he wrote "The old Oaken Bucket," and Clement C. Moore because he sang that ringing rhyme of "The Night before Christmas." In every collection, in every reading-book, they are sure to appear. The last, indeed, is read to the entire delight of countless children every Christmas, and to American readers is more familiar than Milton's sublime Hymn of the Nativity. But do we know any other poems of Woodworth or of Moore? It is not necessary, because these two will keep their names fresh and pleasant for many a day.

If, then, we so kindly remember the writers of two popular poems, there is no reason why we should forget a composer who has charmed and delighted the great mass of our people by melodies as well known as "Yankee Doodle" or "Sweet Home." The man who composed "Old Dog Tray," "Old Folks at Home," "Nelly Bly," "Old Uncle Ned," and "Oh, Susannah!" has certainly made the songs of a nation, and shall not want a word over his grave from an Easy Chair which has shared the universal delight he has conferred.

Stephen C. Foster was born near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the day that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died, the 4th of July, 1826. From his earliest years singularly susceptible to music, he began to play the flageolet, and later the piano and flute, always with a tender sadness, which presently appeared in the music he composed. For several years he studied music faithfully, devoting himself especially to Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. With gentle willfulness he rebelled against the school-room, but taught himself many languages, and was familiar with the French and German. During his youth he lived much among the hills and in the fields, but as he became a man he went into business in Cincinnati in his brother's office. But his talent was irrepressible, and he had already begun to write words to the simple melodies he composed, and about twenty years ago "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh, Susannah!" were published. They became at once universally popular; and, with the true instinct of popularity, he put them in the form of negro melodies, in which every body delighted. At first he was careless of the pecuniary profit of his songs; but at last the commissions paid him on "Old Folks at Home" alone was more than fifteen thousand dollars. For the last three years he lived in the city of New York, and died here at the beginning of this year.

Surely his name should not be forgotten by those who are glad to remember the poets of one poem. The air is full of his melodies. They are whistled, and sung, and played on all instruments every where. Their simple pathos touches every heart. They are our national music.

Editor's Drawer.

From Eastern Massachusetts we have the following:

A few years since a traveling geologist lectured in our town, and in one of his discourses dwelt at some length on the theory "that the peculiarity of New England, in having so many rocks and stones on and in her soil, was owing to icebergs from northern climes containing them, which, when driven into the warmer waters then covering our region, melted and deposited their freight in such profusion over the hills and valleys."

A few days after I happened to call on an old farmer friend, whom I found engaged in picking up stones from a field almost covered with them.

"Well, Eben," said I, "what do you think of the theory that all these rocks came from the north in icebergs?"

"Don't know," said Eben, slowly straightening up, with a stone in each hand. "May be true; but, if 'tis, must ha' been a mighty warm season when they went over *my* farm!"

The firm by whom I am employed have occasion yearly to distribute a large number of pamphlets throughout the cities and towns of the land. Some few years since they took a man named Peter from their manufactory, and sent him to distribute through Lawrence, Gloucester, and Newburyport. Those for Newburyport had not been shipped when Peter left; but while he was in Gloucester they were sent forward to his address, with a letter of advice, in which the clerk (who wrote rather a flowery hand) told Peter to "give to them judicious distribution"—inadvertently omitting, however, the word "them."

A day or two after in walked Peter, to the surprise of all. "Why, Peter," said Mr. M——, "you are smart; have you got through so soon?"

"No, Mr. M——, I haven't. The fact is, I've looked through and through the Directory; I've inquired of every body; and I even went to the court-house and looked over the tax-list, and there ain't such a *man* living in Newburyport as *Judicious Distribution!*"

An officer in the navy writes to us:

I see that an occasional good thing from the blockade reaches the Drawer, and as I know it would delight Sam to get in print, you may put him there if you choose. Sam is our ward-room steward; and, not content with being the prince of stewards, he occasionally does a stroke of business in the money-lending way among the men. The other day one of the men on the sick-list borrowed some money of Sam, which coming to the ears of the officers, some of them took him to task about it. "Sam," said the Paymaster, "how much interest did you charge?" "Not much, Sir," said Sam. "Well, how much?—twenty per cent.?" "Oh dear, no, Sir." "Fifteen?" "No, indeed, Sir." "Ten?" "No, no." "Well, five, then?" "Good gracious, Sir!" exclaimed Sam, in holy horror, "do you take me for a Skylark?" [Shylock, he probably meant.] "Well, then, how much did you charge?" asked the Paymaster. "Well, Sir, I tells you: I lef him have five dollars for tree days, and I only charged him two dollars and a half fo interest!"

"Sam, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the Paymaster, "you are a Shylock."

"But think of de risk, Sir," said Sam, in extenuation; "think of de risk. Why, de man was in de doctor's hands!"

The laugh that followed at the expense of our worthy surgeon may be imagined, not described.

The other morning I was hurrying down to the wharf, in order to get on board before quarters, when I saw a drunken sailor trying to induce a shore-boatman to take him off.

"Have you any money?" said the wily boatman.

"Money—money, you fool!" said Jack, in a tone of most supreme contempt. "If I had money, what the deuce would I be going aboard ship for?"

A SURGEON in the army writes to the Drawer, and tells a story that has already been told of another General, but it is very fair, nevertheless:

Within reach of Taylor's, Delmonico's, and such ilk, you may not be aware that the cuisine of a Mississippi steamer is not to be compared to those places—quite—but it is really so. Riding here we "pays our money and takes our choice" of hard tack, boiled beans, hog and hominy. Coming up the river a few days since, in one of these river *palaces*, I witnessed the following scene. The boat was filled with passengers, and among them large numbers of furloughed soldiers and officers on leave. The dinner-hour approached, and the long tables were covered with all their wealth of ware and poverty of provisions. The sounding gong brought the crowd, and among them a tall sergeant, evidently, from the condition of his wardrobe, not long since relieved from duty in the field and trenches. All were seated, and in silent expectation awaited the coming of the soup, when the sergeant, slowly pushing back his chair, rose to his full height, and taking his most soldierly attitude, made the usual salute for a general officer, at the same time exclaiming, "I'll be darned if I thought there was any thing in this department bigger than General Grant; but if that butter don't outrank old Unconditional Surrender by a great sight, then I'll never draw trigger on another reb!"

ABEL PERKINS, of S——, had a spite against Squire B——, of the same town. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the Squire was a mean man. "*Mean!*" said Abel; "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat."

WHILE traveling in the Granite State some years since, during an exceedingly heavy fall of snow, I was hailed from a house beside the road, and informed that I could not possibly get through the drifts to the next village, and, upon expressing a determination to try, was requested to inform Mr. W——, some mile or so beyond, that Mr. F——, one of the occupants of the house, died last night.

After several hours consumed in riding, walking, and treading snow, I duly arrived at Mr. W——'s, and, after procuring the assistance of his cattle to help me through a large drift, informed them of the loss of their neighbor the previous night.

Mr. W—— was quite inclined to be reconciled to the loss, explaining that Mr. F—— had been a shiftless sort of fellow, quite intemperate at times, and occasionally very cruel to his wife and family; whereupon Mrs. W—— remarked, that although that was very true, she did not doubt that Mrs. F—— would feel very sorry to bury him; and Mr. W——, looking out of the window at the huge drifts of snow that surrounded the house, and the large flakes that still continued to fall, said, "Yes, yes; who wouldn't feel bad to have to bury any one such goin' as this is?"

ONE of our many readers among the lawyers in Central New York writes:

At a term of the Supreme Court recently held by Judge G—— in Alleghany County, New York, a noted lawyer, K——, from an adjoining county, was in attendance to argue a motion. Mr. K——, the lawyer, was possessed of a very large and fierce-looking mustache, and in which he took especial pride. It was the first day of the term, and business was not very pressing. After the motion was heard, and decided in favor of K——, Judge G—— turned to the session justices who were associated with him on the bench, and after conversing in a low tone with them for a moment he turned and addressed Mr. K—— (who arose upon hearing the Court call his name), saying, "Mr. K——, the Court has thought proper to grant your motion, and you can now return to Livingston County; but before you go, upon consultation with my associates, we have thought best to give you a little good advice [K—— here bowed], which is, that after you arrive at home and transact all of the business which has accumulated in your absence while at this term, that the first hard work you do be to kill that big red caterpillar on your upper lip." It is needless to say that the Judge "brought down the house," in which he was heartily joined by the laugh of K——.

A SOLDIER at Newport News writes to the Drawer:

Ed Morton plays the violin, and always carries it with him to beguile the weariness of camp-life. Charley Foster is his tent-mate, who, having discovered a slight down on his chin, is endeavoring to coax it forward by frequent applications of the razor. The other day he was boasting of a cake of fine shaving soap he had recently found. He said he had used it twice, and it was tip-top; and offered to lend it to Ed. The soap was produced, when Ed suddenly exclaimed, "Why, if there ain't my resin, that I have looked for more than a week!" There was soap enough in the brush to make what little lather was necessary for Charley's beard, so he had not discovered the mistake.

CHILDREN and fools speak the truth, as the following incident helps to show:

I, with several others, was taking tea with a lady friend. The conversation turned upon intemperance. The lady expressed her abhorrence of the habit, and was very proud to say that her husband had never been under the influence of liquor. The lady's son, a little four-year-old, sitting at the foot of the table, upon hearing this assertion, and wishing to refresh his mother's memory, called out, "Oh, ma! don't you remember when pa came home drunk, and you wouldn't sleep with him?" The effect may be imagined. Thirteen-inch shells were tame in comparison.

A CORRESPONDENT in Jefferson County sends us the following, from the *Union:*

Mrs. X——, who resides in our Senatorial district, had a neighbor who was represented to be quarrelsome in his family, making his home any thing but a pleasant abode. She, however, having heard that his wife was a good deal of a vixen, thought that the wife might be blamed for the unpleasant state of affairs in the household. So, full of charity and the doctrines of the law of kindness, Mrs. X—— visited her neighbor's house, with the benevolent intent of reconciling the differences existing there, and addressed the better half something in this style: "Now you know," said she, "how much pleasanter it would be if you and your husband would live together without quarreling; both you and your children would be happier; and instead of being a re-

proach to the neighborhood, you might become honored members of society. And it may be," she continued, "you are not altogether blameless in this matter. Suppose you try and see what the law of kindness practiced toward your husband will do in effecting a reconciliation. It certainly can do no harm, and you may succeed in touching the tender chords of his heart, and he may renew his old affection. Try it," she urged, "and if you do not succeed you will at least heap coals of fire on his head," and so on.

All this was listened to, when this reply was made:

"I don't know about your coals of fire; *I've tried biling hot water, and it didn't do a bit of good!*"

From Salem, Massachusetts, the Drawer has this sketch of General Butler at the bar:

Perhaps a few incidents which came under my own observation with regard to that wonderful man, General Ben Butler, when he was a practicing lawyer at the Massachusetts bar, may not be unseasonable for the Drawer. One of the very last cases in which that distinguished advocate, Rufus Choate, appeared, was for the prosecution of a railroad for damages in the loss of limb of his client. Associated with him were D—— and L——, two others of the leaders of our bar. The three together made up a trio of legal ability of the very highest order. While for the defense stood Ben, single-handed, and apparently inattentive to the progress of the trial. He took no notes, but a little occurrence soon brought him to his feet, and proved that he was awake and at his post. A question had been asked a witness, the answer to which seemed to damage the plaintiff's prospects. One of the trio, in apparently a by-play to his associates, gave a slight groan of incredulity, doubtless intended for effect on the jury. In an instant up sprang the vigilant Ben.

"Stop! stop! stop!" cried he, in his impetuous way, to the witness.

"What is the matter, Mr. Butler?" asks the judge, taken by surprise at the interruption.

"May it please your Honor," replies the imperturbable advocate, in the blandest of accents, "my brother L—— is taken suddenly ill. Did you not hear him groan just now? The Court might like to take a short recess, I thought."

"Proceed with the examination of the witness. Let there be no more interruption," says the Judge. But the object of the interruption was accomplished: the effect, or intended effect, of the enemy's gun was neutralized.

Mr. Butler being for the defense, of course had to address the jury first, in the closing arguments. His analysis of the special characteristics of his three opponents was acute and discriminating. To each of them he ascribed the highest of tact and talent in his own department. But to his brother Choate he gave more than common encomium. "He it was," said he, "who is retained in every great case, to lend to it the power of his rare abilities to obtain a verdict. Such, gentlemen of the jury, is the charm of his eloquence that he has only to wave over you his magic wand, and you are so completely mesmerized by his will that you will say black is white, and white black, if he only says it is so. You are wholly under the bewitching influence of his eloquence, and are led by it whithersoever he chooses to lead you. You start, gentlemen; you brace yourself back with a determined air, as if to say, however it may be with others, you are proof against his blandishments. Ah, gentlemen, little do you know the power of the spell that will soon be upon you! I have myself seen it in so many instances that I speak with confidence and certainty on this point." And so he went on to depict the *Choatean* style of eloquence, with a slight allusion to the famous somnambulist line of defense in the Tyrrell case, till he had succeeded in fortifying the jury against the last words—always the most potent—of the closing argument.

Mr. Choate arose, evidently not in good health, pale and emaciated, the deep lines of his classic face tremulous with emotion, and in his very exordium complained bitterly and earnestly of the injustice done him by the caricature drawn so wantonly and maliciously by the counsel for the defense, asserting over and over that he was a far different man, and his eloquence—such as he had—far different from that attempted to be fastened on him; that, in short, he was a plain-spoken man, accustomed to use only such common sense as his Maker had given him, and such a presentation of the facts in any case as the testimony warranted. He then proceeded to verify his assertion by a corresponding style of eloquence and argument, entirely unusual with him, and only feebly, for him, put the case to the jury. The damaging effect of Butler's novel tactics was evident from beginning to end; and the jury did not agree upon a verdict, which was equivalent to one for Butler's clients.

Samson had a particular friend named Berry M——. They were in the habit of visiting "the store" at C——'s Mills, and after imbibing pretty freely, would fill their bottles with the whisky of the brand appropriately, if not elegantly, termed "rot-gut," "red-eye," and other fancy names indicative of its effects on the human frame. One failing Berry had, in the eyes of his friend, and it was the subject of much friendly remonstrance on Samson's part—he would put water in his liquor, instead of taking it "reverent." One cold afternoon they left pretty well "sot up," and started for their homes, but turned out of the road about a mile from the store, and lay down in the woods to sleep. During the night a slight snow fell, and the weather became intensely cold. In the morning they were found. Berry was dead; but Samson was, after some hours of rubbing, brought to a condition to understand what had happened. Raising himself up, he gazed at the body of poor Berry, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "There! I knowed how it would be! I told him not to put so much water in his liquor; now it's frozed in his stomach and killed him!"

An officer in our army at Morris Island sends two very good anecdotes to the Drawer:

When timber in drying decreases in size, it is said, in the language of the "poor white trash" of a certain district in Dixie, to have "swaged"—a corruption, I suppose, of *assuaged*. Well, Uncle Samson, a queer character even among that collection of oddities, was employed to get out a thousand shingles, the timber to be cut on the estate of his employer. In due time the shingles were delivered, and not being wanted immediately lay in the sun for several days, and as the timber was green, no doubt each individual shingle decreased somewhat in size. When they came to be used it was found that, instead of a thousand, there were but about eight hundred of them. Samson was called on to

explain: he had been paid for a thousand, and how was it that there were but eight hundred? "Wa'al," he answered, with the usual drawling accent of his class, increased by his perplexity to account for what was evidently an attempt to cheat—"Wa'al, I dunno, Cap'n, 'cept it wur on account o' the greenness o' the timber; you see they must ha' 'swaged!'"

THE "Swamp Angel" is now of world-wide celebrity; and the following is well known in the army, but I have not yet seen it in print:

An officer charged with the work complained to Colonel —— that it was impossible to construct the battery, on account of the depth of the mud. "But it must be done," was the answer; "make requisition for any thing you want in the way of force and material, but the work *must* be done!" The subordinate retired, and sent in a requisition for what he thought necessary, and among the items was one for "*twenty-five men, twenty feet long*, to work in mud eighteen feet deep!" The requisition was not filled.

THE following occurred "out West."

Constable W——, of N——, was frequently a witness, and much in the habit of using big words, among which was "I predicate;" whereupon he was generally known as "Old Predicate." One day, in the Common Pleas Court of his county, he had given testimony not well relished by Lawyer E——, counsel on the opposite side of the case. Lawyer E—— interrogated the constable: "Mr. Constable, on what do you *predicate* your testimony?" The constable replied, drawing himself up to his full dignity, "Squire E——, I am willing to answer your question; but, Sir, you have just looked up to me with a *sly sneer* of *sarcastic usurpation* that I do not at all admire!"

AN old friend in New Hampshire tells a long yarn, but a very pleasant one, about his aunt:

Some years since I visited an antiquated maiden aunt of mine, whose worst trouble in this life was that she suffered severely at times from lumbago, and whose worst faults were extreme inquisitiveness and loquacity (which certain base defamers of the sex would have us believe are nothing uncommon).

One day about noon a stranger drove up to the house, and as it was in a sparsely-settled portion of the country, with no public house within many miles, craved a dinner for himself and horse. This was instantly granted, for nothing in the world suited Aunt E—— so much as to have a stranger to talk to; and besides the self-gratification it afforded her she really was possessed of a kind and benevolent heart, and her hospitality was unbounded. But whoever partook of its bountifulness, if they were strangers to her, were invariably obliged to endure a sharp running fire of skillfully-put questions, until the old lady's curiosity was satisfied, and she had ascertained not only who they were, but their occupation, their present business, and their family pedigree—for she was, in fact, a walking "table of descent" of every body she knew. The gentleman seated by the table, and Aunt E—— by the stove, busily engaged with her knitting, the latter began:

"You are from L——, I presume?" (This was a town some ten miles distant.)

"No," returned the gentleman; "I reside in C——."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Aunt E——. "Then you must be acquainted with the Joneses—Sam Jones? He married a niece of old Squire Patterson's, who lives only about three miles from here. She was the Squire's youngest sister's—B'lindy Patterson—third child. B'lindy married Eben Peabody, whose father was Benjamin Peabody, and he was the son of old Isaac Peabody, what fit in the Revolution war. And then Ben Peabody was related to the Salem Peabodys, and third or fourth cousin to that Peabody that went to England and got so 'mazin' rich."

The gentleman assured her that he was well acquainted with Mr. Jones, and frequently had business transactions with him.

"You in the same bizness as Mr. Jones?" queried Aunt E——.

"No, I think not," said the gentleman, looking a little amused.

"Mr. Jones is a shoemaker," continued Aunt E——, somewhat nervously. "Then you ain't in that bizness?" said she, evidently pondering deeply as to what way she should commence a fresh assault. The gentleman, perceiving her dilemma, politely handed her his card, which read, "Jason Jenks, General Commission Merchant."

"Ah!" said Aunt E——, reflectively—not quite understanding what a General Commission Merchant could be. "My brother John," she continued, "had a commission as Fife Major in the Lafayette Blues; but I never thought he bought it, and I know he told me Cap'n Stone gave it to him, and—"

A merry twinkle in Mr. Jenks's eyes arrested her attention, and it was evident that the attempt to suppress his risibles was somewhat painful; but he immediately explained to the good lady the nature of the duties of a commission merchant, much to Aunt E——'s relief. "For example," said Mr. Jenks, in conclusion, "I am now on my way to P——, to contract for a quantity of plumbago, to supply a large firm in New York, for doing which I shall get a certain per cent. upon the cost of the whole, which will be my commission for transacting the business."

Aunt E——'s eyes dilated to their utmost capacity; she appeared breathless, and almost thunderstruck with astonishment.

"What on arth," she exclaimed, as soon as she found breath sufficient for the purpose, "can any body on a large *farm* in New York want of that terrible *lumbago?* Why I've had it myself these six years, and suffered more than tongue can tell; and I'd give my best yoke of oxen to git rid of the pesky thing!"

If, as it is said, laughter promotes digestion, it is to be presumed that Mr. Jenks felt no inconvenience from that dinner at least.

NOT long since the —th Kentucky Cavalry was mustered out of the service of the United States, and many of the officers, whose accounts "won't balance," have not yet been paid, the hitch being with the Ordnance Bureau.

Some three or four of them were together not long since, when a certain Captain exclaimed, "Blame that *bureau!* I'd just like to be one of three or four men to go to Washington and throw the pesky thing out of the window!"

FROM Arkansas we have the following item, for the truth of which our correspondent vouches:

A bright little contraband girl was received within our lines at this point last summer, and, on account of some very pleasing qualities, was permitted to remain at the head-quarters of one of the regiments. She received a rebuke from the Chaplain

one Sunday morning for washing her doll-dresses, who remarked that it was wicked to do unnecessary washing on Sunday. She put away her washing, and presently returned to the Chaplain's presence; who now noticed that her face was dirty, and sent her out to wash it. She started to perform the ablution; but presently the door was opened very softly, and her little head thrust in. "Chaplain," she says, "Ise afraid the devil get me if I washes my face on Sunday."

Out in Nebraska Territory a Drawer lover writes: As I have been in the army for over two years, and at the present time am serving out my third enlistment, I have had many chances of seeing and hearing amusing little camp adventures. Being always glad to see the *Monthly* at any time or any place, and being, like all other printers of my acquaintance, as "poor as a church mouse," I am not able at present to subscribe for it; but next pay-day shall see me a subscriber, with many more of our camp. Having contributed once before to the Drawer, I send you another:

While our company were guarding the bridges near Lawson's Station, on the Iron Mountain and St. Louis Railroad, in the spring and summer of '61, we, having been in the service but a short time, were what old soldiers call "raw." We were detached from the regiment, and having never been in service before, and a great many of us having seen our first soldiers in St. Louis, our readers can very naturally infer that we were "raw." We received orders, a short time after taking charge of that section of the road, to drill. Now our captain, a large, corpulent man, was also "raw," and having never once thought of procuring a copy of "Hardee," was in a quandary as to how he should proceed. In compliance with the above-mentioned order he paraded the company, and proceeded to invent a series of tactics of his own, beginning with:

"Now, boys, the first thing to be did is to 'shoulder arms,' and you must know beforehand what the order means. 'Shoul' means, grab your gun with your left hand; 'der' means up; and 'arms' means to put your left arm by your side, quick." (Order promptly executed, "soldierly.")

"The next thing to be did is to 'order arms.' 'Or' means, take hold of your gun with your left hand; 'der' means down; and—"

"Hold on, Cap," said one of the boys; "you said just a moment ago that 'der' meant up."

The Captain turned red, white, and blue by turns, and at length broke out with:

"Sergeant P——, take that man to the guard-house, and keep him there;" adding, "What does *he* know about soldiers?"

The next mail brought a copy of "Hardee's Infantry Tactics," and the unfeeling wag was liberated.

From California a correspondent sends us the most remarkable legal decision on record, and justly considers it important to have the case reported in the Drawer:

Two years ago, during the season of avalanches, Tom Rust's ranch slid down from the mountain-side and pretty nearly covered a ranch belonging to Dick Sides. Some of the boys in Carson persuaded Sides to bring suit in a referee's court for the recovery of his ranch; which Mr. S. did, alleging that Rust now claimed the surface of the ground as his own, although he freely admitted that the ranch underneath it belonged to Sides, who, it grieved him to reflect, would probably never see his property again. The court-room was crowded. The Judge-Referee presided with a grave dignity in keeping with his lofty position; the sheriff guarded the sacred precinct of the court from disturbance and indecorum with exaggerated vigilance. The witnesses were examined, and all the evidence of any value went in favor of Sides. His counsel, General Bunker, made a ponderous speech of two hours in length; the opposing counsel replied; and the case went to the Judge. He said: "Gentlemen, I have listened with profound interest to the arguments of the counsel in this important case; and while I admit that the reasonings of the distinguished gentleman who appeared for the plaintiff were almost resistless, and that all the law and evidence adduced are in favor of his client, yet considerations of a more sacred and exalted nature than these compel me to decide for the defendant, and to decree that the property remain in his possession. The Almighty created the earth and all that is in it, and who shall presume to dictate to Him the disposition of His handiwork? If He saw that defendant's ranch was too high up on the hill, and chose, in His infinite wisdom, to move it down to a more eligible location, albeit to the detriment of the plaintiff and his ranch, it is meet that we bow in humble submission to His will, without inquiring into His motives or questioning His authority. My verdict therefore is, gentlemen, that the plaintiff, Sides, has lost his ranch by the dispensation of God." The crowd of spectators, defying the sheriff, shook the house with laughter. Bunker asked to appeal the case. The great Judge frowned upon him with severe dignity for a moment, and then replied, solemnly, that there was no appeal from the decision of the Lord. The only resource was the privilege, if the defendant would give his consent, of either removing Rust's ranch, or digging his own out from under it.

A lady in Iowa writes to the Drawer on this wise: Out here in the village of Middletown resides a Scotch Presbyterian minister, with his wife of the Irish persuasion. She was walking over to Burlington, and one of the farmers, overtaking her, took her into his wagon. They chanced to speak of Mr. Jones, the leading man in the congregation, who is so conceited and opinionated that he is not popular with the people. This self-importance is known here familiarly as the "big head." And when the minister's wife spoke of Mr. Jones the farmer remarked that Mr. Jones was very much afflicted with "big head"—a name which she had never heard applied to any disease before. She told her husband of it when she went home, and they lost no time before calling on the poor invalid. To their surprise they found him all right, in the midst of his family, and his head no larger than usual. They could not conceal their surprise, and the minister's wife exclaimed, "Why Mr. Punt, who took me to Burlington this morning, told me you were very bad with the 'big head!'"

Jones understood the word, and promised himself the pleasure of making Punt sorry for the slander.

One of our friends in the Eastward sends a story of old times:

Squire U—— was a member of Congress from our district during Jefferson's administration, and once, while journeying in the stage-coach to the capital, fell in company with John Holmes, a Representative from a neighboring district in Maine.

Holmes was a strong Jeffersonian, and for the entertainment of the passengers Squire U—— said he would tell them a story about Holmes's constituents:

"A young man, traveling with a pack slung over his shoulder, arrived one Saturday night at a tavern in Holmes's district, and inquired if there was a school in town where a teacher was wanted. The tavern-keeper replied: 'Well, yes. I suppose I am the committeeman here, and I suppose we want a master. If you can pass examination I've no objection to hire you.' It was arranged that on Monday morning the young man should be examined, and if he passed, school should begin immediately. Monday morning came, and the host commenced the examination with the question,

"'Who is the greatest man ever created?'

"'Thomas Jefferson,' was the prompt reply.

"'Who is the next greatest man ever created?'

"'John Holmes.'

"'Enough. Sal, examine him in grammar. If he knows grammar he shall have the school.'"

A BLOCK of houses was recently burned in San Francisco, and the reporter relates the circumstance in a long column of matter. One paragraph is interesting, as an evidence of his ingenuity in making much out of little:

"Fierce tongues of flame reached out and licked the front of the block on Davis Street, as an anaconda licks a kid before swallowing it, or as a tiger mouths a man. The conflagration shone out against the dark back-ground like the kindling of a thousand battle-lights. Far out on the bay it cast its glare, showing the masts of the shipping at wharf and at anchor, standing like tapers ready to be lit, and throwing a reflection upon the slanting sides of the hills which made them look like sheeted ghosts trembling in the dawn of a red *dies iræ*."

IN country villages it is frequently necessary for people who are called to mourn their dead to borrow mourning apparel in which to attend the funeral, the facilities for purchasing and making-up not being at hand.

Such an instance occurred in Central Michigan; and, with other things, a kind neighbor lent the bereaved husband *a watch*. He had evidently never carried one before, and consulted it with alarming frequency during the funeral services and on the way to the grave. Having arrived there, he stood with it in his hand as the coffin was slowly lowered out of sight; and as the first dust sought its kindred dust, his feelings found utterance with, "Well, they chucked her under at jest twenty minutes arter three!"

AN officer in the Army of the Cumberland writes to the Drawer:

In July last, when the Army of the Cumberland was at Winchester, Tennessee, I had the fortune to go out in the country with a foraging expedition. Our guide was the blackest of the black, and the first place he led us to was to the house of his former master. Riding up the lawn and dismounting, the first sound that greeted us was:

"Well, there's Jim! Oh, Jim, how could you leave us, when we have always treated you so kindly? Didn't you always say that you loved us dearly?"

Jim straightens himself up, and goes up to the porch of the house, and replies, "Yes, missus, I always lub you, and lub you now a heap; but really, missus, I lub myself a heap better."

Even the good old lady could not help smiling; and Jim conducted the party over the grounds where he had so many years been a slave with as much pride as if he was its real owner.

Jim remained with us for some time. During the advance toward Bridgeport a heavy artillery skirmish was had, and Jim was not seen for a whole day. At night, when he came up, we asked him where he had been. He rolled his large eyes in his head, and said, "Oh! massa, I heard something coming through the air, saying, 'Whar's dat nigger? whar's dat nigger? whar's dat nigger?' and putty soon dat ting busted, and little debils went skirmishing all round arter dis nigger, and I run away!"

Those persons who have heard shells come whizzing through the air will readily see that Jim's description of them is perfect.

A FRIEND in the 107th New York Volunteers sends us the following:

On the Antietam campaign of 1862 General Gordon commanded our brigade. Now the General was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. While on the march one of the 107th got ahead of the brigade, when the General halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned around, stared at General G. with a bold, saucy look, and replied,

"Who are you?"

"I am General Gordon, commanding Third Brigade."

"Ah, General, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!" was the complacent answer; and the soldier proceeded on his way, encouraged by a roar of laughter from the General's staff.

THE following incident is vouched for as literally true by gentlemen who were present on the solemn occasion referred to:

A few years ago a small manufacturing village in Berkshire, Massachusetts, had attained a sufficient degree of prosperity to build a church (having heretofore held occasional religious services in their small and only school-house), and a man named Walton—one of those good-natured, universally-useful men to be found in every small village—was appointed "to take care of the church."

Soon after the opening of the edifice a funeral was held there, and Walton was bustling about in conscious dignity of the prominence of his position until the sad services were terminated, and, as is customary in that part of the country at least, the face of the departed dead was to be exposed to the last look of friends and acquaintances. Walton took his stand by the coffin, and made the announcement, in a clear and distinct voice, as follows: "*The ordinance will please hold on while the corpse are opened!*"

How humor comes out even on the battle-field:

A Prussian, named Kuhn, belonging to our battery, makes us laugh sometimes. At Gettysburg he "captered" a straggler who was attempting to pass to the rear through the cemetery, where the battery was stationed, and demanded, "Where you go? You wounded?" "Yes," answered the dough-boy, showing some blood on his sleeve, in which Kuhn noticed there was no hole. "You bees a liar!" exclaimed Kuhn. "You rub it on a det horse. You bees a coward! You goes pack to your regiment, and vights vot you gits paid for!" Kuhn enforced the advice vigorously with a strap, and the man went back.



IN THE "LECTURE ROOM," AT THE MUSEUM.



JUVENILE TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

EMMA. "Now Fred, remember. I'm the Charming Young Lady, in love with Tommy; Gus is Papa, who won't give his consent, because Tommy is poor; Clara is Mamma, just come in from a walk, and you are the Rich Old Uncle, who is going to give me a Million Dollars."



The Children are having a jolly Party in the Nursery above--



While Uncle George, in his Study below, is trying to prepare his Great Speech,

Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2—Home Dress and Child's Pardessus.



FIGURE 3.—DINNER TOILET.

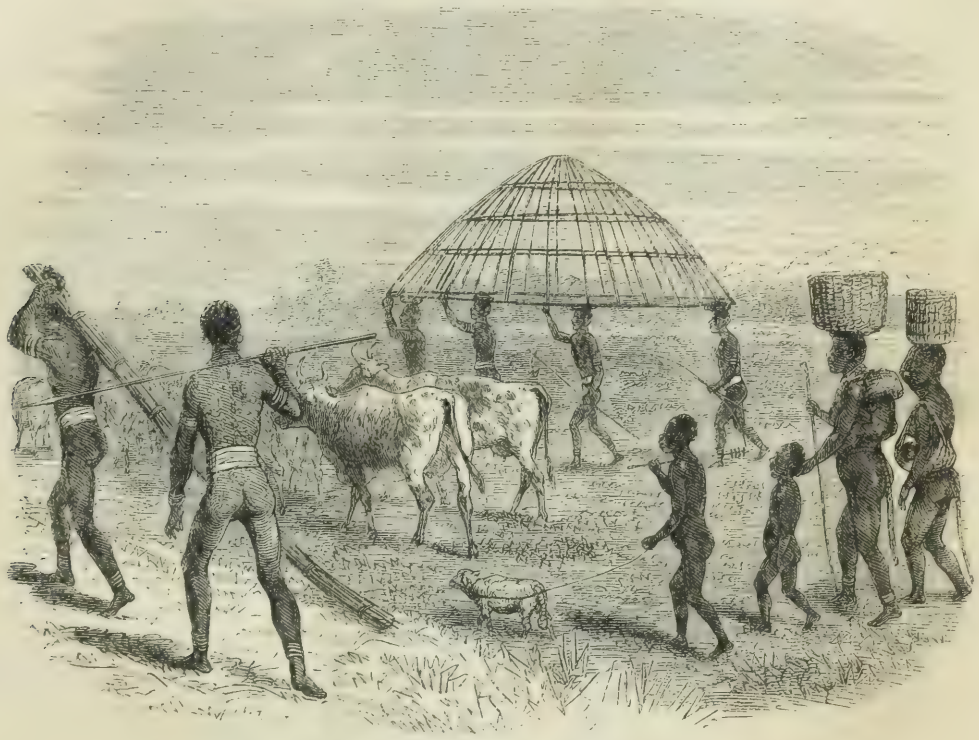
THE HOME DRESS is of plain poplin or of plaided goods. The sleeves, which are puffed at the shoulders, are crossed with chenille, which disposes them in lozenges; the corsage being trimmed in a similar manner. The sleeves are ruffled at the cuffs.

The CHILD'S PARDESSUS is composed of gray cloth, with taffeta forming the front and outside of the sleeves.

The DINNER TOILET is of mouse-colored *moire antique*. The corsage is open, and the dress ornamented with black lace.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXVII.—APRIL, 1864.—Vol. XXVIII.



REMOVING AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.*

THE one great remaining problem of African geography has been solved. The questions,

"O Father Nile, who thy cause can tell?
Or in what lands thy fountains well?"

which the Roman poet asked fifteen hundred years ago, echoing the inquiries of a thousand years before, have been answered, and in this answer is involved the solution of the mystery of the interior of the African continent.

All that was known of the sacred river of Egypt up to a century ago can be told in a few words. For 1500 miles it poured its vast volume of waters almost due northward through a narrow valley, without receiving a single affluent with water enough to slake the thirst of a weary traveler; and yet so copious are the sources from which it is fed that, notwithstanding the evaporation caused by an almost cloudless sun, the myriads of rude engines which lift the water from its bed, and the hundreds of canals that, supplied by its bounty, irrigate the lower Delta, it suffers no apparent diminution. At regular periods, which could be calculated almost to a day, the great river began to rise—not in a sudden freshet, but slowly and gradually, filling its banks, transforming the valley into a lake, and then as slowly retired, leaving behind a sediment which converted a region which would otherwise have been a desert into the garden of the world. "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," said the Father of History twenty-one centuries ago. A miracle was resorted to in explanation of this. A drop of water, it was said, falling upon a rock far away in the unknown interior swelled into this mighty overflow.

In course of centuries it was found that at Khartoum, 1500 miles from its mouth, the Nile was formed by two great affluents: the *Bahr-el-Azreek*, or "Blue River," flowing northwestward from Abyssinia, and the *Bahr-el-Abiad*, or "White River," flowing northeastward from the unknown interior. Both are great streams, but the Blue River, having the wider mouth, was for a long time considered the main Nile, the White River being a tributary. So though

* *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.* By John Hanning Speke. With Portrait, Maps, and numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Bruce, when, almost a century ago, he attempted to solve the mystery of the Nile. The passage in which he describes how he ran barefoot down the hill to the spring, the undoubted source of the Blue River, is one of the most affecting in all records of explorers. It is easier, he says, to guess than to describe the situation of my mind, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted the discovery at the head of armies. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for ages to any man who would achieve what he had done. "Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies, and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place where I stood—the object of my vain-glory—suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph."

The triumph was incomplete as well as short-lived, though Bruce never knew it. The Blue River is but a feeble affluent of the White. If the River of Egypt depended only upon it for water, its bed would be dry, except in flood-time, long before the sea was reached.

In 1840 Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, sent a large expedition to explore the course of the White Nile. This was accompanied by several European savans, one of whom, M. Werne, published an account of it. According to this account the expedition went as far south as to within 3½ degrees from the equator, and then turned back on account of the shallowness of the water. Captain Speke, upon what we think insufficient grounds, discredits this statement. He followed the river down from a point, as we shall see, much farther south, and found no deficiency in water. The account of the Egyptian expedition is, however, too minute and circumstantial to warrant us in believing it a fabrication; while Speke's statement is also doubtless true. The explanation which we suggest to reconcile them is, that the Egyptian expedition turned off from the main stream and went up one of its branches, running from the westward. At all events, the expedition failed to discover the sources of the White River, or true Nile, and could only locate it conjecturally in two or more streams "flowing from the mountains of the Kombirat, on the equator or half a degree south of it." The maps published in the best atlases attempt to reconcile the various statements, but for all practical purposes they are worse than useless.

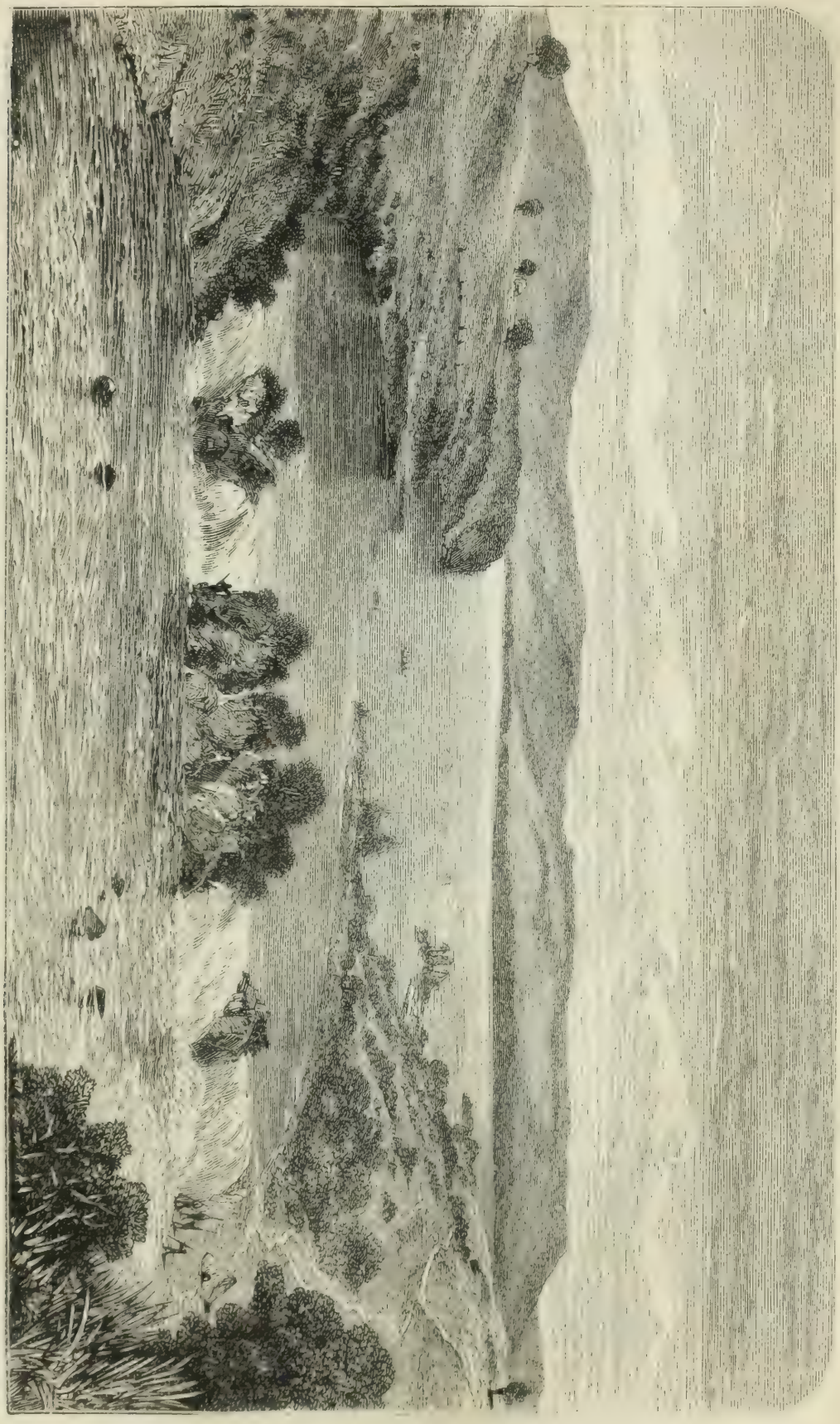
To Captain Speke belongs, beyond all question, the honor of having discovered the true origin of the main branch of the Nile—which is the Nile itself. Of Captain Speke personally we know less than we wish. He is a captain in the British Indian army. The portrait prefixed to his book shows him to be in the prime of life—between 30 and 40 years, apparently. He accompanied Captain Burton in his exploration of the Lake Regions of Central Africa, in 1857–59. Burton, judging from his own account of this expedition, was a most uncomfortable man to get along with. He quarreled with every body, from his servants up to his Government. He appears to have had a special dislike to Speke There is hardly a chapter in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," from Preface to Appendix, in which Speke is not mentioned or alluded to unfavorably: He knew no French or Arabic, and little of science; he was a "companion," "unfit for any other but a subordinate capacity." He gets sick more than once; has a fever, a liver complaint, ophthalmia; takes a knife to prod a beetle which has crept into his ear, and injures his hearing; goes off on an exploring expedition, and "returns moist and mildewed, and nothing done;" and so on, paragraph after paragraph. In a word, Speke can do nothing which Burton does not think ridiculous.

Burton's scorn culminates on the 25th of August, 1858. On that day Speke returned from an expedition upon which he had been sent six weeks before, "because," according to Burton, "he was a fit person to be dispatched upon this duty; moreover his presence at Kazeh was by no means desirable." The object of this expedition was to find out something about a certain Lake N'yanza, which had been reported to be a considerable body of water. Burton's account of the meeting is worth quoting in full:

> "At length my companion had been successful, his 'flying trip' had led him to the northern water, and he had found its dimensions surpassing our most sanguine expectations. We had scarcely, however, breakfasted before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps; the moment he sighted the N'yanza he felt at once no doubt but that the 'lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers.' The fortunate discoverer's conviction was strong; his reasons were weak—were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favor of the 'lovely gentleman,' Sir Proteus:
>
> 'I have no other but a woman's reason,
> I think him so because I think him so.'"

Burton goes on to tell what these reasons were, and according to his representation they were feeble enough. He then proceeds to prove quite satisfactorily to himself—writing in 1858—that it was morally and physically impossible that Lake N'yanza could be the source of the White Nile. It would be curious to inquire whether, now that Speke has so triumphantly proved his opinion to be correct, Burton is quite as well satisfied with his demonstration, even backed up as it was by the dictum of "Mr. Macqueen, F.R.G.S."

The motive for Burton's persistent deprecation of Speke is doubtless to be found in the fact that Speke published in *Blackwood's Magazine* an account of his explorations before Burton had prepared his book. As head of the expedition he wished for the honor arising from it; but his "companion" and "subordinate" had not only performed the one great thing which the expedition had achieved, but had put it before the world in a form which men read and noted, though Burton, when the papers



"RIPON FALLS," WHERE THE NILE FLOWING OUT OF LAKE N'YANZA, "LEAPS OVER THE STONES."

reached him in Africa, consoled himself "by supplying certain deficiencies as regards orthography and syntax" which he discovered in the account. In the preface to his "Lake Regions" he sums up his grievances thus:

"During the exploration he [Captain Speke] acted in a subordinate capacity; and, as may be imagined, among a party of Arabs, Baloch, and Africans, whose language he ignored, he was unfit for any other but a subordinate capacity. Can I then feel otherwise than indignant, when I find that, after preceding me from Aden to England with the spontaneous offer, on his part, of not appearing before the Society that originated the expedition until my return, he had lost no time in taking measures to secure

for himself the right of working the field which I had opened, and from that day he has placed himself *en evidence* as the *primum mobile* of an expedition in which he signed himself 'surveyor'—*cujus pars minimum fuit.*"

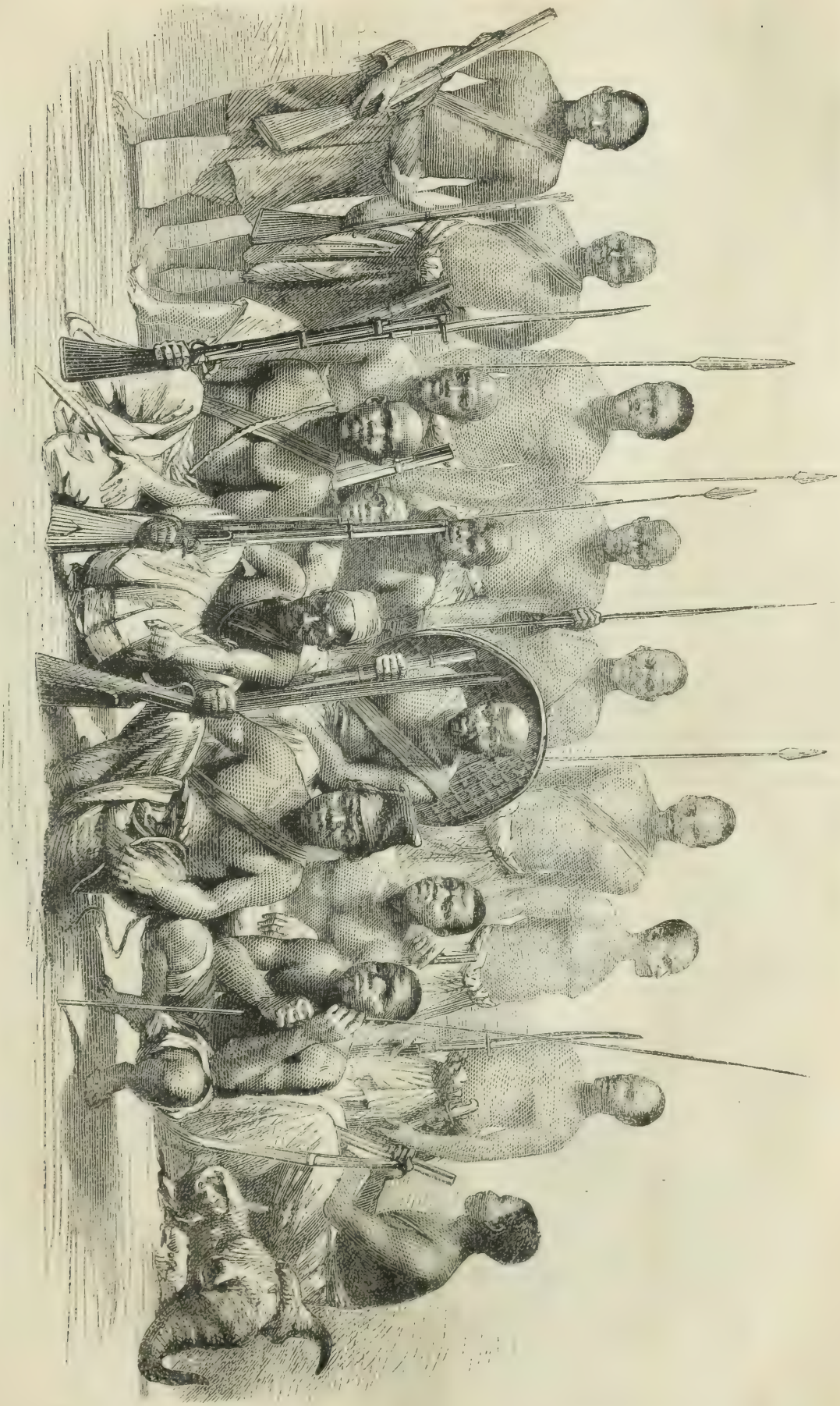
So much for the quarrel—if we may so call an affair in which the contention is all on one side; for we fail to find the slightest allusion to it in Speke's account of his Discovery of the Source of the Nile. He tells us simply that he had asserted that the lake Victoria N'yanza, which he "discovered on the 30th of July, 1858, would eventually prove to be the source of the Nile," and that he set out upon the expedition with the purpose of proving the truth of his assertion. He doubtless had better reasons for believing this than those put into his mouth by Captain Burton. If in the absence of any statement from him of the grounds of his belief, we may be allowed to conjecture them, we should state some of them thus: Here in the heart of the continent is a great lake of fresh water which must be supplied by many rivers. The water poured into it must be carried off either by evaporation or by an outlet. Every stream bears with it more or less salts; pure water only is taken up by evaporation; hence a lake filled by rivers and emptied by evaporation only must in time become salt, for all the saline matter received into it remains, while the surplus of fresh water is continually evaporated. A lake remains fresh only when its waters, with their saline solutions, are carried off by an outlet. The ocean is salt because the saline matters poured into it by all the rivers remain there. The Sea of Tiberias fed and filled by the Jordan is fresh because it is emptied by that river as fast as filled; while the Dead Sea, fed by the same river, is intensely salt, because, having no outlet, its surplus waters are carried off solely by evaporation, leaving the salts behind. The Caspian is salt, because it has no outlet; the great American lakes are fresh because their overplus of waters, plunging down Niagara, are carried off in the St. Lawrence. Speke might have reasoned, and most likely did reason thus in his own mind, without explaining himself to Burton. Here is N'yanza, a great fresh-water lake, which must have an outlet in some river; that river must find its way to the ocean; we know now whence come all the African rivers except the Nile; none of these can drain N'yanza; but the Nile, from its size and the nature of its inundations, must drain a vast region; and this region can be only that around N'yanza. Therefore, by the process of exhaustive reasoning, I conclude that this lake before me is the origin of the Nile.

At all events, whatever might have been the course of reasoning, the conclusion was correct. After a journey which had then lasted almost two years, Speke reached the place where the Nile pours from the lake in a stream 400 or 500 feet broad, dashing down a fall of a dozen feet. This spot is called by the natives "the Stones;" but Speke, with very questionable taste, names it "Ripon Falls" in honor of the nobleman who presided over the Royal Geographical Society when his expedition was got up; the mouth of a little bay he calls Napoleon Channel, and Sir Roderick Murchison is complimented by having his name affixed to a creek close by; while to the African name of the lake he prefixes the name of the British Queen, styling it "Victoria N'yanza"—a designation which we trust will not be adopted. It is quite as objectionable and likely to be quite as futile as Herschell's calling the planet Uranus *Georgium Sidus*—"The George Star," or Livingstone's attempt to substitute "Victoria Falls" for *Mosiatunye*, "The Smoking Water," as the name for the magnificent cataract of the Zambesi.

Speke's expedition was, however, by no means finished with the discovery of the origin of the Nile. He was detained for some time among the savage tribes of the region, who were loth to part with the first white men whom they had seen; and when, by a deal of diplomacy, he succeeded in getting off, he had to follow the river for 300 miles down to Gondokoro, where he first encountered a white man, and was again on the boundaries of civilization. This was in February, 1863, and as he fairly set out on his journey in October, 1860, the expedition occupied twenty-nine months. The space traversed during this time, loosely measured on the chart, is about 1500 miles, not counting various detours which he was obliged to make. The subsequent voyage of 2000 miles down the Nile, from which a traveler, who had less to say, would easily have made a couple of volumes, is dispatched by Speke in half a dozen pages. The preliminary trip from England to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Zanzibar, is disposed of in a half-dozen pages; the return voyage from Egypt to England is barely alluded to in a score of lines.

Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," therefore, is devoted mainly to an account of his adventures and discoveries in that portion of Central Africa lying between five degrees north and five degrees south of the equator, and varying little from the thirty-second parallel of longitude east from Greenwich. Of this expedition we propose to give a rapid sketch, presenting only a few of the salient points.

When Speke returned to England in 1859, after his expedition with Burton, and told to the Geographical Society what he had seen and what he believed, the answer was, "We must send you there again." The explorer was willing to go. He said, "Let Government give me £5000 for expenses, and I will undertake the work." The Society thought that Government would not give so much. Speke undertook the work for half that sum, engaging to supply the remainder of the funds himself. In addition to the £2500, the Indian Department furnished him with fifty carbines and ammunition, gave several gold watches for presents to native chiefs, and aided him in sundry other ways. The cost of the expedition must have greatly exceeded



SPEKE'S FAITHFULS.

the advances made by the Government. Captain Grant, an old friend and brother sportsman in India, wished to accompany Speke. The arrangement was quickly made. They worked like brothers during the whole expedition. To Grant we owe especially the numerous sketches which add so much to the value of Speke's Journal.

Captain Speke having left England to prove the truth of his opinion, reached Zanzibar, crossed from Zanzibar to the main land, and in October, eighteen hundred and sixty, passed through the region known as Uzaramo. His caravan consisted of a corporal and nine privates, Hottentots, small, weakly, and burdensome; a jemadar and twenty-five privates, Beluchs, these latter being only an escort, offered by the Sultan of Zanzibar, through Uzaramo. Then again of the regular expedition there was an Arab caravan captain directing seventy-five freed slaves, there were a hundred negro porters and their leader, twelve untrained mules laden with ammunition-boxes, three donkeys for the sick, and two-and-twenty goats. Ten men who had received bounty money ran away because they believed the white men to be cannibals, who were taking them into the interior to eat them. These took their money with them; but another man put his hire down on the ground before he fled. After about a week's march eight more men decamped with the goats.

At different times there must have been some hundreds of men engaged for longer or shorter periods. Speke gives the names of one hundred and eight who were specially engaged for the whole expedition. Of these only eighteen remained with him when he finally reached Egypt; about sixty had deserted at various times, taking off with them as much property, especially guns, as they could; three had been murdered, as many had died, and the rest had been discharged or sent back for various reasons, mainly on account of sickness. The eighteen whom Speke calls his "Faithfuls" were photographed in a group at Cairo, where they were lodged—black as they were—at Shepherd's, the chief hotel, waited upon the Viceroy, visited the principal places of amusement, and were made much of every way. Here they were paid off, all of them receiving an increase of wages equal to one year's pay, and were sent back to Zanzibar. All of them volunteered to go with Speke should he ever again undertake an African journey.

Having diverged from the direct order of events, we will here introduce a general summary of Speke's idea of the physical structure of the African continent, and of the character of the inhabitants of the equatorial region, of which he is the first explorer. Those of our readers who remember the fierce controversy raised a couple of years ago, as to the credibility of Du Chaillu's account of the savage tribes with whom he came in contact, will find here a strong incidental confirmation of the statements of the great gorilla hunter. From what we have learned from quite recent travelers, such as Speke and Petherick, we are quite warranted in the belief that Central Africa, for a few degrees on each side of the equator, is peopled by the most thoroughly savage tribes on the globe—the Fejees not excepted. Speke, indeed, saw no absolute cannibals, like Du Chaillu's Fans, or Petherick's Nyam-nyams. He was told, however, that the Wahembe, a tribe living to the west of the region traversed by him, and nearer to that described by Du Chaillu, would give a goat in exchange for a sick or dying child, whose flesh they looked upon as the greatest possible delicacy. Of human sacrifices, upon special occasion, he makes distinct mention, as we shall see.

Speke compares the whole continent of Africa as to its ups and downs to a dish turned upside down. There is a central plateau, a surrounding ridge, and a slope down from that mountain ridge to the flat strip of land bordering the sea. But of course it is not all uniform as a dish-bottom. There are lakes in the central plateau which, when the rains flood them, form rivers that cut through the flanking hills and find their way down to the sea. In the middle of the plateau, around the head of the Tanganyika Lake, are high hills of a clayey sandstone, probably the old Mountains of the Moon. At the northern end of the plateau, in-



A JOLLY TIME.



BREWING POMBÉ.

stead of the rim of hills, there is a general shelving down of the level of the country from the equator to the Mediterranean Sea.

The rains that fill the lakes, at five degrees south latitude, last during all the six months that the sun is in the south: a like rule is said to prevail at five degrees north. On the equator, where there is also the rain-bearing influence of the Mountains of the Moon, it rains more or less all the year round. The winds with an easterly tending deflect north and south, following the sun, and are cold enough in the

dry season to make the climate pleasant; besides that, the central region is on a plateau lifted three thousand feet above the sea level. The rains on the equator, under a vertical sun, maintain a constantly profuse growth of vegetation. This gradually decreases northward and southward.

Five degrees south, where there are six months' drought, the natives suffer famine if they do not lay by stores during the fertile season to support them when the rains are gone, but they lay by only and barely store till the next rains, none caring or daring to hoard larger wealth for his chief or his neighbors to take from him. The natives are found nowhere in dense communities, but generally distributed over the country in tribes under a government that is mostly patriarchal, some tribes being pastoral, more being agricultural. There are absolute district chiefs, with their councils of graybeards and village chiefs, but except among the Wahuma, otherwise called Gallas, or Abyssinians, the travelers found no kings. In each community the small government revenues are only for the support of the chief and his graybeards; thus the chief may have a right of free drinking from the village brews, right also to a tusk and some of the meat of each elephant that is killed among his people, or all the leopard, lion, and zebra skins. Every chief takes toll—or *Hongo*, in the plural *Mahongo*—at discretion, upon merchandise brought into his country, and has a right to the property of all persons within his territory who are condemned and burned or speared for sorcery.

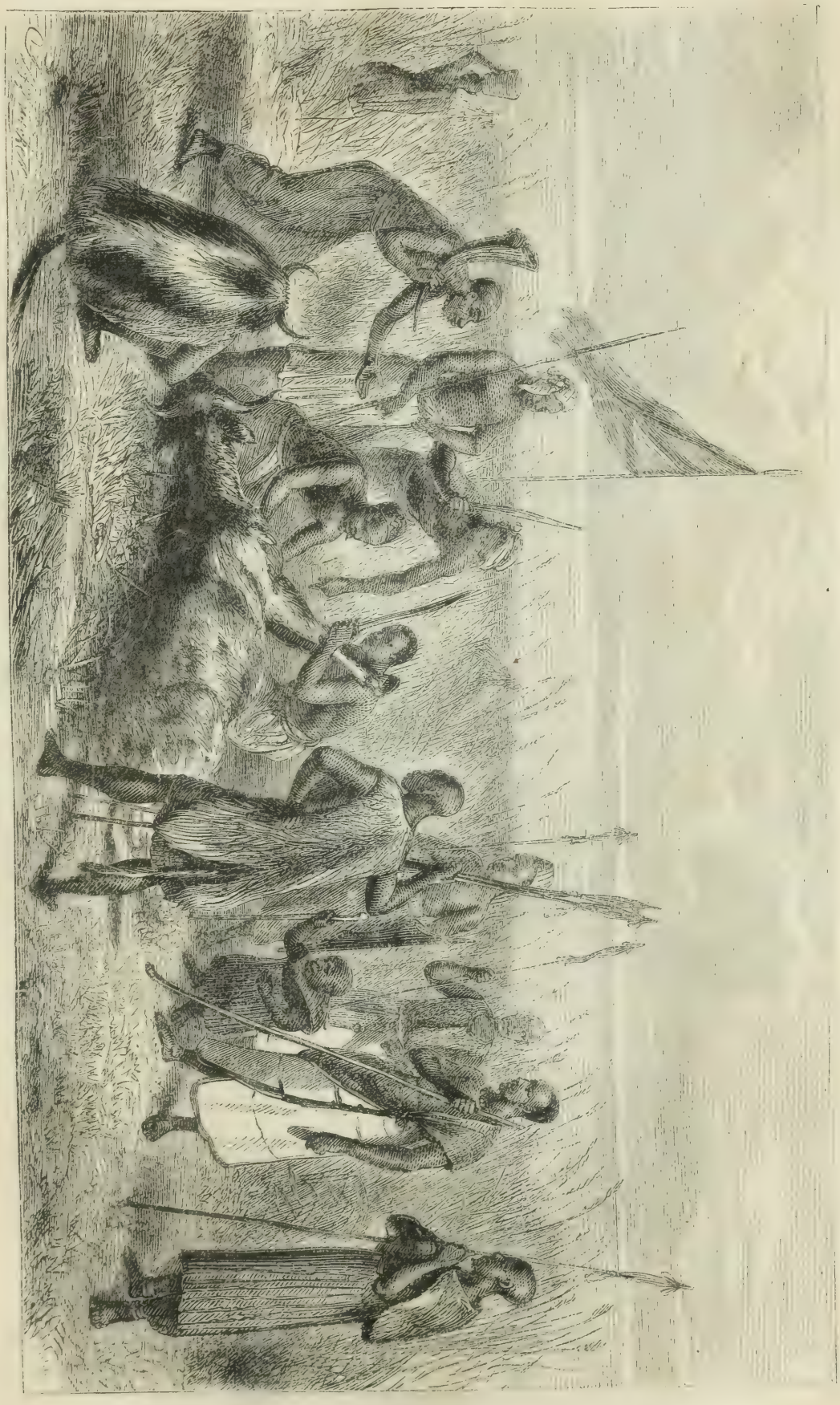
The people of the whole region are great drinkers, though luckily for them distilled spirits are unknown. The general name for any liquor seems to be pombé. Speke designates by it particularly a beverage made by pressing out the juice of the plantain and allowing it to ferment. In the fertile portion of the country this is abundant. The plantain is the food and its juice the drink of the people. No man of any standing thinks himself to have got fairly through the day until he has "sat upon pombé," or, in our phrase, until he is "tight." They are nowise particular in their mode of drinking. Captain Grant gives a couple of characteristic sketches, one of the mode of preparing pombé, and another of a group of Waganda officers having a jolly time in drinking.

The several tribes of Central Africa do not differ essentially. They all fight a great deal with one another; half-brothers of a polygamist father fight together after his death over the distribution of his slaves and cattle; while the custom of slavery tends also in itself to keep up a strife that keeps down population. Moreover, men who have slaves become doubly lazy through the dread of seeming slavish; they avoid work, and leave to the women the task of assisting the slaves in brewing, cooking, grinding corn, the making of pots and baskets, care of the household, labor in the fields. Women are property. In the name of dowry, the price for a wife is paid in slaves, cows, goats, fowls, brass wire, or beads. A wife can return to her father by refunding the dowry, or she can be sent home by her husband, who then has a right to receive half his dowry back. Polygamy is the rule, and children are wealth. Both sons and daughters cook for the house, the daughters more than the sons; then daughters become also salable as wives, and sons are fellow-combatants, besides being supporters of their parents in old age.

The negroes of Central Africa give up their minds to the influence of their magicians, or M'ganga, who may hinder the movements of a traveler at their discretion, by prophesying calamities if he set eyes upon the soil of any region. They divine with a cow's or antelope's horn, called Uganga, stuffed with a magic powder. Such a horn, when stuck in the ground before a village, is said to ward off attacks of an enemy, and, if held in the magician's hand, is said to enable him to discover any thing that is stolen or lost. The people pay their magician for sticks, stones, or mud, which he has doctored for them. They believe that certain flowers held in the hand will guide them to any thing lost; that good luck and warning come to them in the voice of bird or beast. They build dwarf huts in their fields, and lay grain on them for the evil spirit; and their little churches for the spirits they call also Uganga. More rarely, when the magician has found by inspecting the blood and bones of an animal flayed for the purpose that there will be war, a young child is flayed and laid across a path where all the warriors may step over it as they go forth to battle. Usually, however, they are content to step over a flayed goat. Another extreme form of barbarous ceremonial is to lay a small child and a fowl both alive on a grating of sticks over a jar half full of water, cover them over with a second jar, and steam them like potatoes for a certain time. At the end of that time, if they be dead, a proposed war must be deferred; if living, it may at once be entered on.

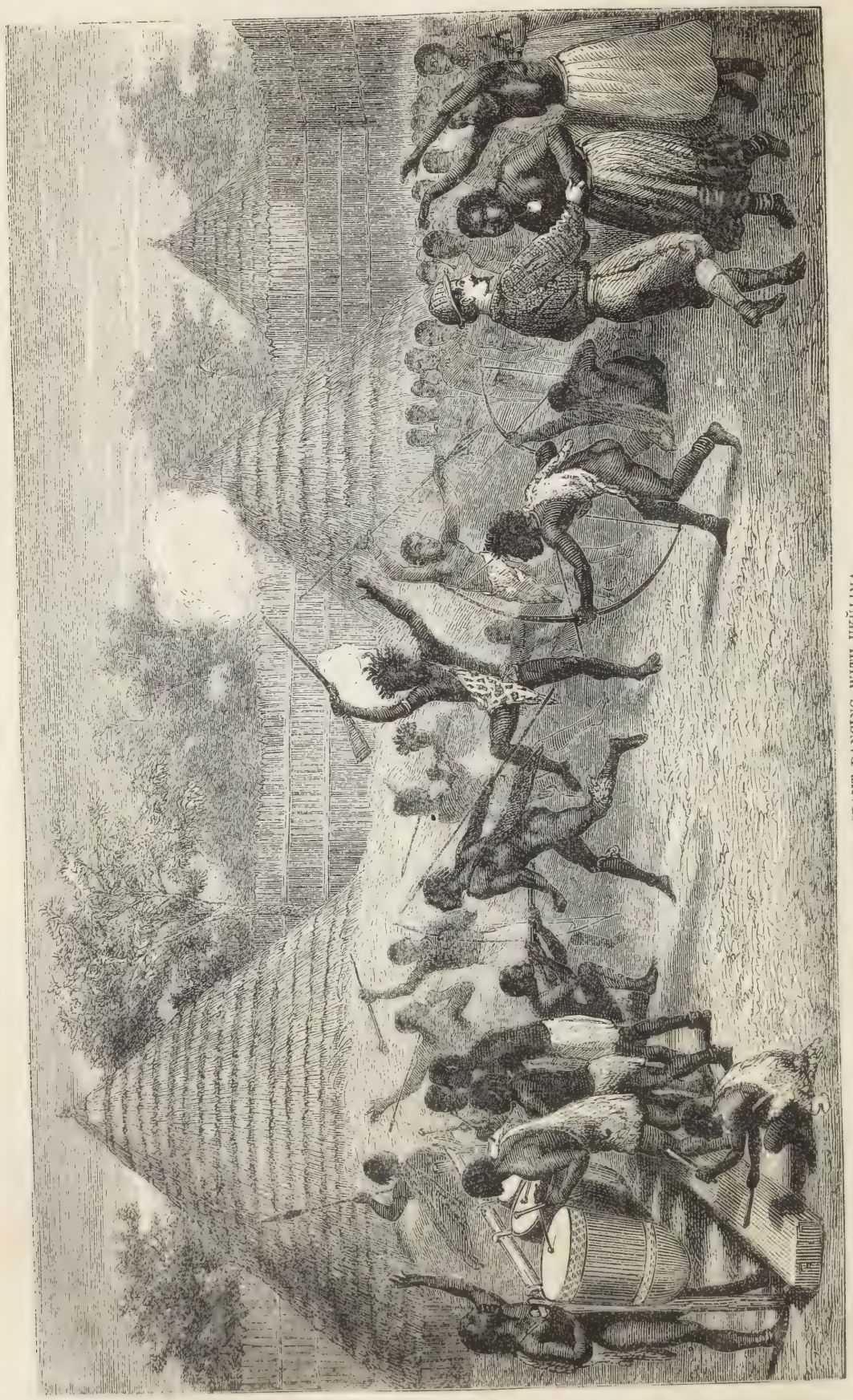
In Africa, after leaving the low country by the coast, one finds plenty of cows that yield a little milk, from which butter is made; goats also are common, but there are fewer sheep, and those ill-bred and lanky, with long fat tails. Fowls abound, a few Muscovy ducks are imported, also pigeons and cats. There are many small dogs, and in some places a few donkeys. At the proper season there is hunting of the wild elephant, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pigs, and antelopes, or shooting with arrows at small birds, and guinea-fowls. But with animal life and vegetation at their command—if only they knew how to command it, and had sufficient providence and industry—the native tribes of Central Africa frequently suffer from famine, and are found eating dogs, cats, rats, porcupines, snakes, lizards, tortoises, locusts, and wild ants: or, are forced to seek the seeds of wild grapes, or to pluck wild herbs, fruits, and roots.

The traces of the prowling, restless elephant are common in the woods, here and there lies a



A MAGICIAN AT WORK.

tree that it has amused him to knock down, but he himself is rarely seen. In every jungle there is the rhinoceros. The buffalo delights in the dark places where he can wallow in the mud, and browse and drink at ease. That taste for a mud-bath the wild pig shares with him. The hippopotamus is found wherever there is water to float him. In all open forests and plains, where the villages are not too frequent, and the grass is not too long, are the giraffe, the zebra, and the antelope. The lion, a sneakish beast, is seldom heard, more rarely seen. Thievish hye-



GRANT DANCING WITH UKŬLIMA.

nas abound; leopards, less common, are the terror of the villagers. Foxes are not numerous, but the native traveler is often terrified by their ill-omened bark. Porcupines, although not numerous, are widely spread, and so are hares, of about half the size of English hares. There are no rabbits. Squirrels and monkeys keep out of sight among the trees. Tortoises and snakes, and huge and little snails in great variety, crawl about after the rains. Lizards abound. Wild-cats and animals of the ferret kind destroy the small game, of which guinea-fowl is the most

abundant. Partridges are common, but quails rare, and there are very many little birds where there is water. There are few mice, but many rats feed in the fields, and on the stores of men. In open plains are the ostrich, and the bustard, and the florikan. Ducks and snipe do not like Africa; geese and storks are found only where there is most water. There are few vultures, but many hawks and crows.

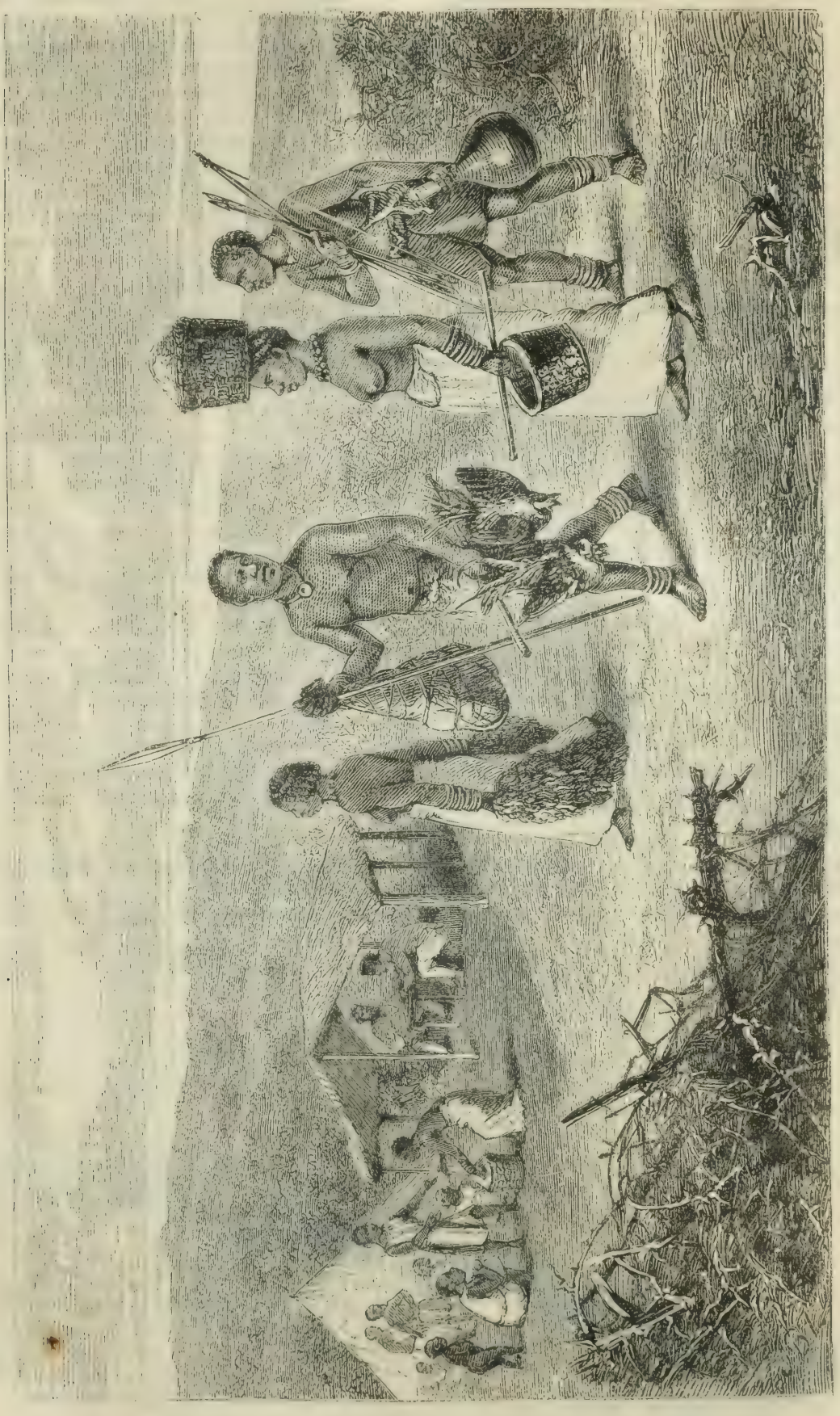
It was chiefly by help of the men freed from slavery, or the Wanguana, who worked for them as hired servants, that Captains Speke and Grant were enabled to assure their discovery of the true source of the Nile. The Wanguana are born Africans, who usually, after having been caught in wars and sold to the Arabs for cloth, beads, or brass wire, have been taken to the Zanzibar market, and resold like horses to the highest bidder, then kept in bondage by their new master, circumcised as Mussulmans, fed, clothed, and kindly treated. After a time, when a sufficiently strong tie of mutual interest and regard has been established, such slaves are commonly trusted far away in the interior to buy for their master slaves and ivory. By Mohammedan law, at his master's death a slave is free, but in Zanzibar he is usually willed to the next heir. The slaves at Zanzibar are physically stronger and more numerous than the Arabs who hold them; but they accept their position without question, and even think it would be dishonest to run away from a man who has bought them in the usual course of trade. When freed, at his master's death, the slave in Zanzibar takes service in some vessel: an employment he likes, and from which he looks down on other Africans as savages; or he will serve some other merchant as a porter, and when he has saved money enough begins a trade of his own in slaves—the commodity most easily come by—and ivory. But the Wanguana are spoiled children without consciences, arrived at man's estate; they are strong, brave, frivolous, and lazy, lounging cheats.

From this general survey we return to the direct route followed by Speke. Leaving Uzaramo, the way was next through the uplands of Usagara, where the lean people in a fertile land habitually fly before the sound of an approaching caravan, warned by their long experience of slave-hunting treachery. Captain Grant had his attack of fever without loss of time; it seized on him before the month was out, and instead of passing away after the first year, as Speke's had done on the former journey, it stuck to him, recurring every fortnight till the journey ended. It was often necessary to leave Grant behind, while Speke went out on various exploring trips. After one of these, which lasted about three weeks, Speke came back with no little anxiety for his friend and companion. He found that Grant's health had greatly improved, and that he had amused himself by taking part in the dances of the natives. Of one of these entertainments he made a sketch, representing himself dancing with a sable belle named Ukŭlima.

Having mounted by the hilly Usagara range to the more level lands of the interior, the travelers were in the wild region of Ugogo, where the people, of a ruddy brown-black, are of the color of a rich plum, form tembé or mud villages about all the water-springs, keep plenty of cattle, and farm enough to supply both themselves and the thousands who annually pass in caravans. But they are so avaricious and intrusive that caravans never enter their villages, but camp outside among the "gouty-limbed trees" that often encircle these villages with a



BUGU, CALABASH, OR GOUTY-LIMBED TREES.



CAMP IN THE UTHUNGŬ VALLEY. THE WASUI BRINGING PROVISIONS FOR SALE.

ring fence of thorns. The Ugogo were found partly famishing. The springs were so dry that water fetched the price of the country beer; and the small stores of grain were being mixed with the monkey-bread seeds of the gouty-limbed tree. Captain Speke shot, one night, his first rhinoceros, and fetched his men to get its meat before the hungry Wagogo could find it. But the tough skin could hardly be cut through before the Wagogo had gathered about the dead beast like vultures, and fallen to work on it among the men of the exploring party "with

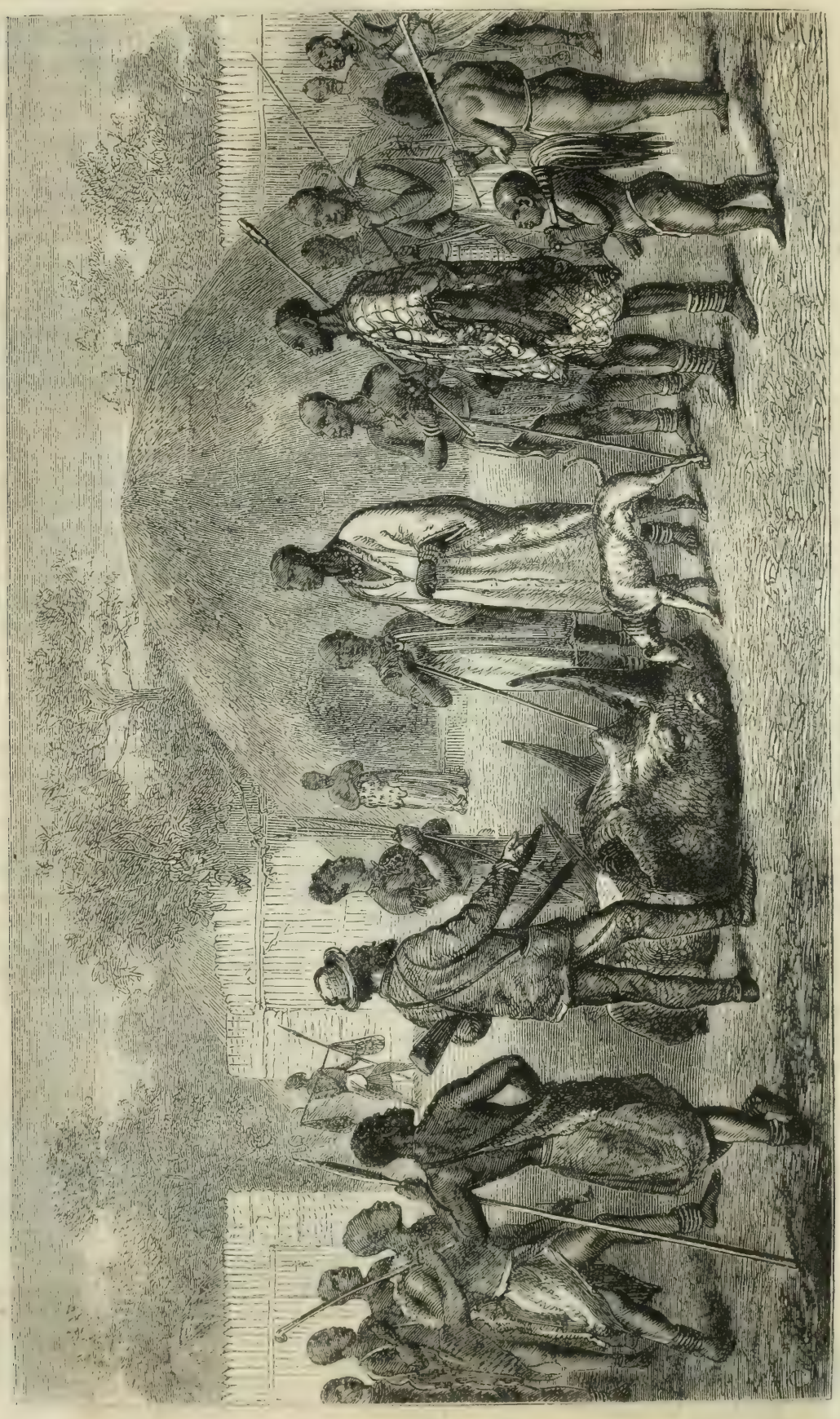
swords, spears, knives, and hatchets; cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stranger neighbor would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. Right was now a matter of mere might, and lucky it was," says Captain Speke, "that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might afterward be seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home, each with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with." In one day's buffalo shooting Captain Speke was three times charged upon by his game; then war was threatened by a native chief who could not extort all he desired in the *hongo*, or toll for use of the ground, that had to be argued over and settled at every village, as systematically as the European traveler must settle with his landlord at every hotel. Then followed eight successive marches through the wilderness, after the porters had already been reduced to living on wild herbs and white ants.

Before the end of the next January (1861), when they had reached Unyamuezi, the Country of the Moon, more than half the explorers' property had been stolen; the famine in the land had made the traveling expenses unprecedented; twelve mules and three donkeys were dead; one Hottentot was dead, five had returned, and, after a reinforcement on the way, more than a hundred men had deserted.

The region known as Unyamuezi, or the Country of the Moon, is not much smaller than England. The natives have no historical traditions, but their forefathers were first called, in ancient time by the Hindus who traded with the east coast of Africa, Men of the Moon, associated with whom there first arose what was written of the Mountains of the Moon. These men are now, as they were in ancient time, the greatest traders in Africa; they are the only people of the interior who, for love of trade and change, will leave their own country as porters, and account it a pleasure to go down to the coast. Their country is a high plateau, three or four thousand feet above the sea level, with little outcropping hills of granite, and many fertilizing springs in the valleys. They have a rich iron ore in sandstone, they smelt it and work it up expertly, make cotton cloths in looms of their own, and keep many flocks and herds. But the Men of the Moon, who are blacker than their neighbors, want pluck, are desperate smokers, and are much given to drink. The road to their country Captains Speke and Grant found to be held by a fine young brigand chief, Manua Sera, who had been a lawful chief forcibly deposed by the Arab traders because, on his accession, he laid unaccustomed tolls upon them. He was much liked for his generosity by the Wanyamuezi, who would have done any thing they could to restore him, and believed that he had a charmed life; but the Arabs, upon whom he was then, in revenge, levying black-mail, were resolved to hunt him down. Famine was also among the Wanyamuezi, who were in all directions lying about dead of starvation. Famine, however, was the exception. Almost every where the country was remarkably fertile, and provisions in abundance were brought to the camps for sale.

With war as well as famine in the country, his remaining men sick, and the necessary force to secure independence of the natives during the rest of the march northward not procurable, Captain Speke, after a march forward, returned to Kazé, where the Arabs were living in fresh terror of the victorious Manua Sera. Some negotiations for a peace were set on foot, but nothing came of them. Having secured a reinforcement of two-and-twenty men, Captain Speke returned to his comrade Grant, whom he had left sick at Meninga, and found greatly recovered. They pushed on, plagued every where with extortion, theft, desertion, breach of faith. At the village of Mbisu they found peace being ratified between a small and a great chief, after a war which had lasted two years, during all which time the lists of those fallen in battle had amounted to three killed on each side. A caravan leader named Ungurue, or the Pig, was engaged here, and there was again delay over the difficult or vain search for porters. The natives were not to be tempted even by three times the price usually paid by Arab traders. Supplies were not inexhaustible, and the travelers pushed on to Nunda, where the chief, Ukūlima, claimed of Grant four yards of cloth for walking round a dead lioness. It destroyed a charm, said Ukūlima. At Nunda was a caravan of Arabs, who said they had never come that way before, and never would again. They had lost five thousand dollars' worth of beads by their porters running away with the loads, and were at a stand-still for want of men. Captain Speke himself, abandoning all hope of getting a sufficient force about him, left Grant behind, with the most honest man in the company for his attendant, and pushed on, reaching on the 9th of June the "palace" of M'yonga, the chief extortioner in those parts, and making terms with him for his own passage through the land, and for his sick brother's passage afterward to join him, free of all further charge.

Through such experience, then, the explorer made his way across the Country of the Moon, and entered the next region of Uzinza, which is ruled by two Wahuma chieftains descended from the Abyssinian stock. The country here rises in high rolls that swell as they approach the Mountains of the Moon. Here there was the old weary story of petty extortion. "The Pig" was offered ten necklaces a day in extra pay if he would avoid the villages and march steadily ten miles a day. Instead of doing so, he led the traveler into every robbers' den, where the chief must have his drums beaten in token that the hongo had been paid before more progress could be made. After being especially fleeced in Sorombo by a chief named Makaka, the next ob-



PRESENTING SPOILS TO RUMANIKA.

stacle was the steady refusal of the whole camp to advance into what was regarded as an enemy's country. Speke then returned to Grant, at Kazé, with a cough, produced by the cold easterly winds of the plateau, that daily grew worse, so that he could not lie or sleep on either side. More beads and cloths were written for, with fifty armed men, which it would cost a thousand pounds to get and bring up to the scene of action. Then news came from Suwarora, a great chief in the district yet unexplored, that he had heard with displeasure of the unfriendly reports that had

prevented the white man from advancing to visit him. A certain Lumeresi, getting the traveler as guest in his hut when he fell sick, made the most of his opportunity to fleece. Nearly ten times the pay given by an Arab presently became the hire of men; and as for the further hongo questions, seeing how sick of them the reader becomes, we may conceive how tedious they were to the travelers.

But at last they forced their way to the beautiful country of Karague, where King Rumanika ordered that they should be fed in the villages at his own cost, and where there is no taxation of the traveler. His Majesty is a well-made man, of the best Abyssinian blood, with a fine oval face, large eyes, and a high nose. It is his custom to shake hands like an Englishman. But it was a great wonder to him to see Captain Speke sit on an iron camp-chair; he took it to be the white man's throne, and cried thereat, "Oh, these Wazungu! these Wazungu! they know and do every thing!" He was still more astonished one day when Grant, having gone out hunting, shot three rhinoceroses, and had their heads brought and presented to the king as trophies. "This must have been done with something more potent than powder," he exclaimed. "No wonder that the English are the greatest men in the world!" The wives of this king and of the princes are fattened carefully up to the highest standard of beauty. They sit on the floor in the bee-hive shaped hut, with wooden pots of milk hanging on all the poles that support it, and are expected to sip at the milk incessantly, the father sometimes standing over a daughter of sixteen with a stick to keep her active at the unintermitted suckling. Constant swallowing of milk and the complete avoidance of exercise make the court ladies so big that the fat hangs in puddings from their joints, and a great queen—a very great queen—thinks it much to stand upon all fours like a hog; to rise and stand on her two hind-legs only is more than, with two people to help her, she can always accomplish without fainting. One princess measured within an inch of two feet round the arm, and four feet four inches round the chest; height about five feet eight. King Rumanika put his hospitality and good-will into the best form by assisting the desire of the travelers to learn the geography of his land, and the relation of the adjacent rivers and lakes to the Mountains of the Moon.

Some parallels to such old pictures as one finds in the Romance of Alexander are to be met with at Karague. We think of the spear that none but the destined conqueror could draw from the earth when Rumanika tells how one of his peasants found in the earth an iron like a carrot, but dig as he might and pull as he might, with others to help him, it would not be drawn out of the ground, and yet when Rumanika went he lifted it without the smallest exertion. When Rumanika's father, the great King Dagara, died, there was placed before his three sons a small light drum loaded with charms. Rumanika lifted it with his little finger, although neither of his brothers could, with their whole force, lift it from the ground. To this fable Rumanika himself was a witness. He also told how the body of the deceased King Dagara was sewn in a cowskin and set afloat in a boat upon the lake until it decomposed, and then three maggots were taken from it and given in charge to the heir-elect. One maggot turned into a lion, one into a leopard, and the other into a stick. Then the royal body was shut up in a hut with five living maidens and fifty cows, and the doorway was made fast forever.

Dagara's father, Rumanika's grandfather, lived so long that it was supposed he would never die, and at last he secured death for himself by the use of charms. A young lion came out of the heart of his corpse and gave birth to other lions, who have been the defense of the land of Karague. When countries to the north threatened Dagara, he gathered together these lions, who were all obedient to his will, and swept the enemy away. Rumanika claimed also to have been, on his accession, to that part of the country where, if a prince sit down, the earth rises with him, telescope fashion, till it has hoisted him to the skies, whence, if he be found a proper person to inherit Karague, he is gently lowered again: if not, he is dropped and smashed.



RUMANIKA'S NEW MOON LEVEE.

Dagara, his son told Speke, had wished to know what the centre of the earth was made of: so he dug into the ground behind his palace, a deep ditch that led from the palace to the cavern, but there he gave up the job of digging, and spent many days in his cavern without eating and drinking, turning himself sometimes into a young man, sometimes into an old one. One of Rumanika's scientific questions was whether the moon made different faces to laugh at us upon earth.

Every new moon the king holds a grand levée, at one of which Speke was present. In the court-yard of the palace thirty-five drummers were ranged in front of the monarch and his principal officers. They struck up together with very good harmony. Then came another concert of hand drums and wind instruments. When this was over district officers came in one by one on tip-toe, brandishing twigs in their hands, and swearing fidelity at the top of their voices, and hoping that the king would cut off their heads if they ever turned back before his enemies. They then knelt, held out their sticks that the king might touch them, and retired.

Leaving with Rumanika his friend Captain Grant, who was then too ill to travel, Captain Speke passed on into Uganda, said to be named after a poor sportsman who, eight generations ago, came into that country with a pack of dogs, a woman, a spear, and a shield, and killed so much meat that he fed the people: who invited him to be their king, for they said, "Of what use is our present king, who lives so far away that when we sent him the offering of a cow, the cow gave birth to a calf on the journey, and the calf becoming a cow became the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of cows, and the offering has not yet reached the king's court!" So they made Uganda king, and gave his name to the country, and called him by the new name of Kimera. Kimera stood on a stone, with a spear in his hand and a woman and a dog sitting by his side, and his footprints and the mark left by his spear-end, and the mark of the seats of the woman and the dog, are yet to be seen upon that stone. The great king of Unyoro who was so far away, when he heard how a king had been made in that corner of his dominions, only said in his magnificence, "The poor creature must be starving. Let him feed there, if he likes."

It was now January, 1862. Fifteen months had been spent in the journey and the numerous delays which they had been compelled to make. Speke had not yet seen N'yanza. In his former expedition he had just seen the southern end; while the Nile was presumed to flow from its northern extremity. He had now followed very nearly his old track westward until he had passed beyond the longitude of the lake, and then turned northward parallel to its western side, but at some distance from it, though gradually approaching it. His first view of the lake was had on the 28th of January. Of this he says in his quiet, undemonstrative way: "We put up in a village beneath a small hill, from the top of which I saw the Victoria N'yanza for the first time on this march." He pressed on as fast as possible to the capital of Mtésa, the cruel king of Uganda, which he reached on the 19th of February. Here he was detained for nearly five months. His account of this monarch and his court is the most interesting part of his work.

Spears, shields, and dogs, are the Uganda cognizance. These all must keep. The king always appears in company with two spears, dog, shield, and woman. He keeps strict court, where untidiness of dress is sometimes punished by decapitation. Whatever the king does, he must be thanked for with groveling, wriggling, and whining. Court ceremonies are so numerous that they take up the greater part of every audience, the king having a sharp eye for every



A QUEEN DRAGGED TO EXECUTION.

sort of shortcoming, when he condemns the blunderer to lose his head, and takes in his property the price of his head, if he can pay it, to keep the royal exchequer in good order. If not, all near the untidy man rise in an instant, drums beat to drown his cries, a dozen bind him with cords, and he is dragged off to instant execution. The offense may be a tie made contrary to court regulations, or an inch of leg accidentally exposed while squatting. And yet his Majesty is waited on by naked women. As for his wives, every slight offense or oversight in their court manners is punishable by death. Captain Speke reports, after a long residence at the court of Uganda, that "nearly every day I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out, 'Oh, my lord!' 'My king!' 'My mother!' at the top of her voice in the utmost despair." When the king of this delightful court heard that the white men were coming, he "caused fifty big men and four hundred small ones to be executed, because he said his subjects were so bumptious they would not allow any visitors to come near him, else he would have had white men before."

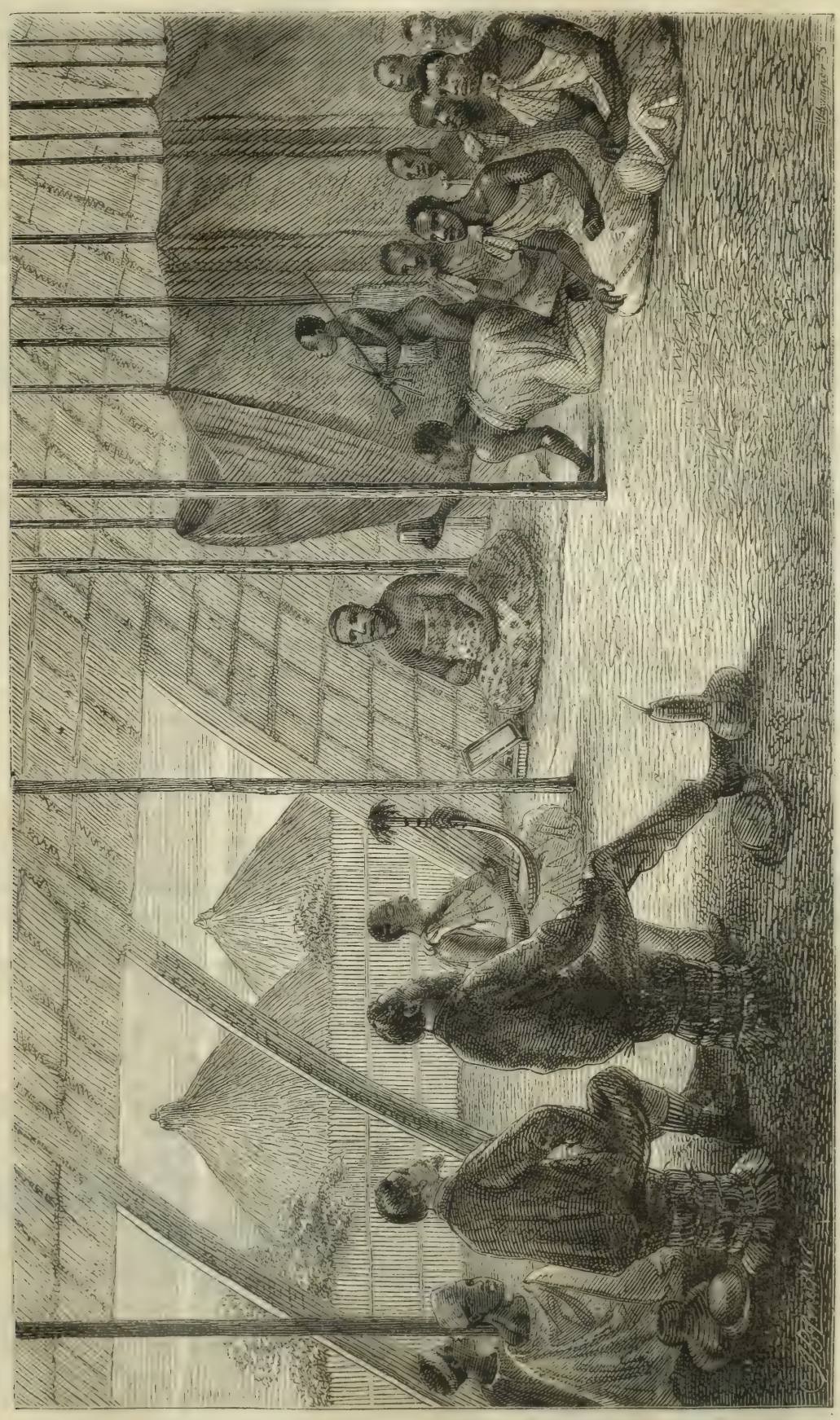
The court of this equatorial king, whose country, lying under the equator, rounds the northern border of the great lake Victoria N'yanza, covers a whole hill with its gigantic huts. Captain Speke found it necessary, at first, to submit to much ceremonial. On the first visit he simply had the honor of looking at his majesty. As evening drew on his majesty sent to ask the white man whether he had seen him, and on getting the answer, "Yes, for full one hour," he rose, spears in hand, leading his white dog, and waddled ceremoniously away, with a grotesque royal gait, intended to imitate the outward sweep of the hind legs in the stride of a lion. Captain Speke had occasion to blister this terrible despot, and made the acquaintance also of the convivial queen-mother: who smoked her pipe, got drunk upon pombé, and drank it like a pig out of a trough when the small wooden cups ceased to content her.

A creek of the Lake N'yanza, not very far from the King of Uganda's palace, is named Murchison Creek; and here, across the mouth of a deep rushy swamp, is the royal yachting establishment—the Cowes of Uganda. The king set off for this Cowes without notice, a day before the time he had appointed, expecting every body instantly to fall into his place. Seeing a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offense he combined business with pleasure by firing at her and killing her. When he was picnicking at his Cowes he usually ate with both hands, gnawing his meat like a dog; and bits of gristle or meat that he found too tough he pulled out of his mouth and gave to his pages to eat as especial dainties. In the course of three days' pleasure they went to an island in Lake N'yanza, where the spirit of the lake, the Nile source, was supposed to dwell. Here one of the prettiest and best of the king's wives, thinking to please him, offered him a fruit that she had plucked. On which he flew into a violent passion at the breach of etiquette, and ordered her off to instant execution. The other women appealed and implored, but the king only became more brutal, and, taking a heavy stick, beat his poor victim on the head with it. Captain Speke, for the first time, ventured to intercede, and the king smiled and released the woman instantly.



KING OF UGANDA RETIRING.

In May Grant, who had partially regained his health, arrived, and Speke had the honor of introducing him to the Queen-Dowager, who is quite as important a personage as the king. Speke now urged his request to be allowed to proceed northward, assuring her that was the way from which she could get European goods, to which she had taken



SPEKE INTRODUCES GRANT TO THE QUEEN-DOWAGER OF UGANDA.

a desperate fancy from the specimens which Speke had given her. But it was a month more, and after infinite diplomacy, before the desired permission was granted.

But at last in July, 1862, after nearly five months had been spent in Uganda, the king granted the pass through Ungoro, and the travelers departed.* Some hostility was provoked on the way by his native escort, and a man was killed; but in a fortnight the actual source of the Nile was reached over hills and through huge grasses and village plantations that had

been laid waste by the elephants. From the broad lake, partly shut out from view by a spur of hill, the water roars down a rock-broken fall of about twelve feet deep, and four or five hundred feet broad, where the passenger-fish leap, and the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen plant themselves with rod and hook on all convenient spots. Above the falls—"The Stones"—is a ferry. Below them the cattle come down to drink; the hippopotamus and crocodile lie lazily upon the water. Around are grass-topped hills, with gardens on the slopes, and wooded valleys. So flows the great Nile stream from the Lake N'yanza; its remotest source or top head being at the other end of the lake, close on the third degree of south latitude. This makes the whole length of the Nile two thousand three hundred miles, or more than an eleventh part of the whole round of the globe.

Speke now hoped that his wearisome foot-journeyings were over, and that he had nothing to do but to float quietly down the broad river. Procuring five rude boats he and his men embarked; but the next day their advance was opposed by the natives, a fight ensued, one of the enemy was killed, and another wounded. This was the first instance of actual hostility which they had experienced during their long journeyings; and this apparently arose from their being mistaken for enemies. Speke then left the river, and made his way by land to the residence of Kamrasi, king of Unyoro—a great rogue and cheat, and the owner of the ugliest dwarf ever seen, an old man less than three feet high. The poor old fellow made his salaam, and then went through a series of performances *à la Tom Thumb*. He danced, sung, performed the *tambŭra*, or charging march, and then told the story of his life. He was born in the interior. Kamrasi, hearing of him, sent for him, gave him two women, who died, then another, who ran away, and at last another, a distorted dwarf like himself, with whom he would have nothing to do. He ended by saying, "I am a beggar, and want simbi [strings of beads]. If you have not got 500 to spare, you must, at any rate, give me 400." He was sent back to his master rejoicing with the 500 simbi strung about his neck. Speke administered a delicate bit of flattery to this King Kamrasi. Taking a Bible one day, he read to him the 14th chapter of Second Chronicles, in which it is written how Zerah, the Ethiopian, with a host of a thousand thousand, met Asa, king of the Jews, with a large army, and had a great fight; adding that at a later date the Ethiopians had fought with the Arabs and Portuguese; all of which showed that they were always a great people.

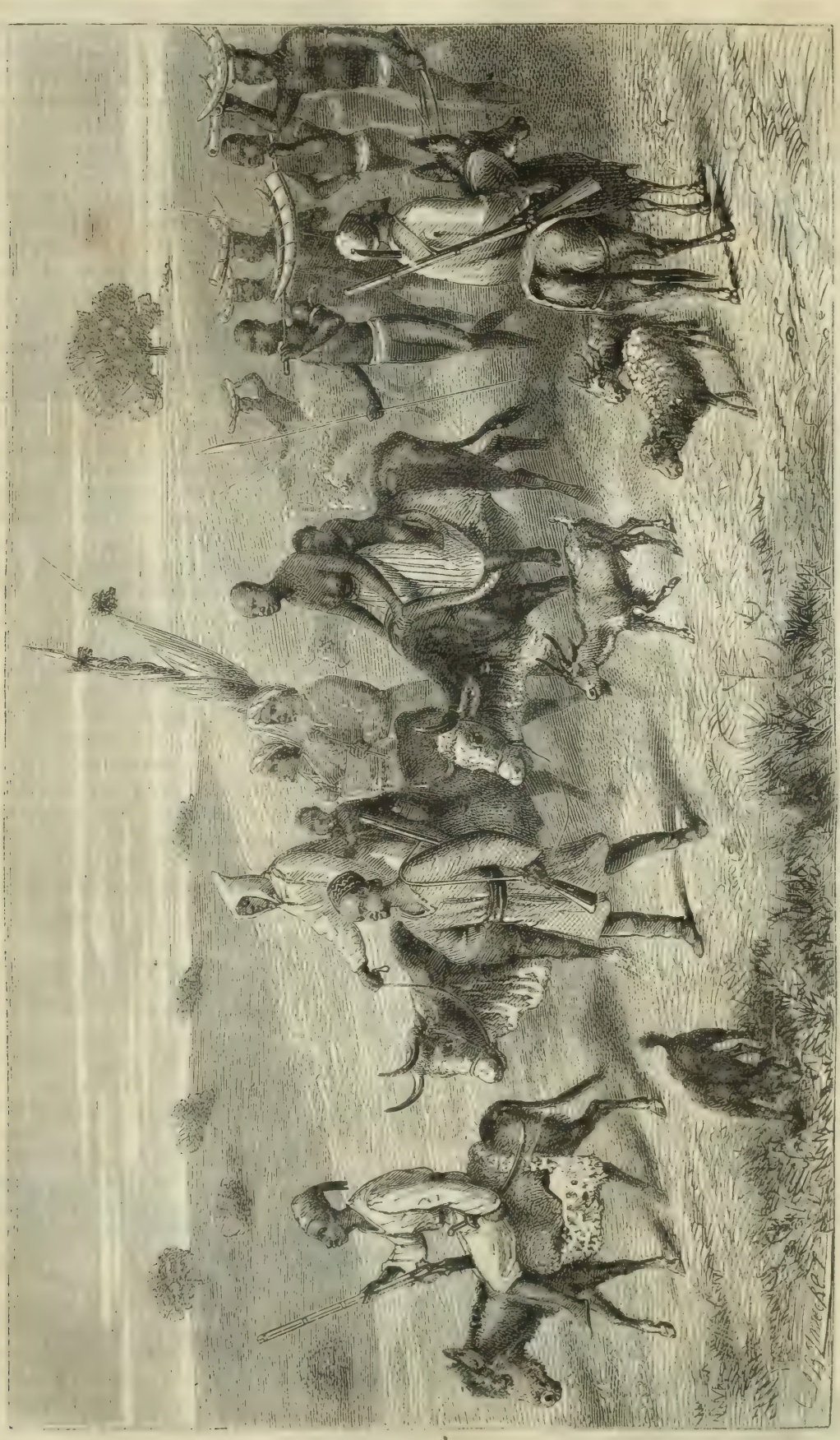
They were detained, under one pretense and another, in Unyoro from August till November; but at length were permitted to proceed, and in a couple of weeks reached the country of the Madi, where they came upon tokens of civilized life. There was a camp, with three large red flags over it. This they were sure was the post of Mr. Petherick, an ivory-merchant, and British consul at Khartoum, who had visited England a year or two before, written a book describing his travels in Africa, and collected funds to enable him to fit out an expedition to go in search of Speke and Grant. But the strangers proved to be a body of Turkish troops, commanded by one Mahamed, who had been sent up here after ivory and tribute. A sad gang of ragamuffins they were. So brutal was their conduct that the poor Madi were accustomed to remove their villages at the approach of the soldiers; no very difficult task, as the frame-work of their huts is hardly larger than the expanded hoop-skirt of a fashionable belle in any civilized country.

Thence pushing on, our explorers made their way to Gondokoro. Here they saw vessels moored by the shore, and hurrying toward them was a man evidently European. For one moment Speke thought that this must be Petherick; the next, he found his hand clasped in that of his old friend Baker—of whose hunting exploits in Ceylon the readers of this Magazine have heard. Baker had come with three vessels, fully equipped with men, arms, camels, horses, donkeys, beads, brass-wire, and every thing necessary for a long journey, expressly to look after Speke and Grant, hoping, as he said, to find them on the equator and in some terrible fix, that he might have the pleasure of helping them out of it.



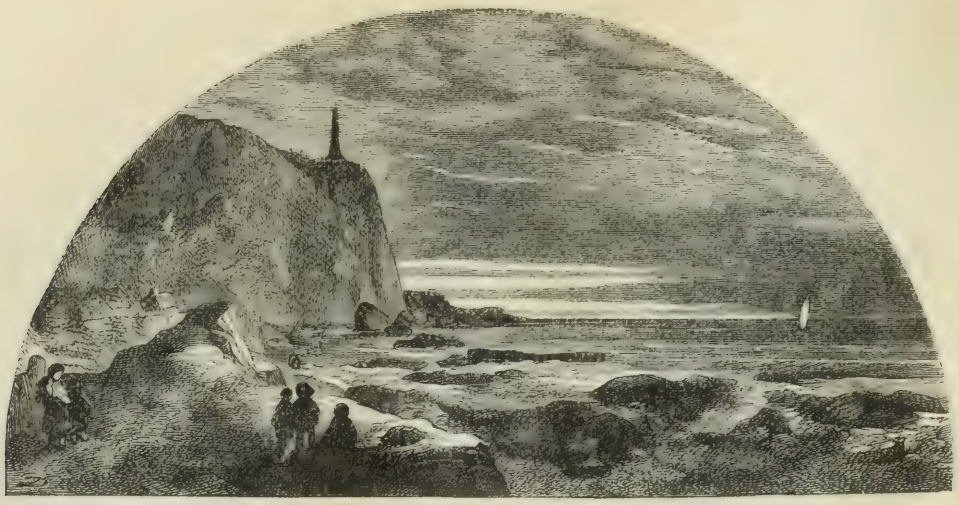
KIMENYA THE DWARF.

Here at Gondokoro, just about five degrees north of the equator, the perils and privations of this long jour-



MAHAMED'S PARTY ON THE MARCH.

ney were over; for the voyage of two thousand miles down the Nile was but a pleasure-trip. And here Captain Speke closes his account of the most adventurous and successful exploring expedition of modern times. We have given merely a bare outline of some of its salient points. To have presented any thing like a complete view of it we should have been obliged to quote almost the whole work. Opening to the world an entirely new region, it will rank as the most interesting book of travel which has appeared for many years.



THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing down to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And here's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
While the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.



WEATHERFORD IN JACKSON'S TENT.

IX.—WAR WITH CREEK INDIANS.

WHEN the United States purchased Louisiana from France, Spain claimed to be the owner of the whole territory along the Gulf of Mexico below the 35th parallel, from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean, including its great Eastern Peninsula, under the name of East and West Florida. The United States claimed the ownership of the latter, or the region westward of the Perdito River (now the States of Alabama and Mississippi), and this caused a dispute which was unsettled when war was declared by the United States against Great Britain in the summer of 1812. The former proceeded to make a practical solution of the question by taking possession of the territory claimed for that government, before the British, who were the friends of the Spaniards there, should be able to get a foothold in the land. General Wilkinson and a competent number of troops took possession of Mobile, and a military post was established at Mount Vernon, high up the Mobile River, toward its birth-place at the confluence of the Tombigbee and Alabama. The Spanish garrison at Mobile withdrew to Pensacola, and the Spanish authorities at the latter place blustered and threatened, but nothing more, excepting to throw open that port to the war-vessels of the British, giving them every "aid

and comfort" in their power, joining with them in inciting the Indians of the Creek Confederacy to war against the United States and its citizens in their country, and in supplying the savages with weapons, ammunition, and food. At one time war with the Spaniards seemed inevitable, and General Andrew Jackson led a large number of Tennessee Volunteers from Nashville to Natchez, in the autumn and winter of 1812–'13, with the expectation of engaging in it. The cloud passed away.

Omens of a war tempest soon appeared in the southern firmament, and Jackson was not allowed to remain long in quiet on his plantation. British emissaries, pale and dusky, were busy among the Indians of the Gulf region, endeavoring to stir them up to war against the Americans around them, hoping thereby to divide and weaken the military power of the United States, and lessen the danger that menaced Canada with invasions and conquests. Chief among these emissaries in zeal and influence was Tecumtha, the great Shawnoese warrior, who, as early as the spring of 1811, had, with patriotic designs, visited the Southern tribes, and labored to secure their alliance with Northern and Western savages in a great confederation, whose prime object was to stay the encroachments of the white men. He went among the Seminoles in Florida, the Cherokees and Creeks in Western Georgia and Alabama, and the Des Moines in Missouri, but accomplishing little more than sowing the seeds of discontent, which might, in time, germinate into open hostility. He returned to his home on the Wabash just after the battle of Tippecanoe, which his unworthy brother, The Prophet, had rashly brought on, and which destroyed his hopes of a purely Indian Confederacy. Hereafter his patriotic efforts were put forth in alliance with the British, who gladly accepted the aid of the cruel savages of the Northwest.

In the autumn of 1812, after the surrender of Detroit and the Michigan Territory promised long quiet on that frontier, Tecumtha went again to the Gulf region. He took his brother, The Prophet, with him, partly to employ him as an instrument in managing the superstitions of the Indians, and partly to prevent *his* doing mischief at home.

They were accompanied by about thirty warriors. The Choctaws and Chickasaws, among whom they passed on the way, would not listen favorably to Tecumtha's seductive words; but the Seminoles in Florida and Georgia, and the Creeks in the present Alabama, lent to him willing ears. He was among the latter in October, when he crossed the Alabama River at Autauga, in the lower part of the present Autauga county, and there addressed the assembled Creeks for the first time. His eloquence, his patriotic appeals, and his fame as a warrior won him many followers, and with these and his own retinue he went on to Cosawta, on the Alabama, and at the Hickory Ground addressed a large concourse of warriors who had flocked to see and hear the mighty Shawnoese, whose exploits in the buffalo chase, on the war-path, and in the council had filled their ears, even in boyhood, with wondrous tales of achievements won. It was a successful day, and Tecumtha was greatly encouraged. He crossed the Coosa and went boldly forward in the direction of the Great Falls of the Tallapoosa (in the southwest port of the present Tallapoosa country) to Tuckabatchee, the ancient Creek capital, where Colonel Hawkins, the United States Indian agent, had called a great council of the Creeks. Hawkins was highly esteemed by them, and at his call full five thousand Indians responded in person, and many white people and negroes mingled with them at the gathering.

Tecumtha approached this great assemblage with well-feigned modesty. He kept at the outer circle of spectators until the conclusion of the agent's first day's address, when, at the head of his thirty followers from the Ohio region, he marched with dignity into the square, all of them entirely naked except their flaps and ornaments. Their faces were painted black, and their heads were adorned with eagle-feathers. White buffalo tails dragged behind, suspended by bands around their waists. Like appendages were attached to their arms; and their whole appearance was as hideous as possible, and their bearing uncommonly pompous and ceremonious. They marched around and around in the square, and then approaching the Creek chiefs, they cordially gave them the Indian salutation of a shake at arm's-length, and exchanged tobacco in token of friendship. Only one chief, Captain Isaac of Coosawda, refused to greet Tecumtha. On his head were a pair of buffalo horns, and these he shook at the Shawnoese visitor with contempt, for he said Tecumtha was a bad man and no greater than he.

Tecumtha appeared in great state in the square each day, but kept silence until Hawkins had finished his business and departed for the agency on the Flint River. Then he was silent no longer. That night a grand council was held in the great round-house. It was packed with eager listeners. In a fiery and revengeful speech Tecumtha poured forth eloquent and incendiary words. He exhorted them to abandon the customs of the pale faces and return to those of their fathers. He begged them to cast away the plow and the loom, and abandon the culture of the soil as unbecoming noble Indian warriors, as they were. He warned them that servitude or extinction at the hands of the white race would speedily be their doom, for they were grasping and cruel; and he desired them to dress only in the skins of beasts which the Great Spirit had given them, and to use for weapons of war only the bow and arrow, the war-club, and the scalping-knife. He concluded by informing them that their friends, the British, had sent him from the Great Lake to invite them out upon the war path for the purpose of expelling all Americans from Indian soil; and that the powerful King of England was ready to reward

them handsomely if they would fight under his banner. The wily Prophet, at the same time, who had been informed by the British when a comet would appear, declared to the excited warriors that they would see the arm of Tecumtha, like pale fire, stretched out on the vault of heaven at a certain time, and then they would know by the sign when to begin war. It was almost dawn before this famous council adjourned, and then more than half of the braves present had resolved on war against the Americans.

Tecumtha, full of encouragement, went forth visiting all of the important Creek towns, and enlisting many recruits for the British cause. Among the most distinguished of them was Weatherford, a powerful, handsome, sagacious, brave, and eloquent half-blooded chief. But others equally eminent withstood the persuasion of the great Shawnoese. One of the most conspicuous of these was The Big Warrior of Tuckabatchee, whose name was Tustinuggee-Thlucco.

Tecumtha was extremely anxious to win him, but the Big Warrior remained true to the United States. At length the angry Shawnoese said, with vehemence, as he pointed his finger on the Big Warrior's face, "Tustinuggee-Thlucco, your blood is white. You have taken my red-sticks and my talk, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe that the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall believe it. I will leave directly and go straight to Detroit. When I get there I will stamp my foot upon the ground, and shake down every house in Tuckabatchee." The Big Warrior said nothing, but long pondered this remarkable speech.

It was indeed a remarkable speech. Events soon proved it to be prophetic. Natural phenomena—one that might be foretold by astronomers, and the other always beyond the knowledge of mortals—combined to give tremendous effect to Tecumtha's words and mission. The comet, the blazing "arm of Tecumtha" in the sky, appeared, and at about the time when the common Indians, who believed in the great Shawnoese and his mystical brother, knew by calculation that Tecumtha must have arrived at Detroit, there was heard a deep rumbling beneath the ground, and a heaving of the earth that made the houses of Tuckabatchee reel and totter as if about to fall. The startled savages ran out of their huts exclaiming, "Tecumtha is at Detroit! Tecumtha is at Detroit! we feel the stamp of his foot!" It was the shock of an earthquake that was felt all over the Gulf region in December, 1812. But it did not move the Big Warrior from his allegiance.

Tecumtha's visit proved to be a most sad one for the Creeks as a nation. It brought terrible calamities upon them, first in the form of a civil war, and then in almost utter destruction at the hands of the exasperated Americans. He left seeds of discontent to germinate and expand into violent agitation. Chief was arrayed against chief, and family against family, on the question of peace or war with the Americans. They were strong as a nation, numbering about thirty thousand souls, of whom at least seven thousand were warriors. Yet peace was the guarantee of their existence. They were hemmed in by powerful and rapidly-increasing communities of white people; and between them and the northern tribes were the Choctaws and Chickasaws, over whom that grand old patriot, General James Robertson, held a powerful sway, like that of a kind father over loving children. These stood as a wall of separation between the actual followers of Tecumtha, north of the Ohio, and those in the Gulf region whom he was endeavoring to seduce from the pursuits of peace into the war path under the British banner. They were not only opposed to alliance with the British, but were ready to fight for the Americans. "My heart is straight," said the brave Tootumastubble, the "medal chief" of the Choctaws, "and I wish our father, the President, to know it. Our young warriors want to fight. Give us guns and plenty of powder and lead. We fight your enemies; we fight much; we fight strong.....Our warriors, good Americans, fight strong. You tell him so. You, General Robertson, know me; my heart is straight. Choctaw soldiers good soldiers. Give epaulet, guns, and whisky—fight strong!"

Tecumtha had enjoined the leaders of the war party to keep their instructions secret; and for many months, while civil war was kindling in the bosom of the Creek nation because of the powerful and zealously opposing peace party, and the land was filled with quarrels, fights, murders, and violence of every kind, it was difficult for the public authorities to determine with any certainty whether or no any considerable number of the Creeks would join the British standard. Colonel Hawkins, the agent, believed that nothing more serious than a war between native factions would ensue. It was well known that Peter M'Queen, a half-blood of Tallase, who was one of the leaders of the war party, was doing every thing in his power to accomplish that result; while Big Warrior was equally active in efforts to avert so great a calamity. On one hand was seen the hideous war-dance of the lakes, taught them by Tecumtha, and on the other the peaceful, quiet, anxious, determined deportment of men resolved on peace. The whole Creek nation became a seething caldron of passion, of angry words and threatenings, which were soon developed into sanguinary deeds.

On account of the civil war raging here and there and every where in the Creek country the white settlers were placed in great peril. In the spring of 1813 they were made to expect an exterminating blow. They knew that a British squadron was in the Gulf, and in friendly intercourse with the Spanish authorities at the post at Pensacola. They knew that the fiery M'Queen and other leaders had gone to that post with about three hundred and fifty warriors with many pack-horses, intended, doubtless, for the conveyance of arms and supplies from the British to the war party in the interior. Every day the cloud of danger palpably thickened, and the inhabit-

ants of the most populous and more immediately threatened districts of the Tombigbee and Tensaw, petitioned the Government of Mississippi for a military force sufficient for their protection. The Governor was willing, but General Flournoy, who succeeded General Wilkinson in command of the Seventh Military District, persuaded by Colonel Hawkins, the Indian agent, of the civilization and friendly disposition of the Creeks, would not grant their prayer. Left to their own resources the inhabitants of the menaced districts prepared to defend themselves as well as they might. They sent spies to Pensacola, who returned with the positive and startling intelligence that British agents, under the sanction of the Spanish Governor, were distributing supplies freely to M'Queen and his followers, that leader having exhibited to the chief magistrate of Florida a list of Creek towns ready to take up arms for the British, in which in the aggregate were nearly five thousand warriors. On hearing this report, Colonel James Caller, of Washington County, called on the militia to go out and intercept M'Queen and his party on their return from Pensacola. There was a prompt response, and he set out with a few followers, crossed the Tombigbee into Clarke county, passed through the present Jackson, and bivouacked on the right bank of the Alabama River, at Sisemore's Ferry, opposite the southern portion of the present Monroe county, Alabama. He crossed the river on the following morning and marched in a southeasterly direction over the Escambia River into the present Connecuh county, Alabama, toward the Florida frontier. He had been joined in Clarke county by the famous borderer Captain Sam Dale, and fifty men who were engaged in the construction of Fort Madison, toward the northeast part of Clarke, and was now reinforced by others from Tensaw Lake and Little River, under various leaders, one of whom was Captain Dixon Bailey, a half-blood Creek, who had been educated at Philadelphia. Caller's command now numbered about one hundred and eighty men, divided into small companies well mounted on good frontier horses, and provided with rifles and shot-guns. During that day they reached the Wolf Trail, crossed Burnt Corn Creek, and bivouacked.

On the morning of the 27th Caller reorganized his command. Captains Phillips, M'Farlane, Wood, and Jourdan were appointed Majors, and Captain William Grew was created Lieutenant-Colonel. They were now on the main route for Pensacola, and were moving cheerily forward down the east side of Burnt Corn Creek, when a company of fifteen spies, under Captain Dale, who had been sent in advance to reconnoitre, came galloping hurriedly back with the intelligence that M'Queen and his party were only a few miles distant encamped upon a peninsula of low pine barrens formed by the windings of Burnt Corn Creek, and engaged unsuspectingly in cooking and eating. A hurried council was held, and it was determined to attack them. For this purpose Caller arranged his men in three columns, the right led by Captain Smoot, the left by Captain Dale, and the centre by Captain Bailey. They were upon a gentle height, overlooking M'Queen's camp, and down its slope the white men moved rapidly and fell upon the foe. M'Queen and his party were surprised. They fought desperately for a few minutes, when they gave way and fled toward the creek, followed by a portion of the assailants.

Colonel Caller was brave, but overcautious, and called back the pursuers. The remainder of his command were engaged in capturing the well-laden pack-horses of the enemy, and when those in advance came running back the former, panic-stricken, turned and fled in confusion but carrying away their plunder. Now the tide turned. M'Queen's Indians rushed from their hiding-places in a cane-brake with horrid yells and fell upon less than one hundred of Caller's men at the foot of the eminence. A severe battle ensued. Captain Dale was severely wounded by a ball that struck his breast-bone, followed the ribs around, and came out near the spine, yet he continued to fight as long as any body. Overwhelming numbers at length compelled him and his companies to retreat. They fled in disorder, many of them leaving their horses behind them. The flight continued all night in much confusion, and the victory in the Battle of Burnt Corn Creek—the first in the Creek war—rested with the Indians. Only two of Caller's command were killed and fifteen wounded. The casualties of the enemy were unknown. For a while it was supposed that Colonel Caller and Major Wood had been lost. They became bewildered in the forest and wandered about there some time. When they were found they were almost starved and were nearly senseless. They had been missing fifteen days. Caller's command never re-assembled. M'Queen's retraced their steps to Pensacola for more military supplies. But for the fatal word "retreat" the Indians might have been scattered to the winds.

While these events were transpiring in the Indian country above Mobile, General F. L. Claiborne, who had been a gallant soldier in Wayne's army, in the Indian country, north of the Ohio, was marching by orders of General Flournoy from Baton Rouge to Fort Stoddart, on the Mobile River, with instructions to direct his principal attention to the defense of Mobile. He reached Mount Vernon, in the northern part of the present Mobile county, three days after the battle of Burnt Corn Creek. He found the whole population trembling with alarm and terrible forebodings of evil. Already a chain of rude defenses called forts had been built in the country between the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers a short distance from their confluence where they form the Mobile River, and were filled with affrighted white people, friendly Indians, and negroes, who had sought shelter in them from the impending storm of war.

Claiborne's first care was to afford protection

to the menaced people. He was anxious to march his whole force into the heart of the Creek nation in the region of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, but this Flournoy would not allow. "If Governor Holmes, of the Mississippi Territory, should send his militia into the Indian country," he wrote, "he, of course, would act on his own responsibility; the army of the United States and the officers commanding it must have nothing to do with it."

Claiborne was compelled to do nothing better than to distribute his troops throughout the stockades for defensive operations. He sent Colonel Carson with two hundred men to the confluence of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, and dispatched Captain Scott with a company to St. Stephen's, in the northeast part of Washington county, where they occupied an old Spanish block-house. Major Hinds, with dragoons, was ordered to scour the country in various directions for information and as a check; and some of the militia of Washington county were placed in the stockades in Clarke county, between the Tombigbee and Alabama. Captain Dent was sent to Okeatapa, within a short distance of the Choctaw frontier, and assumed the command of a fort there.

Previous to Claiborne's arrival, wealthy, half-blood families had gone down the Alabama in boats and canoes, and secreted themselves in the thick swamps around Tensaw Lake. There they united with white refugees in constructing a strong stockade around the house of Samuel Mims, an old and wealthy inhabitant of that region, situated a short distance from the Boat Yard on Tensaw Lake, a mile east from the Alabama River, ten miles above its junction with the Tombigbee, and about two miles below the Cut Off. The building was of wood, spacious in area, and one story in height. Strong pickets were driven around it, and fence rails placed between them; and at an average distance of three feet and a half from the ground, five hundred port-holes for musketry were made. The pickets inclosed an acre of ground, and the stockade was entered by two powerful gates, one on the east, and the other on the west. Besides Mims's house there were several other buildings within the pickets, also cabins and board shelters. At the southwest corner was a partially finished block-house. The whole work, which was called Fort Mims, was upon a slight elevation, yet not eligibly situated; but such confidence had the people of the surrounding country in its strength that as soon as it was finished they poured into it in large numbers with their effects. It soon became the scene of a terrible tragedy that dispelled the pleasant dreams of Creek civilization and friendship, and inflamed the people westward of the Alleghanies, who had suffered much from savage cruelty and treachery, with a thirst for vengeance.

Two days after he reached Mount Vernon General Claiborne asked Flournoy's permission to call for the militia. "I am not myself authorized to do so," his commander replied, "as you will perceive if you turn to the late regulations of the War Department." Again foiled in his generous endeavors by official interference, Claiborne resolved to do what he might in strengthening Fort Mims. Already Lieutenant Osborn, and sixteen soldiers under him, had taken post there. He now dispatched Major David Beaseley thither, with one hundred and seventy-five volunteers. He was accompanied by Captains Jack, Batchelder, and Middleton. They found seventy citizens there on volunteer duty under Captains Dunn and Palmer, who were inexperienced officers. On the following day the little garrison were cheered by the presence of General Claiborne, who had come to make a personal inspection of the fort. He saw its weakness, and issued orders for it to be strengthened by the addition of two block-houses. "To respect an enemy," he said, wisely, "and prepared in the best possible way to receive him, is the certain means of success." He also authorized Major Beaseley to receive any citizens who would assist in the defense of the station, and to issue rations to them with the other soldiers under his command. Under this order the seventy citizens just mentioned were enrolled, and they immediately elected the brave Dixon Bailey their Captain — the half-blood who distinguished himself at the battle of Burnt Corn Creek. Claiborne at once organized a small company of scouts under Cornet Rankin, composed of that officer, one sergeant, one corporal, and six mounted men.

Every day the war clouds thickened. Rumors came to Claiborne that the Choctaws were showing signs of hostile feeling toward the Americans, and he addressed himself to the important task of securing their neutrality. There were indications of a general Indian war in the Southwest, and the little stockades were filled with refugees from apparently impending danger. Through Pushmataha, the principal chief of the Choctaws, Claiborne secured not only the neutrality of that people but promises of active co-operation. Having accomplished this, he went into the country between the forks of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers (now Clarke County, Alabama) to give protection to the settlers there.

Two slaves who were out feeding cattle fled to Fort Mims, on the morning of the 29th of August, with the startling intelligence that more than twenty painted savages had been seen by them in the swamps near by. Major Beaseley ordered them to be flogged for lying, after a reconnoissance by some horsemen failed to confirm the story. Beaseley considered his post secure from any attack, but on the very next day he was undeceived soon after the drum had beaten for the inmates of the fort to dine. At that time the soldiers were loitering listlessly about, or were playing cards, or lying on the ground asleep; and almost a hundred children were playing among the tents and cabins, and young men and maidens were dancing. At that very hour, in a ravine not far off, overshadowed by

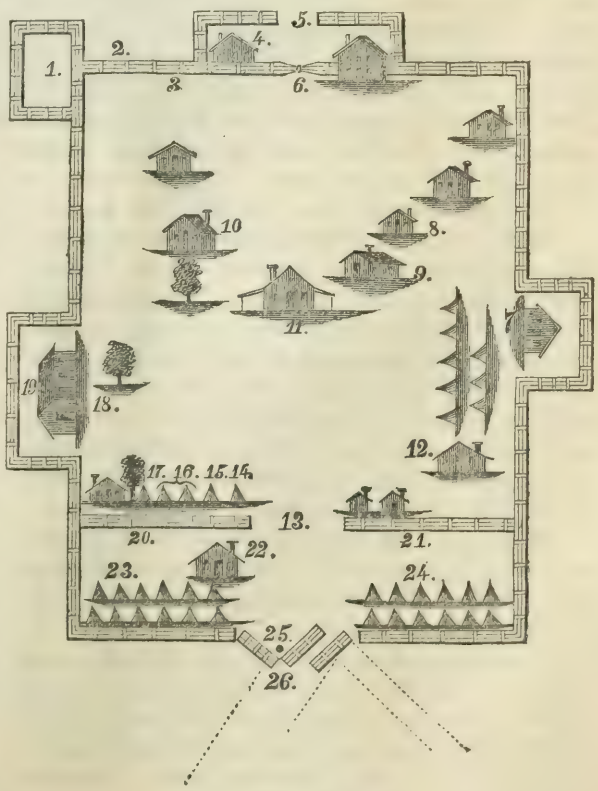
trees and filled with luxuriant vegetation, lay a thousand savage warriors prepared to fall upon the fort like famished tigers. They were led by William Weatherford and Josiah Francis, both half-bloods, the latter a son of a Creek woman by a Scotchman named Francis, and the former a child of a Georgia planter by the beautiful Sehoya, a half-sister of the Creek half-blood chief, General M'Gillavray. M'Queen and his followers had returned from Pensacola with ample supplies from the British and Spanish there; and when, at a council of all on the Tallapoosa, it was determined to strike a blow on the Lower Alabama, Weatherford assumed the command of the expedition. He went down the Alabama with his followers, and on the night of the 29th of August led them to the ravine just mentioned to watch the best opportunity for surprising the garrison at Fort Mims.

The first tap of the dinner-drum at Mims, at noon on the 30th, was the signal for the savages to rise from their covert. With horrid yells they rushed toward the fort, on the eastern side, where the gates of the outer court and inner area stood wide open. Beaseley rushed forward to close the outer gate and was slain, when the savages pressed through it and half-filled the outer court, which had been formed by making a new and extended line of pickets. A severe conflict ensued. Captain Middleton, who was in charge of the eastern section, was slain with all his command, while Captain Jack and his riflemen maintained the conflict nobly in the south wing of the inclosure.

The situation was terrible. There were two inclosures separated by a row of log pickets with port-holes, and an open gate. On one side were unarmed men, women, and children thickly crowded, with few soldiers, for a larger portion of them were in the outer inclosure with Middleton and Jack. On the other side were lusty savages maddened by the sight of blood and ravenous for plunder; and all around were human fiends filling the open field and eager for slaughter and spoils. Victory by fighting, or death was the alternative offered to the inmates of the fort. After the first shock of surprise their courage returned, and, under the directions of the intrepid Bailey, those who had arms manned the dividing pickets, and through the port-holes poured volleys that made wide lanes in the thick ranks of the foe.

These, however, were immediately filled, and the terrible conflict went on. Sometimes the guns of a Christian and Pagan would cross in a port-hole and both would fall. Old men and even women and boys fought with desperation. Bailey's voice constantly encouraged them. "Hold on a little longer," he said, "and all will be well. The Indians seldom fight long at a time." He endeavored to induce some of them to join him in a *sortie*, and a dash through the enemy to Fort Pierce, to procure reinforcements, and, returning, attack the foe in the rear and raise the siege. The movement seemed too perilous and hopeless, and none would follow him. He determined to go alone, and was actually climbing the picketing for the purpose when his friends pulled him back.

The horrid battle raged for three hours when, as Bailey expected, the Indians began to tire. Their fire slackened, their howlings were less savage, and they began to carry off plunder from the head-quarters of Major Beaseley and the other buildings in the outer inclosure. The people in the main fort were thrilled with a hope that the savages were about to depart. That hope was soon extinguished. Weatherford was not a man to accept of half a victory when a complete one was within his grasp. He beheld with scorn the conduct of many of his warriors, who were more intent on plunder than conquest. Seated upon a fine black horse he rode after the departing braves, addressed them vehemently with words of rebuke and persuasion, and soon led them back to complete the business in hand. With demoniac yells the savages resumed the work of destruction. They soon filled the outer inclosure again, but were kept at bay by brothers of Captain Bailey and other sharp-shooters who had made port-holes in Mims's house by knocking off some shingles, and from these sent deadly bullets into many a lusty warrior who was endeavoring to press through the inner gate. But very soon, under the direction of Weatherford, fire was sent to Mims's roof on the wings of arrows, and it burst into a flame. Some



PLAN OF FORT MIMS.

EXPLANATION.—1. Block-house.—2. Pickets cut away by the Indians.—3. Guards' station.—4. Guard-house.—5. Western gate.—6. An interior gate.—7. Captain Bailey's station.—8, 9, 10. Houses of residents.—11. Mims's house.—12. Randon's house.—13. Old gateway open.—14, 15, 16, 17.—Officers' tents.—18. Captain Jack's station.—19, 20, 21. Port-holes taken by the Indians.—22. Major Beaseley's cabin.—23. Captain Jack's company.—24. Captain Middleton's company.—25, 26. Eastern gate and place where Beaseley fell and the Indians entered.

of the scorched inmates of the house fled to other buildings, and some were roasted in the horrid oven. The house was soon in cinders, with its extensive sheds and outbuildings. The fire spread to other buildings, and in a few minutes almost the entire area of the fort was scathed by the crackling flames. The shrieks of women and children added to the horrors of the scene.

Only one place of refuge now remained, and to it the doomed people rushed frantically. It was Patrick's loom-house (7 in the accompanying diagram), on the north side of the fort, which had been inclosed with strong pickets and called The Bastion. This was Captain Bailey's original stand; and there he and the survivors of his company now took position and poured fatal volleys upon the savages.

The assailants were now in the main fort, and every inmate pressed frantically toward the Bastion. In doing so many were killed by the Indians, while the weak, wounded, and aged were trampled under foot and pressed to death. The venerable Samuel Mims, when tottering toward this last place of refuge, was shot, and while he was yet living the knife of his assassin was passed around his head, and his scalp, with its hoary locks, was waved exultingly in the air!

The fire and the savages attacked the Bastion at the same time. The former was more merciful than the latter. The Indians broke down the pickets and butchered the inmates in cold blood. The children were seized by the legs and their brains knocked out against the stockades. Women were disemboweled and their unborn children were flung in the air. The British agent at Pensacola had offered five dollars apiece for scalps, and the long tresses of women as well as the coverings of men's heads were speedily in the hands of the savages as marketable commodities in a Christian mart!

In the midst of the performance of these horrid deeds Weatherford rode up. Like Tecumtha, he was noble and humane. He reproached his followers for their cruelty, and begged them to spare the women and children at least. His interference nearly cost him his life. Many clubs were raised threateningly over his head, and he was compelled to retire. In after-years the scene he then witnessed filled him with remorse, for he was chief author of the calamity. He had raised the storm, but was unable to control it. "My warriors," he said, "were like famished wolves, and the first taste of blood made their appetites insatiable."

At noon on that fatal 30th of August, when the drum was beaten for dinner, there were five hundred and fifty persons in Fort Mims, happy in the belief that they were secure from danger; at sunset of the same day four hundred of them were dead! Not one white woman nor one child escaped. Every avenue for flight from the horrid slaughter-pen was sentineled. Yet twelve of the garrison did cut through the pickets and escape to the swamp. Among these was Captain Bailey; but he was severely wounded and died by the side of a cypress stump. Hester, a negro woman, who had received a ball in her breast, had followed them out. She reached a canoe in Tensaw Lake, paddled it into and down the Alabama to Fort Stoddard, which she reached on Tuesday night, and was the first to give information to General Claiborne of the horrid tragedy.

Most of the negroes were spared by the Indians and were made their slaves. The battle lasted from twelve o'clock until five, when the fort was a smoking ruin. The savages then retired about a mile east of the fort, where they slept that night after smoking their pipes and trimming their scalps. They had suffered severely, for the garrison had sold their lives as dearly as possible.

Not less than four hundred Creek warriors were slain or wounded. On the morning after the conflict they commenced burying their dead, but soon abandoned the labor. Putting their wounded into canoes a part of the warriors went up the river; some staid in the neighborhood to plunder and kill, and others went to Pensacola with their trophy scalps on poles to receive their reward from the British agents there.

The massacre at Fort Mims created the most intense excitement and alarm throughout the Southwest. This was increased by the operations of the powerful Prophet, Francis, who, at the same time, was spreading destruction and consternation over the country between the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers from the forks northward in Clarke County.

The little stockades were filled with the affrighted inhabitants, and sickness and death were their constant companions. The distress in the Creek country can scarcely be imagined. A fearful cry for help went northward, not as it would now on the wings of the lightning, but by couriers on swift horses. Yet they were tardy messengers measured by travel-speed to-day. It took thirty-one days to carry the news to the city of New York, where it produced very little sensation, for the heart of the whole country was yet tremulous with the joyous emotions created by the recent victory won by Perry on Lake Erie, and excited by intense interest in the movements of General Harrison, who was then penetrating Canada, and nobly retrieving the national misfortunes at Detroit the previous year. These absorbed the public attention northward of the Ohio and eastward of the Alleghany Mountains, while the fiercely-kindling Creek war equally absorbed the attention and awakened the most fervid sympathies and hottest indignation of the people of the Mississippi and Gulf regions.

The sons of Tennessee quickly and nobly responded to the cry for help from below. A public meeting was held in Nashville at about the middle of September. General Andrew Jackson was then there, confined to his room by a severe wound received in an affray in the streets with deadly weapons, with the late Senator Thomas H. Benton. He at once issued an appeal to the

Tennessee volunteers, who, the year before, had followed him to Natchez and back, urging them to go forward in a cause "so worthy of the arm of every brave soldier and true citizen," and expressing the hope that he would soon be able to join them, and share "the dangers and glory of prostrating those hell-hounds" who had committed such atrocities at Fort Mims. Governor Blount also promised all the executive aid in his power; and he was seconded by the Legislature of Tennessee, then in session. The latter authorized the calling out of three thousand five hundred men of the State to march into the Creek country, chastise the hostile savages, and end the war so horridly begun.



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

The appeal of Jackson made Tennessee blaze with enthusiasm. Volunteers flocked to his standard in large numbers. General Cocke raised the ensign in East Tennessee, and was equally successful. On the 26th of September Colonel John Coffee, with a regiment of dragoons five hundred strong, marched for Huntsville, now in Upper Alabama; and at the close of the same month, General Cocke, with his division, was at Knoxville. The remainder of Jackson's division soon followed Coffee, and the General himself, with his wounded arm in a sling, pressed forward in the direction of the Tennessee River. He overtook his little army at Huntsville early in October, and exhorted them to be obedient, vigilant, and brave. He had already received the pleasing intelligence from Coffee that the Indians, instead of going toward the Gulf to attack Mobile, were pressing northward toward the Tennessee, and would probably meet the invaders on the Coosa. He crossed the swift-flowing Tennessee at Ditto's Landing on the 12th of October, and encamped his army, now twenty-five hundred strong, upon a high bluff, overlooking the beautiful river for several miles. There he impatiently waited for supplies, which General Cocke had promised to send down the Tennessee.

The supplies came not. The contractors were tardy and the water of the Tennessee remained too low for laden boats to navigate it in many places. Jackson stormed, but in vain. He did a better thing by sending to Nashville for supplies, and ordering Coffee, with his mounted men, to scour the adjacent country in quest of food. Cocke was coming forward. He had already passed the site of Chattanooga and the now famous Lookout Mountain, and might be expected on the border of the Creek country in a few days.

Word now reached Jackson that a fort filled with friendly Indians, at the Ten Islands of the Coosa, was about to be attacked by hostile Creeks. Without waiting for supplies he pushed on through an alpine region in that direction. On the Tennessee, more than twenty miles above his crossing-place, he built Fort Deposit, to protect his supplies when they should arrive; and on the evening of the 24th of October he started for the Ten Islands of the Coosa, fifty miles distant. It was a terrible march, over mountains and through forests; and they were supplied with food only by foraging parties making wide circuits. On the 1st of November they reached the right bank of the Coosa, at the mouth of Canoe Creek, and there encamped.

But Jackson did not remain idle long. There was wide-spread consternation in all the country below, created by the Massacre at Mims's and the subsequent hostile movements of large bodies of the Creeks. He was now informed that considerable numbers of them were at Tallassehatchie, a town in an open woodland only thirteen miles from the camp. He immediately ordered Coffee, who had lately been promoted to

Brigadier-General, to take a thousand mounted men and fall suddenly and fiercely upon them. Coffee promptly obeyed, and, followed by some friendly Indians, he crossed the Coosa, and on the 3d of November halted within half a mile of the doomed town. There he quickly divided his forces into two columns, the right composed of cavalry commanded by Colonel Allcorn, and the left of mounted riflemen under Colonel Cannon. With the latter the newly-made General marched. Allcorn was directed to encircle one half of the town with his cavalry, while Cannon and his riflemen should encircle the other half. This was promptly accomplished at sunrise, when the foe sallied out with beat of drums and savage yells, their Prophets being in the advance.

The battle, that speedily begun, was brought on at about eight o'clock by the companies of Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Patterson, who had made a manœuvre for the purpose of decoying the foe from the shelter of their houses. It was successful. The Indians fell upon them furiously, when the two companies, according to instructions, fell back pursued by the enemy until the latter encountered the right of Coffee's troops. These first gave the Indians a deadly volley of bullets, and then charged them violently, while the left division closed in upon the doomed foe. Never did men fight more gallantly than did the Creeks. Inch by inch they were pushed back to their houses by the ever-contracting circle of assailants. They fought desperately, and with savage fury. They were shot and bayoneted in and out of their houses. Not one would ask for quarter, but fought as long as he had strength to wield a weapon. None survived. Every warrior was killed. In falling back to their dwellings they mingled with the women and children, and in the fury of the contest some of these were slain.

The victory for the assailants was complete; and at the close of this short, sharp, and decisive battle one hundred and eighty-six Indian warriors lay dead around the victors. It was believed that full two hundred perished. Eighty-four women and children were made prisoners. The loss of the Americans was only five killed (no officers) and forty-one wounded, most of them slightly.

Having destroyed the town and buried his dead the victorious Coffee marched back in triumph to the camp on the Coosa, followed by a train of sorrowful captives. It was a terrible sight for the eye of pity. Retributive justice, evoked by the memory of the slain at Fort Mims, was satisfied. Tallassehatchie was wiped from the face of the earth, and every survivor was sent a prisoner to Huntsville.

Thus commenced the fearful chastisement of the infatuated Creeks, who had listened to the siren voice of Tecumtha and the wicked suggestions and false promises of the Spaniards and British.

Strong pickets and block-houses soon began to rise, and the work on Fort Strother was well advanced when, just at sunset on the 7th of November, an Indian chief from the Hickory Ground, who by stratagem had made his way from the beleaguered fort, came with swift foot and informed the General-in-chief that one hundred and sixty friendly Creek warriors, with their families, were hemmed in at Talladega, in Lashley's Fort, thirty miles distant, with no hope of escape. The besiegers were a thousand strong, and they so completely watched the little stockade that no man could leave it unobserved. The inmates had but little food and water, and must soon perish. The foe was well provided; and, feeling sure of their prey at the hands of famine if by no quicker way, were dancing around the doomed people with demoniac joy. This messenger, who was a prominent man, had made his escape by covering himself with the skin of a hog, and in the darkness of night, while imitating its gait, and grunting, and apparent rooting, was allowed to pass slowly through the hostile camps until he was beyond the reach of their hearing and arrows. Then he cast away his disguise, and with speed heightened by desperation he fled to Jackson's camp on the Coosa.



GENERAL JOHN COFFEE.

The Commander-in-chief resolved to give immediate relief to the people at Talladega. He had just heard of the near approach of General White with the van of General Cocke's division of East Tennessee troops; so he ordered his whole force, excepting a small guard for the camp, the sick, and the wounded, to make immediate preparation for marching. He wrote a hasty note to General White, informing that officer that he should expect him to protect Fort Strother and its in-

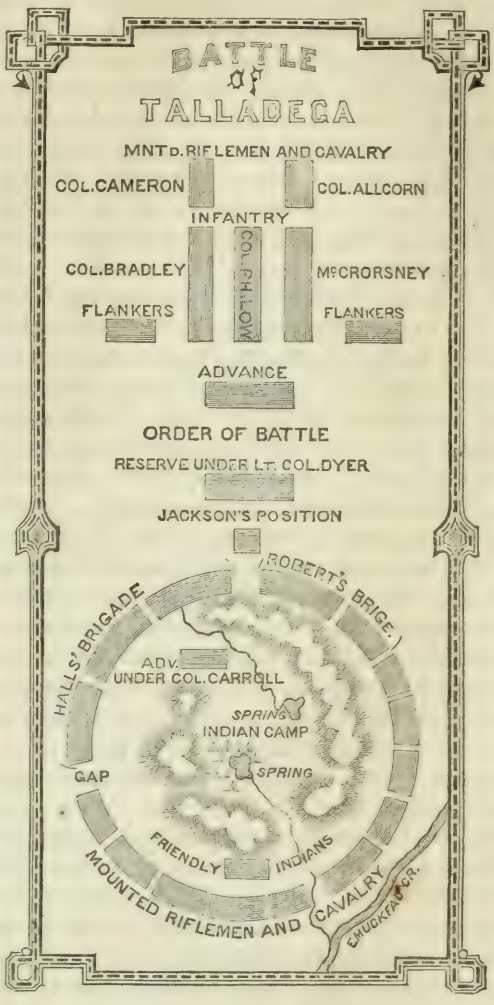
mates during his absence. At a little past midnight he commenced fording the Coosa, a mile above the fort, with twelve hundred infantry and eight hundred mounted men, the latter each taking a foot-soldier on his horse behind him. All were across at four o'clock in the morning, and then they commenced a very wearying march through a perfect wilderness. At sunset they were within six miles of Talladega, when the General commanded his followers to seek repose, for active work would be required of them in the morning.

The chief slumbered not. All night long he was on the alert for the reports of spies whom he had sent out on scouting expeditions. At midnight he received a note by an Indian runner from General White, telling him that General Cocke had recalled him, and he would not be able to protect Fort Strother. Jackson was perplexed. Strother and Talladega both needed his presence. He resolved to secure the latter, and then fly to the defense of the former. Silently his troops were put in motion in the darkness, and before four o'clock in the morning they had made a wide circuit and surrounded the enemy, who, a thousand and eighty strong, were concealed in a thicket that covered the margin of two rivulets flowing out from springs.

Jackson disposed his troops for action so as to inclose the foe within a circle of armed men. The infantry were in three lines—the militia on the left and the volunteers on the right. The cavalry formed the two extreme wings, and were ordered to advance in a curve, keeping their rear connected with the advance of the infantry lines, so that there should be no break in the circle. In this position were the troops at sunrise, when Colonel William Carroll was sent forward with the advanced-guard, composed of the companies of Captains Dederick, Caperton, and Bledsoe, to commence the attack. He delivered a heavy fire when the savages rushed forth, with horrid yells and screams, in the direction of the militia under Colonel Roberts, from whose brigade Carroll had been detached, and who, pursuant to orders, had fallen back so as to bring the enemy upon the main body.

Their horrid noise and devilish appearance so terrified the militia that some of them gave way. Seeing this, Jackson ordered Colonel Bradley to fill the chasm with his regiment, which was lagging behind the line. Bradley failed to obey, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, in command of reserves, composed of the companies of Captains Smith, Morton, Axune, and Edway, was ordered to that duty with his men. These were immediately dismounted, and met the yelling savages so resolutely that the fugitive militia took courage, resumed their station, and fought gallantly. The battle now became general, and had lasted about fifteen minutes, when the Indians, who had fought well, suddenly broke and fled in all directions toward the surrounding mountains.

But for the giving way of the militia, and the forming of a gap in the circle by the tardiness



of Bradley, and a too wide circuit made by Allcorn and his cavalry, it is believed that not a warrior would have escaped. They were hotly pursued, and the woods for miles became a resting-place for the bodies of dead savages. Two hundred and ninety of the slain were counted; many were doubtless not seen. The number of the wounded could not be ascertained, but they were numerous. The loss of the Americans amounted to fifteen killed and eighty-five wounded. Few were badly hurt, and only two of the latter died from the effects of injuries received. Among the wounded were Colonels William Pillow and James Lauderdale, Major Richard Boyd, and Lieutenant Samuel Barton, the last mortally. These and other wounded men were placed on litters; and when the dead were all buried the victorious little army marched, with the maimed, to Fort Strother, followed by the grateful rescued Creeks. Among the few trophies of victory borne back to the Coosa was a coarse banner, on which were the Spanish arms. This evidence of the complicity of the Spaniards with the hostile Creeks was sent by Jackson to the ladies of East Tennessee, who had presented a stand of colors to the Tennessee Volunteers.

When Jackson and his troops reached Fort Strother, wearied and half famished, they found the place almost destitute of provisions. None had been brought in during the absence of the

expedition, and now starvation threatened all. Almost mutinous murmurs were heard among the suffering soldiers, but their General's words and example kept them within the bounds of obedience. He was ever cheerful, and he shared with his soldiers in all their privations, like them eating the acorns found in the forest to sustain life. It was a very critical period in the campaign, but it was passed in safety and honor to all concerned.

The severe chastisement administered upon the Creeks at Tallassehatchie and Talladega had an immediate and powerful effect upon the spirit and temper of the savages, and promised a speedy termination of the war. That desired end was postponed by an unfortunate circumstance growing out of the ever-dangerous fact of a divided command in the campaign. There was an existing jealousy between the East and West Tennessee troops; and notwithstanding Jackson was the senior officer, and properly Commander-in-chief of the campaign against the Creeks, General Cocke maintained, up to the time in question, a separate command, and attempted to operate against the Indians, at first, even without consultation with General Jackson. This produced trouble, as we shall observe presently.

Many of the warriors who fought at Talladega were from the Hillabee towns on the Tallapoosa River, in the present Cherokee county, Alabama. Those who escaped to the mountains on that dreadful morning were so thoroughly convinced of the futility and danger of making further resistance to the Tennesseeans that they resolved to sue for peace and reconciliation. For this purpose they sent Robert Grayson, an aged Scotchman and old resident among them, to make peaceful propositions to General Jackson at Fort Strother. Jackson cordially responded to the proposition, but, at the same time, told the messenger in firm language that he had come to chastise those who had committed gross wrongs toward the white people and friendly Indians in the Creek country, and that he must have full evidence of the sincerity of peace professions before he would consent to stay his hand. "The prisoners and property which they have taken from us, and the friendly Creeks," he said, "must be returned; the instigators of the war and the murderers of our citizens must be surrendered; the latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears. Upon those who are disposed to become friendly I neither wish nor intend to make war."

Grayson hastened back with the conciliatory message. It was never delivered; for destruction had fallen upon the Hillabee people. While the messenger was away on his errand that destruction came from the East Tennesseeans, under Generals Cocke and White, who had come down in a separate column and encamped on the banks of the Coosa, seventy miles above Fort Strother, late in October. There Cocke, with the main body, awaited supplies and built a fort, which he named Armstrong in honor of the Secretary of War. It was in the present Cherokee county, Alabama, not far westward of the Georgia line. But the supplies came not. The continued low-water in the Tennessee would not allow the contractor to fulfill his promise. Famine stared the little army in the face. Cocke was sorely perplexed. He knew that Jackson, who depended upon the same source of supplies, must be as much embarrassed as himself by lack of food. What shall be done? was a very serious question that needed an immediate answer. Jackson had called for a junction of the armies. Shall we go forward and increase the danger of famine by having a combined army of five thousand men in the wilderness? was another pertinent and important question. A council of officers was held. The question, Shall we follow Jackson? was decided in the negative by unanimous vote. Shall we cross the Coosa and proceed to the Creek settlements on the Tallapoosa? was a second question, and it was unanimously decided in the affirmative. General White was then within a day's march of Jackson's camp, and Cocke sent an order for him to return immediately to Fort Armstrong. "It is the unanimous wish of the officers and men also," he said. "If we follow General Jackson's army," he continued, "we must suffer for supplies, nor can we expect to gain a victory. Let us, then, take a direction in which we can share some of the dangers and glories of the field." This message and the note from General Jackson already mentioned, urging him to hasten to the protection of Fort Strother, reached White at the same time. He considered his obedience due first to his immediate superior, General Cocke, and he marched his half-starved brigade back to Fort Armstrong.

General Cocke, too remote from General Jackson to act in concert with him, was consequently and unfortunately ignorant of the peaceful mood of the Hillabee people. He had been informed that one of the most energetic of the Creek leaders (Bill Scott, who commanded the Indians at Talladega) was among them, filled with the hellish purpose of massacring every white person and friendly Creek in all that region. He accordingly dispatched General White, with some mounted men and a band of Cherokee allies, to attack the Hillabee towns. White took only three days' rations with him, and marched with great rapidity toward the principal village of the Hillabees, on the border between the present Talladega and Randolph counties, Alabama, full a hundred miles from Fort Armstrong.

White spread desolation in his path. Ockfuske and Glenalga, two deserted towns, one of thirty and the other of ninety houses, were laid in ashes; and at dawn on the morning of the 18th of November, the very day when Grayson left Jackson's camp, White appeared before the chief village. The inhabitants were unsus-

picious of danger, and made no resistance; and yet White, for the purpose of inspiring terror in the minds of the Creek nation, fell furiously upon the non-resistants, and murdered no less than sixty warriors before his hand was stayed. Then, with two hundred and fifty widows and orphans as prisoners in his train, he returned to Fort Armstrong without a drop of Tennesseean blood being shed. It was very cruel.

The inhabitants of the other Hillabee towns, ignorant of any other commander than General Jackson, regarded this massacre as the most foul treachery on his part, and were intensely exasperated. They felt that their humble petition for peace had been cruelly responded to only by the sword and bullet; and thenceforth they carried on hostilities with the most malignant feelings and fearful energy.

Jackson's anger against General Cocke was equally hot. In the absence of correct information he regarded him as a rival, willfully withholding supplies, and seeking glory on his own account. This was unjust, and the irate commander was convinced of the fact in the course of two or three weeks. Then in a friendly letter he invited the East Tennesseeans to join him with his army, at Fort Strother, on the 12th of December. Cocke cheerfully complied, and was there on the appointed day, having in the mean time scoured the Cherokee country for provisions, and caused a considerable quantity of supplies to be hauled from Tennessee to the Coosa for the use of the combined army.

Cocke found Jackson's army greatly demoralized. Disappointed, starving, inactive, the troops at Fort Strother were dreadfully homesick and filled with a mutinous spirit. This the courage and tact of the commander controlled, but with great difficulty. The militia, on one occasion, prepared to go back to the settlements. They started in a body, when the yet faithful volunteers, with Jackson at their head, stood in their path. Then the volunteers attempted to leave the camp and go home. They were the very men to whose fortunes their leader had so tenaciously adhered at Natchez the year before. Now the militia, with Jackson at their head, stood in the path of the new mutineers. At length almost the entire army of West Tennessee, despairing of relief, determined to abandon the expedition and go home. Some of the militia actually started, and the volunteers were about to follow. The General had no sufficient force to restrain them, and he was compelled to rely upon himself alone. He mounted his horse, seized a musket with his right hand, while the disabled arm was yet in a sling, and, placing himself in front of the malcontents with the weapon resting upon his horse's neck, he declared that he would shoot the first man who should take a step in advance. Amazed at his boldness, they gazed at him in silence. Fortunately at that moment Coffee and two companies of faithful mounted men came up, and the mutineers, after consultation, agreed to return to duty. Yet discontent was not allayed; and Jackson finally allowed all volunteers, so disposed, to return to their homes, and he organized a force out of other materials. Could he have had sufficient supplies after the battle at Talladega, and been met by immediate concert of action by the East Tennessee troops, he might have ended the war within a fortnight. It was protracted for months, and for ten long and weary weeks he was compelled to lie in idleness at Fort Strother, suffering the vexation which grew out of positive demonstrations of discontent.

In the mean time the Creek country was invaded from another quarter. The cry for help had filled the ears of the Georgians; and late in November Brigadier-General John Floyd, at the head of nine hundred and fifty militia of that State, and four hundred friendly Indians, guided by Mordecai, a Jew trader, entered the region of the hostiles from the east. He crossed the Chattahoochie into the present Russell County, Alabama, on the 24th of November, and pushed westward toward the Tallapoosa, where he was informed a large number of hostile Indians had collected in the village of Auttose, or the "holy ground," which the Prophets had taught the Indians to believe no white man could set foot and live. This town was on the left bank of the Tallapoosa, about twenty miles above its confluence with the Coosa, at the mouth of the Colebee or Chillebee creek. Floyd encamped within a few miles of it on the evening of the 28th, and at an hour past midnight marched to the attack. At dawn he was before the town, with his troops arranged for battle in three columns. The right was composed of Colonel Booth's battalion, the left of Colonel Watson's, and the centre of the rifle companies of Captains Adams and Merriweather—the latter commanded by Lieutenant Hendon. The artillery, under Captain Thomas, was posted in front of the right column. The friendly Indians were led by William M'Intosh (a half-blood) and a chief called the Mad Dog's Son.

Floyd intended to surround the town, but the morning light revealed the fact that there were two villages in front of the invading columns, and that it was necessary to change at once the disposition of the forces. This was skillfully done. One town was below the other. They were a hundred rods apart. To the lower one, three companies of infantry, Merriweather's rifles, and two troops of dragoons, under Irwin and Steele, were sent, while the remainder of the troops marched upon the upper town. Immediately after the attack commenced the battle became general. The Indians appeared at all points, and fought gallantly for a while, when the booming of heavy artillery and a furious bayonet charge so terrified them that they fell back and sought shelter in the outhouses, thickets, and copses in the rear of the town. Overwhelming numbers pushed them hard, and they at length fled to the covering of caves cut in the bluffs of the river. Their dwellings, about four hundred in number, some of them commodious

and containing valuable articles, were fired and destroyed; and the poor, smitten, and dismayed savages were hunted and butchered with a fiendish barbarity, which ought to have made the cheeks of the actors burn with the blushes of shame. It was estimated that full two hundred Indians were murdered. Floyd lost eleven killed and fifty-four wounded. The loss of the friendly Indians, who held back at the beginning but fought bravely toward the last, is not mentioned in the official reports.

In the space of seven days Floyd had marched one hundred and twenty miles, and committed the massacre. He was now sixty miles from a deposit of provisions, and his rations were nearly exhausted; so, after burying his dead and preparing litters for his wounded, he hastened back to Fort Mitchell on the Chattahoochee. On his departure, and when a mile eastward of the ruined towns, his rear was attacked by some desperate survivors of Auttose. They were dispersed after receiving a few volleys.

While these events were transpiring in the upper country of the Creeks, stirring scenes were witnessed in the present Clarke County in the forks of the Tombigbee and Alabama and vicinity. The Indians, under the direct influence of Weatherford, and the British and Spanish, were very active and sanguinary in that region; and General Flournoy, who had kept General Claiborne on the defensive, was at last aroused to a sense of the necessity of offensive measures Accordingly, on the 12th of October, he ordered that officer to advance with his army into the heart of the Creek country, for the purpose of defending the citizens while gathering their crops yet in the field, to drive the enemy from the frontiers, to follow them up to their contiguous towns, and to kill, burn, and destroy all their negroes, horses, cattle, and other property that could not conveniently be brought to the dépôts. This sanguinary order was justified in the mind of the Georgia General by the conduct of Great Britain and the acts of her Indian allies.

Claiborne instantly obeyed. He crossed the Tombigbee from Fort Stephens, and scoured the country on its eastern side in all directions with his detachments, meeting and dispersing bands of Indians here and there, but without bringing them to battle any where. In the mean time Captain Sam Dale, who had recovered from his wounds, was preparing for active operations. He had held Fort Madison, and on the return of Colonel Carson to that post early in November, he had obtained his leave to go out and drive the small bands of marauding savages from the frontiers. He was joined by a detachment of thirty of Captain Jones's Mississippi volunteers, under Lieutenant Montgomery, and forty Clarke County militia, having for his lieutenant Gerard W. Creagh, who was attached to his company in the battle of Burnt Corn Creek. They marched southeasterly to a ferry, where Cæsar, a free negro of the party, had two canoes concealed. In these the party crossed the river, and, on a frosty night, with very thin clothing, they lodged in a cane-brake. At dawn they marched up the river, the boats, in charge of five picked men each, keeping abreast of the party on the shore. Some Indians were soon encountered on land and water, and after a brisk skirmish the dusky foe fled up the stream out of sight. Dale's party were then separated, some following the trail on the east side of the river, and others following that on the west side. At half past ten they reached Randon's Landing, where they found evidences of Indians near. Directly a large canoe, made from the trunk of a great cypress-tree, came floating down the stream, bearing eleven naked and hideously painted savages. They were about to land at a cane-brake, when Dale, calling his men to follow, dashed for the spot to contest their landing. They shot two of the Indians, and the others backed the great canoe out into deep water, three of the Indians swimming on the side not exposed to the bullets, and the remainder lying flat in its bottom.

A stirring scene now ensued. Dale, with two trusty companions, jumped into a canoe, and ordered Cæsar to paddle it to the side of the huge vessel occupied by the Indians. As they approached, the three men raised to fire a volley of bullets upon the savages. The water had spoiled the priming, and each gun missed fire. The canoes were now alongside. Ordering Cæsar to hold them together, Dale clubbed his musket, and with a foot in each vessel he assailed the savages furiously. His companions assisted him, in like manner, for a few moments, when the strong current separated the vessels, and Dale was left alone with the savages in their boat. A terrible hand-to-hand fight now occurred between that powerful borderer and five Indians, one of them severely wounded. By the strength of muscle and the adroit use of his bayonet Dale slew them all and took possession of their great canoe, after a desperate struggle of ten minutes. The fame of this exploit made Dale a hero of history; and the Canoe Fight is yet a theme for romance and song among the common people in the Southwest.

At about this time General Claiborne, with three hundred volunteers, some dragoons and militia, and a band of Choctaw Indians, under General Pushmataha and Chief Mushallatubba, marched across the country to the Alabama, and on the site of Claiborne, the present capital of Monroe County, Alabama, erected a strong work which was named Fort Claiborne. He was joined on the way by Colonel Russell with the third regiment of National troops, and with his combined forces he marched northward, after completing the fort, to strike a blow in the heart of the Creek nation, and share with Jackson and Coffee the honors of bringing the war to a close. After marching eighty miles he halted and built a station for provisions, which he called Fort Deposit. It was in the present Butler County, Alabama. When this was completed

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he pushed on nearly thirty miles further through a pathless wilderness, with as little baggage and provisions as possible, and approached Econachaca, or Holy Ground, which was situated upon a bluff on the left bank of the Alabama, just below the present Powell's Ferry in Lowndes County. The village had been built in an obscure place by Weatherford a few months before, and dedicated by the Shawnoese prophets, whom Tecumtha had left to inflame the Creeks, as a place of refuge for the wounded and dispersed in battle—fugitives from their homes—and women and children. No path or trail led to it, and the prophets assured their dupes that the ground on which Econachaca, like that of Auttose, stood, was so holy that no white man could tread upon it and live. There these savage priests performed horrid incantations; and in the square in the centre of the town the most dreadful cruelties had been already practiced. White prisoners, and Creeks friendly to them, had been burned to death there by the direction of those ministers of the Evil Spirit.

Claiborne was before Econachaca in battle order on the morning of the 23d of December. It was pretty strongly guarded in the Indian manner. The inmates had no suspicion of danger. The prophets were busy with their incantations; and at that very hour a number of friendly half-bloods of both sexes were in the square, surrounded by resinous wood, ready to be consumed.

The troops advanced in three columns, with mounted men under Captains Lester and Wells acting as reserves. The right column was commanded by Colonel Carson, and consisted of twelve-months' volunteers; the centre was composed of a detachment of the Third United States Infantry, and some mounted riflemen under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell; and the left of militia, and some Choctaws under Major Smoot. Their duty was difficult, for the town was almost surrounded by swamps and deep ravines; and the Indians regarding the place as holy, and having property there of great value, were prepared to fight desperately. They had, on the approach of the invaders, conveyed their women and children down to safe places in the thick forests of what is known as the Dutch Bend of Autauga County, and they had no hindrance to a vigorous defense.

The three columns closed upon the town by a simultaneous movement. Carson's came in sight of it at noon, and were furiously attacked. It resisted the assault with great spirit, and before those of Russell and Smoot could get fairly into the fight the dismayed Indians had broken and fled. A large portion of them escaped, owing to the failure of Major Cassel to occupy the bank of the Alabama westward of the town with his battalion of horse. They fled in droves along the bank of the river, and by swimming and the use of canoes escaped to the other side and joined their families in the Autauga forests. Weatherford, when he found himself deserted by his warriors, fled swiftly on a fine gray horse for the salvation of his own life. He was hotly pursued to a perpendicular bluff flanked by ravines, when his powerful steed made a mighty bound from it, and horse and rider disappeared beneath the water. They immediately rose, Weatherford grasping his horse's mane with one hand and his rifle with the other. He regained his saddle in a moment, and the noble animal bore him safely to the Autauga shore.

General Claiborne laid Econachaca in ashes after it was plundered by the Choctaws. At least two hundred houses were destroyed and thirty Indians killed. The loss of the assailants amounted to only one killed and six wounded. After spending a day and two nights in the vicinity, completing the work of destruction and dispersion, and suffering much from wet and cold, the little army turned southward, and on the 29th reached Fort Claiborne. They had suffered much on the way, the officers and men alike subsisting chiefly on boiled acorns until they reached Fort Deposit.

The term of Carson's Mississippi Volunteers and Cavalry had now expired, and they were mustered out of the service. By this process the little army of volunteers and militia melted away, and on the 23d of January General Claiborne was compelled, in writing to the Secretary of War from Mount Vernon, to say that he had only sixty men left, and their time would soon expire. Colonel Russell and his regulars garrisoned Fort Claiborne, and did what they could in furnishing supplies to the Tennessee troops above. At the same time they made some important raids in the Indian country, but without accomplishing any great results.

Let us now observe the movements of Jackson in the region of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. We left him at Fort Strother comparatively inactive because of a lack of supplies and the discontents of his troops. Nor was this all. The terms of enlistment of most of his men were near expiration, and he saw before him in the temper of his troops the inevitable disintegration of his army at the moment when their services were most needed.

He was urged by his chief, General Pinckney, to hold all the posts in his possession, for it was of vital importance to deprive the British of these new Indian allies. The skies at that moment appeared lowering. Seven sail of British vessels with troops and two bomb vessels were off Pensacola. New Orleans was menaced, and Mobile was in imminent danger. St. Augustine would doubtless be occupied soon by a British force, with the consent of the treacherous Spaniards; and in every direction clouds seemed gathering portentous of dismal events in the Southwest.

Thus closed the year 1813, while Jackson, with his army substantially disbanded, was looking anxiously toward Tennessee for another. He had written most stirring appeals for men and food, and the patriotic Governor Blount was doing all in his power to provide both. General Cocke had gone back to East Tennessee

with orders to raise fifteen hundred men, and rejoin Jackson in the Creek country; and a band of Cherokee Indians were garrisoning Fort Armstrong on the upper waters of the Coosa. Jackson himself was continually in motion. Almost alone he traversed the wilderness between the Coosa and Tennessee backward and forward in endeavoring to hasten forward supplies for the new army.

At length the advance of that army began to appear. First came two, mostly mounted, regiments to Fort Strother, commanded by Colonels Perkins and Higgins, numbering about nine hundred men, who had been enlisted for only sixty days. They were raw recruits, yet Jackson determined to put them in motion toward the banded enemy immediately. That enemy, recovered somewhat from the late disaster, was showing an aggressive disposition which must be checked, and accordingly, on the 15th of January, 1814, Jackson led his new troops across the Coosa to the late battle-field at Talladega, where he was joined by two hundred Cherokee and Creek Indians under Chief Jim Fife. He had brought with him an artillery company, which had remained at Fort Strother when the other troops left, and a 6-pounder. His whole force, exclusive of the Indians, was nine hundred and thirty. With these he made a raid ("excursion" the General called it) toward the Tallapoosa preceded by two companies of spies. He was accompanied by General Coffee, whose men had all deserted him but about forty, who now followed as volunteers. He reached the Hillabee Creek, on the eastern line of the present Talladega County, on the 20th, and encamped that night at Enotochopco, in the southern part of Randolph County. On the following morning he pushed forward to Emucfau, twelve miles distant, in the bend of the Tallapoosa; and toward evening, when near Emucfau Creek, fell upon a much-beaten trail, which indicated the proximity of a large force of Indians.

Jackson thought it prudent to halt and reconnoitre. He disposed his troops in a hollow square, doubled his sentinels, sent out spies, and in every way took measures to meet an attack during the night. Toward midnight the savages were observed prowling about, and at the same time the General was informed that a large body of Indians were encamped within three miles of him, some of them engaged in a war-dance, and others removing the women and children. An immediate attack seemed impending, and Jackson, fully prepared, calmly awaited it.

The night wore away, and the dawn approached, when, at six o'clock, the Indians fell suddenly and with great fury upon the left flank of Jackson's camp, occupied by the troops under Colonel Higgins. General Coffee was with them, and under his direction, assisted by Colonel Sitler the Adjutant-General, and Colonel Carroll the Inspector-General, these raw recruits fought gallantly, and kept the assailants in check. At dawn, when the whole field might be seen, they were reinforced by Captain Ferrill's company of infantry, and the whole body were led to a vigorous charge upon the savages by General Coffee, supported by Colonels Higgins and Carroll and the friendly Indians. The savages were discomfited and dispersed, and fled, hotly pursued by the Tennesseeans with much slaughter for full two miles. Inspirited by this success, Jackson immediately detached General Coffee with four hundred men and the whole body of Indians to destroy the encampment of the foe at Emucfau. It was found to be too strongly fortified to be taken without artillery. So Coffee marched back for the purpose of guarding the cannon on its way to a position to bear upon the town.

This retrograde movement encouraged the Indians, and a strong party of them fell upon the right of Jackson's encampment. Coffee at once asked and obtained leave to lead two hundred men to the support of that wing, and to fall upon the left of the foe while the friendly Indians should fall upon their right flank at the same moment. By some mistake only fifty-four men followed Coffee. The gallant General fell upon the foe with these, and Jackson ordered two hundred of the friendly Indians to co-operate with him by the right flank of the savages.

"This order was promptly obeyed," said Jackson in his report, "and on the moment of its execution what I expected was realized. The enemy had intended the attack on the right as a feint, and, expecting to direct my attention there, they meant to attack me again, and they had hoped to find me weakened and in disorder."

They were disappointed. The General, with wise discretion, had not only ordered his left to remain firm, but had repaired thither himself, and directed a part of the reserves, under Captain Ferrill, to hasten to its support. In this way the whole main body met the advancing enemy. They gave the foe two or three volleys, and then charged them vigorously with the bayonet. The Indians broke and fled in confusion, hotly pursued for some distance; and the friendly Indians, unable to withstand the temptation, left their post on the right flank and joined in the chase, all the while pouring a harassing fire upon the fugitives.

General Coffee, in the mean time, was struggling manfully against the assailants on the right of the encampment. The desertion of his Indian supporters placed him in a critical situation, for the odds were greatly against him. He was soon relieved by the return from the chase of Jim Fife and a hundred of his warriors, who were immediately sent to his support. The aid was timely. Coffee and his little party charged the savages vigorously, who, dispirited by the flight of their main body, gave way, and ran for their lives in every direction, many falling before the destructive weapons of the pursuers. The victory in the form of a repulse was complete; but it had been won at the cost of a severe wound in his body by General Coffee,

and the lives of his aid-de-camp, Colonel A. Donelson, and two or three others. Several of the privates were also wounded.

Jackson was astonished at the courage and bravery of the Creeks, and thought it prudent to abandon any further attempts to destroy the encampment at Emucfau. This movement was simply a raid, with the twofold object of striking a quick and destructive blow at the enemy, and to make a diversion in favor of General Floyd, then in the vicinity of the Chattahoochie. He therefore determined to return to Fort Strother.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 23d the retrograde march commenced, and the little army reached Enotochopco Creek before sunset, and there planted a fortified camp for the night. Great vigilance was exercised, and no serious molestation was observed during the darkness. Well rested, the troops moved forward early the next morning. The savages, who had interpreted their movements as a flight, had followed stealthily; and just as the advanced-guard and part of the flank columns, with the wounded, had crossed the creek, they appeared suddenly in force in their rear. The firing of an alarm-gun brought them to a halt, when Jackson immediately changed front, and prepared to meet the foe in good battle order. He placed Colonel Carroll at the head of the centre column of the rear-guard, its right commanded by Colonel Perkins, and its left by Colonel Stump. He chose his own ground for battle, and expected to have entirely cut off the enemy by wheeling the right and left columns on their front, and recrossing the creek above and in their rear. To Jackson's great astonishment his troops, who had behaved so well at Emucfau, now failed; and when the word was given for Carroll to halt and form, and a few guns had been fired, the right and left columns of the rear-guard precipitately gave way, and made a disastrous retreat. They drew along with them a greater part of the centre column, leaving not more than twenty-five men to support Carroll. These maintained the ground gallantly, and order was soon restored.

The battle was now sustained by only this handful of the rear-guard, under Captain Quarles, the artillery company, under Lieutenant Robert Armstrong, and Captain Russell's company of spies. The solitary 6-pounder that composed the heavy ordnance of the expedition was dragged to the top of a hill in the midst of a galling fire from ten times the number of the Tennesseeans engaged, where they poured upon the foe a storm of grape-shot that sent them yelling with affright in every direction.

They were pursued more than two miles by Colonels Carroll and Higgins, and Captains Elliot and Pipkins. The venerable Judge Cocke, then sixty-five years of age, was in the engagement, and joined in the pursuit with all the ardor of youth. The slaughter among the Indians was heavy, while that among the Tennesseeans was comparatively light. The exact numbers of casualties among the latter was not recorded. Captain Hamilton, from East Tennessee, was killed, and Lieutenants Robert Armstrong, Reid, Evans, Hiram Bradford, and Jacob M'Givack, and Captain Quarles, were wounded. Evans and Quarles soon afterward died. In the two engagements (Emucfau and Enotochopco) Jackson's entire loss was twenty killed and seventy-five wounded. The loss of the enemy was not accurately ascertained. One hundred and eighty-nine of the warriors were found dead.

Jackson made his way back to Fort Strother, after an absence of twelve days, not perfectly satisfied with the result of his raid; yet he presented it to the public in the best aspect possible. His force was almost double that of the Indians; for at that time the larger proportion of them were below watching the movement of Floyd and his Georgians, while a considerable force were strongly fortifying the Horse-Shoe and other places, preparatory to a desperate defensive war. The expedition, however, had been useful; and General Pinckney, in a letter to the War Department, said: "Without the personal firmness, popularity, and exertions of that officer [Jackson] the Indian War on the part of Tennessee would have been abandoned at least for a time."

We will leave Jackson at Fort Strother a few moments, while we again consider the movements of Floyd below. We left that officer at Fort Mitchell, on the Chattahoochie.

Floyd reposed more than six weeks awaiting supplies, and during that time recovered of his wound received at Auttose. Then he marched toward Tuckabatchee, on the Tallapoosa, with over twelve hundred Georgian volunteers, a company of cavalry, and four hundred friendly Indians. He established communicating posts on the way; and at length, on the night of the 26th of January, encamped on the Colebee or Chillibee River, on the high land bordering the swamps of that name, in Macon County, Alabama, fifty miles west of Fort Mitchell. The camp was carefully watched; but in the gloom, more than an hour before dawn of the following morning, a band of hostile Creeks, who had stealthily assembled in the swamps during the night, shot the sentinels, and pounced like fierce tigers on Floyd's front and flank. The attack was sudden, yet not unprepared for; and the savages were gallantly opposed in the front by the artillery under Captain Jett Thomas, riflemen commanded by Captain William E. Adams, and a picked guard led by Captain John Broadnax.

The foe rushed desperately up within thirty yards of the cannon, and smote the troops severely. Broadnax and his party were cut off from their companies for a while, but with the aid of the half-blood chief Timperchy Barnard, leader of some Uchees, they cut their way through the encircling savages. Most of the other Indians took shelter in the camp, and were scarcely felt in the battle, which was contested fiercely in the darkness, which was rendered more intense by the umbrageous branches of the heavy pine forest in which they were fighting. When

daylight came, and Floyd was enabled to survey the field of action, the contest was soon ended. The General ordered the right wing of his little army, composed of the battalions commanded by Majors Booth, Cleveland, Watson, and Freeman, and a troop of cavalry under Captain Duke Hamilton, to charge on the foe. The Indians were dismayed by the glittering bayonets, and fled in great terror. The infantry pursued, and the cavalry joined in the exciting chase, followed by the friendly Indians and Merriweather and Floyd's riflemen. They were chased through the swamps, and many of the fugitives were slain. They left thirty-seven dead in the pathway of their flight. The Georgians lost seventeen killed and one hundred and thirty-two wounded; and the friendly Indians had five men killed and fifteen wounded. Colonel Newman, a gallant officer, was wounded by three bullets, and disabled, at the beginning of the action.

Floyd's disabled men were so many, and the hostile Indians in his vicinity were so numerous, and might be speedily reinforced, he prudently concluded not to penetrate the country further, but to fall back to the Chattahoochie. On the day of the battle he retired to Fort Hull, one of his newly-erected stockades, and on the following day the Indians occupied the late battle-field. Leaving a small garrison at Fort Hull, the General continued his retrograde movement to Fort Mitchell, where his men were honorably discharged, their time of service having expired. No other expedition against the Creeks was organized in Georgia,

Let us now return to Jackson at Fort Strother.

On his return from his twelve days' "excursion" or raid to the Tallapoosa, Jackson set his few militia that remained constructing flat-boats, in which to bring supplies down the Coosa, and transport them to regions below, while materials for his new army were rapidly approaching from Tennessee. He discharged the troops who had been with him in the late expedition, their term of service being about ready to expire. They left for home full of admiration of and enthusiasm for their General, and their return gave a new impetus to volunteering. At the beginning of February two thousand troops from East Tennessee were in the shadow of Lookout Mountain pressing on toward the Coosa; and at about the same time as many more West Tennesseeans arrived at Huntsville.

Intelligence of these approaching troops filled Jackson's heart with gladness. His joy was increased by the arrival on the 6th at Fort Strother of Colonel Williams and the Thirty-ninth regiment of the United States Army, six hundred strong, who had been induced to hasten to the relief of Jackson by the late Honorable Hugh L. White, of East Tennessee. Very soon afterward a part of Coffee's brigade of mounted men came into Fort Strother, and also a troop of East Tennessee dragoons. The Choctaw Indians now openly espoused the cause of the United States; and before the close of February Jackson found himself at the head of an army of five thousand men, lacking nothing to enable them to sweep the whole Creek country with the besom of destruction but adequate supplies of food. Great exertions were put forth successfully to that end, and at the middle of March every thing was in readiness for a forward movement.

The hostile Creeks were aware of the formidable preparations for their subjugation, and were at the same time taking measures to avert, if possible, the impending blow. They had suffered severely at the hands of Jackson, Floyd, and Claiborne, and had already begun to have such premonitions of national disaster that they determined to concentrate their forces and rest their fortunes upon the cast of the die of a single battle with the foe. For this purpose the warriors of the Hillabee, Ocfuske, Enfau, Cahache, New Yauka, Oakchori, Hickory Ground, and Fish-Pond towns had gathered in the bend of the Tallapoosa in the northeast part of Tallapoosa County, Alabama, called Tohopeka or the Horse-Shoe, the river there assuming the shape of that object, forming a peninsula of about one hundred acres.

By the aid of white men from Pensacola, and some hostile half-bloods, they built a very strong breast-work of logs across the neck of the peninsula, and pierced it with two rows of port-holes, arranged in such a manner as to expose the assailants to a cross-fire from within. Back of this breast-work was a mass of logs and brush; and at the bottom of the peninsula, near the river, was a village of log-huts, where hundreds of canoes were moored at the banks of the stream, so that the garrison might have the means of escape if hard pushed. A greater portion of the peninsula was covered with the forest. The Indians had an ample supply of food for a long siege. Their number was about twelve hundred, one-fourth being women and children. There the Indians determined to defend themselves to the last extremity. They regarded their breast-works as impregnable, and were inspirited by recent events at Emucfau (four miles distant) and Enotochopco.

When Jackson was informed by some friendly Indians of the gathering of the Creeks at the Horse-Shoe, he resolved to march thither immediately and strike an exterminating blow. He sent his stores down the Coosa in flat-boats, in charge of Colonel Williams and his regiment of Regulars; and leaving a garrison of four hundred and fifty men in Fort Strother under Colonel Steele, he commenced his march, with the remainder of his army, toward the Tallapoosa, on the 16th of March, the only musical instrument to cheer them on the way being a solitary drum. The journey was slowly performed, for much of the way a road had to be cut through the woods.

On the 21st they were at the mouth of Cedar Creek, where they were joined by the supply boats the next day; and there Fort Williams was built, to keep open the communication with

Fort Strother. Then Jackson pushed on eastward, and early on the morning of the 27th he halted within a few miles of the breast-works at the Horse-Shoe, and sent out parties to reconnoitre. His army now numbered about two thousand effective men.

Jackson's spies informed him of the position of the Indians, and he at once comprehended the folly which had permitted them to assemble in a pen, as if offering facilities for him to carry out his threat and resolution of extermination. He sent General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river about two miles below the Bend, and take position on the bank opposite the village and boats; and when, by signal, he was certified of the execution of his order, he went forward with the main body of his army, toward the peninsula, and planted two field-pieces upon a little hill, within eighty yards of the nearest point of the fortification on the Neck. At a little past ten o'clock these opened fire on the works, under the direction of Captain Bradford, Chief Engineer, but without seriously affecting the wall. As the small balls were buried in the logs and earth the Indians set up a shout of derision, and the General was fairly defied.

Simultaneously with the attack upon the Indians' breast-works some of the Cherokees with Coffee, swam across the river, seized the canoes and paddled back in them. Full two hundred men were at once conveyed over the stream in them, and, under the direction of Colonel Morgan and Captain Russell, set the little town on fire, and moved against the enemy in the rear of their works.

The smoke from the burning huts assured Jackson that all was going on well in that quarter; but the slackening of the assailants' musketry gave evidence that they were too few to dislodge the savages, and were probably in peril. The General at once determined to storm the breast-works, which he had been battering for full two hours with cannon-ball almost in vain. The Thirty-ninth United States Infantry, under Colonel Williams, formed the van of the storming party. They were well supported by General James Doherty's East Tennessee brigade under Colonel Bunch; and the whole assailing party behaved most gallantly. They pressed steadily forward in the face of a deadly storm of bullets and arrows, and maintained for some time a hand-to-hand fight at the port-holes. This desperate conflict lasted several minutes, when Major L. P. Montgomery leaped upon the breast-works and called upon his men to follow. They did so, and at the same moment he fell dead with a bullet in his head. Ensign Sam Houston (afterward the hero and first President of Texas), a gallant youth at his side, was severely wounded in the thigh at the same time by a barbed arrow, but he leaped boldly down among the savages, and called his companions to follow. They did so, and fought like tigers. Very soon the dextrous use of the bayonet caused the Indians to break and flee in wild confusion to the woods and thickets. They had fought bravely under great disadvantages, and believing that torture awaited the captive, not one would suffer himself to be taken or ask for quarter. Some attempted to escape by swimming across the river, but were shot by the unerring bullets of the Tennesseans. Others secreted themselves in thickets, and were driven out and slain; and a considerable number took refuge under the river bluffs, where they were covered by a part of the breast-works and felled trees. To the latter Jackson sent word that their lives should be spared if they should surrender. The summons was answered by a volley that sent the messenger (an interpreter) back bleeding from severe wounds. A cannon was then brought to bear upon the strong-hold, but it made little effect. Then the General called for volunteers to storm it, and the wounded Ensign Houston was the first to step out. While reconnoitring the position above he received from the concealed savages two bullets in his shoulder, and he was borne helpless away. Others lost their lives in attempts to dislodge the foe. It was conceded that the place was impregnable to missiles, so the torch was applied; and the savages, as they rushed wildly from the crackling furnace, were shot down without mercy by the exasperated riflemen. The carnage continued until late in the evening, and when it was ended five hundred and fifty-seven Creek warriors lay dead on the little peninsula. Of the thousand who went into the battle in the morning, not more than two hundred were alive, and many of these were severely wounded.

Jackson's loss was thirty-two killed and ninety-nine wounded. The Cherokees lost eighteen killed and thirty-six wounded. Among the slain were Major Montgomery and Lieutenants Moulton and Somerville. The spoils of victory were over three hundred widows and orphans, who were made prisoners. The blow was appalling to the dignity and power of the Creek nation.

On the morning after the battle Jackson marched back to Fort Williams, and thence to the Hickory Ground of the Creeks, at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers. There, in the heart of the Creek country, over the remains of the old French Fort Toulouse, he raised the national standard. There, too, a stockade was built, and called Fort Jackson. Thitherward deputation after deputation of humiliated chiefs made their way to sue for pardon and peace. The spirit of the proud nation was not only humbled but broken. They had no heart to attempt further resistance.

Weatherford, the gallant leader, was one of the visitors to Fort Jackson. He went not as a suppliant for himself, but for his sorely smitten people. He was an outlaw, not to be forgiven; yet he went boldly to the Hickory Ground, and appearing suddenly before Jackson, in his tent, he folded his arms, and with the dignity for which he was remarkable, said

to his conqueror, in substance: "You can kill *me*, if you desire. I come to beg mercy and charity for the wandering women and children of my nation, not for myself. I tried, in vain, to save the women and children at Fort Mims. I am a soldier, and have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely; and if I had an army I would yet fight and contend to the last. But I have none. My people are all gone. I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

Here was a man after Jackson's own heart—a patriot who loved his people, and had fought in defense of the land of his birth. Jackson would not allow his exasperated men to harm the brave leader, and he sent him away to a place of safety.

Soon after this General Pinckney arrived at Fort Jackson with some troops from North and South Carolina. They were not needed. The war was at an end. The Creek Confederacy had become a fact of the past. By a treaty at Fort Jackson on the 9th of August, 1814, a perpetual peace was made with the sad remnant of the Creek Nation. The British and Spanish authorities who, for the promotion of the interests of their respective nations, wickedly incited the Indians to hostilities, gained nothing for themselves or their masters but shame and dishonor.

SYRA.

"SYRA! Syra! Where upon earth is the gal? Here's them milk dishes not done up, and the fire all out when the pot ought to be a-bilin' for dinner, and the kitchen to be readied up. Syra! where be you?"

The speaker was a thin, dark, middle-aged woman, whose gray hair, stooping form, and the anxious lines furrowed deep into her not unkindly face, spoke of a life of toil and privation.

She stood in the doorway of a little brown New England farm-house, and above her head swung to the morning breeze clusters of scarlet and golden honey-suckles, with bees and humming-birds wooing their honeyed kisses. The little garden glowed with summer roses, and sent up a quivering cloud of incense into the cloudless sky. In the field beyond the mowers swung their scythes with many a merry jest, while in the cool meadow the cows stood knee-deep in the shaded pool, and looked appreciatively upon their slaves the men, who cut and cured and stacked the clover blooms that they, the sleepy kine, might feel no want when winter snows had covered their grazing grounds.

The woman's eye glanced over all, but saw it not. To her hard experience had taught, in a lesson of forty years, that the blithe mowers were but coarse and hungry men, whose dinner-hour was fast approaching; that the picturesque cows were the foundation of laborious dairy duties; and the garden, with its riotous bloom, was one of her daughter Syra's most usual temptations to "wasting" the time that should be devoted to household labor.

"She ain't there now, though," muttered Mrs. Maxwell, as this last reflection crossed her mind. "Syra!"

"Here, mother." And out of the wood-lot, across the field, through the meadow, and up the garden came running a girl of seventeen, tall, graceful, and lovely as a poet's fancied Peri, her bright hair crowned with summer blossoms, the freshness of the morning on her cheek and lips, its glory in her eyes.

"Now, Desire, I ain't a-going to put up with this, *I* can tell ye. Where hev ye ben trapseing, I should jest like to know?"

"I thought father would like some cider, and I went to carry it to him," said the girl, briefly. "I didn't mean to stay."

"Well, what made ye if ye didn't mean to?"

"It looked so pleasant in the wood-lot, and I saw so many flowers that I haven't seen this year before—"

"Flowers! Nasty weeds! I wish they was all dead and buried. When there ain't nothing else to toll you off from your work it's always flowers. Take them silly things off your head this minute, and get to your work, or I'll box your ears fer as big as you are. I'm ashamed o' ye, Syra Maxwell."

The glow faded from the young girl's cheek, the light from her eye, as she sullenly obeyed the harsh command, and tore the flowers from her head to cast them upon the smouldering ashes.

"Work, work, work!" muttered she, as the dairy door closed between her mother and herself. "Mother and father think that every thing that's pleasant is wicked, I believe. I only wish the Melvins would ask me to visit them as they did last year. That was the kind of life I was made for—flowers and books and music!"

Some great tears plashed down upon the ashes as Syra stooped to rake the brands together, but as she heard her mother's step the girl's face grew cold and hard. She cried no more, but she neither spoke nor smiled nor even looked up in answer to the various attempts of the really fond mother to induce a pleasant state of feeling.

"I see Judge Melvin's team go by this morning," said Mrs. Maxwell, after a long pause, and as she spoke she looked earnestly into Syra's face, sullenly bent over her disagreeable task of paring potatoes.

No reply.

"Miss Bartlett told me they'd come up from the city last night. Had you heerd of it, Syra?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why didn't you tell me then? Well, I was cal'lating to send up a kipple o' pounds o' my new churning to Miss Melvin. She olluz seems to think so much of any of our stuff. I 'xpect she'll be sending fer eggs soon's they git settled. You kin go and kerry the butter if you're a mind to, Syra."

"I'd rather wait till it's been asked for," remarked Syra, without turning round.

"Lor', child, it's for a present I'm a-going to send it. Me and Miss Melvin went to deestric' school together 'fore she went to boarding-school; and though she married a Judge, and I was well off to get a farmer, she's never forgot that we was young together, and that there wasn't sech a heap o' difference between us in them days. Don't you know them beautiful grapes she sent up in the winter when she heerd I was down with the typ'us?"

"For all that she never forgets the difference between Judge Melvin's lady and Farmer Maxwell's wife; no, nor that between Lucia Melvin and Desire Maxwell," said Syra, bitterly.

"Why now, Syra, I don't see what gits inter you to talk so. I'm sure Miss Melvin and the Judge too treated you fust-rate last year when you was staying there; and as for Lucia, she couldn't made more of you ef you'd ben her own sister."

"No, Lucia never seemed to think she was doing any favor by speaking pleasant, and acting pleasant, too, to me; and Mrs. Melvin meant to be kind," assented Syra, more graciously, as she placed the dinner on the table.

"Well now, Desire, I'll tell you what—you fix up after dinner and carry the butter and give it to Miss Melvin with my best respects. Then like enough she'll ask you to stay to supper, and you kin stay if you want ter."

"Oh, thank you, mother. I hope she will ask me. Now I'll blow the horn, for dinner's all ready."

Mrs. Maxwell made no comment upon the sudden change of voice and manner that accompanied these words; but her eyes, emerging from the great towel on which she was drying her face and hands, rested with a sort of admiring pity on the graceful figure and bright beauty of the young girl who now stood just beneath the honey-suckle, through whose shifting foliage flecks of sunlight slid lovingly along the wavy hair, the pure white neck and arm, the dainty waist, to kiss at last the point of the little foot that peeped so temptingly out to meet the warm caress.

"Well, well, poor child, 'tain't likely she's going to put herself right down to work same's I do, at her age, and good-looking as she is. I was young once myself."

But the fond mother did not add, even in thought, that her own youth had been well-nigh as laborious as her middle-age, and that her father's stirring second wife had never seen the necessity of play-days for young people.

"There, Syra, the dishes is all done up. Now I'll sweep up the kitchen, and drive out the flies, and put up the butter, and you may go fix ye to start."

Syra's taste in dress was perfect, although, or perhaps because, instinctive, and Lucia Melvin had the last summer been lavish of both hints and gifts; so that had a far more critical observer than Mrs. Maxwell scanned the figure of the young girl who, half an hour later, tripped from under the honey-suckled porch, and down between the rose-bushes to the garden-gate, he would, like that worthy dame, have pronounced her faultless.

And even might some city belle have scoffed at the simplicity of the wide straw-hat, with its floating blue ribbons, she could not have chosen but admire the bright showery curls that fell beneath its brim—curls of a rare gossamer texture, falling soft and light upon each other as the foam of the last wave on that which went before; while, dancing round and round each graceful spiral, and sparkling off at the extremity only to mount again, those same loving sun-rays that had peeped through the honey-suckle now ran riot in their lovesome play.

Farmer Maxwell and his "hands" were in bed and fast asleep, and his tired helpmate, drowsing alone over her knitting, had begun to cast very impatient glances at the clock before the quick rattle of carriage-wheels and their sudden pause at her own gate announced Syra's return.

Tired and sleepy though she was, Mrs. Maxwell felt a thrill of satisfaction as, watching by the brilliant moonlight, she saw her child ceremoniously handed from that handsome carriage by Judge Melvin, while his daughter's clear voice bid good-night to "dear Syra," with an injunction to "be sure to come."

"Well, Miss," began the mother, half-vexed, half-pleased, as the girl ran up the path and threw white arms about her neck. "I guess you meant to stay it out this time."

"Oh, mother, I've had such a splendid time, and they're all so kind, and see this parasol that Lucia gave me, and she's got a lovely blue muslin that her own dress-maker is going to fit for me; and oh, mother—now don't say no—they've asked me to come and stay a whole month with them. Oh, mother, mayn't I go?"

"But, Desire, the haying's just begun."

The girl's face darkened.

"Well, suppose it has. There isn't such a sight more to do than there is other times, and you can send up to the poor-house and get Sally to help you wash; and I'm sure I've worked hard enough this spring to have a little time to rest. Besides, I promised I'd come."

Mrs. Maxwell fixed her keen eyes upon her daughter, and although for a moment she made no reply, Syra, reading by the moonlight in her mother's face, saw there a clearer expression of wounded affection, disappointed hope, grieved surprise, than the unskillful tongue could have put in words. She hung her head and began to cry.

"You kin go, Desire," said Mrs. Maxwell, turning to re-enter the house.

"I don't want to go," sobbed Syra, half-indignantly.

"Not want to go? Wha' d'ye mean by that gal?"

"I don't want to go and have you feel so about it. I couldn't take any comfort."

Before the mother spoke again she carefully rolled up the knitting-work and laid it away, set up her chair against the wall, straightened the table, and bolted the front door.

Then, groping in the ashes until she found a coal, she lighted a candle and took a few steps toward her bedroom door, but returning, placed the light upon the table and stood for a moment looking out upon the moony garden. At last she spoke.

"Yes, Syra, you kin go. 'Tain't always that you'll have a mother to stand 'twixt you and the world, and you're right to make the most of the time. Bimeby, when you've got gals of your own, you'll rec'lect 'bout this, and p'r'aps it'll make you set more by them, to think that your ma'am was willing to do 'most any way to let you have a good time."

Syra's arms were about her mother's neck, her kisses on her cheek, her tears dripping fast upon that withered breast so full of maternal love, of unselfish devotion.

"I won't go, mother. I don't care nothing about it—I wouldn't be hired to go."

So protested the girl, and her mother kissing her, with a shrewd, sad smile, put her away, bidding her be off to bed or she'd "never be up in the morning;" and so they parted, the one to sink immediately into the rosy dreams of youth, the other to moisten her hard pillow with the rare tears of middle life, and toss and turn in feverish unrest till the cock's first crow sent her to a brief and unrefreshing sleep.

"I want you should finish making them cotton clothes for yourself, Syra, 'fore you go up to the Judge's," said Mrs. Maxwell, quietly, the next day, and Syra, after a moment's hesitation and an anxious look into her mother's impassive face, answered with crimson cheeks,

"Yes, mother, I will."

No more was said on either side, and one morning, about a week after this, the Judge's handsome carriage stopped once more before the farm-house, and Mrs. Melvin alighting, came in to see her old schoolmate for a few moments, and to carry away happy, agitated Syra.

At first the girl came often to see her mother; sometimes alone, sometimes walking with Lucia Melvin and Robert Vane, her handsome lover; sometimes, riding or driving, they stopped a moment at the gate to ask a draught of cold water, or sweet new milk; but as the weeks went on, these visits became more hurried and farther between.

In fact, Syra was coming to live in such a fever of pleasure and excitement that she had little time, and a constantly decreasing relish for home-going, and the keen scrutiny of her mother's eye.

Love is blind, the poets say, but life shows us that Pride is blinder, else had Mrs. Melvin never permitted this ill-starred visit of Syra Maxwell's at the very time when Robert Vane was beneath her roof—his quick eyes and artistic taste full at leisure, and with ample opportunity to compare Syra's transcendent and many-sided loveliness with Lucia's sensible, kindly, but most unbeautiful features. And their figures, and their voices! Could Syra help it, could Robert help it that every time she looked, or spoke, or moved, the sense of her exceeding beauty thrilled him through and through.

He could not close his senses, but he could have turned his back; he could have fled the temptation in the first week or the second. After that—ah, human nature unsanctified by trial and repentance is so very frail!

The third week had waned and fled, when Suspicion came to untie Love's fillet from Lucia's eyes, to scatter Pride's thick mist from her mother's vision.

Mrs. Melvin coming quietly into her daughter's chamber in the twilight, found her on her knees behind the closed blinds of her window, tears raining down her cheeks, her eyes fixed devouringly on the grove that edged the lawn.

Silently stepping behind, the mother saw, half-hidden in the leafy covert, two forms sauntering along the shadowy path, now pausing for a moment, now walking slowly on; but still, as they moved or paused, their eyes fixed on each other, their heads inclined each to each until the golden ringlets of the girl mingled with the man's dark beard.

"How long has this been, Lucia?" asked the stern voice of Mrs. Melvin, after a moment's steady scrutiny.

"I have seen it growing these many days," moaned the girl, too heart-sick to be startled at her mother's presence.

"It has reached its growth," said the icy voice of the matron, as Vane, pressing the girl's white hand to his lips, turned back into the wood, while Syra came slowly toward the house.

At the hall door she was met by Mrs. Melvin.

"I wish to speak with you in the library, Miss Maxwell."

Syra raised eyes startled from their love-dream to the haughty face of her hostess, half hesitated, and looked back to the darkening grove, and then followed tremblingly into the designated apartment, the stateliest, the gloomiest, the most awful to Syra of all the rooms in that great house.

Mrs. Melvin stood erect and stately as a queen, one hand resting lightly upon the ponderous table, her rich dress lying in heavy folds about her feet, her whole presence one of majesty and doom. Before her stood Syra; drooping, downcast, conscious, a culprit before her judge.

"Desire," began the cold, even voice, "I feel it my duty, as your temporary guardian, to warn you against your conduct toward Mr. Vane. It is nothing unusual for gentlemen in his station to amuse themselves by paying some attention to girls in yours. But either these attentions mean nothing, or they mean disgrace, infamy, a blasted life to the girl and all belonging to her—to the man a passing whim, a broken toy, forgotten and thrown aside.

"I warn you thus, for two reasons: The first, that your conduct is annoying to Miss Mel-

vin; the second is, that I like your mother, and should be sorry to see her daughter allow herself to be made a fool, or—something worse."

The sharp silken folds trailed hissing from the room, and Syra, cowering more and more, sunk at last upon the floor, her bright hair trailing in the dust, her cold hands clasped across her throbbing brow.

Was it her, really her, to whom those cruel words had been spoken? and was it true that she deserved them? Was she so fallen, so vile, even in another's imagination? Oh! for her father's humble roof—her mother's patient love!

The longing strengthened till it brought back life and power to the nerveless limbs. Rising stealthily, Syra unlatched the sash-window, and crept out beneath the stars. The nearest route lay through the garden; and as she swiftly passed among the queenly roses, the perfumed lilies, the thousand odorous blossoms heavy with dew, faint with fragrance, she came upon a motionless form standing beside the fountain, his foot upon its marble brim, his arms folded resolutely upon his breast.

It was Robert Vane, who fought there a battle with himself, quaffing in its pauses bitter draughts of penitence instead of the bright waters of the fountain.

"Is it Fate that brings her here, or her own free-will?" thought he, as Syra's white-clad figure glided ghostlike into view.

Close beside him she started back.

"Oh! what brings you here?" cried she, turning to fly.

"And why not here, Syra? Why do you tear your hand away? Why do you look at me with such horror? What is it? Speak to me, Syra!"

"Let me go—let me go this moment! Let me go to my mother!"

Her voice, shrill, convulsive, harsh, told Vane that the crisis of her fate and his had come. Grasping both her little hands in one of his, with the other he raised her face to the lingering western light, and gazed attentively on the burning cheeks, the glittering, distended eye, the painfully-contracted brow, and then quietly asked,

"Syra, what has Mrs. Melvin said to you?"

Tearing her hands from his, the girl covered her scarlet face, and moaned as if in bitter pain.

"Tell me," demanded Vane, almost fiercely.

"She said that you was amusing yourself with my folly; that I behaved—improperly; that you would—forget me; and oh! she said worse things that I can not tell you. Go—go back to Lucia; she is your wife almost. What am I?—a poor, ignorant, silly girl; but oh! I am not so wicked as she thought me. Mr. Vane, Mr. Vane, let me go: I must go to my poor mother."

The battle in Robert Vane's heart raged fiercer and hotter, but it was almost over. Grasping once more those warm, soft hands, gazing at that lovely tearful face, that slender form writhing in its passion of love and mad regret, heaving those sobs—sobs of a heart breaking for love of him—duty, honor, care for another heart as wholly his as this, gave way before the wild sweep of passionate emotion.

He clasped her strongly to his heart; his lips sought hers.

"Syra, she lied. I will never forget or part from you. I love you—you know now how well I love you. You shall be my wife, shall bear my name, and meet that proud woman face to face, her equal, more than her equal, in the world's eye. She has defeated herself when she thought but to crush you. Come, I will take you myself to your father's house."

It was a proud but hardly a happy heart that slept in Syra's little bed that night.

True, Robert Vane was hers, but had she not meanly stolen him from the noble friend who trusted her, who had done so much for her pleasure, who loved this man as well perhaps as she herself loved him?

And then her mother. When Vane, entering the old farm-house so unexpectedly with her, had in brief and somewhat stately phrase announced that he loved Syra, and would make her his wife, her father had hurriedly given a glad consent, but her mother had asked, in a voice that brought the blood to the young man's cheek,

"Has Lucia Melvin given her consent?"

"It has not been asked. I am my own master," retorted Vane.

"But not my daughter's. Syra, go to bed."

Unexpected opposition, that strengthened fourfold the determination of Vane's stubborn will. He expostulated, reasoned, vowed he would never, at any rate, see Lucia Melvin again; promised wealth, honor, and happiness without stint to the wife he wooed, and finally led Syra, blushing, weeping, trembling, and laid her arms about her mother's neck.

And yet, for all those soft kisses on her cheek, those winning words whispered in her ear, the stern sense of right and honor would have held the woman firm, had not her husband, whose narrower vision saw only his daughter's prospective wealth and station, interposed, and with brief authority silenced the mother's voice, and given Vane assurance of success.

Then Mrs. Maxwell, a woman of too sound sense to strengthen determination by vain opposition, gave such consent as might be drawn from silence, and an early wedding-day was fixed by Vane, who foresaw only mortification and annoyance in a protracted courtship under circumstances so peculiar.

If Mrs. Maxwell hoped, while withdrawing all open opposition, to so influence her husband and her daughter as to break off a marriage which principle called dishonorable, and superstition named unlucky, this plan of Vane's was a checkmate to her skillful move; for in the fourteen days that elapsed between the engagement and the marriage neither father nor daughter were able to see any thing beyond the mirage that closed the desert from their view.

And so Syra Maxwell became Mrs. Robert

Vane, and went with her husband on a secluded bridal tour ending at her city home, where she was soon so engrossed in her new studies of etiquette and fashion, and so conscious of her husband's tacit disapproval of any connection between her present and her past life, that the constant intercourse she had promised to herself and her mother dwindled to occasional rare and brief visits to the farm-house, unaccompanied by her husband; visits which Mrs. Maxwell successfully exerted herself to prevent her husband from returning: and to brief letters accompanying presents of city luxuries, always scrupulously returned by an equivalent in farm or dairy produce, unaccompanied, however, by any written proof of the educational deficiencies of Mrs. Vane's parents.

Mrs. Maxwell, in her own way, was perhaps a prouder woman than Mrs. Melvin, and she could better give up her only child altogether than to feel herself an encumbrance and a drawback to that daughter's new honors and glory.

Judge Melvin, his wife, and daughter went abroad, and the "great house" of the village was closed and desolate—so desolate in its neglected grandeur that one would have said the curse of man's faithlessness and woman's breaking heart hung upon the crumbling house, the tangled garden, the ruined fountain, and the dark woods.

The country folk began to be afraid to pass at night, and talked of dim white forms seen at twilight peering from the unshuttered upper windows, or flitting through the mazes of the shrubbery.

And so ten years went by, and brought the night which recommences our history—a night of late autumn, wild, bleak, and dreary. A night to draw close beside the fire and pity the sailors on the coast—a night when no man would turn a beggar from his door, or neglect to see that every living thing within his charge was safe and comfortable—a night, as it drew on to midnight, to gather closer still into the chimney corner and tell wild stories of murders and of ghosts, of mysterious adventure and unexplained phenomena—a night when winter, impatient of delay, snatched hungrily at autumn's few last hours of life, and raved his disappointment that he might not hurl her from the throne so soon to be his own.

John Maxwell and his wife sat beside their lonely hearth. Ten years had laid a heavy hand upon the mother's life, and she showed the burden in whitened hair, bowed figure, and wrinkled face. But the gray eyes were as keen, and the thin lips as firm, as when, ten years before, her daughter married a rich man against her mother's will. And though Syra had offered again and again to provide a woman to lighten her mother's labors, Mrs. Maxwell had steadfastly refused to accept such aid, and still toiled on alone in the old monotonous track, which to so many women has but one turning off—that leading to the grave.

"John, didn't a wagon stop before our house?"

"Eh? Wagon? No, I guess not, 'thout it's Cephas come from mill. Ef it's him he'll be in with the grist pooty soon."

The old-fashioned iron latch of the kitchen door rose slowly, and a woman entered, closing the door behind her.

Throwing off a muffling hood and veil she stood before them, a splendid woman in her ripest and fullest beauty—no one charm dimmed by time, but each enhanced by that assured grace, that quiet self-possession a woman never gains until the timidity of girlhood has fled forever. Beautiful, yes, fearfully beautiful; for eyes never glittered, cheeks never burned, lips never glowed and quivered as did those of that fair face, unless a breaking or a guilty heart lay underneath.

Mrs. Maxwell gazed one moment in astonishment, then rising with a mother's instinct she took her daughter in her arms, and kissed her as she had not done in ten long years.

The lovely face bowed itself upon that strong, true heart.

"Mother, I've come home to you," she whispered.

"I vow, Syra, I didn't know ye at fust, you come in so softly like," interposed the father, recovering a little from his first surprise. "Where's yer husband?"

"I don't know, father," said Mrs. Vane, oh so coldly.

"Don't know? Why, he hain't run off and left ye, hes he?"

"No, Sir. It is I that have left him."

"Left yer husband, and he sech a rich man too! Why, Syra woman, what's got inter ye?" asked the old man, in high displeasure.

"Never mind that now, Mr. Maxwell," came in the decisive tones of the wife, on whose opinion he relied more every year.

"The child's cold and tired, and has rid twelve miles, I suppose, in a open wagon. You come by way of the railroad to Franklin, didn't ye, dear, and so rid over?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then you must be clean wore out, and father sha'n't ask ye a question, nor don't you speak a word till you've ate and drank. The kettle biles, and I'm going to make ye a cup o' tea and a little cream toast. You used to be a great hand for cream toast, Syra."

But the mother's anxious kindness had superseded her usual delicate tact (for tact is as democratic as sunshine and singing birds), and the homely allusion to those childhood days overthrew in a moment the barrier of pride and dignity that Syra had so painfully erected between her feelings and their visible expression. Flinging herself upon the floor, her face hidden on one of the old wooden chairs, her hair floating down in all its bright length until it swept the floor beside her, the unhappy woman abandoned herself to such a passion of grief, wild sobs, and scalding tears as she had not known in all her life before.

The mother sought not to check or stint the

paroxysm. Only she drew the bowed head upon her own lap, and, while her hard fingers threaded through and through the glittering hair, murmured, softly:

"Poor child! Poor lamb! There, there, mother's own!" and words of love and simplest pity such as had many and many a year before assuaged the grief and calmed the pain of little baby Syra, and ever since had lain unused.

At a significant nod and look from his wife John Maxwell surlily gathered himself up and went off to bed, muttering, instead of prayers, some objurgations upon "the silly ways of women folks."

Left alone with that tender mother, Syra's sobs became more moderate, the tears flowed less burningly, and at last, her head still buried in her mother's lap, she began to tell her mournful, bitter story.

It was not a strange or rare one. It was not even a wholly unexpected one to Syra's mother. Her own sagacity and unconscious knowledge of human nature had foreseen very much such an ending when she prophesied ten years before that the marriage would be an "unlucky" one.

The faithless lover had proved a more criminally faithless husband, and Lucia Melvin's tears had fallen in drops of living fire on the heart of Syra Vane.

Lingering love and pride of womanhood had kept her quiet long. She had closed her eyes to that which every one besides herself knew as well as they knew her husband's face; she had tried gentle remonstrance, patient love, and submission. She had taken pains to make her home gay and attractive, to fill it with the people that he liked, and to preserve and enhance the beauty by which she had won his fickle heart.

Sometimes she succeeded, and for weeks and months he was all her own, and life seemed sweet and dear. But Robert Vane was an idle man. No necessity compelled him to use a moment of his life for other than his own pleasure; and many were the hours while Syra waited anxiously to greet him that were loitered away in club-rooms, at billiards, at long-lingering bachelor dinners, where both wine and jest flowed too freely, and alas! in other society so debasing that Robert Vane shrunk in shame from his wife's clear eyes, and coldly avoided her presence, for no reason but that he respected her pure womanhood too much to contaminate it with his presence.

And so, in alternations of hope and fear, of anxious love, and a pity that was almost contempt, the latter years passed on, and the brilliant Mrs. Vane retired nightly from the gay society which she frequented, partly to drown the voice of her own heart, partly to allure again her pleasure-loving husband, to pray that she might die before another sun.

For the few last months Vane had attached himself to a brilliant woman, once a leader of fashion, and the wife of a most respectable physician, but fallen, through her own levity and crime, to a level where none sought her but those as debased as herself.

This woman, not content with securing Vane to herself, insisted upon displaying her conquest in public, and more than once had appeared with him at the opera, in the street, driving or riding, and at such public places as money could throw open to her.

This was too much, and Syra had at last told her husband decisively that, unless this connection were definitively broken, he must see her face no more.

Vane, angry at what he chose to consider her authoritative tone, had refused to make any promise; and angrily leaving the house, he had gone to dine with Mrs. ——, and after taking a sufficient quantity of wine to effectually obscure every faculty that should have controlled him, had brought his companion to make a call upon his wife.

That was the last. Syra ordered the woman from her doors, saw her husband follow her, and then, leaving no message, making no arrangements, she had left the house that was home no more, and sought the mother and the roof-tree so cruelly neglected in her years of pride and pleasure.

"And now, mother dear," said the quivering voice at last, "will you take me back, and let me be to you what I should have been but never was, in the old time? I am well and strong, and the habits of ten years are not so powerful but that I can break them, and return to the simple and laborious life of my girlhood. For we will have none of Mr. Vane's money if it is offered, will we, mother?"

And the mother, who once before had chosen honor rather than wealth, echoed, proudly:

"No, child. We'll have none of Mr. Vane's money."

And so the old life recommenced. Old in its routine, but new and strange in its development; for Syra, even while retaining the refined habits of her later years, wrought at all household tasks with a feverish energy beyond her strength, and seemed never content unless when exerting every bodily power to the utmost.

And this distressed the mother, who, more earnestly than she had in the old time reproved the girl's idleness, now besought her to rest and care for herself, and would willingly have taken every particular of the house duty on herself, if she could have seen her child at ease.

And this mutual care and self-sacrifice, like other growths of sorrow and of tears, bore fair flowers and sweet fruit; for while Syra's character was strengthened and elevated, that of her mother was softened and refined.

As Syra had anticipated, Mr. Vane, through his legal adviser, made offer, soon after the separation, of an allowance for the support of his wife, or to receive her back if she chose to come.

Both these propositions were quietly but decidedly declined by Mrs. Vane, and no other message came, or even in the long dull winter that ensued, any tidings of his life.

A long, dull winter, broke only by strange news of public import—for it was the winter and spring of 1861, and the great voice of the nation calling to her sons for help echoed even in the little village where Syra had hidden herself.

With the spring came a change. The "great house" was opened one morning, and artisans from the city were busily at work repairing the ravages of time. Then came servants and furniture, and finally Judge Melvin and his daughter, for the wife and mother had been laid in a foreign grave.

It was Mr. Maxwell who brought home the news of this arrival, and his wife, glancing anxiously at Syra, saw by the painful flush upon her cheek, and the sudden trembling of her hand, that she heard it not unmoved.

But she said nothing, nor did Mrs. Maxwell, and the past, if ever present, was unnamed between them.

Another week went by, and Syra sat alone in the twilight, giving way for once to the bitterness that sometimes would have way, when the door of the low large room opened softly, and some one stood within, hesitating whether to enter or withdraw.

Syra rose and approached more closely, but started back at recognizing Lucia Melvin, who now advanced and held out both her hands.

"Yes, dear Syra, it is I, and I have come to offer you the old love and trust, if you will have it. I have heard all that the world knows of your life these sad years past, and this afternoon I have seen your mother, and persuaded her to tell me much that has been known alone to her. Dear, we both have suffered long and silently: we each need comfort and sympathy in the lonely lives that lie before us. Shall we find it in each other?"

"Oh, Lucia, can you forgive me?"

And the two women, clasped in each other's arms, felt that existence had still a charm, or at least a solace for their bruised hearts.

From this time the day rarely passed that did not bring these old-new friends together; nor can it be denied that, spite of Syra's sincere self-abnegation, it was with keen zest that she turned from the duties she still religiously performed to the refinements and congenial pursuits of Lucia's home.

And still the war-cloud deepened, and the distant thunder grew nearer and more threatening, and the nation, waking with a start from its long sleep, armed itself in haste, and turned to seek its foe. Summer had come meanwhile, and the mowers were busy in the field, and bees and humming-birds buzzed among the honeysuckle's clusters as they had done ten years before, when Syra, glancing at a newspaper that her father had brought home from town, started, turned deadly pale, and resting her head upon her hand, remained for several moments as one stunned by some great shock.

She had seen Robert Vane named as captain of a company of volunteers about to leave immediately for the scene of the cruel war.

She looked through the open window, and the ten years that lay between that day and this faded like mist-wreaths before the sun. She was a girl again, frolicking in yonder field, crowning her fair hair with flowers in the sunshine; gay, hopeful, careless of the present, confident of the future. He was the fascinating lover who had chosen her simple beauty from all the world beside, for her had cast behind him wealth, honor, and the love of a better woman than herself. The man whom she had loved, to whom she had given her all of wifely devotion. And he was going to this fearful battle-ground, brave as she knew him to be, desperate as she felt he had become, and without one word of pardon or farewell!

The summer landscape grew dim before the eyes that rested on it, although no cloud had passed before the sun!

Mrs. Maxwell entered quietly.

"Syra, here is a letter for you. I just found it in the pocket of father's coat. I guess he got it last night down to the village, and forgot to give it to you."

Without looking too earnestly at her daughter's pale face and tearful eyes, she left the room as quietly as she had entered, and Syra tore open the envelope directed in that familiar hand.

"I have waked at last," the letter abruptly began, "from that long delirium in which I have made shipwreck of a life that might have been so fair. I see myself now as you have seen me for the last five years—a loathsome object of contempt. I have been ill, very ill, and as I lay crushed and helpless on my lonely bed I had time to think and to remember.

"Syra, angel whom I have lost, I dare not ask you to forgive the cruel wrongs I have laid upon you; I dare not ask you to pity me, though you are true woman, and will do it, even though unconsciously; but I do long, madly long, before I go to that battle-field whence I will never return alive, to hear you say that my evil influence has not darkened all your life; that in your old home somewhat of its old peace has closed around you; that my memory is growing to be an evil but half-forgotten dream. Even—yes, Syra, I even long to hear you say that, though not forgiven, I am forgotten.

"May I come? May I look once more upon your glorious beauty, hear once more your voice—that voice so sweet and bird-like once, so full of pathos and struggling tears in the latter days?

"If I receive no denial of my prayer I shall be at your feet in three days from this date."

Syra turned eagerly to the post-mark. The letter had lain in the post-office through one night, in Mr. Maxwell's pocket another, and the third day's sun was that moment sinking in the west.

He would come. He must be even then close at hand. At any moment his shadow might darken the door!

Syra's brain whirled, and her vision darkened. She clasped her hands tight across her throbbing brow. A soft voice spoke her name, and, starting to her feet, she found Lucia Melvin bending over her.

"What is it, dearest—no new sorrow?" And her eye glanced at the open letter, the crumpled newspaper.

Syra's heart stood still in doubt. Should she

tell Lucia all, and leaning upon her strong heart refuse the boon that letter begged—refuse to see him whom every moment brought nearer to her doors? Might she not even lay her burden upon her friend, and leave her to tell him that he was forgiven, but must not hope to see her face again?

But ah! when was Friendship stronger than Love, crushed, abused, neglected though he may have been?

Syra, silently kissing Lucia's cheek, was in her own mind seeking how to send her away most tenderly, when a quick step without and a terrible contracting thrill at her own heart told her the time was past. He entered, and stood before them—the two women whose youth he had blasted by his selfishness and falsehood.

Lucia sank suddenly upon a chair.

"You should have warned me, Syra," murmured she, bitterly.

Syra did not speak or hear. Her whole life at that moment was in the gaze she fixed upon that wasted face and form, on whose handsome lineaments disease, remorse, emotion, had placed their heavy seal. He was no longer the splendid lover her vision had conjured up an hour ago; but as he stood there, not daring to approach her, there was that in the dark eyes and about the close-set lips that she had never seen before. He had truly "waked from his long delirium."

It was the voice of Robert Vane that at last broke the heavy silence.

"It is well and just, Syra, that you have given me opportunity to humble myself before one whom I have insulted and wounded only less deeply than yourself. But the humiliation is without avail to either of us. Miss Melvin has long since ceased to have other feeling than contemptuous indifference for the man whose falsehood perhaps caused her some pain in other years; and for me all other emotion is swallowed up in the bitterness of remorse as I look once more upon your face, as I feel the purity of your presence, and think on what I have been—what I am now! Oh, Syra, angel whom once I called my own, is there hope of pardon here or hereafter for a wretch like me?"

He sunk upon his knees, and raising the hem of her robe to his lips, moistened it with his tears.

Then Syra, all heaven in her eyes and on her lips, took Lucia's hand in hers, and laying both on that bowed head, said, solemnly,

"Go in peace. Your sister and your wife forgive, and pray God to bless and comfort you."

And Vane, still on his knees, pressed his lips on Lucia's hand in grateful reverence, but Syra he clasped strongly to his heart, left on her lips one passionate, clinging kiss, and was gone. Gone, but left two hearts behind that would have themselves shed their own last life-drop to shield his from harm.

And Syra—proud and happy wife!—carries ever in her bosom the last long letter, where war news and lover's phrases are so strongly blended.

And day by day Lucia, alone upon her knees, prays God that he may pass unscathed through the battle and the pestilence, and that she may meet him no more while Time endures.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER LII.

THE FIRST VISIT TO THE GUESTWICK BRIDGE.

WHEN John Eames arrived at Guestwick Manor, he was first welcomed by Lady Julia. "My dear Mr. Eames," she said, "I can not tell you how glad we are to see you." After that she always called him John, and treated him throughout his visit with wonderful kindness. No doubt that affair of the bull had in some measure produced this feeling; no doubt, also, she was well disposed to the man who she hoped might be accepted as a lover by Lily Dale. But I am inclined to think that the fact of his having beaten Crosbie had been the most potential cause of this affection for our hero on the part of Lady Julia. Ladies—especially discreet old ladies, such as Lady Julia de Guest—are bound to entertain pacific theories, and to condemn all manner of violence. Lady Julia would have blamed any one who might have advised Eames to commit an assault upon Crosbie. But, nevertheless, deeds of prowess are still dear to the female heart, and a woman, be she ever so old and discreet, understands and appreciates the summary justice which may be

done by means of a thrashing. Lady Julia, had she been called upon to talk of it, would undoubtedly have told Eames that he had committed a fault in striking Mr. Crosbie; but the deed had been done, and Lady Julia became very fond of John Eames.

"Vickers shall show you your room, if you like to go up stairs; but you'll find my brother close about the house if you choose to go out; I saw him not half an hour since." But John seemed to be well satisfied to sit in the arm-chair over the fire, and talk to his hostess; so neither of them moved.

"And now that you're a private secretary, how do you like it?"

"I like the work well enough; only I don't like the man, Lady Julia. But I shouldn't say so, because he is such an intimate friend of your brother's."

"An intimate friend of Theodore's! — Sir Raffle Buffle!" Lady Julia stiffened her back and put on a serious face, not being exactly pleased at being told that the Earl de Guest had any such intimate friend.

"At any rate he tells me so about four times a day, Lady Julia. And he particularly wants to come down here next September."

"Did he tell you that, too?"

"Indeed he did. You can't believe what a goose he is! Then his voice sounds like a cracked bell; it's the most disagreeable voice you ever heard in your life. And one has always to be on one's guard lest he should make one do something that is—is—that isn't quite the thing for a gentleman. You understand—what the messenger ought to do."

"You shouldn't be too much afraid of your own dignity."

"No, I'm not. If Lord de Guest were to ask me to fetch him his shoes, I'd run to Guestwick and back for them and think nothing of it—just because I know he's my friend. He'd have a right to send me. But I'm not going to do such things as that for Sir Raffle Buffle."

"Fetch him his shoes!"

"That's what FitzHoward had to do, and he didn't like it."

"Isn't Mr. FitzHoward nephew to the Duchess of St. Bungay?"

"Nephew, or cousin, or something."

"Dear me!" said Lady Julia, "what a horrible man!" And in this way John Eames and her ladyship became very intimate.

There was no one at dinner at the Manor that day but the earl and his sister and their single guest. The earl when he came in was very warm in his welcome, slapping his young friend on the back, and poking jokes at him with a good-humored if not brilliant pleasantry.

"Thrashed any body lately, John?"

"Nobody to speak of," said Johnny.

"Brought your night-cap down for your out-o'-doors nap?"

"No; but I've got a grand stick for the bull," said Johnny.

"Ah! that's no joke now, I can tell you," said the earl. "We had to sell him, and it half broke my heart. We don't know what had come to him, but he became quite unruly after that; knocked Darvell down in the straw-yard! It was a very bad business—a very bad business, indeed! Come, go and dress. Do you remember how you came down to dinner that day? I shall never forget how Crofts stared at you. Come, you've only got twenty minutes, and you London fellows always want an hour."

"He's entitled to some consideration now he's a private secretary," said Lady Julia.

"Bless us all! yes; I forgot that. Come, Mr. Private Secretary, don't stand on the grandeur of your neck-tie to-day, as there's nobody here but ourselves. You shall have an opportunity to-morrow."

Then Johnny was handed over to the groom of the chambers, and exactly in twenty minutes he reappeared in the drawing-room.

As soon as Lady Julia had left them after dinner, the earl began to explain his plan for the coming campaign. "I'll tell you now what I have arranged," said he. "The squire is to be here to-morrow with his eldest niece—your Miss Lily's sister, you know."

"What, Bell?"

"Yes, with Bell, if her name is Bell. She's a very pretty girl, too. I don't know whether she's not the prettiest of the two, after all."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Just so, Johnny; and do you stick to your own. They're coming here for three or four days. Lady Julia did ask Mrs. Dale and Lily. I wonder whether you'll let me call her Lily?"

"Oh, dear! I wish I might have the power of letting you."

"That's just the battle that you've got to fight. But the mother and the younger sister wouldn't come. Lady Julia says it's all right: that, as a matter of course, she wouldn't come when she heard you were to be here. I don't quite understand it. In my days the young girls were ready enough to go where they knew they'd meet their lovers, and I never thought any the worse of them for it."

"It wasn't because of that," said Eames.

"That's what Lady Julia says, and I always find her to be right in things of that sort. And she says you'll have a better chance in going over there than you would here, if she were in the same house with you. If I was going to make love to a girl, of course I'd sooner have her close to me—staying in the same house. I should think it the best fun in the world. And we might have had a dance, and all that kind of thing. But I couldn't make her come, you know."

"Oh no; of course not."

"And Lady Julia thinks that it's best as it is. You must go over, you know, and get the mother on your side if you can. I take it, the truth is this; you mustn't be angry with me, you know, for saying it."

"You may be sure of that."

"I suppose she was fond of that fellow Crosbie. She can't be very fond of him now, I should think, after the way he has treated her; but she'll find a difficulty in making her confession that she really likes you better than she ever liked him. Of course that's what you'll want her to say."

"I want her to say that she'll be my wife—some day."

"And when she has agreed to the some day, then you'll begin to press her to agree to your day; eh, Sir? My belief is you'll bring her round. Poor girl! why should she break her heart when a decent fellow like you will only be too glad to make her a happy woman?" And in this way the earl talked to Eames till the latter almost believed that the difficulties were vanishing from out of his path. "Could it be possible," he asked himself, as he went to bed, "that in a fortnight's time Lily Dale should have accepted him as her future husband?" Then he remembered that day on which Crosbie, with the two girls, had called at his mother's house, when, in the bitterness of his heart, he had sworn to himself that he would always regard Crosbie as his enemy. Since then the world had gone well with him; and he had no longer any very bitter feeling against Crosbie. That matter had been arranged on the platform of the Paddington Station. He felt that if Lily would now accept him he could almost shake hands with Crosbie. The episode in his life and in Lily's would have been painful; but he would learn to look back upon that without regret, if Lily could be taught to believe that a kind fate had at last given her to the better of her two lovers. "I'm afraid she won't bring herself to forget him," he had said to the earl. "She'll only be too happy to forget him," the earl had answered, "if you can induce her to begin the attempt. Of course it is very bitter at first; all the world knew about it; but, poor girl, she is not to be wretched forever, because of that. Do you go about your work with some little confidence, and I don't doubt but what you'll have your way. You have every body in your favor—the squire, her mother, and all." While such words as these were in his ears how could he fail to hope and to be confident? While he was sitting cozily over his bedroom fire he resolved that it should be as the earl had said. But when he got up on the following morning, and stood shivering as he came out of his bath, he could not feel the same confidence. "Of course I shall go to her," he said to himself, "and make a plain story of it. But I know what her answer will be. She will tell me that she can not forget him." Then his feelings toward Crosbie were not so friendly as they had been on the previous evening.

He did not visit the Small House on that, his first day. It had been thought better that he should first meet the squire and Bell at Guestwick Manor, so he postponed his visit to Mrs. Dale till the next morning.

"Go when you like," said the earl. "There's the brown cob for you to do what you like with him while you are here."

"I'll go and see my mother," said John; "but I won't take the cob to-day. If you'll let me have him to-morrow, I'll ride to Allington." So he walked off to Guestwick by himself.

He knew well every yard of the ground over which he went, remembering every gate, and stile, and green-sward from the time of his early boyhood. And now, as he went along through his old haunts, he could not but look back and think of the thoughts which had filled his mind in his earlier wanderings. As I have said before in some of these pages, no walks taken by the man are so crowded with thought as those taken by the boy. He had been early taught to understand that the world to him would be very hard; that he had nothing to look to but his own exertions, and that those exertions would not, unfortunately, be backed by any great cleverness of his own. I do not know that any body had told him that he was a fool; but he had come to understand, partly through his own modesty, and partly, no doubt, through the somewhat obtrusive diffidence of his mother, that he was less sharp than other lads. It is probably true that he had come to his sharpness later in life than is the case with many young men. He had not grown on the sunny side of the wall. Before that situation in the Income-tax Office had fallen in his way very humble modes of life had offered themselves, or, rather, had not offered themselves for his acceptance. He had endeavored to become an usher at a commercial seminary not supposed to be in a very thriving condition; but he had been, luckily, found deficient in his arithmetic. There had been some chance of his going into the leather-warehouse of Messrs. Basil and Pigskin, but those gentlemen had required a premium, and any payment of that kind had been quite out of his mother's power. A country attorney, who had known the family for years, had been humbly solicited, the widow almost kneeling before him with tears, to take Johnny by the hand and make a clerk of him; but the attorney had discovered that Master Johnny Eames was not supposed to be sharp, and would have none of him. During those days, those gawky, gainless, unadmired days, in which he had wandered about the lanes of Guestwick as his only amusement, and had composed hundreds of rhymes in honor of Lily Dale which no human eye but his own had ever seen, he had come to regard himself as almost a burden upon the earth. Nobody seemed to want him. His own mother was very anxious; but her anxiety seemed to him to indicate a continual desire to get rid of him. For hours upon hours he would fill his mind with castles in the air, dreaming of wonderful successes, in the midst of which Lily Dale always reigned as a queen. He would carry on the same story in his imagination from month to month, almost contenting himself with such ideal happiness. Had it not been for the possession of that power, what comfort could there have been to him

in his life? There are lads of seventeen who can find happiness in study, who can busy themselves in books, and be at their ease among the creations of other minds. These are they who afterward become well-informed men. It was not so with John Eames. He had never been studious. The perusal of a novel was to him, in those days, a slow affair; and of poetry he read but little, storing up accurately in his memory all that he did read. But he created for himself his own romance, though to the eye a most unromantic youth; and he wandered through the Guestwick woods with many thoughts of which they who knew him best knew nothing. All this he thought of now as, with devious steps, he made his way toward his old home; with very devious steps, for he went backward through the woods by a narrow path which led right away from the town down to a little water-course, over which stood a wooden foot-bridge with a rail. He stood on the centre of the plank, at a spot which he knew well, and, rubbing his hand upon the rail, cleansed it for the space of a few inches of the vegetable growth produced by the spray of the water. There, rudely carved in the wood, was still the word LILY. When he cut those letters she had been almost a child. "I wonder whether she will come here with me and let me show it to her," he said to himself. Then he took out his knife and cleared the cuttings of the letters, and, having done so, leaned upon the rail, and looked down upon the running water. How well things in the world had gone for him! How well! And yet what would it all be if Lily would not come to him? How well the world had gone for him! In those days when he stood there carving the girl's name every body had seemed to regard him as a heavy burden, and he had so regarded himself. Now he was envied by many, respected by many, taken by the hand as a friend by those high in the world's esteem. When he had come near the Guestwick mansion in his old walks—always, however, keeping at a great distance lest the grumpy old lord should be down upon him and scold him—he had little dreamed that he and the grumpy old lord would ever be together on such familiar terms, that he would tell to that lord more of his private thoughts than to any other living being; yet it had come to that. The grumpy old lord had now told him that that gift of money was to be his whether Lily Dale accepted him or no. "Indeed, the thing's done," said the grumpy lord, pulling out from his pocket certain papers, "and you've got to receive the dividends as they become due." Then, when Johnny had expostulated—as, indeed, the circumstances had left him no alternative but to expostulate—the earl had roughly bade him hold his tongue, telling him that he would have to fetch Sir Raffle's boots directly he got back to London. So the conversation had quickly turned itself away to Sir Raffle, whom they had both ridiculed with much satisfaction. "If he finds his way down here in September, Master Johnny, or in any other month either, you may fit my head with a fool's-cap. Not remember, indeed! Is it not wonderful that any man should make himself so mean a fool?" All this was thought over again as Eames leaned upon the bridge. He remembered every word, and remembered many other words—earlier words, spoken years ago, filling him with desolation as to the prospects of his life. It had seemed that his friends had united in prophesying that the outlook into the world for him was hopeless, and that the earnings of bread must be forever beyond his power. And now his lines had fallen to him in very pleasant places, and he was among those whom the world had determined to caress. And yet what would it all be if Lily would not share his happiness? When he had carved that name on the rail his love for Lily had been an idea. It had now become a reality which might probably be full of pain. If it were so—if such should be the result of his wooing—would not those old dreamy days have been better than these—the days of his success?

It was one o'clock by the time that he reached his mother's house, and he found her and his sister in a troubled and embarrassed state. "Of course you know, John," said his mother, as soon as their first embraces were over, "that we are going to dine at the Manor this evening?" But he did not know it, neither the earl nor Lady Julia having said any thing on the subject. "Of course we are going," said Mrs Eames, "and it was so very kind. But I've never been out to such a house for so many years, John, and I do feel in such a twitter. I dined there once, soon after we were married; but I have never been there since that."

"It's not the earl I mind, but Lady Julia," said Mary Eames.

"She's the most good-natured woman in the world," said Johnny.

"Oh dear; people say she is so cross!"

"That's because people don't know her. If I was asked who is the kindest-hearted woman I know in the world, I think I should say Lady Julia de Guest. I think I should."

"Ah! but then they're so fond of you," said the admiring mother. "You saved his lordship's life—under Providence."

"That's all bosh, mother. You ask Dr. Crofts. He knows them as well as I do."

"Dr. Crofts is going to marry Bell Dale," said Mary; and then the conversation was turned from the subject of Lady Julia's perfections, and the awe inspired by the earl.

"Crofts going to marry Bell!" exclaimed Eames, thinking almost with dismay of the doctor's luck in thus getting himself accepted all at once, while he had been suing with the constancy almost of a Jacob.

"Yes," said Mary; "and they say that she has refused her cousin Bernard, and that, therefore, the squire is taking away the house from them. You know they're all coming into Guestwick."

"Yes, I know they are. But I don't believe that the squire is taking away the house."

"Why should they come, then? Why should they give up such a charming place as that?"

"Rent free!" said Mrs. Eames.

"I don't know why they should come away, but I can't believe the squire is turning them out; at any rate not for that reason." The squire was prepared to advocate John's suit, and therefore John was bound to do battle on the squire's behalf.

"He is a very stern man," said Mrs. Eames, "and they say that since that affair of poor Lily's he has been more cross than ever with them. As far as I know, it was not Lily's fault."

"Poor Lily!" said Mary. "I do pity her. If I was her I should hardly know to show my face; I shouldn't, indeed."

"And why shouldn't she show her face?" said John, in an angry tone. "What has she done to be ashamed of? Show her face indeed! I can not understand the spite which one woman will sometimes have to another."

"There is no spite, John; and it's very wrong of you to say so," said Mary, defending herself. "But it is a very unpleasant thing for a girl to be jilted. All the world knows that she was engaged to him."

"And all the world knows—" But he would not proceed to declare that all the world knew also that Crosbie had been well thrashed for his baseness. It would not become him to mention that even before his mother and sister. All the world did know it; all the world that cared to know any thing of the matter—except Lily Dale herself. Nobody had ever yet told Lily Dale of that occurrence at the Paddington Railway Station, and it was well for John that her friends and his had been so discreet.

"Oh, of course you are her champion," said Mary. "And I didn't mean to say any thing unkind. Indeed I didn't. Of course it was a misfortune."

"I think it was the best piece of good fortune that could have happened to her not to marry a d—— scoundrel like—"

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Eames.

"I beg your pardon, mother. But it isn't swearing to call such a man as that a d—— scoundrel." And he particularly emphasized the naughty word, thinking that thereby he would add to its import and take away from its naughtiness. "But we won't talk any more about him. I hate the man's very name. I hated him the first moment that I saw him, and knew that he was a blackguard from his look. And I don't believe a word about the squire having been cross to them. Indeed I know he has been the reverse of cross. So Bell is going to marry Dr. Crofts!"

"There is no doubt on earth about that," said Mary. "And they say that Bernard Dale is going abroad with his regiment."

Then John discussed with his mother his duties as private secretary, and his intention of leaving Mrs. Roper's house. "I suppose it isn't nice enough for you now, John," said his mother.

"It never was very nice, mother, to tell you the truth. There were people there— But you mustn't think I am turning up my nose because I'm getting grand. I don't want to live any better than we all lived at Mrs. Roper's; but she took in persons that were not agreeable. There is a Mr. and Mrs. Lupex there." Then he described something of their life in Burton Crescent, but did not say much about Amelia Roper. Amelia Roper had not made her appearance in Guestwick, as he had once feared that she would do; and therefore it did not need that he should at present make known to his mother that episode in his life.

When he got back to the Manor House he found that Mr. Dale and his niece had arrived. They were both sitting with Lady Julia when he went into the morning room, and Lord de Guest was standing over the fire talking to them. Eames as he came among them felt terribly conscious of his position, as though all there were aware that he had been brought down from London on purpose to make a declaration of love; as, indeed, all of them were aware of that fact. Bell, though no one had told her so in direct words, was as sure of it as the others.

"Here comes the prince of matadores," said the earl.

"No, my lord; you're the prince. I'm only your first follower." Though he could contrive that his words should be gay, his looks were sheepish, and when he gave his hand to the squire it was only by a struggle that he could bring himself to look straight into the old man's face.

"I'm very glad to see you, John," said the squire, "very glad indeed."

"And so am I," said Bell. "I have been so happy to hear that you have been promoted at your office, and so is mamma."

"I hope Mrs. Dale is quite well," said he; "and Lily." The word had been pronounced, but it had been done with so manifest an effort that all in the room were conscious of it, and paused as Bell prepared her little answer.

"My sister has been very ill, you know, with scarlatina. But she has recovered with wonderful quickness, and is nearly well again now. She will be so glad to see you if you will go over."

"Yes; I shall certainly go over," said John.

"And now shall I show you your room, Miss Dale?" said Lady Julia. And so the party was broken up, and the ice had been broken.

CHAPTER LIII.

LOQUITUR HOPKINS.

THE squire had been told that his niece Bell had accepted Dr. Crofts, and he had signified a sort of acquiescence in the arrangement, saying that if it were to be so, he had nothing to say

against Dr. Crofts. He spoke this in a melancholy tone of voice, wearing on his face that look of subdued sorrow which was now almost habitual to him. It was to Mrs. Dale that he spoke on the subject. "I could have wished that it might have been otherwise," he said, "as you are well aware. I had family reasons for wishing that it might be otherwise. But I have nothing to say against it. Dr. Crofts, as her husband, shall be welcome to my house." Mrs. Dale, who had expected much worse than this, began to thank him for his kindness, and to say that she also would have preferred to see her daughter married to her cousin. "But in such a matter the decision should be left entirely to the girl. Don't you think so?"

"I have not a word to say against her," he repeated. Then Mrs. Dale left him, and told her daughter that her uncle's manner of receiving the news had been, for him, very gracious. "You were his favorite, but Lily will be so now," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't care a bit about that; or, rather, I do care, and think it will be in every way better. But as I, who am the naughty one, will go away, and as Lily, who is the good one, will remain with you, doesn't it almost seem a pity that you should be leaving the house?"

Mrs. Dale thought it was almost a pity, but she could not say so now. "You think Lily will remain," she said.

"Yes, mamma; I feel sure she will."

"She was always very fond of John Eames; and he is doing so well."

"It will be of no use, mamma. She is fond of him, very fond. In a sort of a way she loves him—so well, that I feel sure she never mentions his name without some inward reference to her old childish thoughts and fancies. If he had come before Mr. Crosbie it would have all been well with her. But she can not do it now. Her pride would prevent her, even if her heart permitted it. Oh! dear; it's very wrong of me to say so, after all that I have said before; but I almost wish you were not going. Uncle Christopher seems to be less hard than he used to be; and as I was the sinner, and as I am disposed of—"

"It is too late now, my dear."

"And we should neither of us have the courage to mention it to Lily," said Bell.

On the following morning the squire sent for his sister-in-law, as it was his wont to do when necessity came for any discussion on matters of business. This was perfectly understood between them, and such sending was not taken as indicating any lack of courtesy on the part of Mr. Dale. "Mary," he said, as soon as Mrs. Dale was seated, "I shall do for Bell exactly what I have proposed to do for Lily. I had intended more than that once, of course. But then it would all have gone into Bernard's pocket; as it is, I shall make no difference between them. They shall each have a hundred a year, that is, when they marry. You had better tell Crofts to speak to me."

"Mr. Dale, he doesn't expect it. He does not expect a penny."

"So much the better for him; and, indeed, so much the better for her. He won't make her the less welcome to his home because she brings some assistance to it."

"We have never thought of it, any of us. The offer has come so suddenly that I don't know what I ought to say."

"Say—nothing. If you choose to make me a return for it—; but I am only doing what I conceive to be my duty, and have no right to ask for a kindness in return."

"But what kindness can we show you, Mr. Dale?"

"Remain in that house." In saying these last words he spoke as though he were again angry—as though he were again laying down the law to them—as though he were telling her of a duty which was due to him and incumbent on her. His voice was as stern and his face as acid as ever. He said that he was asking for a kindness; but surely no man ever asked for kindness in a voice so peremptory. "Remain in that house." Then he turned himself in toward his table as though he had no more to say.

But Mrs. Dale was beginning, now at last, to understand something of his mind and real character. He could be affectionate and forbearing in his giving; but when asking, he could not be otherwise than stern. Indeed, he could not ask; he could only demand.

"We have done so much now," Mrs. Dale began to plead.

"Well, well, well. I did not mean to speak about that. Things are unpacked easier than they are packed. But, however— Never mind. Bell is to go with me this afternoon to Guestwick Manor. Let her be up here at two. Grimes can bring her box round, I suppose."

"Oh yes; of course."

"And don't be talking to her about money before she starts. I had rather you didn't; you understand. But when you see Crofts, tell him to come to me. Indeed, he'd better come at once, if this thing is to go on quickly."

It may easily be understood that Mrs. Dale would disobey the injunctions contained in the squire's last words. It was quite out of the question that she should return to her daughters and not tell them the result of her morning's interview with their uncle. A hundred a year in the doctor's modest household would make all the difference between plenty and want, between modest plenty and endurable want. Of course she told them, giving Bell to understand that she must dissemble so far as to pretend ignorance of the affair.

"I shall thank him at once," said Bell; "and tell him that I did not at all expect it, but am not too proud to accept it."

"Pray don't, my dear; not just now. I am breaking a sort of promise in telling you at all—only I could not keep it to myself. And he has so many things to worry him! Though he says nothing about it now, he has half broken his

heart about you and Bernard." Then, too, Mrs. Dale told the girls what request the squire had just made, and the manner in which he had made it. "The tone of his voice as he spoke brought tears into my eyes. I almost wish we had not done any thing."

"But, mamma," said Lily, "what difference can it make to him? You know that our presence near him was always a trouble to him. He never really wanted us. He liked to have Bell there when he thought that Bell would marry his pet."

"Don't be unkind, Lily."

"I don't mean to be unkind. Why shouldn't Bernard be his pet? I love Bernard dearly, and always thought it the best point in uncle Christopher that he was so fond of him. I knew, you know, that it was no use. Of course I knew it, as I understood all about—somebody else. But Bernard is his pet."

"He's fond of you all, in his own way," said Mrs. Dale.

"But is he fond of you? that's the question," said Lily. "We could have forgiven him any thing done to us, and have put up with any words he might have spoken to us, because he regards us as children. His giving a hundred a year to Bell won't make you comfortable in this house if he still domineers over you. If a neighbor be neighborly, near neighborhood is very nice. But uncle Christopher has not been neighborly. He has wanted to be more than an uncle to us, on condition that he might be less than a brother to you. Bell and I have always felt that his regard on such terms was not worth having."

"I almost feel that we have been wrong," said Mrs. Dale; "but in truth I never thought that the matter would be to him one of so much moment."

When Bell had gone, Mrs. Dale and Lily were not disposed to continue with much energy the occupation on which they had all been employed for some days past. There had been life and excitement in the work when they had first commenced their packing, but now it was grown wearisome, dull, and distasteful. Indeed so much of it was done that but little was left to employ them, except those final strappings and fastenings, and that last collection of odds and ends which could not be accomplished till they were absolutely on the point of starting. The squire had said that unpacking would be easier than packing, and Mrs. Dale, as she wandered about among the hampers and cases, began to consider whether the task of restoring all the things to their old places would be very disagreeable. She said nothing of this to Lily, and Lily herself, whatever might be her thoughts, made no such suggestion to her mother.

"I think Hopkins will miss us more than any one else," she said. "Hopkins will have no one to scold."

Just at that moment Hopkins appeared at the parlor window, and signified his desire for a conference.

"You must come round," said Lily. "It's too cold for the window to be opened. I always like to get him into the house, because he feels himself a little abashed by the chairs and tables; or, perhaps, it is the carpet that is too much for him. Out on the gravel-walks he is such a terrible tyrant, and in the green-house he almost tramples upon one!"

Hopkins, when he did appear at the parlor door, seemed by his manner to justify Lily's discretion. He was not at all masterful in his tone or bearing, and seemed to pay to the chairs and tables all the deference which they could have expected.

"So you be going in earnest, ma'am," he said, looking down at Mrs. Dale's feet.

As Mrs. Dale did not answer him at once, Lily spoke: "Yes, Hopkins, we are going in a very few days now. We shall see you sometimes, I hope, over at Guestwick."

"Humph!" said Hopkins. "So you be really going! I didn't think it'd ever come to that, miss; I didn't indeed—and no more it oughtn't; but of course it isn't for me to speak."

"People must change their residence sometimes, you know," said Mrs. Dale, using the same argument by which Eames had endeavored to excuse his departure to Mrs. Roper.

"Well, ma'am; it ain't for me to say any thing. But this I will say, I've lived here about t' squire's place, man and boy, jist all my life, seeing I was born here, as you knows, Mrs. Dale; and of all the bad things I ever see come about the place this is a sight the worst."

"Oh, Hopkins!"

"The worst of all, ma'am; the worst of all! It'll just kill t' squire! There's ne'ery doubt in the world about that. It'll be the very death of t' old man."

"That's nonsense, Hopkins," said Lily.

"Very well, miss. I don't say but what it is nonsense; only you'll see. There's Mr. Bernard—he's gone away; and by all accounts he never did care very much for the place. They all say he's a-going to the Hingies. And Miss Bell is going to be married—which is all proper, in course: why shouldn't she? And why shouldn't you, too, Miss Lily?"

"Perhaps I shall, some day, Hopkins."

"There's no day like the present, Miss Lily. And I do say this, that the man as pitched into him would be the man for my money." This, which Hopkins spoke in the excitement of the moment, was perfectly unintelligible to Lily, and Mrs. Dale, who shuddered as she heard him, said not a word to call for any explanation. "But," continued Hopkins, "that's all as it may be, Miss Lily, and you be in the hands of Providence—as is others."

"Exactly so, Hopkins."

"But why should your mamma be all for going away? She ain't going to marry no one. Here's the house, and there's she, and there's t' squire; and why should she be for going away? So much going away all at once can't be for any good. It's just a breaking up of

every thing, as though nothing wasn't good enough for nobody. I never went away, and I can't abide it."

"Well, Hopkins, it's settled now," said Mrs. Dale, "and I'm afraid it can't be unsettled."

"Settled; well. Tell me this: do you expect, Mrs. Dale, that he's to live there all alone by hisself, without any one to say a cross word to—unless it be me or Dingles; for Jolliffe's worse than nobody, he's so mortial cross hisself. Of course he can't stand it. If you goes away, Mrs. Dale, Mister Bernard, he'll be squire in less than twelve months. He'll come back from the Hingies, then, I suppose?"

"I don't think my brother-in-law will take it in that way, Hopkins."

"Ah, ma'am, you don't know him—not as I knows him—all the ins and outs and crinks and crannies of him. I knows him as I does the old apple-trees that I've been a-handling for forty year. There's a deal of bad wood about them old cankered trees, and some folk say they ain't worth the ground they stand on; but I know where the sap runs, and when the fruit-blossom shows itself I know where the fruit will be the sweetest. It don't take much to kill one of them old trees—but there's life in 'm yet if they be well handled."

"I'm sure I hope my brother's life may be long spared to him," said Mrs. Dale.

"Then don't be taking yourself away, ma'am, into them gashly lodgings at Guestwick. I says they are gashly for the likes of a Dale. It is not for me to speak, ma'am, of course. And I only came up now just to know what things you'd like with you out of the green-house."

"Oh, nothing, Hopkins, thank you," said Mrs. Dale.

"He told me to put up for you the best I could pick, and I means to do it;" and Hopkins, as he spoke, indicated by a motion of his head that he was making reference to the squire.

"We sha'n't have any place for them," said Lily.

"I must send a few, miss, just to cheer you up a bit. I fear you'll be very dolesome there. And the doctor—he ain't got what you can call a regular garden, but there is a bit of a place behind."

"But we wouldn't rob the dear old place," said Lily.

"For the matter of that what does it signify? T' squire'll be that wretched he'll turn sheep in here to destroy the place, or he'll have the garden plowed. You see if he don't. As for the place, the place is clean done for if you leave it. You don't suppose he'll go and let the Small House to strangers! T' squire ain't one of that sort any ways."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as soon as Hopkins had taken himself off.

"What is it, mamma? He's a dear old man, but surely what he says can not make you really unhappy."

"It is so hard to know what one ought to do. I did not mean to be selfish, but it seems to me as though I were doing the most selfish thing in the world."

"Nay, mamma; it has been any thing but selfish. Besides, it is we that have done it; not you."

"Do you know, Lily, that I also have that feeling as to breaking up one's old mode of life of which Hopkins spoke. I thought that I should be glad to escape from this place, but now that the time has come I dread it."

"Do you mean that you repent?"

Mrs. Dale did not answer her daughter at once, fearing to commit herself by words which could not be retracted. But at last she said, "Yes, Lily; I think I do repent. I think that it has not been well done."

"Then let it be undone," said Lily.

The dinner-party at Guestwick Manor on that day was not very bright, and yet the earl had done all in his power to make his guests happy. But gayety did not come naturally to his house, which, as will have been seen, was an abode very unlike in its nature to that of the other earl at Courcy Castle. Lady de Courcy at any rate understood how to receive and entertain a houseful of people, though the practice of doing so might give rise to difficult questions in the privacy of her domestic relations. Lady Julia did not understand it; but then Lady Julia was never called upon to answer for the expense of extra servants, nor was she asked about twice a week who the —— was to pay the wine-merchant's bill? As regards Lord de Guest and the Lady Julia themselves, I think they had the best of it; but I am bound to admit, with reference to chance guests, that the house was dull. The people who were now gathered at the earl's table could hardly have been expected to be very sprightly when in company with each other. The squire was not a man much given to general society, and was unused to amuse a table full of people. On the present occasion he sat next to Lady Julia, and from time to time muttered a few words to her about the state of the country. Mrs. Eames was terribly afraid of every body there, and especially of the earl, next to whom she sat, and whom she continually called "my lord," showing by her voice as she did so that she was almost alarmed by the sound of her own voice. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce were there, the parson sitting on the other side of Lady Julia, and the parson's wife on the other side of the earl. Mrs. Boyce was very studious to show that she was quite at home, and talked perhaps more than any one else; but in doing so she bored the earl most exquisitely, so that he told John Eames the next morning that she was worse than the bull. The parson ate his dinner, but said little or nothing between the two graces. He was a heavy, sensible, slow man, who knew himself and his own powers. "Uncommon good stewed beef," he said, as he went home; "why can't we have our beef stewed like that?" "Because we don't pay our cook sixty pounds a year," said Mrs. Boyce. "A woman with sixteen pounds can stew beef as well

as a woman with sixty," said he; "she only wants looking after." The earl himself was possessed of a sort of gayety. There was about him a lightness of spirit which often made him an agreeable companion to one single person. John Eames conceived him to be the most sprightly old man of his day—an old man with the fun and frolic almost of a boy. But this spirit, though it would show itself before John Eames, was not up to the entertainment of John Eames's mother and sister, together with the squire, the parson, and the parson's wife of Allington. So that the earl was overweighted, and did not shine on this occasion at his own dinner-table. Dr. Crofts, who had also been invited, and who had secured the place which was now peculiarly his own next to Bell Dale, was no doubt happy enough; as, let us hope, was the young lady also; but they added very little to the general hilarity of the company. John Eames was seated between his own sister and the parson, and did not at all enjoy his position. He had a full view of the doctor's felicity, as the happy pair sat opposite to him, and conceived himself to be hardly treated by Lily's absence.

The party was certainly very dull, as were all such dinners at Guestwick Manor. There are houses, which, in their everyday course, are not conducted by any means in a sad or unsatisfactory manner—in which life, as a rule, runs along merrily enough; but which can not give a dinner-party; or, I might rather say, should never allow themselves to be allured into the attempt. The owners of such houses are generally themselves quite aware of the fact, and dread the dinner which they resolve to give quite as much as it is dreaded by their friends. They know that they prepare for their guests an evening of misery, and for themselves certain long hours of purgatory which are hardly to be endured. But they will do it. Why that long table, and all those supernumerary glasses and knives and forks, if they are never to be used? That argument produces all this misery; that and others cognate to it. On the present occasion, no doubt, there were excuses to be made. The squire and his niece had been invited on special cause, and their presence would have been well enough. The doctor added it would have done no harm. It was good-natured, too, that invitation given to Mrs. Eames and her daughter. The error lay in the parson and his wife. There was no necessity for their being there, nor had they any ground on which to stand, except the party-giving ground. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce made the dinner-party, and destroyed the social circle. Lady Julia knew that she had been wrong as soon as she had sent out the note.

Nothing was said on that evening which has any bearing on our story. Nothing, indeed, was said which had any bearing on any thing. The earl's professed object had been to bring the squire and young Eames together; but people are never brought together on such melancholy occasions. Though they sip their port in close contiguity they are poles asunder in their minds and feelings. When the Guestwick fly came for Mrs. Eames, and the parson's pony phaeton came for him and Mrs. Boyce, a great relief was felt, but the misery of those who were left had gone too far to allow of any reaction on that evening. The squire yawned, and the earl yawned, and then there was an end of it for that night.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SECOND VISIT TO THE GUESTWICK BRIDGE.

Bell had declared that her sister would be very happy to see John Eames if he would go over to Allington, and he had replied that of course he would go there. So much having been, as it were, settled, he was able to speak of his visit as a matter of course at the breakfast-table on the morning after the earl's dinner-party. "I must get you to come round with me, Dale, and see what I am doing to the land," the earl said. And then he proposed to order saddle-horses. But the squire preferred walking, and in this way they were disposed of soon after breakfast.

John had it in his mind to get Bell to himself for half an hour, and hold a conference with her; but it either happened that Lady Julia was too keen in her duties as a hostess, or else, as was more possible, Bell avoided the meeting. No opportunity for such an interview offered itself, though he hung about the drawing-room all the morning. "You had better wait for luncheon, now," Lady Julia said to him about twelve. But this he declined; and taking himself away hid himself about the place for the next hour and a half. During this time he considered much whether it would be better for him to ride or walk. If she should give him any hope, he could ride back triumphant as a field-marshal. Then the horse would be delightful to him. But if she should give him no hope—if it should be his destiny to be rejected utterly on that morning—then the horse would be terribly in the way of his sorrow. Under such circumstances what could he do but roam wide about across the fields, resting when he might choose to rest, and running when it might suit him to run. "And she is not like other girls," he thought to himself. "She won't care for my boots being dirty." So at last he elected to walk.

"Stand up to her boldly, man," the earl had said to him. "By George, what is there to be afraid of? It's my belief they'll give most to those who ask for most. There's nothing sets 'em against a man like being sheepish." How the earl knew so much, seeing that he had not himself given signs of any success in that walk of life, I am not prepared to say. But Eames took his advice as being in itself good, and resolved to act upon it. "Not that any resolution will be of any use," he said to himself, as

he walked along. "When the moment comes I know that I shall tremble before her, and I know that she'll see it; but I don't think it will make any difference in her."

He had last seen her on the lawn behind the Small House just at that time when her passion for Crosbie was at the strongest. Eames had gone thither impelled by a foolish desire to declare to her his hopeless love, and she had answered him by telling him that she loved Mr. Crosbie better than all the world besides. Of course she had done so at that time; but, nevertheless, her manner of telling him had seemed to him to be cruel. And he also had been cruel. He had told her that he hated Crosbie —calling him "that man," and assuring her that no earthly consideration should induce him to go into "that man's house." Then he had walked away moodily, wishing him all manner of evil. Was it not singular that all the evil things which he, in his mind, had meditated for the man, had fallen upon him? Crosbie had lost his love! He had so proved himself to be a villain that his name might not be so much as mentioned! He had been ignominiously thrashed! But what good would all this be if his image were still dear to Lily's heart? "I told her that I loved her then," he said to himself, "though I had no right to do so. At any rate I have a right to tell her now."

When he reached Allington he did not go in through the village and up to the front of the Small House by the cross street, but turned by the church gate, and passed over the squire's terrace, and by the end of the Great House through the garden. Here he encountered Hopkins. "Why, if that b'aint Mr. Eames!" said the gardener. "Mr. John, may I make so bold?" and Hopkins held out a very dirty hand, which Eames of course took, unconscious of the cause of this new affection.

"I'm just going to call at the Small House, and I thought I'd come this way."

"To be sure; this way, or that way, or any way, who's so welcome, Mr. John? I envies you; I envies you more than I envies any man. If I could a got him by the scuff of the neck I'd a treated him jist like any wermin—I would, indeed! He was wermin! I ollays said it. I hated him ollays; I did, indeed, Mr. John, from the first moment when he used to be nigging away at them foutry balls, knocking them in among the rhododendrons, as though there weren't no flower blossoms for next year. He never looked at one as though one were a Christian; did he, Mr. John?"

"I wasn't very fond of him myself, Hopkins."

"Of course you weren't very fond of him. Who was?—only she, poor young lady. She'll be better now, Mr. John, a deal better. He wasn't a wholesome lover—not like you are. Tell me, Mr. John, did you give it him well when you got him? I heerd you did—two black eyes, and all his face one mash of gore!" And Hopkins, who was by no means a young man, stiffly put himself into a fighting attitude.

Eames passed on over the little bridge, which seemed to be in a state of fast decay, unattended to by any friendly carpenter, now that the days of its use were so nearly at an end; and on into the garden, lingering on the spot where he had last said farewell to Lily. He looked about as though he expected still to find her there; but there was no one to be seen in the garden, and no sound to be heard. As every step brought him nearer to her whom he was seeking, he became more and more conscious of the hopelessness of his errand. Him she had never loved, and why should he venture to hope that she would love him now? He would have turned back had he not been aware that his promise to others required that he should persevere. He had said that he would do this thing, and he would be as good as his word. But he hardly ventured to hope that he might be successful. In this frame of mind he slowly made his way up across the lawn.

"My dear, there is John Eames," said Mrs. Dale, who had first seen him from the parlor window.

"Don't go, mamma."

"I don't know; perhaps it will be better that I should."

"No, mamma, no; what good can it do? It can do no good. I like him as well as I can like any one. I love him dearly. But it can do no good. Let him come in here, and be very kind to him; but do not go away and leave us. Of course I knew he would come, and I shall be very glad to see him."

Then Mrs. Dale went round to the other room, and admitted her visitor through the window of the drawing-room. "We are in terrible confusion, John, are we not?"

"And so you are really going to live in Guestwick?"

"Well, it looks like it, does it not? But, to tell you a secret—only it must be a secret; you must not mention it at Guestwick Manor; even Bell does not know—we have half made up our minds to unpack all our things and stay where we are."

Eames was so intent on his own purpose, and so fully occupied with the difficulty of the task before him, that he could hardly receive Mrs. Dale's tidings with all the interest which they deserved. "Unpack them all again," he said. "That will be very troublesome. Is Lily with you, Mrs. Dale?"

"Yes, she is in the parlor. Come and see her." So he followed Mrs. Dale through the hall, and found himself in the presence of his love.

"How do you do, John?" "How do you do, Lily?" We all know the way in which such meetings are commenced. Each longed to be tender and affectionate to the other—each in a different way; but neither knew how to throw any tenderness into this first greeting. "So you're staying at the Manor House," said Lily.

"Yes; I'm staying there. Your uncle and Bell came yesterday afternoon."

"Have you heard about Bell?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh yes; Mary told me. I'm so glad of it. I always liked Dr. Crofts very much. I have not congratulated her, because I didn't know whether it was a secret. But Crofts was there last night, and if it is a secret he didn't seem to be very careful about keeping it."

"It is no secret," said Mrs. Dale. "I don't know that I am fond of such secrets." But as she said this she thought of Crosbie's engagement, which had been told to every one, and of its consequences.

"Is it to be soon?" he asked.

"Well, yes; we think so. Of course nothing is settled."

"It was such fun," said Lily. "James, who took, at any rate, a year or two to make his proposal, wanted to be married the next day afterward."

"No, Lily; not quite that."

"Well, mamma, it was very nearly that. He thought it could all be done this week. It has made us so happy, John! I don't know any body I should so much like for a brother. I'm very glad you like him; very glad. I hope you'll be friends always." There was some little tenderness in this—as John acknowledged to himself.

"I'm sure we shall—if he likes it. That is, if I ever happen to see him. I'll do any thing for him I can if he ever comes up to London. Wouldn't it be a good thing, Mrs. Dale, if he settled himself in London?"

"No, John; it would be a very bad thing. Why should he wish to rob me of my daughter?"

Mrs. Dale was speaking of her eldest daughter; but the very allusion to any such robbery covered John Eames's face with a blush, made him hot up to the roots of his hair, and for the moment silenced him.

"You think he would have a better career in London?" said Lily, speaking under the influence of her superior presence of mind.

She had certainly shown defective judgment in desiring her mother not to leave them alone; and of this Mrs. Dale soon felt herself aware. The thing had to be done, and no little precautionary measure, such as this of Mrs. Dale's enforced presence, would prevent it. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware; and she felt, moreover, that John was entitled to an opportunity of pleading his own cause. It might be that such opportunity would avail him nothing, but not the less should he have it of right, seeing that he desired it. But yet Mrs. Dale did not dare to get up and leave the room. Lily had asked her not to do so, and at the present period of their lives all Lily's requests were sacred. They continued for some time to talk of Crofts and his marriage; and when that subject was finished, they discussed their own probable—or, as it seemed now, improbable—removal to Guestwick. "It's going too far, mamma," said Lily, "to say that you think we shall not go. It was only last night that you suggested it. The truth is, John, that Hopkins came in and discoursed with the most wonderful eloquence. Nobody dared to oppose Hopkins. He made us almost cry, he was so pathetic."

"He has just been talking to me, too," said John, "as I came through the squire's garden."

"And what has be been saying to you?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh, I don't know; not much." John, however, remembered well, at this moment, all that the gardener had said to him. Did she know of that encounter between him and Crosbie? and if she did know of it, in what light did she regard it?

They had sat thus for an hour together, and Eames was not as yet an inch nearer to his object. He had sworn to himself that he would not leave the Small House without asking Lily to be his wife. It seemed to him as though he would be guilty of falsehood toward the earl if he did so. Lord De Guest had opened his house to him, and had asked all the Dales there, and had offered himself up as a sacrifice at the cruel shrine of a serious dinner-party, to say nothing of that easier and lighter sacrifice which he had made in a pecuniary point of view, in order that this thing might be done. Under such circumstances Eames was too honest a man not to do it, let the difficulties in his way be what they might.

He had sat there for an hour, and Mrs. Dale still remained with her daughter. Should he get up boldly and ask Lily to put on her bonnet and come out into the garden? As the thought struck him he rose and grasped at his hat. "I am going to walk back to Guestwick," said he.

"It was very good of you to come so far to see us."

"I was always fond of walking," he said. "The earl wanted me to ride; but I prefer being on foot when I know the country as I do here."

"Have a glass of wine before you go?"

"Oh, dear, no. I think I'll go back through the squire's fields, and out on the road at the white gate. The path is quite dry now."

"I dare say it is," said Mrs. Dale.

"Lily, I wonder whether you would come as far as that with me." As the request was made Mrs. Dale looked at her daughter almost beseechingly. "Do, pray do," said he; "it is a beautiful day for walking."

The path proposed lay right across the field into which Lily had taken Crosbie when she made her offer to let him off from his engagement. Could it be possible that she should ever walk there again with another lover? "No, John," she said; "not to-day, I think. I am almost tired, and I had rather not go out."

"It would do you good," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't want to be done good to, mamma. Besides, I should have to come back by myself."

"I'll come back with you," said Johnny.

"Oh yes; and then I should have to go again with you. But, John, really I don't wish to

walk to-day." Whereupon John Eames again put down his hat.

"Lily," said he; and then he stopped. Mrs. Dale walked away to the window, turning her back upon her daughter and visitor. "Lily, I have come over here on purpose to speak to you. Indeed, I have come down from London only that I might see you."

"Have you, John?"

"Yes, I have. You know well all that I have got to tell you. I loved you before he ever saw you; and now that he has gone I love you better than I ever did. Dear Lily!" and he put out his hand to her.

"No, John, no," she answered.

"Must it be always no?"

"Always no to that. How can it be otherwise? You would not have me marry you while I love another!"

"But he is gone. He has taken another wife."

"I can not change myself because he is changed. If you are kind to me you will let that be enough."

"But you are so unkind to me!"

"No, no; oh, I would wish to be so kind to you. John, here; take my hand. It is the hand of a friend who loves you, and will always love you. Dear John, I will do any thing—every thing for you but that."

"There is only one thing," said he, still holding her by the hand, but with his face turned from her.

"Nay, do not say so. Are you worse off than I am? I could not have that one thing, and I was nearer to my heart's longings than you have ever been. I can not have that one thing; but I know that there are other things, and I will not allow myself to be broken-hearted."

"You are stronger than I am," he said.

"Not stronger, but more certain. Make yourself as sure as I am, and you, too, will be strong. Is it not so, mamma?"

"I wish it could be otherwise—I wish it could be otherwise! If you can give him any hope—"

"Mamma!"

"Tell me that I may come again—in a year," he pleaded.

"I can not tell you so. You may not come again, not in this way. Do you remember what I told you before, in the garden—that I loved him better than all the world besides? It is still the same. I still love him better than all the world. How, then, can I give you any hope?"

"But it will not be so forever, Lily."

"Forever! Why should he not be mine as well as hers when that forever comes? John, if you understand what it is to love you will say nothing more of it. I have spoken to you more openly about this than I have ever done to any body, even to mamma, because I have wished to make you understand my feelings. I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I admitted the love of another man after—after— It is to me almost as though I had married him. I am not blaming him, remember. These things are different with a man."

She had not dropped his hand, and as she made her last speech was sitting in her old chair with her eyes fixed upon the ground. She spoke in a low voice, slowly, almost with difficulty; but still the words came very clearly, with a clear, distinct voice, which caused them to be remembered with accuracy both by Eames and Mrs. Dale. To him it seemed to be impossible that he should continue his suit after such a declaration. To Mrs. Dale they were terrible words, speaking of a perpetual widowhood, and telling of an amount of suffering greater even than that which she had anticipated. It was true that Lily had never said so much to her as she had now said to John Eames, or had attempted to make so clear an exposition of her own feelings. "I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I admitted the love of another man!" They were terrible words, but very easy to be understood. Mrs. Dale had felt, from the first, that Eames was coming too soon; that the earl and the squire together were making an effort to cure the wound too quickly after its infliction; that time should have been given to her girl to recover. But now the attempt had been made, and words had been forced from Lily's lips, the speaking of which would never be forgotten by herself.

"I knew that it would be so," said John.

"Ah, yes; you know it, because your heart understands my heart. And you will not be angry with me, and say naughty, cruel words, as you did once before. We will think of each other, John, and pray for each other; and will always love one another. When we do meet let us be glad to see each other. No other friend shall ever be dearer to me than you are. You are so true and honest! When you marry I will tell your wife what an infinite blessing God has given her."

"You shall never do that."

"Yes, I will. I understand what you mean; but yet I will."

"Good-by, Mrs. Dale," he said.

"Good-by, John. If it could have been otherwise with her you should have had all my best wishes in the matter. I would have loved you dearly as my son; and I will love you now." Then she put up her lips and kissed his face.

"And so will I love you," said Lily, giving him her hand again. He looked longingly into her face as though he had thought it possible that she also might kiss him; then he pressed her hand to his lips, and without speaking any further farewell, took up his hat and left the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Dale.

"They should not have let him come," said Lily. "But they don't understand. They think that I have lost a toy, and they mean to be good-natured, and to give me another." Very shortly after that Lily went away by herself, and sat alone for hours; and when she joined her



"SHE HAS REFUSED ME, AND IT IS ALL OVER."

mother again at tea-time, nothing further was said of John Eames's visit.

He made his way out by the front door, and through the church-yard, and in this way on to the field through which he had asked Lily to walk with him. He hardly began to think of what had passed till he had left the squire's house behind him. As he made his way through the tombstones he paused and read one, as though it interested him. He stood a moment under the tower looking up at the clock, and then pulled out his own watch, as though to verify the one by the other. He made, unconsciously, a struggle to drive away from his thoughts the facts of the late scene, and for some five or ten minutes he succeeded. He said to himself a word or two about Sir Raffle and his letters, and laughed inwardly as he remembered the figure of Rafferty bringing in the knight's shoes. He had gone some half mile upon his way before he ventured to stand still and tell himself that he had failed in the great object of his life.

Yes; he had failed: and he acknowledged to himself, with bitter reproaches, that he had failed, now and forever. He told himself that he had obtruded upon her in her sorrow with an unmannerly love, and rebuked himself as having been not only foolish but ungenerous. His friend the earl had been wont, in his waggish way, to call him the conquering hero, and had so talked him out of his common sense as to have made him almost think that he would be successful in his suit. Now, as he told himself that any such success must have been impossible, he almost hated the earl for having brought him to this condition. A conquering hero, indeed! How should he manage to sneak back among them all at the Manor House, crest-fallen and abject in his misery? Every body knew the errand on which he had gone, and every body must know of his failure. How could he have been such a fool as to undertake such a task under the eyes of so many lookers-on? Was it not the case that he had so fondly expected success, as to think only of his triumph in returning, and not of his more probable disgrace? He had allowed others to make a fool of him, and had so made a fool of himself that now all hope and happiness were over for him. How could he escape at once out of the country—back to London? How could he get away without saying a word further to any one? That was the thought that at first occupied his mind.

He crossed the road at the end of the squire's property, where the parish of Allington divides itself from that of Abbot's Guest in which the earl's house stands, and made his way back along the copse which skirted the field in which they had encountered the bull, into the high woods which were at the back of the park. Ah, yes; it had been well for him that he had not come out on horseback. That ride home along the high-road and up to the Manor House stables would, under his present circumstances, have been almost impossible to him. As it was, he did not think it possible that he should return to his place in the earl's house. How could he pretend to maintain his ordinary demeanor under the eyes of those two old men? It would be better for him to get home to his mother, to send a message from thence to the Manor, and then to escape back to London. So thinking, but with no resolution made, he went on through the woods, and down from the hill back toward the town till he again came to the little bridge over the brook. There he stopped and stood a while with his broad hand spread over the letters which he had cut in those early days, so as to hide them from his sight. "What an ass I have been—always and ever!" he said to himself.

It was not only of his late disappointment that he was thinking, but of his whole past life. He was conscious of his hobbledehoyhood—of that backwardness on his part in assuming manhood which had rendered him incapable of making himself acceptable to Lily before she had fallen into the clutches of Crosbie. As he thought of this he declared to himself that if he could meet Crosbie again he would again thrash him—that he would so belabor him as to send him out of the world, if such sending might possibly be done by fair beating, regardless whether he himself might be called upon to follow him. Was it not hard that for the two of them—for Lily and for him also—there should be such punishment because of the insincerity of that man? When he had thus stood upon the bridge for some quarter of an hour he took out his knife, and, with deep, rough gashes in the wood, cut out Lily's name from the rail.

He had hardly finished, and was still looking at the chips as they were being carried away by the stream, when a gentle step came close up to him, and turning round, he saw that Lady Julia was on the bridge. She was close to him, and had already seen his handiwork. "Has she offended you, John?" she said.

"Oh, Lady Julia!"

"Has she offended you?"

"She has refused me, and it is all over."

"It may be that she has refused you, and that yet it need not be all over. I am sorry that you have cut out the name, John. Do you mean to cut it out from your heart?"

"Never. I would if I could, but I never shall."

"Keep to it as to a great treasure. It will be a joy to you in after-years, and not a sorrow. To have loved truly, even though you shall have loved in vain, will be a consolation when you are as old as I am. It is something to have had a heart."

"I don't know. I wish that I had none."

"And, John—I can understand her feeling now; and, indeed, I thought all through that you were asking her too soon; but the time may yet come when she will think better of your wishes."

"No, no; never. I begin to know her now."

"If you can be constant in your love you may win her yet. Remember how young she is; and how young you both are. Come again in two years' time, and then; when you have won her, you shall tell me that I have been a good old woman to you both."

"I shall never win her, Lady Julia." As he spoke these last words the tears were running down his cheeks, and he was weeping openly in presence of his companion. It was well for him that she had come upon him in his sorrow. When he once knew that she had seen his tears, he could pour out to her the whole story of his grief; and as he did so she led him back quietly to the house.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

A WEDDING is always an interesting event, and there is probably nothing of so frequent occurrence that stirs half as much talk and draws so many ready guests. Every body, especially every woman, likes to see the bride; and the bridegroom, in his less romantic garb—in his black swallow-tail and white kids—is not wholly lost sight of, and, if not for his own sake at least for her sake, he becomes somewhat interesting, as he stands up beside her, as the dark lining to that snowy cloud, or the dusky back-ground to that vision of light. Why it is exactly that people are so interested in the affair it is not quite easy to say. It may be that the immensity of the result that follows the brief ceremony has the main fascination; and surely no words ever spoken on earth have such tremendous meaning as the "I will" that is interchanged between the wedded pair. Then a thousand questions are asked, and surmises are made—as to how long they have known each other, how they came together, how well they are matched, what their prospects are at present, and how they are likely to get on in the long-run. Yet the scene itself is most engrossing, and has vast effect in quickening the fancy and moving hope. A great many young people seem to think that marriage is little more than the wedding itself, with its gold ring, orange-blossoms, plum-cake, cards, and congratulations. We are not for disturbing the charm, for we believe that a certain illusion belongs to the method of Providence, and we are made, like the birds, to begin in song and play relations and duties that end more seriously by far than we spoke for. We believe that marriages in the main are good things; and if husbands and wives are not altogether what they should, they are far nearer the mark, generally, than if they had plodded on in single selfishness.

We will not quarrel with weddings, but would rather magnify and multiply them, and our present thought is rather jubilant than mournful. We are thinking of the jubilee that celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the first marriage, and a "Golden Wedding" at a friend's house has furnished our text. The point of view is as wholesome as it is novel to most readers of romances and frequenters of bridal parties. It puts a somewhat odd, but very searching and wise question to all lookers-on. How will this scene look, or how will these parties appear fifty years hence?—what will be their destiny, what their relation to each other? Will they be dead or alive, parents or childless, happy or wretched? These are questions not a little startling. Change they must in that half century; and if they survive to their Golden Wedding, and find it even a real jubilee, how strange must be the transformation wrought by those inexorable years! The stoutest and noblest bridegroom, the rosiest and sweetest bride, in all the radiance of their youth, must submit, if they live, to the weird hand of time; and those young faces would shrink aghast from the mirror that should reflect to their eye faithfully the features and lines and hues that fifty years will bring to them. We are not for frightening young people, yet it is well to throw in, once in a while, a sombre thought to shade their garish sunshine; and we are willing to ask them how are they making ready—by the spirit of their courtship, wedding, and home-life—for the grave commentary that a half century must bring. Time makes every seed bear its fruit, and fifty years are certainly long enough for every seed, whether of good or evil, to show its colors and yield its harvest. Some follies that may do tolerably well for a year or two may need a long range to reveal their full consequences; and all marrying or married people may profitably put their habits and impulses to this grave test, and ask how their wedded life will be likely to *wear* through fifty years. Instead of dealing in abstractions, or going into the philosophy of marriage as developed in time, we prefer to illustrate the subject practically, and sketch a Golden Wedding that we lately attended. With its antecedents and consequents it may have interest and instruction, and, in some respects, be as striking as if taken out of a romance, and painted by Goldsmith's graphic pencil instead of our prosy pen.

The twenty-second of December, 1863, we entered our friend C.'s house, at about eight o'clock in the evening, and found him and his better-half seated upon the sofa, each with a bountiful bouquet in hand, and with a face radiant with cheerfulness and hospitality. Merry children were skipping to and fro, and the spacious rooms were soon comfortably filled with a genial company of all ages, from the very venerable coevals of our hosts down to the little prattlers who, but for the demands of the occasion, would have been long since in bed, and dreaming instead of acting the gambols of those charmed hours. Let us take a peep at the wedding of this good couple half a century ago, that we may the better enter into the meaning of this golden jubilee.

I.—FIFTY YEARS AGO.

December 22, 1813, is a date that has interest for the world at large, as well as for the little party that met in the village of Hempstead, Long Island, to do honor to our friend and his bride. Mrs. Hemans had not yet written her Ode to the Pilgrim Fathers, but Plymouth Rock had entered upon its historic honors, and this Forefathers' Day had become famous beyond the old Bay State, where it originated. Europe and America were in the midst of most eventful experiences, and war every where loomed up with a blackness and magnitude that it would be almost impossible to conceive of, were it not for our own fearful schooling during the last three years. On the 18th of the previous October the battle of Leipsic opened the final disasters of Napoleon, and the death-knell of the Empire began to toll. The Emperor could not borrow five pounds from any capitalist in France, and the speech of his that is reported in the *Moniteur* of December 22, shows that his call for a fresh

levy of 300,000 men had not rid him of his troubles and forebodings. England was putting forth her best energies, and Wellington was just closing, in front of Bayonne, the series of victories in the Peninsula. She had expended one hundred and seventeen millions of pounds, and carried on hostilities with one million and fifty-three thousand men in arms at home and abroad. Here, in America, we were in the second year of the war with England. Madison had made his second inaugural address the previous March; Henry Clay was Speaker of Congress, and Daniel Webster had lately made his maiden speech; Perry had beaten the enemy on the Lakes; Harrison had recaptured Detroit; Jackson was in the field, on the Tennessee, against the Creeks; and the Mississippi troops, under Governor Claiborne, won a battle above the mouth of the Cahawba, and destroyed the new town of the Alabamas, at that place, on the very day, December 22, 1813, and thus added one to the few successes that cheered this year of disasters.

How fully the course of the wars at home and abroad was known at the farm-house in Hempstead, where the wedding guests were assembled, we have no means of knowing. Sure, however, we are that no electric wires then flashed their thrilling tidings through the land, no steamers brought us constant news across the sea, and no score of daily papers with flaming extras roused the eye and ear of the people to every rumor of disaster or success. We presume that war then was at most not more alarming than it is now; and we have learned that we can eat, drink, and sleep, labor and feast, marry and give in marriage, with all tranquillity, in the midst of a civil war unexampled in history, alike in the numbers engaged and the interests involved. If we judge of the present parties by their well-known temperaments, they entered quietly into the festivities of the occasion, and there was nothing in their hilarity at all out of keeping with the solemn service of the Episcopal Church that had consecrated their union. The bridegroom was in his twenty-third year, having first seen the light of day February 12, 1791. He was well but not grandly born, his father being a Lieutenant during the Revolutionary war, and his maternal grandfather being Mayor of New York, and Deputy Quarter-master General during the Revolution. Young C. began his mechanical schooling by working hard in his father's hat-factory, and nobly strove to help the large family through hard fortune and disappointed hopes. Other teaching he had none, except for half a day during one year, when he attended school. At the age of seventeen he began to learn the trade of coach-making, and was probably fitted by it for his first original work—the manufacture of an improved machine for shearing cloth, which was in great demand during the war. Not long before his marriage he carried on this business at Hempstead, and his improved machine, which he made with the help of a single hand, consisted of 3000 different members. He gives an interesting account of his taking three of these machines up the North River in a wagon, hoping to secure at once a promised purchaser and to find a market for his extra wares. But the promised purchaser failed him, and the poor adventurer would have returned discouraged and penniless, had not the owner of a fulling-mill—a man then, not now, unknown, Mr. Vassar of Poughkeepsie—given him $150 for a machine, and bought the right for the county for $250 more. Thus our friend's prosperity began, and, with but incidental drawbacks, it has been culminating to the present time.

We do not know of any man whose career better represents the worthiest type of the Young America of the last half century than our friend C.'s. He is as good a specimen of the self-made, enterprising, public-spirited youth of his time as Benjamin Franklin was of his own time. Both were much limited in early education, and made to work hard for a living at the age when boys of their condition are usually well-schooled and amply supported. Both, although in different spheres, are admirable representatives of the American character in its indomitable energy, common sense, and hopefulness. Both have lived in full fellowship with the progressive temper, and humane principles, and philosophic spirit of their age; and if C. is much the plainer man, and nearer the lot and make of the common people, he is none the less noteworthy on that account, and has the good sense never to be ashamed of his affinities, and never to repudiate the honorable constituency of the people that has, by a kind of acclamation, made him their tribune. Both, we may add, have had a somewhat versatile career, and, like a great many of the universal Yankee nation, have tried their hand at a little of almost every thing. C. has done his part at hat-manufacture, coach-making, cloth-shearing machines, cabinet-work, groceries, glue and isinglass, iron making and rolling. In some departments of business he has made his mark upon the times. His process of making gelatin has given him a place in the noble picture of American inventors now on exhibition. This iron age will record him among its notables by three signal achievements in iron, the first successful application of anthracite to the puddling of iron, the first rolling of wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings, and the building of the first locomotive engine that was ever run on this continent. He has been prominent in the great electro-telegraph movement; and nothing has seemed to jump more with his humor than the gigantic effort to give one net-work of nerves to the entire globe. He presides over the Company that controls most of the home-lines of the telegraph, and is head of the great association that is still agitating the problem of binding the Old World to the New by a belt of electric intelligence under the ocean. The Croton Aqueduct was in the same large vein of humanity, and it enlisted his early and late co-operation. In both branches of the city council he gave it his influence; and there, and as trustee of the public-school society, he labored with un-

tiring zeal for popular education. Our noble public schools are monuments of his public spirit and sagacity; and his own great institute of popular instruction, "The Union for the Advancement of Science and Art," is the crowning work of his life and embodiment of his principles.

Such is the man who was married December 22, 1813, to the daughter of a worthy farmer of Hempstead, one of a goodly family of ten children. The wedding was not ostentatious, nor very demonstrative, but hospitable and cheerful. A company of neighbors and kinsfolk graced the feast; and the bride, with her one attendant-maiden, was as winning and blushing as young ladies in such interesting positions are always bound to be.

II.—THE JUBILEE.

Fifty years have passed on, and brought changes in the nation and the world that are more startling than any romance. Again that bride and bridegroom receive their wedding-guests, and the gifts of gold and of flowers fitly imply that the match has worn well; and the love that bloomed so hopefully at the outset has not lost its sweetness upon the long journey. We will not try to report all that was said or done that pleasant evening, but must be content with giving the only one of the speeches that has come into our hands. Several others were made, but we can not recall them, nor run the risk of spoiling them. Our eloquent friend B. spoke out of the fullness of his enthusiasm, and closed with a fervent blessing upon the hosts. A kindly and accomplished neighbor, F., whose aged parents had lately gone through a similar ovation, opened his heart in words of happy sympathy. A genial friend of the family, M., who graces great mercantile ability with cultivated tastes and generous fellowship, added his manly and affectionate word. The other speaker expressed himself somewhat in this way, and thus uttered his Golden Wedding philosophy. His words may perhaps be of some little use in preparing candidates for a similar occasion who are on their way to that jubilee.

"We meet together, neighbors and friends, on a most cheering occasion, and one that grows upon us in meaning the more we think about it. Let us not forget, first of all, that this is what its name implies, a wedding, and none the less, but all the more so, from the word that qualifies it. Gold is the least corruptible of metals, and stands the wear and tear of the elements after iron and brass have rusted away. The Golden Wedding should symbolize that which is least perishable in household love, and what is this but its very soul and substance? We have, indeed, a shallow and foolish way of thinking and speaking of manly and womanly love, as if it were a passing heat of young blood, or flight of youthful fancy, instead of an affection and abiding principle of the true life. I mean exactly what I say, and am not using words vainly by any such prosy notion as that friendship must in time hold the place of love, and old age must take from the heart and home all the poetry that bind man and woman together. Allow that a great and solemn change must come over life with the gathering shadows of half a hundred years. Should not tints as varied and beautiful paint the evening as the morning sky; and should not the blessed vesper hymn be as full of cheerful hopes as of sacred remembrances, and answer as truly to the matin song as the nightingale in twilight shades answers the merry note of the lark that welcomed the opening day?

"It is the human heart, not the blood, that is the seat of affection; and when the senses are sobered and the blood is calmed the human heart ripens its purest fruits; and the fairest sentiments and ideas may cheer and charm the home long after the heyday of young romance is over. Experience, as well as the nature of things, proves this to be so. The happiest years of married life come when all the faculties are in their maturity, and the harvests of the long toil and anxiety are ripe. I am not speaking now of those who make fools of themselves in their latter days by affecting the manners of youth, and making love anew as if they were boys and girls, instead of being gray-heads and perhaps grandfathers. It is the part of wisdom, not of folly, to keep all the affections quick and active, and lift them into the higher plane of life, as the passions die out from below; and I believe that the soul of all that has been best in our early days survives in a genial and true old age. Why should it not be so? It certainly can not be denied that as we draw nearer the true aim of life, and enter more deeply into the Supreme Good, all the feelings, thoughts, and purposes must needs partake of the exalting influence. Why exclude from this influence the relation between husband and wife? They are *friends*, and their friendship must deepen with time; they are *fellow-students* of the great drama of existence, and their knowledge should grow with years, and be enriched with new remembrances and hopes; they are *helpmates* to each other, and a higher economy, more benign uses, should unite them in well-doing; they are *lovers* too, and love ought to gain more than it loses in the strife with the envious years. Man and woman do not owe their charms in each other's eyes to youth alone; and there is great common sense as well as deep philosophy in the faith taught so conspicuously by Swedenborg, that there is sex in the soul, and as man is nearer to the Divine wisdom, and woman to the Divine love, the inflow of the Divine spirit is more complete, and their conjugal relation is happier, as their life is perfected, and the interior loveliness transfigures the chastened senses and the wasting frame. We do not need any mysticism to teach us this truth; for we may see it before our eyes every day, and even in the expression of aged couples who have lived happily together we may read the lines of their interior peace. Old people certainly have a loveliness of their own; and when the venerable grandsire sits by the side of his good wife, or gives her his arm for a walk in the pleasant

sunshine or to church, there is something within us that rises up, and calls them not only blessed but lovely. The harmony and yet contrast between the two are positively beautiful; and although I have nothing to say against ruddy youth, and it is no part of our morals or religion to rail against a well-matched youth and maiden, who are seeking grace in each other's eyes, or making rivals envious of their nuptial joy, we do not allow them the palm of honor, but decidedly give the higher rank to the grace that should come with hallowed years, and give the wedded pair the moral and spiritual beauty of the marriage jubilee.

"Dante speaks of the 'second beauty now revealed,' as the sainted Beatrice smiled upon him in heaven; but we do not need his poetic vision to tell us what his words mean. All good and true people have a second beauty that comes with ripened character and years. Handsome is that handsome does, says the old proverb; and children, who have the second-sight that can look into character through homely garb and features, always think those people good-looking who look as if they were good. Time brings out this interior goodness, and writes it on the face and manners. Hence it is that excellent old people are often so charming. Old gentlemen may speak for themselves, but as to old ladies we may be allowed to say that they can be most delightful personages; and, without slighting the blooming grand-daughters in their cherry cheeks, rosy lips, and raven tresses, we can find a charm even deeper in the benign, and lively, and wise, and entertaining grandmother, whose neat cap, and smooth gray hair, and kindly countenance bring to us the riches of so many years of God's Providence, and open to us stores of comfort that youth knows little of. In such excellent old ladies there is often a great deal of fun and not a little romance, as well as experience and wisdom. A single woman who was on the shady side of sixty years remarked to me at a marriage not long since that romantic sentiment did not depend much upon years, but if one ever had any thing of it at heart it would never die out. Why should marriage be any less ideal? Why should not a sensible, varied, genial, and spiritual home, with its large round of affections, cares, and satisfactions, nurture all the sweet blooms as well as the solid utilities of life? Why should not the ideal sentiment have truer vitality from wholesome nurture than from dreary introversion?

"Let us then make merry at this Golden Wedding, and claim for these our aged friends, the privilege and the duty of loving with a true wedded love, and making merry now out of living hearts. The stupid world is always conspiring against the heart, and trying to impress it into a routine of sordid care, or stupid formalism, or vapid folly. We will snap our fingers at the world to-night, and declare our independence of its code. We will insist upon our right to be merry and wise, and not leave all the good things to fools. Those of us who are on what is called the shady side of life, we sober souls past fifty years of age, will not allow that it has no sunshine; and for our own part we like the evening sky as well as the rosy dawn, and think, with Richter, that its lengthening shadows point toward morning. I know what is usually said about the end of life and the approach of death. But why urge death more upon the old than upon the young? They who live truly have abolished death and entered upon the undying life; and the elderly people who have gone into the kingdom of heaven by the spirit of child-like faith and love, need not trouble themselves much about what remains of the body. They have already conquered death, and it is the young and giddy that still have that victory to win.

"I am not disposed to play the theologian to-night, nor obtrude upon your festivity any grave speculations from the schools of divinity. Yet is not a good deal of the best theology taught in this school of home utilities, affections, and pleasures? There are a vast many aspects of religion, and manuals have been written upon all kinds of texts, whether from nature or man, history or revelation. The whole universe, from the tiny coral insect to the starry heavens, has been made to teach theology. Why should there not be a household theology, or an argument for the Christian religion, based upon family life? Chapters of such a work indeed, in various forms, have been written. Why is there not a rich chapter in the life of this family here before us? I will not ask our venerable friend to tell us what his doctrinal views are, although we know that they are broad and cheerful, nor inquire what speculations in the theological line he most favors. But what is his home view of religion? What idea of God does he find formed within him from this half century of family experience? Let this experience tell this family and us what God is, and what he asks us to do and be, and what he asks us to allow him to do and be to us; what this human life means, how we are to do its work and bear its crosses and enter into its gains; what the power of evil is, and how its mystery is to be solved, and its ill is to be overcome with good. Certainly this long life, with its hard struggles, and trying times, and momentous changes, and constant anxieties, as well as kind affections, and rich successes, and generous enterprise, and interior peace, teaches us some views of God's providence and grace that are not always set forth in Bodies of Divinity and pulpit discourses. These charmed and solemn hours preach to us some lessons of cheerful trust and persistent well-doing and victorious good-will that it is good for us and our children to hear; and these fifty years that look down upon us from this venerable pair teach us a most cheerful philosophy of life, and seem to sing more than to sermonize to us of the mercy that endureth forever.

"How rich is the interpretation of human ties that is presented here at this Golden Wedding! Here all the relations of life are brought to-

gether, each beautiful in itself and all completed in each other. Here are children and grandchildren, God's gifts all in His own way. If lengthened years raise children to equal stature with parents, and they cease then to enliven the house with infant prattle or childish gambols, their place is occupied by the new generation, and the grand-parents, in the new crop of little ones, find their first affections renewed and the old charm of childhood come back to them. There ought in some way to be a child in every house, and the heart seems never able to rise truly to God unless it first stoops to bless those little ones, and so to soar by condescending as the vine climbs heavenward by sinking its roots into the earth. We do not say that children are angels, yet there is something of the angel about them, and loving grand-parents seem to know how to find it out and open the better heart of childhood and be opened upward by its ministry. The casket of treasures has usually a small key, and so has the human heart. He who had supposed his gentler affections lost because they have been so long locked is sometimes surprised at what the little key may disclose within himself; and a child is a perpetual novelty, because opening ever-new riches in old people who had thought themselves almost out of the world and its affections. God's blessing on these little hands that are clasped in frequent play to-night, and soon to be folded in their evening prayer at the bedtime so much later than usual! These elders and these little folks understand each other well, and this wedding is more golden because age and infancy bless and interpret and integrate each other in this house.

"What a complete picture is here given of all the seasons and relations of life! It is like that grand description of one of the Cordilleras in Humboldt's 'Cosmos,' where the mountain presents all the zones, seasons, and growths of the globe at once in a grand tableau to the enraptured eye, from the perpetual bloom of the tropics, through the hardy forests of the temperate region, up to the snowy peak. Here rises that mountain interpreted into human life. Here is childhood in its tropical bloom; here are youth and maturity in their strength and cheer; and here, not out of the blessed sunshine, but in its genial rays, is old age, with its snowy crest, nearest to heaven, and throwing light on every side. God's blessing upon all—upon children, grandchildren, parents, grand-parents, kindred, neighbors, friends! His light gild these venerable heads with its own sunshine, and make all their days golden hence evermore!"

After the congratulatory speeches were over our host said his responsive word, and read a brief paper stating what had been the bearing of his life, and what he wished to do to give the occasion fitting significance. His mode of jollification was quite characteristic and worthy of imitation. Some men make merry by kicking up their heels, others by getting tipsy, others by gambling, others by talking nonsense with the ladies, and others by having a knock-down with mankind in general. Our friend C. did none of these things, but gave a princely donation of solid thousands to leading and approved charities, by putting the requisite securities into the hands of trusty friends. Then the goodly company adjourned to the bountiful table, and midnight saw the guests on their homeward way.

III.—THE GOLDEN GIFT.

Every man's life has certain foeal points which concentrate the lines of the eventful years, and light up the whole interval. How it was with our kind host I can not say, although in all likelihood that pleasant festival called to mind the great facts of his history, and brought the old times of struggle into cheerful fellowship with present triumphs. I confess to a little more play of the imagination than seemed to figure visibly in the preparations of the evening; and while kindred and friends had not forgotten to bring some gifts of gold to the venerable couple, an invisible hand pointed out other golden gifts that returned now to the giver, after blessing thousands with their bounty. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost, and so do blessings too. What we give, and that alone we truly have; and whether it is property, truth, or love, we possess nothing truly until we share it with others. I saw the great wish of our friend's life in this light now, and the magnificent institution which he has given to the people of this city, and, in fact, to the nation, rose up to bless him. The bright light that fell from the chandelier upon the large picture of the "Union for Science and Art" had a golden flush, and crowned the Golden Wedding with a more than royal gift.

It was but interpreting this aspect of the occasion to make an appointment with our friend and go over the building under his guidance. We are all familiar with its form, but too few of us know much of its admirable working. Readers at a distance may still need to be told that it covers an entire block, cost over half a million of dollars, is fire-proof throughout, with iron beams and brick arches between, is heated by steam throughout by means of twelve miles of steam-pipe, and is lighted by four miles of gas-pipe. The building is six stories high, and is thoroughly ventilated by a central shaft, to which steam power can be at any time applied. It is a good day's work to go through the edifice from basement to attic, and learn the various uses that have already made each story memorable. The great hall in the basement is already the most notable place of popular assembly in the city, and is a remarkable illustration of what a literally subterranean place can be made by a proper use of light and air. Never were three or four thousand persons put under ground, and kept there so comfortably and afterward restored to the upper earth, as in this huge auditorium, with its iron arm-chairs, all comfortably cushioned, and its high ceiling, and its pure and well-regulated air-currents, that are sent through the floor and walls by an immense rotary fan

that is moved by the huge steam-engine. This hall, with the stores on the ground-floor and the offices within the arcades of the second story, are so rented as to afford a large income, some twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, for the support of the institution. The third floor contains the noble reading-room, which is 125 feet long, 82 feet wide, and 30 feet high, with a gallery 22 feet wide. This hall, which is open from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M., connects with the grand picture-gallery, which is filled with the gems of art that Mr. Bryan has collected, with such skill and cost, during thirty years of careful search among the collections of Europe.

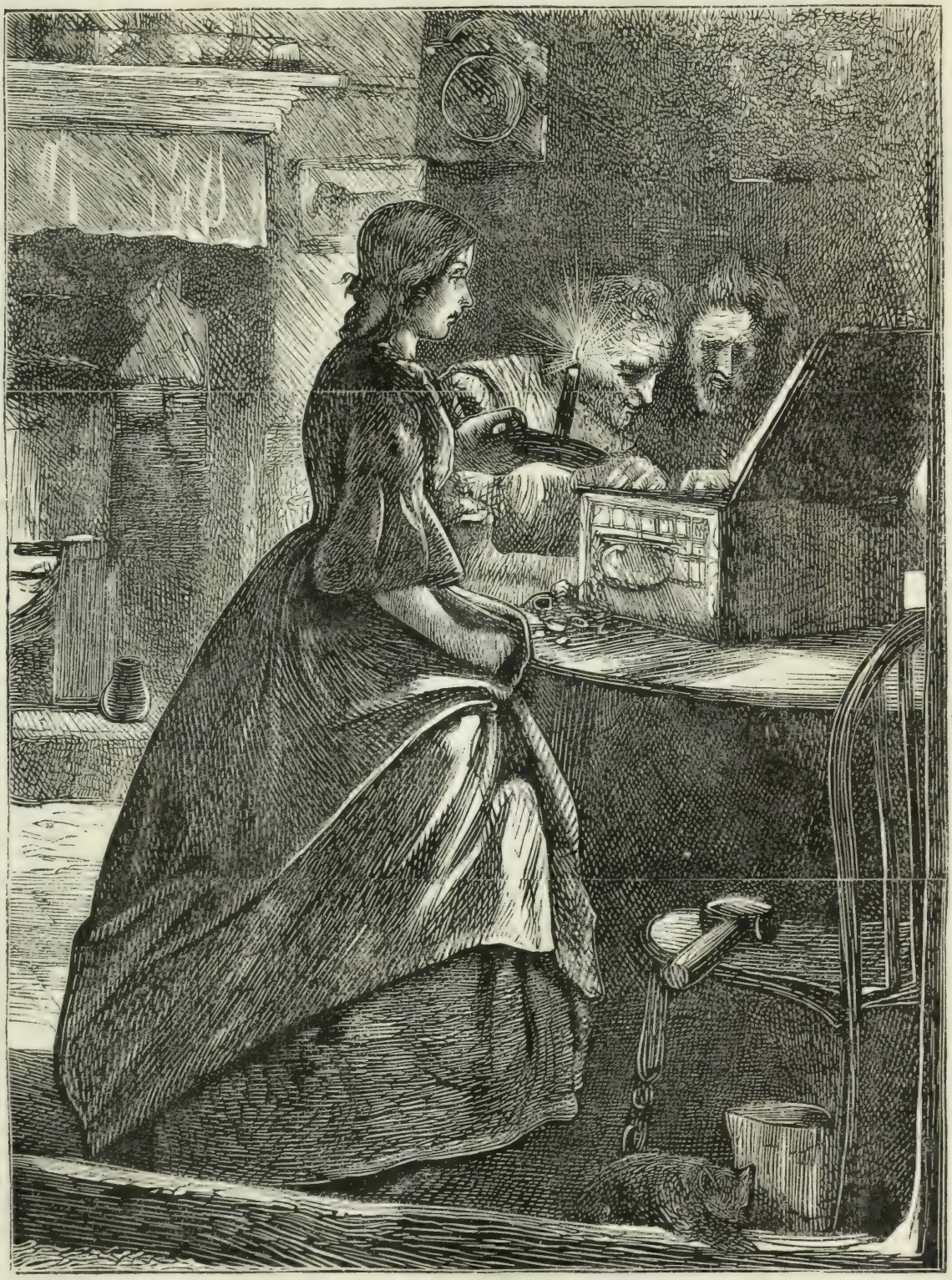
The fifth story contains twelve rooms, two large lecture-rooms, capable of accommodating about six hundred persons each, a small lecture-room, a laboratory, several recitation-rooms, and cabinets for apparatus. The sixth story contains a large room 135 feet long, and 82 feet wide, which is intended as a repository for various kinds of mechanism and collections in natural history. This story, also, has ample rooms for various classes in drawing, whether from models or from life, and especially for the instruction of mechanics and apprentices in the arts of design. It will be seen that the institution is a great University of the people, and a walk through its various halls by night as well as by day will cheer and surprise any fair-minded observer by its excellent working, generous scope, and varied and numerous participants. The great reading-room is well attended by day, but in the evening it swarms with the concourse of sober and intelligent visitors, many of whom, undoubtedly, owe their only access to costly periodicals, and foreign if not to home newspapers to this grateful charity. In the evening the working-classes, who are occupied with labor during the day, throng the class-rooms, and a sagacious eye can detect the talent that is determined to come to itself in spite of adverse circumstances, and make up by hard study, when the day's toil is over, for the neglect of early schooling.

When it is remembered that since this institution has been opened some ten thousand pupils have enjoyed its privileges of instruction, we have before us a most suggestive as well as encouraging fact. Of that great number all must have won some advantage from the lessons, but a portion must have gained incalculable benefit, and found the whole course of their lives changed from drudging poverty to skilled and well-paid service. We may hope to see, ere long, some careful estimates of the practical working of the institution, with personal sketches of the career of some of the most noted beneficiaries of these free schools. It will be especially interesting to note the success of adult students in making progress in new studies; and thus to learn practically the possibility of beginning late in life to make up for the defects of early teaching. Without doubt there are scores of men who have begun their higher education here, and gone from these halls of art and science to prove in our factories, roads, mines, and fleets, how important it is to know the principles of things before we enter upon the practice.

We are most impressed with the generous provision made for the instruction of women. All the lectures, as on mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, music, political economy, etc., are open to them, and especial provision is made for a school of design for women, in which drawing, painting, and engraving are taught. It is a rare sight that is presented in this school, with its various rooms and departments. Here the first principles of drawing are taught; there a busy company are at work for the wood engravers; here a dozen or two of girls are sketching from flowers and various other objects; and there about as many are painting the portrait of one of their number, who is seated on a dais, and who looks like a picture herself, and a very fair picture too. I was foolish enough to expect to see the same view of the face in all the sketches, but a glance showed that difference of aspect must give as many views as there were points of view, and it was startling to find such variety ranging from profile to full front. So it is that impressions differ with our stand-point; and we ought to learn, from the pencils of these busy and skillful girls, the wisdom of making allowance for position, and being willing to look at a matter on all sides.

How great must be the change wrought in the destiny of these scores of young women by the kindly schooling of these halls of honorable industry! To many of them it must be nothing less than redemption from grinding bondage and entrance upon competence, comfort, and dignity. Well may the man who has blessed the lot of woman thus celebrate his Golden Wedding, and ask his friends to celebrate with him the honors of a happy home and a true, hallowed union!

We climbed the roof of the building together, and looked out upon the great city from the commanding height. We could see the North and the East rivers, the harbor, and the Long Island shore. That broad view was a good summing up of all that had gone before. Since my venerable companion stood as bridegroom at Hempstead on that island bank, he has done his part of the good work that has filled these waters with commerce and enterprise, and these lands with health and plenty, intelligence and charity. Those fifty years of his household life have cheered the lot of thousands of his countrymen, and made us quite sure that our readers at large are willing guests at his Golden Wedding, and have some share in its inheritance of what is better than gold or rubies.



THE BLACKSMITHS OF HOLSBY.

I.—THE LUCKY FIND.

A STEADILY thriving man was old Ralph Thorley of Holsby. The clinking of the hammers at his forge was the first sound that broke the stillness of the dawn, nor did it often cease until a late hour in the evening, as Ralph and his strong-limbed son John—long after the usual hour for closing—labored together at some task requiring too much skill and care to be intrusted to the hands of an ordinary workman; or forged the glowing metal into horse-shoes, with a grim pleasure in rendering themselves independent of the services of the traveling *shoers*, who wander in pairs from smithy to smithy; returning again and again when they calculate upon a decrease of stock securing them the three or four days' employment and high wages they demand.

Year after year the father and son thus toiled on unceasingly, deeming no exertions too great which brought fair profits, and enabled them to add to the hoard over which—like-minded in this unworthy passion—they gloated and pondered; not unfrequently murmuring the while

that, with all their endeavors, it accumulated so slowly.

The elder Thorley was a widower, and a busy, noisy dame, whose industry and frugality alone reconciled the two men to her presence, had long superintended their household affairs, and attended to the heterogeneous stock of ironmongery into which a part of the little dwelling was converted. But circumstances suddenly deprived them of her services, and after an abortive effort to do without the help of womankind, Ralph's only daughter was hastily summoned home to fill her place.

Annie Thorley was comparatively a stranger at Holsby; a sister of her dying mother had received her from the maternal bosom, and for a very small pittance—grudgingly paid—had willingly clothed and fed the motherless child, until a certain lady residing in her vicinity, attracted by the modest manners and pretty face of the little maiden, had first invited her as a guest, and subsequently kept her as a companion, until this imperative call dissolved the pleasant tie. And very tearfully they parted; the elder, now dreading solitude, to take up her abode with some friends, and Annie to assume the duties of housekeeper to a parent she had scarcely learned to love, and a brother whom, from some inexplicable feeling, she already dreaded.

Trade, however, happened to be unusually brisk; the new-comer was economical, and her gentle ways and readiness to oblige won so many approving speeches from the ladies who sometimes stayed their pony carriages at the door to give orders, or negotiate for a new watering-pot, that the critical John found few opportunities of complaining; and Ralph himself occasionally paused to bestow an encouraging word or a pat on the cheek of the quiet, thoughtful girl who hovered about him with the tender assiduity and soft gray eyes of her dead mother; or when he lit his pipe at night and, bending over the fire, sat mentally counting the gains of the day, would draw her chair close to his, and gliding a hand into his roughened palm, with the Bible open on her knee, would read by the dim light some chapter before whose searching truths and warnings his own greed and worldliness momentarily sank into insignificance; and wishes as fleeting crossed his mind that he could fling off the carks and cares furrowing his brow, and cankering his heart, and with Annie for his stay and comfort, begin the search after happiness in a wiser and holier spirit.

The smithy and adjacent dwelling stood in the centre of the village anglewise, thereby commanding the two straggling streets which composed it; but except when detained there by her avocations, Annie best loved to be in the large, roomy kitchen, opening as it did into a carelessly cultivated but extensive garden, sloping down to the bank of a small river. It was here on a rough bench under a fine pear-tree that she often sat with her work, listening to the brawling of the mill-dam close by, enjoying the sweet scents borne on the summer breeze from the heathy hills arising in the distance, and learning to distinguish the various notes of the birds who sang amidst the boughs of the giant trees in the beautiful park on the other side of the stream. And it was in this pleasant spot that she was loitering one balmy morning, when her own name, loudly and impatiently pronounced, drew her back to the house, where John and his father had already taken their places at the neatly arranged breakfast-table.

"Come, come, my maid," said Ralph, cheerfully, "we're a bit hurried, for we've a journey before us, and a long day's work to do."

"A journey? and where to?" asked Annie, as she nimbly obeyed her brother's imperative gestures.

It was John who testily replied. "Where? why, where *I* don't feel at all inclined to go, for I don't see that there's aught *hanging* to it. We're only made a convenience of because the London locksmiths ha' disappointed 'em. I'd like to know why *I'm* going to be dragged there. I wanted to go another way to-day, and you knowed that. Wouldn't one o' the chaps ha' done just as well as me?" and he looked reproachfully at his father, who answered pacifically, "Well, well, boy, it shall be just as ye like. I'll go an' fetch one on 'em while ye finish yer meal," and he slowly arose from the table.

"No," dissented John, peremptorily. "I'll go myself now, but I can tell ye I'm getting downright sick o' this sort o' life. It's come here, go there, at every body's beck and bidding, and when ye've done, what for? Why, half a day's slavery in an empty house four miles off! Talk of free-born men, indeed!"

"Nay, boy," observed Ralph, soothingly, "maybe it'll lead to something better."

"Ay, so you always say," was the ungracious retort; and pushing his plate away, the young man went out to hurry and swear at the sexagenarian, who, too old and feeble for the laborious occupation in which his vigor had been expended, now pottered about the smithy for a trifling wage, to harness the horse, blow the bellows, and execute as well as he could the multifarious commissions hourly poured upon him, from the masters down to the youngest and sauciest of the apprentices.

"It'll be late, maybe, when we get back," said the elder Thorley to his daughter, as she brought him his hat and coat; "for I expect, from what the messenger said, that they're getting the house in trim for new-comers, and we'll have lots of odd jobs to see to."

Annie now ventured to inquire their destination.

"The Manor House at Oakshade; and a rare place it is, with tapestried rooms and secret staircases, and curious ins and outs that 'most puzzle a body. If John warn't a bit contrary to-day, I'd like to try an' take you with us to see it. It's been close shut up of late years, for the old Major that's been living there had got

queer ways wi' him, an' didn't like to see strangers about. Would ye like to go, my maid?"

Before Annie—all her romantic tendencies aroused by such a description—could answer in the affirmative, her brother threw the door open rudely.

"Do ye mean to start this morning, father, or not? Just say, for I'm getting sick o' waiting for you."

Without another thought of his daughter Ralph shuffled away; and the next moment the wheels of the cart rattled sharply down the street, and Annie, for the first time, was left to pass the day alone.

It was, as the elder blacksmith had predicted, long after nightfall when the well-known trot of the sturdy Welsh pony was heard in the distance, and the lonely watcher, who had grown weary of solitude, and nervously awake to every unusual sound, hurried to fling open the outer door, and holding a lantern high above her head, looked smilingly forth into the dark and tempestuous night.

"How late you are!" she cried, in glad tones; "how weary you must be! it lightens, too, fearfully!"

"Chut!" answered John, sharply, as he sprang out of the vehicle; "go in-doors an' be quiet, can't ye! Do ye think we want all the parish to turn out an' see us come home?"

"Hush, boy, hush," his father whispered; "she didn't mean any harm; go you in, child, an' take the light wi' ye."

"But you will want it," she observed, still lingering on the threshold; "shall I run and fetch the old man to take the pony out?"

"Get in, I say," was John's stern command, accompanied by an ungentle push; "we can do without *your* help."

Mortified and indignant at such uncalled-for rudeness, Annie retreated to the kitchen, and resumed her needle-work, listening the while with some surprise to the movements of the twain, who performed for themselves the offices in the stable usually delegated to the "odd man;" and finally entered the house, locking and barring the entrances and shutters with an excess of caution unusual and uncalled-for, in a rural spot where the crime of burglary was almost unknown.

But a reason for these precautions was soon apparent. Carefully wrapped in the horse cloth, they carried something weighty, over which they whispered earnestly, as they deposited it on a distant table; whispering with an air of triumph and curiosity, and many a sharp backward glance, as if they still feared that some crack in a door or casement would permit a prying eye to watch their movements. Of Annie's presence they were either careless or oblivious, until, her attention excited by their mysterious behavior, she joined them, uttering a cry of astonishment and admiration as she beheld the object over which the absorbed men were bending.

It was an iron chest, of workmanship rare enough to have been fashioned by the cunning hand of Quentin Matsys himself, and as they again scrutinized the intricate lock which had hitherto defied their efforts, she demanded whose it was, and from whence it came.

"Peace, peace!" muttered her father, startled to find her so near. "Peace, I say, or we shall have some one hear ye. It is mine—that is, ours—mine and John's; we found it hid away in a secret closet in a room where the old Major died, and by the weight it must be full of treasure. A lucky find for us, my girl! a glorious find!" and he chuckled and rubbed his hands together with a glee that was, as his son sharply told him, somewhat premature.

"True," said Ralph, instantly sobering, and hurriedly turning over the tools they had brought in with them. "True it is; but see here, we'll soon know the best or the worst; stand aside, boy!"

Avarice, however, deprived him of his usual skill; his breath came quickly, his limbs trembled, and with a sigh he relinquished the task to John, standing over him with a candle, and prompting and watching him with feverish impatience.

Annie's low tones unpleasantly broke in upon his visions of wealth.

"But father, dear—but John—is this *right?* Has not this chest an owner? It is to *him* that it should be given up."

With an impatient murmur her brother flung off her restraining fingers and continued his efforts; but Ralph's flushed face paled, and he shifted about uneasily, surprised and annoyed at the unexpected objection.

"The owner's dead," he said, with a half-laugh, "dead and gone long ago, and findings is keepings in our country, my maid. Besides, the thing's been hidden years and years; and the house has changed hands over and over again in *my* time. Who can have a better right to it than *we*, eh? Is it yielding yet, boy? Another turn will do it. That's it, that's it! Well done, well done! Catch hold of the light, girl; and now—"

John wiped the perspiration from his heated brow, and bidding Annie keep back, he roughly chided the old man, who was eagerly diving into the chest for gold, and then with great deliberation lifted out the articles it contained.

At the top lay a small roll of papers, tied up with extreme care, and around it some old trinket boxes which, on being examined, were found well filled with valuable gems, in settings discolored and tarnished by the length of time they had apparently lain there unused. In a casket of more modern date rows of pearl from Ormuz were mingled with the massive ear-rings and armlets of some Oriental beauty.

These Ralph weighed and examined with gloating eyes.

"Money's worth!" he muttered: "all money's worth! A lucky, lucky find!"

A few packets of old letters—still retaining a faint odor of patchouli—were then carelessly

tossed aside with some nick-nacks, doubtless preserved less for their value than for the memories pertaining to them; and, lastly, the searchers discovered a canvas bag, curiously labeled in crabbed letters, "The fruit of Birdie's Rose-tree." This, on being opened, was found to contain coins of all sizes, ages, and descriptions, from the well-preserved sestertii of the Roman emperors to the sovereigns and half-sovereigns of the present epoch; and a pocket, contrived in the side of the bag, was stuffed with bank-notes, varying in value from five pounds to a hundred.

As the blacksmiths sat down rejoicing to sort out and count their gains, the grieving, dissatisfied Annie again interfered.

"There is some mistake here, father; this chest can not have been hidden so long as you imagined; see, these sovereigns have not left the Mint more than three years."

He did not appear to hear her.

"Dearest father, you will try and find out whom it belongs to, will not you? it would be —dishonest to keep it."

"Are you a born fool?" demanded John, snappishly. "If the box *had* an owner, han't you heard that he's dead and buried, and strangers come into the property? Would you ha' us go out into the street, and tell every body what we've got, and ask 'em to walk in and take a share?"

"I would have you do what is *honest* and *right*," she answered, firmly.

The father interfered to avert the burst of wrath he saw impending.

"Of course, my maid, of course; that's what we mean to do; we know what we're about, so go you to bed at once, and leave us to set things straight. You're a good girl, Annie; a well-meaning, trusty girl, that wouldn't do a wrong thing; of course not; no more would we; only ye see, my maid, if the things have been hidden and forgotten *years* and *years*, it *can't* harm no one if we *do* keep 'em; and your poor old father won't have to work so hard as he has done; and may be there'll be a handsome present for his darling, eh?"

But she shook her head with the air of one still unconvinced.

"You know, dear father, they *can not* have been hidden for any length of time; and then there are the papers; if we examine those they will tell us all we want to learn."

She hastened to seize them, but John's stalwart arm was instantly extended to prevent the act, and Ralph himself caught up the roll and buttoned it inside his coat, saying, as he did so,

"Not to-night, my maid, not to-night; it's late, and we're tired. Some other time will do just as well, so do you go to bed. I wish it—I insist on it."

Further remonstrance was so utterly unavailing that she prepared to obey. The father kissed and blessed her with unusual tenderness.

"You'll keep this a secret for my sake, won't ye, dear? Just till we've made up our minds how best to settle it—eh?"

"She'd best do so," interposed John, knitting his stern brows ominously. "I'll not be hauled off to prison through *her* blabbing, I can tell ye."

To prison! The words sent such a thrill through her whole frame that she was obliged to lean on a chair for support.

"To *prison!* For God's sake run no such fearful risks! Take it back to the place where you found it; pray take it back! Money got like this will surely bring a curse with it."

"Confound the girl!" exclaimed John, starting up in a fury; "she'll rouse the place with her foolish preaching. Are we to be dictated to by her? Take care," he continued, with a menacing gesture—"take care, I say; I'm not the man as'll be talked to or spied over by *you:* take care, I say!"

His attitude was so threatening that Annie permitted her less demonstrative but equally determined father to draw her from the room, and at his request she retired to her own chamber, there to lie and listen to the occasional chink of gold below, and the deep voices of her relatives, until sleep overcame her: but only to bring back, in dreams replete with horror, the covetous looks and grasping hands of old Ralph, and the fierce threats of John, toward whom the shrinking fear she had so long entertained was now deepening into mingled terror and aversion.

II.—SCHEMING.

With the following morning all traces of the "lucky find" disappeared, and when the anxious Annie, seizing the first opportunity of being alone with her father, sought to ascertain his intentions, he evaded her queries with the smiling craftiness inherent to his nature, and met her timid warnings and entreaties with unmeaning nods and affirmatives, and then slipped away in spite of her efforts to detain him.

Many days passed by without the subject being adverted to, or any apparent change taking place in their home intercourse; yet Annie knew, although it would have puzzled her to define how and when it was, that a barrier was steadily arising between her and those the legality of whose acts she had ventured to doubt and question.

Her attentions were still accepted, but the nightly readings of the Bible were discontinued on the plea that a violent cold rendered it difficult for Ralph to hear them with pleasure, and *têtes-à-tête* with his son, from which she was sedulously excluded, usurped their place.

She had, too, a galling conviction that, although John seldom addressed her, his eye was upon her continually. If a gossiping neighbor paused to accost her he would find some employment in the shop that enabled him to linger near enough to overhear all that passed; her letters to her aunt, and the good old patroness from whom they had summoned her, unaccountably disappeared from the shelf where they lay awaiting the coming of the lad whose business it was to

convey them to the post-office; and twice, when she had put on her bonnet and shawl to seek in a brisk country walk relief from the oppressive atmosphere of home and her own thoughts, Ralph called her back on some trifling pretext or other, and detained her by his side until it became too late to go.

It was but too evident that they doubted and feared her. The rectitude which loathed an act of appropriation they not only did not share but were unable to understand, and with the cowardice and suspicion generally attendant on guilt they began to exaggerate the lengths to which her purer principles might carry her.

John's unscrupulous spirit was the first to devise a method for securing the wealth which both men believed that her presence endangered; and his communings with his father grew longer, more earnest, and more secret. Once, indeed, their innocent object coming upon them suddenly, met in their lowering eyes looks of such dark and fearful meaning that, intuitively guessing some evil menaced her, she turned away faint and sick, and half inclined to insure her own safety by instant flight. But a few kindly words from her father, and a less churlish manner in John, as quickly dispelled her fears; and a proposal, suddenly made on the following Saturday, that for once in their lives they should all three take a holiday together, and pay the aunt of Annie an unexpected visit, made her forget every thing else in the delight of seeing this second mother once more.

The little preparations were perforce made very hurriedly; but it was with a face as cloudless as the sky of the brilliant August morning that Annie linked her arm in her father's, and tripped along the hot dusty road to the town from whence they were to accomplish the rest of their journey by rail.

But when they reached London, instead of seeking the suburb where her aunt resided, a cab was called, and the astonished girl learned, as they rolled through the heart of the metropolis, that their plans had been changed; that John had expressed a preference for a few hours at the sea-side, and that a small fishing village on the coast of Sussex was now their destination.

After the first burst of petulance at her brother's unaccountable whim Annie's face again brightened. A faint misgiving had already crossed her that such an influx of visitors coming altogether unannounced would have sadly broken in upon the quiet Sunday of their elderly and feeble relative; and a hitherto ungratified longing to behold the ocean assisted to reconcile her to the change. Once at their journey's end, it would have been difficult to feel a regret on the subject; and the vast expanse of the waters, the broad solitary beach, and the delight of watching the receding tide proved so very attractive to the maiden that it was with great difficulty she could quit the glorious scene for the rest and refreshment provided for them at a secluded cottage, which stood in a nook among some rocks, and was better built, and tenanted by a family a grade higher than the dwellers in the wretched huts, half a mile lower down, which constituted the village.

The celerity with which an excellent dinner was set before the travelers was so marvelous in this out-of-the-way place that even Annie, usually so unobservant, commented on it; laughingly asking their hostess if a fairy had announced their coming—a question at which John frowned, and her father looked uncomfortably confused; but the woman made some unmeaning reply; and, too happy to be disconcerted just then by the surliness of her brother, she soon coaxed Ralph back to the beach, to aid her researches after shells and sea-weeds.

With basket and handkerchief filled to repletion, Annie at last seated herself on a large stone to sort and arrange her ocean waifs; but the old man, with a restlessness for which she playfully chided him, wandered to and fro, his head studiously averted from John, who lay on the sands at some distance, apparently reading, but in reality impatiently surveying their movements.

By-and-by, in obedience to a signal from his son, Ralph slowly approached his unconscious daughter, but moved away without addressing her, as her voice softly raised in song fell upon his ear. Again John whistled, and, sighing heavily, his father returned to Annie, and, sitting down beside her, put an arm caressingly around her.

"Do ye like this place, my maid?—would it please ye to stop here a bit?"

"Ah yes! how nice it would be if we could! Look, father, at those high cliffs; I can see a narrow path, like a tiny thread, winding to the very summit. I long to climb to the highest point of them!"

"Then it really would *please* you to be here, would it? Well, you deserve the treat, and you shall stay for a week or two; I will fetch you home myself.

She looked up gratefully, but shook her head.

"You are very kind, dear father, but I could not wish *that;* to be here with *you* would be real enjoyment, but to remain alone would not afford me the slightest pleasure."

"*I* could not stay," cried Ralph, hastily; "you talk nonsense, my maid; *I* could not neglect business to hunt for shells, but it's a different thing wi' you; and I shall fetch you home in a fortnight or three weeks at the farthest."

Annie now dropped her sea-weeds, and endeavored to meet his wandering glances.

"You speak as if your mind was made up to leave me here."

"Yes, yes—as you wish it so much."

The color instantly faded from her cheek.

"To leave me here—alone—and where—with whom?"

He eagerly entered into explanations. At the house where they had dined the people were civil and obliging; they would provide her with a comfortable room, etc.

"It is already arranged, then!" cried the startled girl. "I see it all now: this was

planned before I arrived! John was away a whole day last week; perhaps he came here then. Oh, father, what does it mean?"

He drew her back to the stone from which she had risen.

"Now do hear reason, my child; sit quietly down and listen to me. If I *have* planned your staying here, why, 'tis for your own good and comfort. John and you don't get on well together, and we're thinking of making a great change at home. Perhaps he'll marry — it's likely he will; marry and leave me, and then you'll come back and read to me, as you used to do, and we two will be very cozy and comfortable together, eh? Hush, dear; it's only for a week or so that I want you to keep quiet, and let him have his own way—only for a week or so."

And thus arguing and coaxing, and assuring her again and again that it was for her sake only that he urged this, Ralph Thorley ceased not until he had won from his harassed daughter a reluctant consent to remain where she was, at all events for the time he first specified, when he promised, with many an asseveration, to come and escort her home.

"But I have no clothes with me; I can not remain," she objected.

This obstacle had been anticipated. A trunk would be forwarded on the following morning; and bewildered and dissatisfied, she accompanied her father back to the cottage where John was waiting for them.

He held up his watch as they approached. "We haven't a moment to lose; the train starts in half an hour, and we have two miles to walk. Annie stays here, of course."

"I have agreed to do so for the present, but—"

"Oh! let's have no buts," was the brusque comment; "any other girl would jump for joy at such a fine chance of playing the lady. Come, governor, aren't you ready yet?"

Ashamed to yield to her emotion before strangers, Annie received her father's parting kiss with apparent composure; but when his figure began to recede in the distance, a sense of her forlorn condition, thus left among utter strangers—not only friendless, but penniless—began to creep over her, and crying loudly to him to stop, she attempted to pursue him. But detaining hands seized and drew her into the dwelling, the door of which was immediately locked; and when she indignantly remonstrated, the alternate soothings and threatenings addressed to her, as if to a fractious child, speedily revealed the position in which she was left. Represented to her hosts as partially insane, and while permitted all reasonable indulgences, to require careful watching lest she should attempt to escape, what availed her passionate protestations of her sanity, or obscure hints that it was to keep a fearful secret that she was thus victimized?

Her denunciations of the villainy of her father and brother, her wild efforts to follow them on foot, and the subsequent apathy of exhaustion and despair to which she yielded, only corroborated John's artful hints; and the rumor of her madness spreading rapidly even in that unfrequented spot, when Annie was at last permitted to wander along the sea-shore under the surveillance of one of the elder children, she saw herself shunned and pointed at as the young woman that wasn't quite right in her mind, and endured it with the galling conviction that any efforts of her own to dispel the deception would be useless, unless she dared openly proclaim the cause of her detention—a step which filial duty rendered impossible.

III.—THE AYLMER FAMILY.

The two or three weeks which were to have been the limits of Annie Thorley's sojourn at the fishing-village had lengthened into months, and still she remained there, apparently forgotten, except that the stipulated sum for her board was punctually forwarded. Her letters of remonstrance were unanswered, or merely received a few words of reply, and those transmitted through her keepers; and their purport was always the same—that soon, *very soon*, her father was coming to fetch her, and she was to be *quiet* and *patient*.

In the mean time use had partly reconciled her to a lot at first too terrible to dwell upon; and, kindly treated, and permitted to go where she would with but slight restrictions, she inwardly acknowledged that even this state of things was better than being a helpless and disapproving witness of the uses to which the contents of the iron chest were doubtless applied. Still, at the best, it was but a sad and sorry life to which their guilty fears had condemned her, and she was fast sinking into a morbid state of mind, when accident—the trifling circumstance of sheltering beneath a rock, during a heavy shower, with the inmates of a pretty cottage half a mile nearer the town—gave a new zest to existence.

Annie's acquaintances were a brother and sister, imbued with too much courtesy and humanity to betray the belief they shared in common with all others of her lunacy; and full of a generous desire to ameliorate the misery of such an affliction by all those little tendernesses which their sympathy prompted, and their small income and scanty leisure permitted.

Her heart expanded beneath the gentle influence of their unexpected courtesy; she gladly received the smiling invitation of the pretty Grace to visit her, and thankfully accepted an offer to initiate her into the mysteries of fabricating curious baskets, etc., from the sea-weeds and shells they rambled to amass, and which Grace frankly confessed she made to sell at the fancy repositories of a fashionable watering-place a few miles distant.

This first visit was followed by many; and the brother and sister, when conferring together, quickly agreed that whatever the malady might have been that first brought their calm, self-

possessed visitor into the neighborhood, there were no traces of it remaining; and that at the present moment she was undoubtedly as sane as themselves.

And as Annie herself offered no explanations —making no allusions to her former life—they wisely abstained from any curiosity on the subject; sharing with her their few and simple enjoyments, welcoming her whenever she came, and permitting her to repay them in her own way, and vent the gratitude with which her naturally loving nature overflowed in tender assiduities to their only surviving parent; the ailing mother, whose flickering lamp of life her children watched and tended with a devoted affection that thought no toil heavy, no sacrifice a pang, if it soothed the sufferings so long and patiently endured.

There was about this family an innate refinement which seemed to hint that they had once known fairer prospects, and they possessed a few articles of luxury which strongly contrasted with the homely furniture of their dwelling; but whatever their circumstances might have been, it was now very evident that they wholly depended on Arthur's salary, as clerk at the County Bank in the town already referred to, and the earnings of his sister, whose tasteful trifles were, as is too generally the case with female handiwork, miserably remunerated.

Not a sighing allusion to the past, not a murmur against the present, ever crossed their lips. They were truly unselfish; and though Annie had sometimes seen Arthur's head droop on his breast when he believed himself alone, and Grace's tears fall fast as she bent over her employment, they had always a smile and a cheerful word for each other; and Mrs. Aylmer was often lulled into temporary forgetfulness of wakeful nights and weary days as they alternately read, sang, or conversed beside her easy-chair, exchanging triumphant glances when they won a smile to her pallid lip, or beguiled the grave Annie into a fit of merriment—a feat so difficult as to be frequently attempted, and its success delighted in.

Unaccustomed to male society until her return home, and treated there as a necessary but troublesome appendage, to whom it would be ridiculous to pay the commonest courtesies of daily life, the attentions which Arthur's natural politeness prompted toward the gentle friend of his sister were received at first with wondering blushes, and subsequently with modest pleasure, and a shy hope—scarcely confessed to herself—that they were induced by a deeper feeling than mere friendship; and the intensity of delight with which she received and secretly cherished every smile and look directed toward her can scarcely be comprehended save by those who have had as few to prize them, or whose ties of kindred have been as suddenly and entirely rent.

The winds of winter now began to creep mournfully around Mrs. Aylmer's cottage, and heavy rains threatened partial interruption to Annie's frequent and welcome visits; the persons to whose care she was intrusted considering themselves happily freed from the trouble of guarding her, and while she came and went at stated hours, refraining from any undue interference with her actions. And daily her presence at the cottage became more eagerly looked for, and more useful; for Mrs. Aylmer's illness increasing with the clemency of the weather, she was frequently confined to her chamber, and the cares and occupations of Grace so much increased, that it was only by robbing herself of rest she could make up the amount of those earnings now needed, in their necessarily frugal household, more than ever they had been. And here it was that Annie came to the rescue, sometimes filling the place of the anxious daughter in the sick-room—sometimes completing the work Grace had almost despairingly laid aside; in the innumerable ways, and with the delicate tact a woman's thoughtful nature brings to the task, she became an invaluable helper to each and all of them; and felt herself doubly repaid for every effort by a word of earnest thanks from the grateful Arthur, or the warm kiss and the "dear, kind Annie" of his more demonstrative sister.

They were sitting together one chilly evening in December, when the weather and Mrs. Aylmer's increasing weakness combined to render their attempts at cheerfulness abortive, and Arthur was reading aloud mechanically, with but a poor appreciation of the merits of the work he had selected, when the silence which reigned without was suddenly broken by the unusual sound of carriage-wheels and a loud ring at the gate-bell.

Before either of the surprised trio could reply to the summons, they heard a light step run rapidly up the little garden; the latch was lifted, and on the threshold appeared a young girl, the opera-cloak which she threw back with an impatient movement but half concealing her glistening ball-dress and jeweled arms and throat. The rain had disheveled her long fair hair, and excitement had deeply flushed her delicate cheek, while large tears hung on the lashes and filled the soft blue eyes which—dazzled by coming suddenly into the light—she hastily shaded with her hand as she gazed around.

But Arthur's exclamation, "Good God! Ethelind!" no sooner met her ear, than with a glad cry she sprang forward, and was instantly clasped to his bosom; looking up for a moment to fling an arm round Grace, and again hiding her blushes and tears.

Before Annie could rally her bewildered faculties Ethelind raised herself, and after an earnest and sorrowful perusal of the faces bending so tenderly over her, exclaimed, reproachfully:

"Cruel Arthur! Cruel Grace! Why did you not write to me? Have *you*, too, conspired to keep me in ignorance of your misfortunes? or have you been led to believe me as indifferent as the rest of the world? But no," she continued, impetuously, "you could not doubt *me!* Indeed, indeed, they have sedulously concealed

it *all* from me, and when I wondered and fretted at your not meeting us at Paris as we agreed, they soothed and deceived me with a false tale, basely concocted for the purpose. We only reached home last evening; and an hour ago, while dressing for a ball, at which they had allowed me to suppose I should meet my dearest friends, my aunt hesitatingly confessed the truth, and — and — I told her how I *hated* her for her treachery! How dared she — how dared my uncle—"

Her passionate emotion checked her; and Arthur gravely spoke:

"You must not judge your guardians thus harshly, Ethelind. They may have erred in not acting more candidly with you; but I can not cavil with their wisdom in separating us, when they knew that I had lost all hope of ever calling you mine. Your uncle appealed to my honor, and I voluntarily promised not to see you again."

Tears now streamed down the eloquent features raised to his.

"You could do *this*, Arthur Aylmer, and without seeing or consulting *me?* Had you then ceased to *love* me?"

He averted his head in silence. She wrung her hands, and sobbed passionately.

"Don't tell me *that*, Arthur! I can bear any thing but that. It can't, it can't be true!"

Unable to resist the piteous appeal the young man suddenly turned and drew her back to his bosom.

"Love you, Ethie? as my life! Love you? ah! too well to make you the partner of such hopeless poverty as ours! It is our fate to part, my dearest; it is useless struggling against it; we *must* not meet again. But God forever bless my darling for coming here this night! To know that you have been faithful, will cheer— Take her, Grace: oh! my sister, take her! it is more than I can bear!"

As Grace advanced weeping, Arthur unclasped the arms twined around his neck, and staggered toward the door, but Ethelind was there before him.

"Do you know," she faltered, "that I am homeless? that, unless you afford me the shelter of your roof, I know not where to turn my steps? You look incredulous, but it is the truth. My uncle solemnly vowed that if I sought you this night my foot should never again cross his threshold; that he would renounce me from that moment; and—I came." A deeper crimson dyed her cheek, her lips quivered, and she looked fearfully and questioningly from the brother to the sister, murmuring, "Alas! have I done wrong? You think me bold—unwomanly—"

They both sprang forward to embrace and reassure her, and Annie heard no more.

Gliding by them unnoticed, she softly opened the door and shut herself out into the darkness, reaching her lodging long afterward, drenched and ghastly pale; but shivering less from the biting wind than the overpowering anguish of knowing herself once more a castaway, with no one to love her, no one to support and console her in the bitter struggle the discovery of the last hour had entailed upon her sinking heart.

IV.—A DISCOVERY.

Three days passed heavily away; and truly complaining of violent pains in her head, Annie confined herself to her chamber; but the afternoon of the following one brought Grace Aylmer to inquire the reason of her lengthened absence, and to pity and regret the illness under which she was evidently laboring.

With the mistaken idea of enlivening her sick and solitary friend, Grace threw off her shawl and staid to talk over the events which occupied her own mind, little dreaming what pangs she inflicted when dilating on Ethelind's beauty, her devotedness, and the certainty of Arthur's union with her taking place immediately, if the appeal to her uncle's forbearance counseled by Mrs. Aylmer remained unanswered.

"Mr. Harding has not acted kindly by them, dear Annie; he could not *reasonably* suppose that these loving young creatures, after seeing their attachment sanctioned on both sides, and its consummation only delayed on account of Ethie's extreme youthfulness, would become indifferent to each other because of this sad blight to Arthur's prospects! Poor, dear fellow, as if he had not suffered enough without losing *her!* But I forget, you know nothing of our family history. It is so unpleasant, and indeed so worse than useless, to dwell on such incurable grievances that I rarely care to enter on the subject; but now you shall know all. Will it tire you too much to hear a long story?"

Satisfied with Annie's assurance to the contrary, Grace rapidly related the events of her childhood—the sudden death of her father, the subsequent indigence of his widow, and the generous assistance instantly proffered by a bachelor cousin, an ex-major of the East Indian army, who, after amassing considerable wealth in the East, had returned to end his days in his native country.

Eccentric in all his habits, the major led the life of a recluse, seldom visiting the relatives he befriended, or permitting them to visit him; but he allowed Mrs. Aylmer a handsome yearly income, and educated her son in a style befitting the heir of the property which he openly declared his intention of bestowing upon him at his death. But this occurred in a fit of apoplexy, and the careful search repeatedly made for the will, which his solictor and confidential servant both averred to be in existence, proved unavailing. Worse than all, a few days before the appalling seizure, he had shut himself up in his own room, and, as if with a presentiment of approaching dissolution, had been employed for several hours in sorting and arranging his papers, of which he had got through a very large pile.

Could the testamentary document have been

among those so carefully destroyed? and, if so, from what motive? It was true that in his last letter to Mrs. Aylmer he had pettishly complained of Arthur's neglect of some commission he had intrusted to him to execute; but the complaint was accompanied with a set of diamond studs to refresh the young man's memory, and a jesting allusion to the fascinating Ethelind, to whose protracted absence on a Continental tour he chose to attribute her lover's forgetfulness.

Thus, wholly unable to substantiate any claim to the inheritance he had been taught to expect, Arthur had been obliged to make way for the heir-at-law, and to view life under a very different aspect.

His mother, always delicate and nervous, sank beneath this reverse of fortune, and became dangerously ill; and her son, alarmed for himself, and assured by a physician that sea air alone could afford her relief, thankfully accepted a clerkship in the town on the Sussex coast, procured for him through the intervention of a friend; there, manfully stifling his own sorrows, he endeavored to sink into obscurity with the same unmurmuring patience as the warm-hearted, brave-spirited Grace, whose utter self-abnegation had early shamed him into a *show* of resignation; and in assuming the virtue he had almost succeeded in possessing it, when the appearance of the long-loved and deeply-regretted Ethelind had aroused his dormant affection into all its former ardor. Flinging off all the restraints of prudence, he yielded to the delight of finding her as fond and faithful as when they parted under fairer auspices; even venturing to hope that in their mutual attachment both would find sufficient consolation for the trials and shifts of poverty; or, if misgivings as to the unpromising future pressed upon his conscience too closely, allaying such gloomy fears with that panacea for all our youthful troubles—the belief that something or other will unexpectedly turn up, some path to riches suddenly open before his longing eyes and yield him the exquisite bliss of repaying the sacrifice Ethelind had made for his sake, by restoring her to her position in society.

Grace, more matter-of-fact and less sanguine, now confided to Annie her own dread that their small income—already severely taxed—would with difficulty support an additional burden; even if the patience and philosophy of the hitherto petted daughter of good fortune—the cherished maiden whose adoption by a childless aunt and uncle had nursed her in luxury, and who had never before known what it was to be thwarted in a wish, however wild—proved to be all it promised; but her surmises and doubts were poured into heedless ears.

With throbbing temples and stammering tongue Annie, who had breathlessly listened to the long recital of Arthur Aylmer's misfortune, now dwelt upon it with strange persistence. There was a question she longed yet trembled to ask.

"A major—you say he was a major; an old man, eccentric; but his name, did you say his name?"

"Oh yes—I think so—Welwyn, Major Miles Welwyn."

"And his abode was—?"

Her voice was so faint that Grace guessed more than heard the inquiry.

"In Chesham Place, Belgravia."

Annie breathed more freely.

"That is," Grace continued, "up to the last few years of his life, which were spent in an obscure country village, of whose name it is a chance if you have ever heard. His residence was called Oakshade Manor."

The panic-stricken hearer sank back on her pillow, but her companion, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not perceive the emotion she had evoked; and after sitting for some time lost in a reverie, suddenly resumed with a faint smile and a struggling sigh:

"I have said little about myself, for I know that it seems selfish to dwell upon one's own disappointed expectations; but I, too, may *reasonably* suppose myself a loser by the major's sudden decease; for, when quite a child, I had won his favor by yielding up, at his earnest solicitation, a favorite rose-tree; and this act of generosity, which cost me some tears of regret, he often mysteriously assured us would bear golden fruit. This you will say was but a jesting speech, and might not *mean* any thing; but the old valet, who had been with him for many years, declares that his master had a canvas bag labeled, 'The fruit of Birdie's Rose-tree,' in which he frequently— Are you faint, dear Annie? thoughtless creature that I am! my silly chattering has made you worse!"

Groaning and shivering, the unhappy girl gasped out an assurance that she should be better *alone;* and, after vainly proffering simple remedies, and begging the mistress of the house to be kind and attentive, Grace reluctantly withdrew.

Who shall attempt to trace the workings of a mind so distracted as Annie Thorley's? All the unmerited sufferings of the Aylmers, all the guilty consequences of her father's ill deed, oppressed her; and what steps to take she lay unable to surmise. To permit Arthur to be wronged any longer was out of the question; but how procure the restitution of the packet of papers which assuredly contained the missing will? Perhaps—and she started up in dismay—they were no longer in existence. Poor Grace's fortune was undoubtedly spent; and the jewels—possibly sold. This must be ascertained, and immediately; but how? Written appeals, experience had already taught her, would be worse than useless; nay, would, in all probability, lead to the instant flight of the guilty men.

"I must escape from here," she cried; "I must go home; my father is not wholly bad; he loves me; he will listen to me; I shall regain my old influence over his heart, and he



will—as far as may lie in his power—restore the contents of the chest. Who knows but that he is already repenting its unfortunate discovery, and will joyfully hail this opportunity of flinging off the oppressive secret?"

Aroused to fresh strength by these reflections she hastily dressed, and began to plan an immediate flight. The small sums Grace had taught her to earn, some impulse had induced her to keep carefully concealed, and these she now joyfully drew from their hiding-places.

There was but just enough to pay the railway fare to London; but once there, Annie feared nothing; and eager to feel herself free, she assumed her bonnet and shawl, and, telling the surprised woman of the house that she fancied a walk on the beach would relieve the violent pains in her head, leisurely strolled away in the direction of Mrs. Aylmer's cottage.

To pass this unnoticed was usually easy enough, for Grace was too busy, and Mrs. Aylmer too ill, to take heed of occasional footsteps; but now a light figure was flitting up and down the path, or lingering at the gate to watch for Arthur's return, and Annie sickened as she crept by the happy possessor of the love at which she despised herself for aspiring.

Once away from the familiar objects her courage returned, and with assumed ease she threaded the streets of the town, awaited in secret ter-

ror the appearance of the next train, and at last, with inexpressible relief, found herself safely deposited at the London terminus, penniless, but buoying up her weakened spirits with hopes that a greater experience of human nature would have taught her to be very insecurely based.

It was now evening, and to reach Holsby that night, and on foot, was impossible; so after a long inward debate Annie wended her way toward her aunt's, expecting there, at least, to meet with a cordial reception. But a sickening disappointment attended her coming: the kindly bosom into which she had at last determined to pour the whole of her anxieties, the upright mind from which she would have obtained good counsel in her difficulties, was closed against her forever.

This second mother to her infancy was dead, and the wonderings of the neighbors at her ignorance of an event of which her father had been made cognizant rendered the shock doubly painful. Indeed her distress became so overpowering, that a good-natured woman led her into her own homely domicile, insisting upon keeping her there until the morning; and Annie, whose small modicum of strength had been sorely taxed by the excitement and sorrow of the last few days, was only too thankful to comply.

V.—THE RETURN TO HOLSBY.

The fires in the smithy at Holsby were gleaming through the thick mist, and flinging their rays here and there into the gathering darkness of a wintry twilight; and men on their way home from field-work paused to bask a while in the inviting warmth, and to jest and gossip with the brawny smiths as they gathered round the anvil to weld the tires on some huge wagon-wheels, when a weary-looking, mud-bespattered female cautiously peered in, and after some minutes succeeded in catching the eye of "Old Bill," who, uttering one or two rough exclamations of surprise, left his employment and then hobbled out.

"Why, 'tain't you, is it? they said you'd gone abroad!"

"Where are they?" cried Annie; "my father—John—there are strangers in the house! where are they gone?"

"Eh? gone? what, don't ye know, then? why, where ha' ye been all this long while?"

"Where are they? oh, do tell me, pray tell me!"

"Why, up the farm, sure, old Jennings's farm. Didn't ye know they'd sold the forge, and tooken to t'other? They did not above half like leaving t' old place when it come to t' last, I can tell 'ee."

"Where is this farm you speak of?"

"What, don't 'ee know where Jennings's farm is? Bickley Farm o' the side o' May Hill. Ye know where May Hill is sure*ly?* Who'd ha' thought master's pockets were so well lined! It mun a taken a tight bit o' money to buy that place out an' out as he has. An' where ha' ye been to after all, an' why didn't ye come to t' weddin'?"

John was married, then!

"Tell me how far it is to this farm, and which way I must go?" she urged, ignoring his questions.

With much circumlocution the garrulous old man at length supplied her with the necessary directions, and bidding him farewell, Annie walked out of the village—where she dreaded further recognition—as briskly as her wet clothes and aching limbs permitted; and Bill resumed his place at the bellows, to tell his curious mates the particulars of this interview, and to go over with them, for the hundredth time, the strange circumstance of the Thorleys becoming rich men so suddenly; expatiating the while on their increasing greed and niggardliness.

The trim farm-house on the hill-side, with its white walls and extensive out-buildings, was visible in the pale moonlight long before Annie reached the newly-painted gates; and the view of its rural opulence, the lowing of the many cows, the bleating of the carefully folded sheep, sounds and sights at which under other circumstances she would have rejoiced, now filled her with indignation; and it was with a firm step and almost defiant look that she stepped into the well-furnished sitting-room, and suddenly presented herself to the astonished party cozily seated at the tea-table.

Ralph was the last to perceive her entrance. His chair drawn close to the fire, his hands on his knees, the appearance of that bent form and those grizzled locks touched the heart of his child with a feeling of pity; and unheeding the "What brings you here?" of John, she went to the side of her father, and putting her arm round his neck, besought him to bless and welcome her.

Young Mrs. Thorley, the tall, dashing daughter of a wealthy innkeeper in the county town, drew nearer to her husband, and asked in an audible whisper if this was the sister who was ——; and Annie heard him reply in the affirmative. But she had not come to remonstrate, or demand justice for herself; it was for Arthur that she must plead and conciliate, and if possible—and now as she scrutinized their hard, worldly faces, hope began to fade—awaken in them those better qualities supposed to be dormant in all.

"And—and," said Ralph at last, taking courage at her passiveness, "and what has brought you here, my maid? I was coming to fetch you."

"I have business with you and John," she answered quietly, "that admitted of no delay."

The men cast a furtive glance at each other, both possessed with the same idea, that Annie, wearying of her monotonous life, had come to propose some terms to them, and perhaps intended to rid them of her presence forever; and influenced by this thought, with extraordinary

graciousness John bade his wife pour out some tea for their guest, and asked *how* she came?

"I have walked from London," she replied, recalled by the query to a sense of extreme fatigue.

"Humph," said John; "I suppose you must stay to-night."

"If you please," said Annie, meekly.

Mrs. Thorley coughed significantly; but her husband did not appear to notice the signal, and a long silence ensued, during which the anxious girl carefully perused the deepened lines on her father's face, and at last asked him if it had not pained him to give up his *cheerful* if laborious calling.

Ralph heaved a sigh, and the young wife hastened to reply, "Yes, it is dull for Mr. T. here, very dull indeed. If his business had not been such a dirty, low sort of trade, Mr. John Thorley and myself wouldn't have *wished* him to give it up; but *my* relations are all so highly respectable! Oh! it's awfully dull for him here; and we do wonder," her voice sunk a tone, "that having such a nice row of pleasant houses of his own just out of London, he don't go and live in one of *them*. It would be a great relief to us to see him comfortably settled."

So *he was already in the way;* and he knew it, for his eyes gleamed vindictively under their shaggy brows, and he shrugged his shoulders.

As Mrs. Thorley removed the tea equipage she beckoned her husband out, and Annie, whose ears were open to every sound, heard her passionately declare that she neither could nor would sleep under the same roof with a mad woman; that it was enough if she endured the presence of Mr. Thorley's father; but that, if this additional annoyance was to be inflicted upon her, she could go home.

With the cool retort that she had better do so, he would fetch her when he wanted her, John sauntered away, and without condescending to offer the slightest apology to Annie, his passionate wife proceeded to put her threat into execution. One of the farm lads harnessed a horse, the chaise was brought out, and long before Mr. John Thorley returned to receive the angry message left for him, she had departed, little dreaming that her absence was precisely what her husband most wished for, while the presence of his sister rendered the betrayal of his secret a remote possibility.

Thus left to themselves, with a voice that gathered strength as she proceeded, Annie simply but pathetically described the Aylmer family, from her first acquaintance with them to the arrival of Ethelind, and her own discovery that the contents of the iron chest would restore them to affluence. She dwelt strongly upon the generosity of Arthur's disposition, and her conviction that a frank avowal of the circumstances under which they were tempted to possess themselves of the hidden treasure would disarm what anger he might justly express; offering to be herself the mediator, and ending her recital with an earnest appeal to both men to lay aside all worldly passions, and, as they themselves hoped for God's mercy, to make instant restitution to the innocent and worthy young man on whom this one sinful act would entail so much sorrow and penury.

"But—but you forget—you forget that he had looked for the will and could not find it; that all search had been given up when *we* found the box; that if John and me hadn't hit upon it as we did, it would have lain hidden forever."

Thus argued Ralph.

"And will such a poor plea as this satisfy your conscience, father?" asked Annie, kneeling beside him, and looking earnestly into his face. "Is this acting as man should act to man? Are you happier for the possession of this money? No, no, I see you are not. And think, father dear, if death should come—as come it must—the horror of dying with such a load upon your heart! Father, John, be merciful to yourselves; it is not too late! Restore Arthur Aylmer to his rightful inheritance, and if you would be rich, let it be by honest toil."

Ralph bent his head on his hands, and John walked to and fro, his brow growing darker and darker. He stopped before the still kneeling Annie, and asked, abruptly,

"Does Mr. Aylmer know of your coming?"

"No."

"Does any one? or have you hinted this affair to any one?—on your honor?"

"On my honor," said Annie, "no."

He looked keenly at her.

"You seem strangely interested in this young man—ready to do any thing for *his* sake."

The blood rose on her cheek, but she replied, firmly,

"Any thing but betray you."

"And if we refuse to compromise ourselves, what course do you intend to take, eh?"

She raised her hands entreatingly.

"Put not such a fearful alternative before me! On one side, the fair fame, the safety, of those nearest to me; on the other side, *the right*. What could I do? God help me, and save me from such a strait!"

John strode forward, and fiercely grasped his father's arm.

"In defiance of my better judgment you have kept those accursed papers; where are they? produce them, I say!"

"Safe, boy, safe," said Ralph, writhing in that powerful clutch.

"Are *we* safe?" his son retorted, significantly. "Can we be safe until—" He pointed toward the fire. "I will not be played with any longer; you have them about you; produce them, I say."

"No," said Ralph, doggedly, "I *will not*. While I hold them I hold *power*. Do ye understand? This farm's *yours*, the land's *yours*, the money in the bank is *yours*, all *yours*—"

"Tush! in *my name* merely."

"Ay, in *your name* and your *hands;* it's all yours, John, but the few bits o' houses that were

mine before this windfall; even the money we took for the old forge has gone into *your* bag; an' I'm only an interloper here, wished away, and a'most told to go twenty times a day. The old man's getting *childish*, mayhap, as I heard ye say t'other day, but he's not quite witless yet. I wunna gi' up the papers."

"You're mad," was John's coarse rejoinder; "as mad as your daughter here. Are you going to do as she proposes? Has she preached you into sending for the police, and giving yourself up for burglary?"

"Nay," said Ralph, cautiously, "we will talk o' this to-morrow. Annie won't do aught to hurt her poor old father, and maybe she'll think better of it after a night's rest."

He persisted in avoiding her reproachful glance; and after a momentary struggle between anger and prudence, John flung himself into a chair.

While Annie was hesitating whether it would be wiser to wait or to resume the subject at once, Ralph hobbled away for a light.

"Now, my maid, you're tired; I'll show ye where you're to sleep."

She rose and twined her arms round him.

"But, father, you will not let me go to bed without some hope? Tell me that you will think seriously of what I have been urging, and pray for divine guidance, will you?"

He hastily put her away from him.

"To-morrow, my maid; to-morrow."

"And why not now?" she still pleaded, but only to receive the same evasive reply; so, depressed and very doubtful of what that morrow would bring forth, she followed him up a staircase leading to a small servants' room over the kitchen.

Here he bade her good-night, and moved away; but while she still stood where he left her, almost overpowered with emotion and weariness, yet excitedly blaming herself for not having pressed the matter more closely and eloquently, a returning step smote on her ear. She drew nearer the door, and listened; the key was outside, and Ralph was creeping back to lock her in. As he gently seized it his daughter confronted him.

"No, father, you shall not make me your prisoner! Shame upon you!"

Muttering something, she knew not what, the old man retreated, and, her suspicions thoroughly awakened by this act, Annie resolved to return to the room below, and stay there for the rest of the night.

John and his father had now drawn their chairs into the chimney-corner, and, leaning over the dying embers, were conversing in whispers. So absorbed had they become that her approach was unheard, and she was hesitating whether to advance or retreat, when her own name, coupled with words of terrible significance, arrested her, and, shrinking down on the lowest stairs, she breathlessly endeavored to hear more.

By-and-by they spoke with less caution.

"It's all true enough, boy; but she's my own child, an' I can't abide the thoughts on it."

"Can you propose any thing better?"

"We'll maybe talk her over," suggested Ralph.

"Bosh!" cried John. "Can't you see she's over head and ears in love with this young chap, and she'll not let any thing stand in her way to serve him? I tell ye we're in the toils, and there's no other way of saving ourselves."

"But how could ye do it? There's doctor's certifkies to get; and then, mind ye, I won't have her ill used; nor I won't have it done till I've tried to make her give in to us quietly."

"What good will that do!" asked John, contemptuously. "I tell ye, father, once for all, you must and shall do one thing or t'other at once. Burn them papers now, this moment, and let us set her blabbing at defiance; or give me free-will to put her where she'll be safe, and we too. Now, no maundering, because I've got myself to look after, and I mean to do it. Which is it to be?"

Annie's pulses seemed to cease beating as she listened for the decision. Which would turn the scale—his child, or his money?

Ralph rocked himself to and fro, and ran his withered hands through his hair.

"It's a hard thing to do—a hard thing! But life's sweet, an' I'm an old man now: an' the shame an' the 'prisonment would just kill me downright. And, for all she talks so fair, it'd be 'most sure to come to that in the long-run. Couldn't we sell up an' go to 'Meriky, boy?"

"What, at a day's notice?"

"Ay, that's true; I forgot that. But, eh! dear, dear! it's a hard thing to do!"

"Well!" asked John, "is it to be yes or no?"

Ralph groaned and rocked.

"Eh, dear, dear; ye'll have your way, I suppose; but, mind ye, boy, I won't ha' her ill used."

"Leave it all to me," cried his son, "and by this time to-morrow—"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Annie now rushed forward:

"No, no, you can not—shall not do it! Wretch that you are! I am not mad! I will be your victim no longer. There are magistrates who will hear and protect me from your vile stratagems. This very moment I will go!" She ran toward the door, but ere the bolts yielded to her efforts John had seized and brought her back.

The old man, abject and trembling, cowered closer to the fire.

"Listen to me, Annie. Listen quietly. What you in your romantic folly have been proposing is *impossible*. We can not restore this money without exposing ourselves to a prosecution. You need not repeat your belief in our safety. Neither father nor me can share it; nor will we trust to such a broken reed. Be still, I say, and listen. I will *not* sink myself

again into the blacksmith and the drudge. There lies nothing between me and safety but your meddling tongue, and that *must be silenced.*"

"You can not!—you dare not!" shrieked the struggling girl.

He laughed grimly.

"I can, and I dare! Look at me! do I look like a man to be frightened out of my purpose by a weak, silly girl, already believed insane! Swear to keep what you know a secret, and I have done with you; but unless you take the oath I shall propose—you have heard the consequence."

Annie was no heroine; of her brother she had always stood in awe; and now, as his brawny hands held her with a vice-like tenacity, her utter helplessness appalled her. He saw the advantage.

"Will you swear?"

"Never!" cried Annie. "Father, father! save me! Can you sit by and see me so cruelly used?"

But Ralph was deaf to the appeal.

"You will not swear?" said John, deliberately. "Father, come here."

He rose in obedience to the imperative call.

"Our lives are not safe with a mad woman in the house. Call up one of the shepherds, and bid him go to the town for a fly."

Ralph hesitated, and wrung his hands.

"Mun it come to this, my maid? Ye'll remember, both on ye, that it's been no fault o' mine. I'm an old man—a very old man—nigh upon seventy-five, an' I mun die in my bed."

"Are you going?" asked his son, sternly.

He moved toward the door.

"No, no!" shrieked the overwrought girl, exaggerating in her alarm the real perils of her position. "Come back—come back! Oh, father! John! have mercy upon me!"

"Swear!" said John, relentlessly; and still held by his cruel hands, menaced with his ruthless eyes, and overcome with fatigue and misery, Annie at last repeated the fearful oath.

The reaction came instantly. Flinging off the relaxing grasp of her captor, and bitterly reproaching herself for the momentary cowardice, she cursed them wildly, and again strove to fly; but only, ere she reached the outer porch, to fall in a swoon, so deep that even John began to fear for the consequences; and it was with unusual tenderness that he raised her and carried her back to the bed, which it was many weeks ere she was again able to quit.

VI.—DARK DAYS.

A hot June afternoon, in one of the poorer suburbs of the metropolis, where rows of six and eight roomed houses, all bearing a wonderful similarity in their staring red-brick nakedness, cover acres and acres of what were once well-cultivated gardens—and up and down the strangely named Pleasant Retreats, Prospect Places, and Bellevue Cottages, a couple were wandering and scrutinizing those dwellings—and they were many—where cards in the windows proclaimed that the tenants had "Apartments to Let."

It was no easy task, however, to find such a domicile as they required. At some places the rent demanded was too high, at others the slatternly appearance of the landlady, or the miserable want of accommodation, compelled them to turn away. At last both simultaneously paused.

"Well, Arthur, where next?"

He looked hopelessly round.

"We must give it up, Grace, for to-day, at least."

She shook her head.

"And stay another night at that extravagant hotel? No, my brother, we must not give it up yet. Have we tried this street? or that turning? See, the houses there are respectable. Come, courage, mon frère!"

He followed reluctantly.

"Poor Ethelind will be wearied to death with the children."

Grace hesitated: but the thought of another day's search was so disheartening that she said, with a coaxing smile,

"Give me one more half hour, and then we will turn our steps homeward."

To this he assented, and, quickening their pace, they again vainly traversed several streets, till their attention was attracted by the efforts of an old man to affix a limp paper to the middle pane of a parlor window with some sticky wafers.

The house looked unusually clean and neat for a London tenement. The ledges of the casements were filled with flowers—not rare, but choice of their kind, and carefully tended—and the morsel of garden was gay with blossoms.

"Let us try here," whispered Grace, and Arthur stepped forward and raised the knocker.

The wheezy cough of an asthmatic and the shuffling step of old age were instantly heard in the tiny hall. But with all their reverence for the hoary head, neither the brother nor sister could resist a sensation of repugnance as they met the eager, avaricious glances which disparagingly scanned their well-worn habiliments, and rudely scrutinized their faces.

They made their errand known and inspected the rooms. Grace shook her head at the rent asked for them, but Arthur impatiently closed with the aged landlord, and proceeded to arrange for their immediate occupation. At this the man demurred. The persons who had been tenanting them had but just removed, and his daughter and housekeeper, who had accompanied them to assist in arranging their new abode, would not be home till late. He did not like letting a parcel of strange men into the house on pretense of bringing in furniture, unless he had somebody to help watch and see that they took nothing away with them.

Grace, however, succeeded in removing this scruple, and, her spirits rising as her troubles vanished, she negotiated the payment in advance that was demanded so greedily, made what few

arrangements were necessary, and smilingly nodded a farewell as she hurried away to superintend the removal of Arthur's wife, family, and furniture from the railway hotel where they were temporarily located.

It was not till the next morning, when Grace, in a coarse apron and rolled-up sleeves, was preparing an early breakfast, that she encountered the daughter of the landlord. The recognition was mutual.

"Grace! Good Heavens! Grace Aylmer!"

"Annie! is it possible? How glad I am! my dear, dear Annie!"

With hands clasped they stood gazing at each other. Six years had altered them; for the brown curls of Grace were thinner, and a thread of silver shone here and there; her once round rosy face had lost its youthful bloom, and her figure its flexibility; but the smile on her lip was as sweet as ever, and if wrinkles prematurely showed themselves on her broad low forehead, they were forgotten in the pleasant light still beaming from her hazel eyes. Of a surety Grace was still the stay of the household.

And Annie—how had Time touched her! So lightly that at first Grace declared her unchanged; but the next moment she felt that a great change had taken place in her friend, although how or what it was she could scarcely divine. Ah! she knew not the long struggle with the darkness that had been the lot of the tortured girl! The constantly recurring thought that her weakness had undone all the good she had hoped to effect, and the sense of utter inability to cope with the villainy of her relatives, that had combined to make her a despairing, heart-broken woman. But those hours of anguish were over—the morning had broken. Annie had learned to recognize the guiding hand of our All-merciful, All-wise Creator, and to yield to His will *implicitly*. There were still many sad reveries regarding the fate of those she loved; still much to cope with as her father became daily more miserly and more inaccessible to the better feelings she strove to instill; but she had *faith and hope*.

Above every sorrow, every mysterious dispensation, shone the bright light of divine love; and Annie had grown calm and patient, always hoping, always believing, and walking the narrow way to which her filial duties confined her steps, so gently, so lovingly, that many a curse meant for the miserly father was converted into a blessing on the merciful daughter, who gave her time, her help, and her prayers to all who needed them; and whose intervention had saved many a distressed family from the harsh measures which Ralph Thorley's avarice prompted when the weekly rent was not forthcoming on the day he demanded it.

To the many inquiries poured forth by Grace her replies were curt. She was residing, she said, with her father, who owned some of the houses, and collected the rents of others, in the vicinity; and she began in her turn to ask for information.

Grace's mourning-dress was worn, as Annie surmised, for her mother, on whose loss she could not trust herself to dwell, but, dashing away a tear, began to expatiate on the beauty and lovableness of Arthur's children, the dearest little creatures that an Aunt Gracie had ever owned. Her face clouded when she came to speak of their reason for seeking a new home. The bank at —— had failed, and Arthur was waiting for fresh employment—their sole dependence until he obtained it the small remnant of Ethelind's little fortune. No reconciliation with the relatives of the latter had been effected; and after forwarding her clothes and the three hundred pounds, which was all she could legally claim, they had sternly refused to hold any further communication with her.

Annie longed to know if Arthur was happy; but Grace was now forced to hurry away, and it was only by slow degrees that she learned how entirely Ethelind had failed to be the comforter and the hope-inspirer he had expected to find her.

And yet she was not so much to blame for this. Who can wonder if the hot-house flower withers when the frost breathes on its fairest blossoms, and the hail nips its tenderest shoots? Poor Ethelind loved her husband dearly, and fully appreciated his tender consideration and the sacrifices he continually made for her comfort and pleasure; but she could not rise, as he did, superior to the petty annoyances and defects of a household where the most rigid economy was hourly necessary; or, with Grace, bend all energies to making the best of things, and wearing a cheerful face, let the day be as dark as it would.

She succumbed to every trifling sorrow; passionately upbraiding the hard-heartedness of her relatives, continually lamenting the unmerited misfortunes of her poor Arthur, fretting at her own uselessness, and lamenting the sad prospects of her infants, until her beauty faded, her health became impaired, and the patience of Arthur and his sister was severely tried by the nervous fancies and hysterical attacks to which she became a prey. And yet Ethelind at heart was as devotedly attached to her husband as when, with a beaming face and without a fear for the future, she gave him her hand at the altar; and he, sensitively alive to the knowledge that it was *for* him and *through* him she had thus wrecked herself, sedulously concealed even from Grace how deeply he mourned and repented the weakness that had expected all from love, without first ascertaining whether strength of mind to *endure* as well as to *propose* lay under the surface-warmth of a great resolve, to nourish it into growth, and to bring forth the green leaves of an undying attachment.

It was difficult to believe that the pallid-lipped, hollow-eyed, carelessly-attired woman who lay helplessly on the sofa, now querulously scolding the romping children for their noisy play, or shrieking and half-fainting when they hurt themselves, and weeping in convulsive terror

when Arthur failed to return to the moment he was expected, could be the dazzling and beautiful creature whom Annie had first seen sparkling in all the added charms of dress and ornament. She no longer wondered that the face of Arthur had grown furrowed and prematurely old, but set herself quietly to improve his lot to the best of her poor abilities, and blessed God that He had directed the wanderers there; for that some hidden purpose lay beneath the apparent chance she was firmly convinced, and she yearned and thirsted for the hour when all should be revealed, even while trembling with horror lest her father, her gray-haired, miserable father, should meet the punishment his misdeeds justly merited.

At her earnest request Grace promised to conceal from Ralph her earlier acquaintance with his daughter, and to Annie's great relief the name of those he had injured had wholly escaped his memory. For Grace he evinced some liking, dogging her steps when household duties brought her into the basement, to confide to her the strange change that had come over his unnatural daughter. "Once," he said, "she had been contented with the *large* sums she earned with her needle; but now she insisted on receiving a regular salary and better food, and when he remonstrated with her for such selfishness threatened to leave him unless he complied. He was a poor wretched old man," he groaned; "neither of his children cared what became of him; John had been a scoundrel to him, and they were both daily wishing him dead. This was the reward of his affection for them. Oh, it was cruel, cruel!"

Grace tried to be sorry, but was always glad to escape; for with all her readiness to think well of every body there was something about old Thorley which repelled and disgusted her; and she sometimes wondered to Ethelind how Annie endured with such meekness the harsh and taunting speeches leveled at her on the most trivial occasions; never replying hastily, even when called idle, unfeeling, and false-hearted, and accused of robbing him to lavish his hard-earned money on the vile and undeserving.

When Grace overheard such speeches as these her ears would tingle and her eyes seek the ground, for she knew that it was on Ethelind and her children that Annie bestowed the little she had to give. Often her pride prompted her to refuse gifts which cost the donor so dear; but stern necessity enforced her silence. Arthur had not yet been successful in his endeavors, their small resources were daily decreasing, and the cup of jelly or light pudding, so acceptable to the delicate appetite of the invalid, were now luxuries which Grace dared not trench on their slender purse to procure.

Autumn came and went, and with the exception of a few days' occasional employment at a law writer's, Arthur was still seeking a situation, and battling against the morbid fears of Ethelind—who daily prophesied starvation—and his own inward misgivings. Grace tried to procure needle-work; but when, through Annie's intervention, she was successful, the care of the children, and the still greater demands upon her time made by their thoughtless mother, left her but little leisure to execute it.

Ralph Thorley's angry voice had sunk into a low wail as he lay tossing about on the bed to which old age and his increasing ailments now generally confined him, and filling up the long hours with ceaseless complaints of Annie, to whom he was obliged to intrust the weekly task of collecting his rents.

It was a most unthankful office, and dire was the abuse heaped upon her as often as the receipts fell short of what they should have been. Vainly his daughter urged the coldness of the season, the high price of provisions, and her own inability to press for payment where real distress met her view. Ralph had no such lenity in his flinty composition, and he frequently threatened to send for John, and place his affairs in the hands of his son.

But at this threat Annie secretly smiled. She knew that her father disliked and mistrusted the close-fisted money-getter, from whom he with difficulty wrung the annuity he had extorted when they parted, and who never sent it without a murmur about the failure of crops, the badness of the season, etc., although common report told of his continually increasing possessions and fortunate speculations.

A rumor of Ralph's illness, however, by some chance or other, reached Bickley Farm, and John, alive to every thing which concerned his own safety, hurried up to London. Annie, who never saw her brother without feeling all her worst passions aroused, retreated to the kitchen, intending to occupy herself there until he departed. But in a few minutes her father's bell rang loudly, and running up to the back parlor, which, on account of his infirmities, was used as his bedroom, she found him violently agitated, and foaming with a fury his son was endeavoring to moderate.

"Come here, girl; I won't be left alone with this viper—this—this unnatural vagabond! he wants to wrong me out o' the little there's left me; but he sha'n't—he sha'n't!" And shaking his clenched fist in John's darkening face he sank back quite exhausted.

"What does this mean?" asked Annie, sternly.

"Tut, nothing," answered her brother. "I was but saying how hard it was upon me, now times are bad, to have to pay an annuity. Father can't want it, with the rents of all these houses coming in, and no one to keep but himself and you."

"But I do want it!" screamed the old man, as soon as he recovered his breath; "but I do want it, an' I'll have it. It's my right, Annie knows it is."

She shook her head sorrowfully. "Alas! father, what right have you or John to any thing

you hold? God help you both! You have bound me to silence; but you can not still your own reproving consciences."

"Ay," interrupted Ralph; "he's been at me again about that will; but ye sha'n't have it; I'll hold it to spite ye, scoundrel!"

This roused his son's ire. "Then I'll pay the annuity no longer. I'll go about with a sword over my head no more. There!"

Ralph sprang up in the bed. "But you must pay it, an' ye shall pay it. I dare ye to refuse the next time it's due."

"Give me the papers, then," said John.

"Am I a fool?" retorted his father. "Ye're under my thumb there, and I'll keep ye so. Now will ye pay me my annuity?"

"You shall come across the sea for it," muttered John. "Look ye here, father; it's o' no use our quarreling; if you die, whose hands will those papers fall into?"

"I'm not going to die," said Ralph, glaring at him uneasily; "an' if I do, they're safe."

"But why not let me feel myself safe too?" urged John.

"Because," his father bitterly retorted—"because I can't trust ye; an' I won't trust ye; an' now go, for ye won't ha' them."

With a furious execration John obeyed.

"Come here, girl," moaned Ralph. "I'm worse for his coming. Gi' me some brandy, and tell me if ye think he's right. Am I going to *die?*"

She sank on her knees beside the bed. "I hope not; I pray not, with such a crime on your soul unrepented. Oh, father! father! it is not yet too late."

He feebly repulsed her. "Ye're both alike—longing to get rid o' me, that ye may squander what I've scraped together; but I'm not gone yet, an' I won't gi' them papers up to you no more than I would to him. What I've got I'll keep as long as there's life in me. Now go and make me some tea."

She rose to obey; he called her back. "Annie, them Elmers up stairs—write out a notice for 'em to leave me. They ha'n't paid their rent these three weeks. D'ye hear?"

"You'll wait another week, Sir; they are honest."

"I wun't; I'll ha' my money; tell them so; d'ye hear?"

"Not to-day, father," she answered, resolutely; "not to-day." And leaving him to scold and anathematize her scandalous neglect of his interests, she hurried away to debate on her knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, whether even the fearful oath exacted from her, or the ties of relationship that bound her to the guilty ones, justified her in withholding from Arthur Aylmer the fact that Major Welwyn's will was in existence.

But the document itself—where was it? And without that to prove the truth of her assertions, of what avail would be such a confession! There were still no remedies but patience and faith, and Annie, after a long and arduous wrestle with the temptations to doubt and despair that assailed her, rose from her knees, comforted and strengthened, murmuring the quaint saying of Melancthon, "Trouble and perplexity drive us to prayer, and prayer driveth away trouble and perplexity."

VII.—AT LAST.

It was Christmas-eve. Up and down the narrow streets merry voices resounded, and busy feet were hurrying, as the poorest attempted to make some provision for the great festival of the year. Arthur Aylmer's eldest boy had occupied himself for hours longingly surveying the movements of a large family residing opposite, who were preparing to "make a merry night of it;" and as he saw them decorating their Christmas-tree, adorning the walls and pictures with holly, setting out a table with pastry and fruit, which looked tempting even at that distance, and, finally, was shut out from the enticing view by the closing of the red curtains, he plied his aunt and father with a child's natural inquiries, why *he* also had not a cake and some visitors; and how it was Aunt Gracie did not stone plums and wash currants for a Christmas-pudding.

It was not easy to answer or evade the little complainer; and his mother, who had moped about despondingly all day, and made many sighing comparisons between her present position and the gay parties in which her unfeeling relations always indulged at this festive season, fairly broke down; and, sobbingly declaring that it was the most miserable Christmas-eve she had ever spent, retired to bed with the dull and fretful children.

Arthur, who had returned home wet and weary with a long and unsuccessful walk in reply to an advertisement in the *Times*, had endeavored to meet her murmurs with his usual equanimity; but the anxiety and suspense of the last few weeks, aided by the want of sufficient food and warm clothing, was telling on him, mentally as well as bodily; and when, as he stood moodily watching the dying fire—which Grace always carefully raked out as soon as her sister-in-law was in bed—a band of strolling musicians suddenly struck up a gay polka, to which he well remembered whirling round the pretty fairy of his boyish admiration, the contrast was beyond endurance; and catching the eye of his sister raised toward him full of sad and tender meaning, he snatched up his hat and fled the house, unheeding, or more probably not hearing, her calls to him to stay.

Grace ran to the door, and endeavored to trace his progress down the dimly-lit pavement, but he was already lost to view; and she gave herself up to the wildest fears; conjecturing every thing that was horrible from the overwrought state of mind in which he had departed.

When Annie descended from the chamber of the little ones, under whose pillows, to afford them one pleasurable surprise in the morning, she had been slipping some simple gifts, and

heard the cause of her friend's agitation, her own almost equaled it; for the usual calmness of Mr. Aylmer rendered this outbreak doubly alarming. For Grace's sake she tried to hide her own feelings and speak soothingly; but no arguments she could advance had any effect on the mind of the affectionate sister, who continued to wander about the house, unable to settle herself to any occupation, but listening to every step that sounded familiar, and chafing with unusual impatience as the harsh cough and peevish voice of Ralph Thorley ever and anon broke the silence that reigned in the house.

As often as Annie came to her side to whisper hope his angry summons recalled her, for she was now closely confined to her father's sick room; the access of frenzy induced by the presence and demands of John having left deep traces in his increased weakness, and a degree of suspicious irritability which rendered the task of waiting upon him a most arduous one.

At last he dozed, and his daughter gladly seized the opportunity of seeking Grace, who, with a shawl thrown around her, was standing at the street-door, shivering with dread and uttering prayerful ejaculations for the safety of the one nearest and dearest to her on earth.

"It is no use talking to me," she said, in reply to Annie's expostulations. "I know the truth of all you tell me, and perhaps I am magnifying the danger. But if you had noted, as I have, daily and hourly, the change in my unhappy brother, and seen him gradually becoming desperate under his continued trials, you would, like myself, be ready to surmise the worst. Oh! God preserve him to us! What should we do if—"

"Hark!" cried her companion; and again they listened, breathlessly.

A step slowly approached—passed on; but Grace recognized it, and, with an exclamation of thankfulness, she sprang forward to detain her dejected brother, who, gently chiding the fears his still disordered looks did not tend to allay, with assurances that he had only been striving to drown other feelings in extreme fatigue, supported her into the house.

"You are drenched, Mr. Aylmer," said Annie, now advancing, "and it is possible that your fire is out; pray let me—"

He hastened to interrupt her. It was nothing—his coat merely a little damp, that was all; he would go and change it immediately. "Come, Grace, rouse yourself; we are hindering and distressing our kind friend."

Nodding a farewell, they were about to ascend to their own apartments when the door of Ralph's room suddenly opened, and he emerged, half dressed, carrying a candle in his hand, his eyes rolling vacantly as he staggered by.

He was evidently in a profound sleep, and his errand was connected with an old-fashioned clock standing in the hall. He opened it, ran his fingers down the side, and tried to insert them between the back and the wall, to which it was fixed; then shook his head, as if disappointed, and mumbled:

"No, not there; 'twould not be safe enough. They must be nearer to me; nearer still; where I can see them often, an' get up an' touch 'em, an' *know* they're safe."

With the same tottering step he re-entered his chamber, but instantly returned, as if still unsatisfied.

Annie had grown deathly pale, and was clinging to the door-post, her eyes fixed eagerly on the somnambulist; and, touched by her apparent terror, Arthur disengaged his own arm from his sister's, and hastened to reassure her.

"Do not frighten yourself so much, Annie; there is not the slightest cause for it; Mr. Thorley is merely walking in his sleep; the consequence, probably, of some unpleasant dream. I have seen several cases of somnambulism, and if we are quiet you will see him return to bed in a few minutes."

She could not command her voice to reply, and they watched the old man in silence, until, after some futile efforts to remove a loose board close to his own door, he turned toward the stairs leading to the kitchen, and began to descend them.

Was it there that the papers were concealed? As the thought crossed his daughter's mind, she started, and attempted to follow him, but Arthur gently detained her.

"You are not fit to go; let me; I believe it is dangerous to awaken a person in this state, but I will see that he meets with no accident. Do you stay here with Grace."

And Mr. Aylmer softly pursued Ralph's feeble steps, but as he reached the kitchen he found Annie beside him.

The cold hands grasped his.

"Promise me," she cried in half-choked accents, "promise me that whatever happens, you will not injure *him!* Remember how old and infirm he is. Promise me that you will leave his punishment to his Maker!"

"Injure him? I? Why should I?" asked the astonished man.

"Promise! oh, promise!" she still prayed so urgently that he acceded; and they entered the kitchen together, accompanied by Grace, who was curious to see what had brought the old man there.

Ralph was on his knees at the fire-place, laboring to raise part of the flagged hearth; but to his weakness it was a serious effort. At last it rose, and in the cavity beneath—a low cry burst from the white lips of Annie—lay the roll of papers.

And *he*—the rightful owner—to whom they were invaluable, stood there so pitying and unconscious!

"No, no," muttered Ralph, "they maun't be left here no longer. I can't watch her when she cleans the stones, an' she might spy out the crack. She's grown cunning lately. She'd steal 'em if she could, I know. Mayhap she's had some o' them already; they feel smaller and

lighter. I'll count 'em; there ought to be four on 'em."

He drew near the table against which both the Aylmers were standing. Arthur, with innate delicacy, moved away, and whispered an inquiry if he could be of any service by remaining

But Annie, who had dropped on to the nearest chair, seemed to be deaf. Her hands locked together, her whole form rigid, her breath hissing through her set teeth, she seemed unconscious of every thing but her father

Grace unwittingly retained her position, for she was trying to comprehend the cause of her friend's agitation. It scarcely appeared natural that the calm, hopeful woman, whose active benevolence had inured her to many worse scenes, and whose presence was so often entreated when an accident occurred, or death entered a neighbor's household, should be appalled by the vagaries of a sleep-walker!

Meanwhile Ralph deliberately untied the pink tape which secured the packet, and began to count the documents separately.

"There should be four on 'em. One—two—three—" he smoothed a crumpled leaf, and Grace involuntarily glanced at it as he did so.

Was it an optical illusion, or did she really see the words, "Inventory of furniture at Oakshade?"

As she bent down to satisfy herself:

"Four," said Ralph, laying a parchment on the top of it; "they're right," and he groped about for the tape to retie them.

But Grace, unheeding the reproachful exclamation of her brother, had snatched up the deed, and was reading the words engrossed upon it.

"The will, the will, Arthur! See, see, my brother, Major Welwyn's will! It is! it is! Look here!" Tearing it open she pointed to the signature, and flinging herself upon his neck, cried aloud in her joy and thankfulness.

Before Arthur, in his confusion, could really be made to understand that he held the indisputable proof of his inheritance, Ralph had awakened, and was glaring wildly round.

How came he there? he was tricked, robbed; the packet on which so much depended was in the hands of strangers who were eagerly devouring its contents. Who had done this?

His furious glance fell upon Annie, who sat motionless and speechless, and he sprang upon her with the ferocity of a tiger. But as his fingers clutched the throat of the unresisting girl, paralysis seized him, and he rolled on the floor, helpless and dying.

Greatly shocked, Arthur assisted in conveying him to his bed, and fetched a medical man. There was much he longed to ask, but it was no time to question the devoted daughter; and when, at a late hour the next morning—after a night passed less in sleep than wild conjectures and rapturous thanksgivings—he descended to seek an interview with her, Ralph Thorley was dead, and Annie had given the necessary directions for his funeral, and departed, none knew whither.

On the day of interment she returned. That she had visited Holsby in the interim was apparent from the fact that the owner of Bickley Farm suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him his wife, and all the flocks and herds it had been his pride to gather together. It was whispered—perhaps truly—that he had been seen on board a ship bound for the Australian diggings, for John Thorley visited England no more.

Into the hands of Arthur Annie put the leases of the farm and all the house-property that Ralph had amassed since the discovery of the chest. "These," she said, "were purchased with Grace's fortune, and the gems destined for her and for your wife. You are doubtless expecting from me an explanation of the manner in which my unhappy father became possessed of them. If my evidence is necessary to substantiate your claim, I will come forward and give it—if not, I entreat you to spare me."

Arthur had too much generosity to press the point, and with the same fearless composure that marked her demeanor during the interview she ascended to the apartment where Ethelind—her bloom rapidly returning, her blue eyes shining with renewed lustre—was playing merrily with her children.

Over these she bent to give them a parting caress, and was caught to the bosom of Grace.

"Why did you leave us, dear Annie? Do you think we doubt your ability to exonerate yourself?"

But a kiss on her cheek, one fervent pressure of her hand, and Annie was gone.

They saw her no more.

To trace the future career of the Aylmer family is scarcely necessary. The faithful Grace is the wife of one who values her as she deserves; and the lessons of adversity have borne fair fruit, as the good deeds of Arthur and Ethelind continually testify.

Nor was Annie Thorley's life an unhappy one. The reward of unruffled happiness in this world is not so commonly meted to us as novelists might lead their readers to suppose; but the deeper and truer bliss of looking forward to a home where there shall be no more weeping is within the reach of all; and perhaps among the many—all honor be to them for their self-denial and Christian love!—who devote themselves to ameliorating the condition of our sick and sorrowful poor, no one more fully appreciates that certain hope, or walks more humbly and trustingly along the path of duty, than the gentle, unassuming woman once known as the Blacksmith's Daughter of Holsby.

MY ESCAPE FROM RICHMOND.

MY name is John Bray. I belong to the First New Jersey Cavalry, and have shared in the perils of every Virginia campaign. In November last I was at Warrenton, with a detachment of comrades, performing picket duty. On the night of the twelfth of that month we were suddenly surrounded by a band of Mosby's rough-riders, and before we knew it were prisoners, the darkness enabling the assailants to come upon us unobserved. We did not enjoy, as you may suppose, the prospect of a protracted imprisonment in Richmond, which we knew would be our fate; but there was no door of escape, and we submitted as gracefully as we could. Our captors, though rough and shaggy fellows, were by no means the savages they have sometimes been painted; on the contrary, they treated us kindly, respecting all our rights as prisoners, not even appropriating any of our effects, as it would have been natural for them, as guerrillas, to have done. We were, of course, put under guard, and were disarmed; but we were not altogether excluded from the chat of the camp to which we were carried; and the night, though starless and cold, was by no means the dreariest we had known in our long and varied experience.

In the morning, under an armed escort, we set out on foot for Richmond, moving by easy stages and a circuitous route to Salem, Sperryville, Orange Court House, and Gordonsville, whence we went by cars. At Sperryville, where we were handed over to the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, we had a taste of the "chivalrous" manners of the true Virginian. These cavalrymen, representing probably the First Families, the moment we were placed under their control, helped themselves unceremoniously to our caps and overcoats, and, regardless of common decency and humanity, attempted even to take our blankets, notwithstanding we were shivering with cold and suffering greatly from exposure. In this intention, however, they were finally restrained by their officers, who had yet some scruples of conscience remaining, and for the rest of the way we continued in the enjoyment of the little protection the blankets could give us.

We arrived in Richmond on the 17th, and were at once conducted to the "Pemberton Factory Prison," where we had a speedy introduction to all the repellent features of prison life. The prison is a building twenty-five by one hundred feet, four stories high, occupied originally as a tobacco manufactory, but appropriated for the last two years to its present use. Each floor contained 280 prisoners, making 1120 in all in this single building. The building was filthy to the last degree; there was not a clean spot any where; the hold of a slave-ship could not have been more offensive. The mere appearance of the place was sufficient to sicken sensitive stomachs. Some of the prisoners who had been exhausted by their long journey did actually faint upon entering their quarters. As for myself, I had become hardened to the utmost rigors of camp life; two years or more in the saddle had effectually emptied me of all refinement of smell or taste, and, as a consequence, I got along in my new situation with comparatively little inconvenience.

Of course there was little amusement in sitting, day after day, on the floor of our prison and looking into one another's faces like so many gaping imbeciles. Isolated from the world, hardly permitted to look from our small windows into the streets without, we could only find within ourselves the diversion we needed, and our thought was far too monotonous to suggest any variety of entertainment. We had one amusement, however, which somewhat relieved the daily monotony, and that was "skirmishing." This was an indiscriminate scuffle, in which every man received a thorough shaking, all entering into the "engagement" with the zest of country boys into a husking frolic, but all in good-humor, and for a benevolent and proper sanitary purpose. The object of this wholesale scrimmage was the rout and dispersion of the vermin which moved upon us in dense and threatening columns at every opportunity, surrounding us, assailing us, actually, at times, "occupying, holding, and possessing" our persons. But for the skirmishing in which we indulged, and the "demoralization" thereby of the vermin forces, many of us would have been inevitably overcome, and probably carried out piecemeal at the keyholes, or dragged bodily to the dens of the persecutors.

Our food was of much better quality than we had expected to receive, but the quantity was any thing but satisfactory. Each man received daily half a loaf of bread, the loaf no larger than an old-fashioned country "rusk," a piece of fresh meat about two inches square, and a pint of bean-soup, all without salt, not a morsel of which was ever seen in the prison. This food was obtained every morning by a detail of our own men under a sergeant, who, with pails and tubs, were marched down into the yard and there furnished the allowance for the floor to which they belonged by the cooks in charge. Occasionally, some of the men, by the sale of parts of their clothing, obtained a little money with which they were able through the guards to purchase articles outside, thus reinforcing their strength and making up for deficiencies in the regular supplies. On one or two occasions I indulged myself in this way, once selling my cavalry boots, for which I obtained seventy-five dollars in rebel money, and at another time disposing of a threadbare, dirty blanket for twenty-five dollars, the guards eagerly purchasing in both instances, and seeming to imagine that they had made excellent bargains.

After a month's confinement I determined that I had long enough submitted to the hardships of prison life, and that, if possible, I would make my escape. I broached the subject to my comrades, suggesting that we had better act in

concert; but they regarded the risk as too great, and unanimously declined to unite in the undertaking, some of them even endeavoring to dissuade me from my purpose. But my resolution was fixed; I longed to be free again, and to fill the saddle I knew to be awaiting me in the ranks of the gallant First. Many things, however, had to be considered, and many preliminaries arranged before it was possible to attempt the execution of my purpose, at least with any hope of success. The first thing necessary was to possess myself of a rebel uniform, which would enable me to pass the guards. So, one day, just after we had received a batch of new clothing from our Government, I said banteringly to Ross, the officer having chief charge of our floor,

"Ross, how will you trade coats? Mine is bran-new, but I must have some money, you know; so, if you'll trade right, I'm on hand for a bargain."

Ross was an easy, good-natured fellow, and was particularly ragged, having scarcely a whole garment in his entire wardrobe. Of course he was only too anxious to "trade," and we soon struck up a bargain, Ross agreeing to give me his coat for mine and thirty dollars to boot. Thus I secured a gray coat, a necessary part of the disguise in which I intended to escape.

Some days after, upon pretense that I was again out of funds, I bantered Ross to trade pantaloons, offering mine, which were new, for his old ones and ten dollars in money. He knew that the prisoners often obtained in this way the means of purchasing supplies, and my offer therefore excited no suspicion. He at once closed with my offer, and making the exchange on the spot, I became, to all appearance, a rebel soldier, having a suit of gray precisely like those of the guards.

The day after this last transaction I determined, if possible, to put my plan in execution. Accordingly, when the men passed down into the yard to draw their rations I went with them, resolved to seize any opportunity that offered to get away. But my time had not yet come. Every avenue of escape was guarded; sentinels stood at all the gates with vigilant eyes; and I was obliged to return to my quarters, still a prisoner, but still firmly set in my purpose. A circumstance which happened on the same day served to confirm me in my determination. One of the tyrants in charge of the prison—they were all despots in their way except Ross and one or two others—threatened, because of some caper of the men, to starve us in punishment, heaping upon me especially all sorts of abuse. Having something of Yankee grit in my nature, I resented the insult, telling the fellow I would throw him out of the window unless he at once desisted. The coward at once reported me at head-quarters, no doubt with many exaggerations as to my offense; and a few hours after I was removed to Libey Prison for punishment. This consisted in "bucking" and "gagging," a process by no means calculated to inspire one with admiration for rebel tenderness or humanity. Tying my hands together with strong cords about the wrists, my persecutors drew the arms thus united down over the knees, where they were securely pinioned; my mouth was then gagged, and having been placed on the floor, I was left for eight hours to my fate. Of course, in such a predicament, it was impossible to sit, and to lie down was equally inconvenient. Aside from the suffering, one could not resist a feeling of humiliation mingled with anger that he was made to occupy so ridiculous a position; I think I would not have had a comrade see me as I lay on the floor of Libey, knotted into the most grotesque sort of tangle—rolled up, as it were, into a little heap—for a whole year's pay and all the medals I may ever win.

My punishment ended at last, and I went back to my prison only more intent than before on getting away. The next day I again attempted to put my scheme into execution, but was again unsuccessful.

On Sunday morning, January 10, I made my last and final attempt. Arranging necessary preliminaries with a comrade, I passed down stairs with the detail sent for provisions, wearing my blanket, and keeping as much as possible under cover of those whom I was about to leave. Reaching the yard, which was filled with rebel soldiers, I suddenly, upon a favorable opportunity, slipped the blanket from my shoulders to those of my chum, and, stepping quickly into the throng, stood, to all appearance, a rebel, having precisely their uniform, and looking as dirty and ragged as the worst among them. But I was not yet free. The point now was to get out of the yard. To do this it was necessary to pass the sentinels standing at the gates, all of which were thus guarded. My wits, however, difficult as I knew my enterprise to be, did not desert me. With an air of unconcern, whistling the "Bonnie Blue Flag," I sauntered slowly toward the nearest gate—paused a moment as I neared it, to laugh with the rest at some joke of one of the guard; then, abstractedly and with deliberate pace, as if passing in and out had been so customary an affair with me as to make any formal recognition of the sentinels unnecessary—passed out. That my heart throbbed painfully under my waistcoat; that I expected every moment to hear the summons, "Halt!" you need not be told. An age of feeling was crowded into that moment. But I passed out unchallenged. Whether it was that my nonchalant air put the sentinels off their guard, or that they were for the moment absorbed in the joke at which all the soldiers were laughing, I can not tell; nor does it matter. I was free; the whole world was before me; and my whole being was a-glow with that thought. I had still dangers, it was true, to encounter; but the worst was past, and I felt equal to any that might lie before.

The sun was at its meridian as I passed the prison gate. In an hour I had struck the line of the Chickahominy Railroad. The weather was bitterly cold and the ground covered with

snow; but I thought of nothing, cared for nothing but effecting my escape. Of course the utmost vigilance was necessary as the whole Peninsula was full of pickets, mostly mounted, and while, therefore, pressing forward with all the rapidity possible, under the circumstances, I kept my eyes on constant duty, scanning closely every marsh and thicket lest some enemy should unexpectedly appear and arrest my flight. No enemy, however, that day crossed my path, though I frequently saw cavalry-patrols in the distance, causing me to seek the shelter for a time of some friendly tree or fence.

At eleven o'clock that night I was within nine miles of New Kent Court House, having traveled a distance of twenty-one miles since noon. After nightfall the stars formed my only guide, and, having quitted the line of the railroad, I very naturally lost somewhat my reckoning. Besides, for the last few miles my strength had rapidly failed me, and much as I desired to get on I found that it would be impossible to continue any further. My feet were sore, my legs weak and limp, and withal I was chilled through and through, having neither blanket nor overcoat to protect me from the keen, piercing wind. Accordingly, utterly exhausted at last, I dropped upon the snow in the swamp, and in a moment was asleep.

When I awoke at last, with a stinging pain in my hands and feet, it was daylight. I endeavored to rise, but for a time was unable. My feet were like lumps of ice, my face smarted with pain, my hands were red and without feeling; I had barely escaped freezing to death. After considerable effort, however, I got upon my feet, and with slow and difficult motion, and appetite clamoring for food, resumed my journey. As the blood in my veins warmed and strength returned I increased my pace, going in a northeasterly direction, seeking an outlet from the swamp in which I had spent the night. After a while, pursuing my devious way, a negro suddenly confronted me. Whence he came I knew not; I only knew that he stood before me with a look of inquiry in his eyes as much as to say, Who are you, Sir? I was, of course, startled; but I remembered that I wore a rebel uniform, and met him accordingly. But he was not to be deceived.

"Yer can't come dat game on dis chil'," he said, with a sparkle in his eye; "I knows yer, Sar; you'se a Yankee pris'ner 'scaped from Richmon'." Then, as if to reassure me, he hurriedly added, "But, Lor' bless yer, massa, I won't tell on yer; I'se real glad yer's got away."

I saw in a moment the fellow could be trusted—I have never seen a negro yet, in this war, who could not be trusted by the Union soldier; and so I unbosomed myself to him at once, telling him the whole story of my escape, that I had lost my way, that I had not eaten a morsel of food in twenty-four hours, and that if he could help me in any way I would be more indebted than I could describe.

"Dis chil' glad to help yer," he replied, in a tone of real pleasure and with a bright look in his eyes, and at once started off at a rapid pace, leading me across the fields, a distance of four miles, to the house of another negro, to whom he explained my situation and wishes. Here I was given something to eat, both the man and woman treating me with the greatest kindness; and after a short rest again set out, this time with my host as guide, for the main road, from which I had wandered. This was soon reached, and parting with my black friend, I pushed on, keeping the road as nearly as I could. The road was thick with pickets and scouts, and I was obliged at almost every turn to dodge aside to avoid discovery. For miles I succeeded in "flanking" all I met; but at last a sharp bend in the road brought me within twenty-five feet of a soldier on horseback looking squarely toward me. How my heart leaped at the sight! "Who are you?" was the instant salute; but without stopping to answer I leaped into the swamp and plunged into the depths of underbrush which overrun it. My leap was followed by a shot from the soldier's pistol, the ball whistling shrilly after me, but fortunately missing its mark. As if determined not to be balked, the soldier dismounted from his horse, and for two hours hunted for me in the swamp, often passing close to my retreat, and keeping me in constant trepidation lest I should be discovered. But Providence again favored me; the scout tired at last in his vain search and moved away, and I once more started for the Canaan of my hopes.

All that day I traveled on, dodging the pickets, hiding in the swamps, lying under thickets, wading through bogs and water, until night again found me exhausted and incapable of going any further. But I was not to be permitted to sleep without one more fight. Making my way in deep darkness through the underbrush, crackling the brittle twigs under my feet, a "What's that?" uttered in a sharp, strong voice, suddenly warned me of danger. A moment after I heard men talking, the words "spy" and "Yankee" being conspicuous in their discussion. Then, crouching down, I heard them moving to and fro all around me, and once one of the number passed so close to where I lay that I could hear him breathe. For an hour or more they kept up their search, discussing among themselves the probable cause of their alarm, when, apparently concluding that they had been unnecessarily startled, they abandoned the field and left me to my thoughts. For some time, however, after their departure I did not dare to stir, not knowing at what moment they might return, or how near they might be to my retreat; but fatigue finally overcame me, and finding a soft place I threw myself on the ground, and pulling over me such leaves and brush as I could reach, very soon found oblivion in sleep.

Of my adventures the day following, which was Tuesday the 12th, I need not speak at length. They were numerous, many of them perilous in the extreme; but fortune was still on my side,

and at eleven o'clock that night I reached the suburbs of Williamsburg, the goal of all my wanderings. It was a long time, however, before I could make up my mind, after I saw the lights of the town, whether it was the place I sought. My many escapes had made me, if any thing, unduly cautious; I had come so far, had suffered so much, and had so much to fear from capture and return to my prison, that I felt it would be terrible, now that the Promised Land was in sight, to lose all by a want of vigilance or a premature discovery of myself to the pickets. Consequently, I determined, if possible, to get through the lines into the village without discovery, and I had nearly succeeded when a sharp challenge brought me to a halt. Again, however, the darkness favored me, and though an immediate hunt was instituted, I once more escaped, this time from our own pickets. At length, quiet having been restored, I managed to creep through, and shortly after was in the village. Seeing a light in the windows of a large building on the principal street, I cautiously crept up, designing to peer into the apparently occupied room, and learn from the uniform of the occupants whether I was really among friends or foes. I had reached the window, and was raising my head to look in, when, suddenly, a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder, and a loud voice exclaimed,

"Hello, here!—who is this? A spy?"

I started as if a ball had struck me. Was I again a prisoner, or was this the grasp of a friend deceived by my uniform? But instinct was true, and I answered at once,

"I'm a Union soldier escaped from Richmond."

That was enough. Before I knew it I was within the lighted room, which proved to be the head-quarters of the post commandant; an arm-chair was placed before the fire, and I was thrust into it; my shoes were drawn off, and I was as cozy as kindly hands could make me. Of course, the moment my story was told I became a hero; that part of it relating to my skirmishing with our own pickets affording especial delight to the merry fellows of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York Regiment who thronged head-quarters.

I remained at Williamsburg until Thursday morning, when I proceeded to Yorktown, going thence to Washington, where Secretary Stanton gave me a furlough of a fortnight. And this is the story of "My Escape from Richmond."

But some day I hope to ride into it with my comrades of the New Jersey First, with the old flag streaming over us—expelling before us as we go the miserable traitors whose hands would drag that flag, if they could, in the dust, and put out forever the lustrous promise shining on its folds. When we march into Richmond I trust that there will be with us men of darker hue than ours, who, having fought their way from a prison-house worse than the Libey, will have won the right to rejoice in the triumph of the Stars and Stripes.

THE AVENGER.

ONE afternoon the tranquillity of Mr. Warren experienced a shock. When he went into his book-keeper's room he was almost knocked over by a fragrance of blossom.

He looked around him. Not for Edward Camp. He never looked for Edward in that way, impatiently, one would say angrily, if this were not Mr. Warren. Besides, he had perceived on entering the room that Edward was not there. At this hour the book-keeper was generally at liberty. What he looked for in that way was merely to discover the source of the offending odor. It was not difficult to find. A vase stood on the top of the red desk that was so neatly covered with the unstained green velvet. On one side of the vase was the pen-rack, on the other an inkstand. The vase held white japonicas, white lilies, heliotrope, and roses—imperial flowers for shape, size, and odor.

In the name of common sense, why should not a young man, whose aspect indicated that he could not choose but love and reverence all lovely things, who himself looked as pure as a lily, albeit strong as a cedar of Lebanon, *why* should not such a young man bring into this place of trade some gentle evidence of creatures that inherit their splendors, and know naught of toil? Why should youth *not* make labor pleasant, by garnishing it with odor and with bloom?

Was a man's integrity impeached, his industry to be suspected, by this discovery of life's enlivenment? Was Edward Camp to be dealt with as a recreant because, while accepting the blessed curse of labor, he accepted also the smile and the beauty of God in flower-bloom?

Yet Mr. Warren was actually so disconcerted that he forgot what he had come for. It was nothing of real importance that brought him; a mere trifle of business. So, after he had stood a few minutes in the counting-room, seeing nothing but the flowers, he turned about and locked the door, and walked down through the warehouse. At the street door he looked out. It was a lovely evening. After a few minutes of hesitation he went into the street.

Now Mr. Warren was the most just of men. Up and down the city, through the length and breadth of it, his name was honorable. Paper was current any where that bore his name. Whatever he indorsed had the confidence of business men. If I were writing his biography, I would embellish pages with fit illustration of his justice and his worth. Here I can but speak of Edward Camp.

Twenty years ago the father of this youth had done Mr. Warren a very serious injury. The two men were in partnership; with their slender savings they had purchased a handful of toys, and with these had opened a shop and began their trade. In the first year of business Camp had ruined Warren.

Camp was coward as well as knave, and so he ran away and hid.

Years after it came to Mr. Warren's knowledge that he had died in prison, and that his oldest boy was the support of the family. It was surely no desire to visit the helpless with vengeance that prompted him to search out these remains of Camp. Pity for the unfortunate had become a passion of the tradesman's heart. He had learned how to forgive. He believed that he could honestly say he cherished no resentments; that there was no power in mortal to offend past his readiness to pardon!

So it was that one night he tracked Edward Camp to the pit of a theatre, where a crowd of news-boys vociferously shouted over the farce.

Walking down the middle passage, looking right and left, he came at last to one of the older and more intelligent-looking lads. To him he said,

"Is Edward Camp about?"

"That's my name," was the answer. It hardly surprised Mr. Warren. Things often happened in that way to him.

"You are the lad I want," said he. "Come out of this place."

The mixture of authority and kindness in this address so far prevailed that the lad did not question the gentleman's right to command, nor even think of refusing obedience. He arose immediately. The gentleman walked out first. Edward followed closely, frowning on the boys who cheered him, looking quietly brave and self-possessed, with something more than the self-possession of a news-boy, till they came to the sidewalk, when he pulled the gentleman's sleeve, and said,

"Look here. How far do you want me to follow?"

"I want you to go home with me."

"What for?"

"Because I am your friend," said Mr. Warren. So the boy walked quietly beside him.

"Where does your father live now?"

"He is dead."

This answer was expected.

"Dead? Your mother, then — where does *she* live?"

"She lives in Chopin Lane."

"How many are there of you?"

"There's only one besides me—and he's Paul."

"Paul. That was your father's name. Is he a news-boy too?"

"Paul? He never gets out of the house. He's always lame. It's the rheumatism."

So they walked on together till they came to the "Emporium," that great warehouse, stocked from top to bottom with toys, imported and domestic, sufficient to furnish ten hundred thousand nurseries with a year of bliss.

Through the salesroom Mr. Warren led the way to the little nook in the rear, where his desk stood in those days.

"Now," said he, speaking very kindly, "sit down here and rest. Are you in the habit of going to the theatre?"

The boy replied that he had never been but twice before; which was true, of course—candor looked from his eyes, and that tongue had never tried prevarication. This night the boys had persuaded him to go with them, but he didn't care for it. He had not much to tell about "his folks." It came out, however, that he supported his mother by selling newspapers and fruit, and that he did very well by it.

When Mr. Warren told him that there was abundant work in his establishment for such a lad as he, and that he felt disposed to give him a trial, Edward, looking at the proposition from his side, seemed to think there might be room to question the merits of it. Then, said Mr. Warren,

"How much do you make a week, when you make most?"

"Sometimes two dollars. I *have* made two fifteen."

Edward made this statement with not a little pride.

"Well," said Mr. Warren, "you shall have your two dollars if you are steady and industrious. And you will be learning an honorable business that will help to make a man of you, if you've the mind."

"When do you want me, Sir?"

"I want you now. That is, to-morrow morning."

"I was going to get an extra lot of papers. The *Atlantic* is just in."

"Never mind about the *Atlantic*. It will give you more work to do if you stay here than if you go into the street with your papers. I have just received my invoice of the goods she brings me."

"Then I'll come, Sir."

"Bring your mother up here in the morning, at nine o'clock precisely, and we will make the arrangements."

And this was the Edward Camp who was now Mr. Warren's book-keeper.

It was a good thing the merchant had done. To pick a youngster up out of the mire is always an act for his angel to smile upon. But to *adopt*—mark that word adopt—to adopt the son of a man who had injured you, and do Samaritan's work for him, this is high human service, and Mr. Warren felt the refreshment thereof.

He had his great reward, for this lad was no abject creature whom one must deal with evermore in a pitying forbearance. He was a manly lad. His finest qualities had been evoked or evolved in this business of taking care of his mother, and of Paul, the little rheumatic. Thoughtful care of these had exalted him—had pinched back selfishness, so that love prospered finely. When the experience of days and weeks proved to him that he had leave to grow up there in the warehouse, and to enter the avenue of honor open before him, he sprang forward toward manhood with joy. There was no love, no service, he would keep back from his employer. He felt himself bought with a price. Felt it in the ardent heart of youth—betrayed it with the ingenuous pride and love of youth.

Mr. Warren clearly perceiving all this must

needs deem that he had done a worthy deed, and take the pleasure of it.

But then his life, his record, was made up of good things. Along the path he traveled he had planted seed that took root and flourished while he was yet in his prime. He could look back through those avenues of shade and beauty, and remember when they had been highways, deserts of dust and glare.

You would rather not know about his hiding from the Lord God in the Garden! But that might be your loss.

One stormy afternoon a carriage stopped before his warehouse and a young man got out. This gentleman had on a water-proof cap and cloak, and there was something quite sovereign in his manifest indifference to the deluge of rain. Wheeling slowly about, he looked up at the lofty stone building as if making sure this was the very EMPORIUM—then he said,

"Well, Miss Serene, I don't see but I shall have to carry you across this pavement. You might as well be set down in the middle of a lake."

Then he leaned toward the carriage and took from the seat a satchel.

"Now," said he, and a little girl, who might have been nine, ten, or eleven years of age, stood on the carriage step. He picked her up in his arms and strode across the flagging to the warehouse.

Opening the door of which he looked around him with wide open eyes, and said to the person who advanced toward him,

"I am looking for Mr. Warren. Thomas Warren, Sir. This is his shop, I believe."

"It is his shop. I am the man," was the answer. And Mr. Warren looked at the child. It seemed hardly possible they had come there on a toy-hunt such a morning. Neither did the little girl look as if she was so exorbitant that the wonders of retail shops had been exhausted; her tyranny had certainly not harnessed the horses such a morning for a drive to head-quarters.

She looked timid rather than exacting, and as if she would sooner ask for love than for any thing else on earth, such was the grieved and sad expression of her countenance.

When Mr. Warren made his answer all uncertainty passed from the stranger's face, and he appeared the handsome, resolute man who thoroughly understood the business he had in hand, and would see it was transacted to the end with all dispatch.

"This letter is addressed to you, Sir, I believe. I am John Eaton, barrister, from Greenfield."

As he took the letter the gray eyes of Thomas Warren fixed upon the stranger as if he would search him through and through. He was visibly disturbed. Greenfield — he was familiar with that name, if not with John Eaton's.

He took the letter and opened it. It had no seal. The bearer then was probably not outside the secret of the contents. While he read the stranger led the little girl down the long aisle of the warehouse, and gave her liberty to look at all the wonderful things she saw around her. He then returned to Mr. Warren, who looked up as he approached, and said, shortly,

"Of course you know the contents of this letter. I have never seen the child before. How do I know I am not now imposed upon? Her name is Serene? Does she know why she is brought here?"

"I was instructed, Sir, to bring her to her mother's friend. Her mother put her into mourning before she died; for she said there was no one else to do it, and the child was to be orphaned! So I have brought her."

"Ah—her name—what did you say her name is?"

"Serene Hall."

Mr. Eaton answered this question not very patiently. Mr. Warren turned away from him, and walked to the door of the warehouse, where he stood for some minutes looking out on the rain. Presently he came slowly back. John Eaton had meanwhile prepared himself, and was now first to speak.

"You and I are strangers, Sir," said he, with a certain lofty dignity calculated to influence the remainder of the interview. "I know nothing about this business in its collaterals. I was requested to bring the little girl to you, and have been paid for doing it. Since you acknowledge, or at least receive her, there is nothing left for me but to go about my business. You will find in this satchel letters and documents that will prove whatever you may desire to have proved. I was instructed by the dying woman, who placed it in my hands, never for a moment to lose sight of it, and I have complied with her wish. The trunk is just inside there—that is all."

It seemed that he was about to go.

"Stop, Sir," said Mr. Warren, in a voice no man in his senses would have disobeyed. "I have not heard from Greenfield since I left the place nearly twelve years ago. Have you nothing to say for the town in such a length of time? I find something of an old interest revived, and would be glad to know how the people are prospering down there."

John Eaton was impressed by the countenance that was now turned full upon him. The clear light of those gray eyes he could not resist. He took off his water-proof cloak and hung it on a nail, then he sat down. The little girl was still occupied in the distance with all those curious sights.

"Nothing except disaster to tell of," said he. "We have had a good number of the plagues—fire, flood, and death—till it seemed as if there could be no end except in our extermination. This little girl's grandfather, old Cyrenus Hall, was completely ruined before he died. Her mother has had a terrible struggle the last four years. She was always fragile, and I think her troubles shortened her life. If the choice had been open to her, I believe she would have

come and brought the child to you herself, that you might have had no suspicion whatever in regard to her bequest."

"Then Cyrenus Hall—" began Mr. Warren, in a very hurried way quite unusual to him. But he could not ask the question on his lips about the old miller of Greenfield.

"If Hall could have lived," said Eaton, "there would have been no mercy in it. But he is dead. There is a great mercy in that. When a man who has been calculating all his life gets to the pitch that he can't put two and two together, time he was gone. Greenfield is full of disappointed people. But I don't know a case equal to his. *He* failed in mind, body, and estate. I never knew of a ruin so sudden and complete."

Thomas Warren's eyes flashed fire. He did not answer the speaker; he turned to the child. "Come here, Serene," said he. He could endure to look at her after this report of vengeance.

One dead in prison—one in the chaos of his ruin—there was certainly no reason why he should act his own avenger since the Lord himself took charge of his enemies!

Serene came when he called her. She had been taught obedience. Moreover, she had journeyed from her mother's grave, seeking the protection of her mother's old friend.

He surveyed her as she now approached with no particular tenderness, but with interest—curiosity. He looked into those blue eyes to see if constancy was in her nature—if they made good the promise her loveliness gave of a lovely character. He passed over her beauty—it was nothing. Under the show of it how much virtue was there? He was evidently puzzled by what met his eyes. The spirit of Cyrenus Hall had not here a living witness; neither, so he judged, had the spirit of his daughter.

Accustomed, in his much dealing with character, to make rapid estimates, he hesitated here. He would be just, but not credulous. He believed that he could be forgiving even here. But while he sat gazing at Serene, and involuntarily smoothed the hair back from her forehead, her head suddenly bent over his hand; he seemed to feel a kiss upon it. Ah, how much had he forgiven! Was a kiss a thing so common he should lightly value it? so rare a thing he could not apprehend its meaning? He drew his hand away so quickly that the child was startled.

He did not mind that he had frightened her, perhaps did not observe it. He was thinking merely that he would be just—ay, more than just. But from this quarter no gratitude, no love.

Mr. Eaton, perceiving that he had nothing more to do here, now rose again and put on his cloak. He had some business to transact in town, he said, and must leave for home in the earliest morning train. He stooped down and kissed Serene when he said this.

"Was there nothing else—no word?" asked Mr. Warren, with his eyes on the girl. You might almost have imagined that he was displeased at the natural emotion she displayed, now that she was about to part with this friend.

"There are papers in the satchel, as I said," replied John Eaton.

"Please give me your address, then," said Mr. Warren. Eaton gave it. I may here state that on his return to Greenfield the barrister found a letter containing such a fee as was a novelty to him.

So Mr. Warren was left alone with Serene. Long after Mr. Eaton had passed beyond her sight her eyes seemed to be following him. She brushed her tears away quietly, as if they alone prevented her from still seeing him. She was, it seemed, so full of sorrow and endurance—painful passions to behold in a child.

"You are very tired and hungry, I dare say," said Mr. Warren to her, with that degree of kindness she would have reasoned about and rejected had she been older. He *must* speak kindly to an orphan child. In the hospital they all loved Mr. Warren. "You have made a long journey," said he, "I must see what I can do to make you comfortable." So saying, he went to his desk and was busy there for a few minutes.

While he was locking the desk there was a ring of the door-bell, and a carrier came in. He was evidently expected. As he walked along the warehouse a *cloud* of perfume, as it were, rose up from the boxes he carried under either arm.

"Carefully, carefully," called Mr. Warren to the clerk who received these boxes. An odor that made Serene turn pale and faint spread through the wareroom from that mere hasty transit. It brought tears to her eyes. It brought a day of burial back again; it exposed wreaths of flowers all pale that were lying, even now, on a coffin lid, and under ground.

This gentleman, who was her mother's friend, who, however, asked no questions whatever about that mother, he had not ordered these flowers to be brought here for any funereal purpose, certainly. He looked and spoke almost gayly to the man, who, for his part, had a wedding smile upon his sable face.

The instant the flowers were brought into the warehouse, that instant a difficult point was settled—What should be done with this child?

"When you come back, John," said Mr. Warren to his man—"you see that trunk there, take it down to White's Garden and leave it. Tell him I sent it. He will understand." Then turning to the little girl, he said,

"We will go now, Serene."

He had a large umbrella and the sachel in his hand when he opened the door. He was going on in his usual direct way, no loitering, no faltering. Not an hour since he was quietly working at his desk. A forgotten land—forgotten!—had sent him hostages since then, and he had other cares than he had dreamed of in this world for years.

As he stepped out on the pavement and looked back, the young face, the slight shrinking figure,

appealed to him. What was passing through his mind she, of course, could not conjecture.

It was merely a doubt whether he should take the child up in his arms and carry her. He found he could not do it. So he held the umbrella protectingly over her, mindful that she should be screened from the storm so far as it could screen her, and they walked down the street together.

It was a long distance to White's Garden. The way was through many streets. By the time they got there the little girl's eyes were tired with looking, and her shoes wet through. She was silent all the way, for the gentleman said nothing to her. He seemed at times to have forgotten her. But he had not. If they came to a patch of broken pavement where the rain had settled into pools no child's foot could ford he lifted her across. But with a touch that did not invite her to cling to him. She might trust that he would safely get her over. She must depend then on herself. Such was the feeling with which she walked by his side. His company did not encourage her, though she might rely on him for guidance.

White, who owned the green-houses and the garden, had no children and no wife. His sister, who kept house for him, was likewise celibate. She was a lady also, albeit without the garniture or condition.

Mr. Warren had often spoken with her, and often, as on this morning, had left large orders with her for the finest bouquets the hot-houses afforded. Festivals of charity, weddings, and funerals, among his workmen, were always remembered in this way as well as in ways more substantial.

For money, no doubt, for money, and the tenderness in her heart, Alice White could be prevailed upon to receive this child until other paths should be opened for her.

So Mr. Warren and the little girl came in the pouring rain to the garden gate, and the door of the green-house attached to the cottage being handiest, he opened it and let in Serene. He followed her and closed the door behind him.

What a mysterious, wonderful place it seemed to her, as she looked up at the glass roof against which the rain was dashing, and along the aisles of bloom! She had never seen so many flowers in her life! Surely it was some palace. Was this gentleman king here? Mr. Warren had gone forward immediately with strides to the farther end of the green-house, and left her looking at a vast flowering vine festooned along the roof. He now rang a bell.

Immediately Alice White appeared, pretty as a flower, yet shrewdly discerning, as the soul of a successful business must needs be. When she saw that it was Mr. Warren who had arrived in such a rain storm, a change came over her face which a pleasant book had tranquilized. Had not his morning orders been answered to his mind?

For though this place was called Peter White's Garden, here stood, in fact, the moving spirit and power of the establishment. What would the garden have been without her? It was she who took note of times and seasons, who made so thorough a study of the nature and habits of all the plants she dealt with. If there was any science in the gardening, and there was a deal, it all lay in her head, and was exhibited in her conduct of affairs, bulbous, tuberous, and other.

Mr. Warren had first to express his satisfaction at the manner with which his morning orders had been attended to. He had then to proceed with the unfolding of this other business matter. He did it in the style peculiar to himself, explicitly, yet concisely. He wasted not one word. In half a dozen sentences Miss Alice was made to understand that Mr. Warren had brought with him a child whom he could not think of placing in the hospital with other orphans. A little girl, of whose existence he was ignorant an hour ago. The mother of the child had sent her to him. She must be educated. She must have a home. Would Miss Alice give her room in her pleasant cottage—let the child grow for the present here, among the flowers? To discover was Mr. Warren's errand. It took Alice White a longer time to answer than Mr. Warren to ask this question.

But he was patient, knowing what the end would be. It justified his expectation. Serene should remain here. She should attend Miss Gray's day-school. She was to be subject to Miss Alice as if she were her child. Mr. Warren thought six hundred dollars a small sum for one year of such privilege. But he was treating with her in a business manner; money, he well knew, could not express the obligation the child would be under, or himself, in the mother's stead.

These points arranged, Mr. Warren called, "Serene." For a moment Alice White watched the child advancing from the distance, then she went to meet her. Her first words were, "Let me see your feet, dear. My goodness! Mr. Warren, they're wet through."

"Yes, she needs attending to at once," said Mr. Warren, readily accepting this opportunity of withdrawal. "I ordered her trunk to be brought here. I trusted your answer, you see. We never need be in doubt about our friends. I couldn't think of any one I would ask such a favor of except you and Peter. Good-by, Serene, you must be a good girl, and not trouble Miss Alice. You will have kind friends here. This is a beautiful place for one to grow up in among the flowers."

Was he really going? Had he actually said all that he had to say to her? He might have read that question in her startled and wondering eyes.

There were a dozen reasons why he returned into the green-house in considerably less than five minutes after he had bidden Miss Alice and Serene good-morning. Two will suffice.

The rain was pouring in torrents still, and he had noticed, when he took the satchel under his arm, that Serene looked at it as if, had she

dared, she would have objected to his carrying it away.

This satchel, he now observed, was not one of the morocco affairs that can be purchased any where, it was of cloth and embroidered; evidently fashioned by a woman's hands and taste. And it was not new. It might be a relic.

So now in this shelter from the rain he would possess himself of the "papers" addressed to him and restore the bag to Serene.

In the bottom of the satchel, in which was stowed various articles of apparel, he found a package—the "papers aforesaid"—not very voluminous certainly; this package was addressed to him. He studied its address, he studied the impression of the seal. He found he could not break it.

So he put it in his pocket and walked toward the hall. He intended to leave the satchel on the table, but he heard voices, and obeyed the impulse that led him across the hall to a closed door. With one hand on the latch he tapped on the panel, and while Miss Alice was beginning to say "Come in," he, to her surprise, walked in.

She was on the floor rubbing Serene's wet, cold feet. She was warming the child's heart still more effectually.

Mr. Warren smiled, explained that he brought back the satchel, and went away with a picture in his brain.

An acorn is a small matter; an oak? Coral insects; but the coral reef? It is the stately ship; it sails upon destruction.

So the little trunk packed by the dying mother's feeble hands was unpacked by Miss Alice; ah, how the work of this world passes on from hand to hand under the eyes of God Almighty; and *into* His hand perpetually; and the satchel was made void of contents. The trunk was stowed away, and the bag hung from a nail inside of a dark closet door, which closet had so strong a smell of a multiplicity of herbs, predominating above all blessed bergamot. The school suggested by Mr. Warren was found for Serene, not far away; her name was written down in the teacher's list, and "called" every morning, with the names of thirty other little girls; and she was to be seen going up and down the street as the hours of school time and of dismissal were told.

Through loneliness, grief, and home-sickness she passed. The cottage was long in coaxing her to let it look like home. Yet she dearly loved the garden. And the homely gardener, Peter, loved her, more warmly, not better, than Alice did; because she was always a surprise to him: out of her grave, sad moods how she would break, at times, for his quaint sake, with unparalleled fun and laughter! Who, like her, could fill the pretty garden with lovely living things? Or like her endow the flowers, vines, and shrubs with special living qualities he could never lose sight of again?

By-and-by Alice dared trust her to clip the stems of the dead leaves, to train the vines, or even in an emergency to aid in making up bouquets of minor importance. It was wonderful to Peter to see how she did it, how deftly with almost no instruction.

Once, twice, three times on her way to school, Serene carried a bouquet of her own culling and arranging, and left it in the warehouse for Mr. Warren. On neither of these occasions did she find him. A big dog growled at her so fiercely the last time she went in that she did not go again.

Now and then, at distant intervals, Mr. Warren went down to the garden to inquire about the child. He generally made these visits during the school hours, very rarely he encountered her in person. The extent of what he desired to know concerning her seemed to be if she were steadily at work, studious, well-contented. And of Miss Alice, whether she yet wearied of her charge, or was dissatisfied with her engagement. As to the papers it came at last to be three years, and would soon be four, since they were placed in his hands, yet their seal was still unbroken. On the day they came into his possession when he returned to the warehouse, after having disposed of Serene, he retired to his desk intending to investigate the package. But while he yet lingered over the address his purpose was changed. If you will burn the body of my friend bring back no urn of dust. My heart indignantly rejects this paltry evidence of all that was once glorious to me. Let him rest till the great conflagration, in which I also shall be consumed.

Mr. Warren put away the roll; put it out of sight. Doubtless sometime it would be out of mind.

Once he happened to arrive at the garden gate just as Serene was going forth to school. Of course it was a chance. He walked with her, and talked with her; and this might be reported as the only conversation into which he had ever entered with the child.

It was about the school he questioned her; her teacher, her lessons, her playmates. So it was but natural that he should speak at last of Greenfield and her former home. But natural that *she* should speak also of her mother, to her mother's friend. Through his long silence she had been gaining courage for *this*, and her purpose was of such premeditation that the words she spoke sounded abrupt to him, even audacious, so determined they were.

"Do you recollect my mamma very well, Sir?"

"Yes, quite well," he answered; she did not mind his tone.

"But it is a long time since you were in Greenfield, Sir."

"Twelve years, about."

"My papa died twelve years ago. Did you ever see him, Sir?"

"Yes; I knew him too. I knew every body in Greenfield twelve years ago."

These words, much more the way in which he spoke them, encouraged Serene to ask,

"Grandpapa, too?"

"Yes; I came near to being a miller once. You wouldn't suppose that. It was when I was a young lad, though. Every body fails at milling, so it was a fortunate thing for me I got out of the business while I was young enough to turn my hand to something else. Don't you think so?"

"If you had staid in grandpa's mill—I don't know. It was his miller that ruined him—you wouldn't."

"I should have made a poor one at it, I'm very sure of that. This place is pleasanter to live in, besides, than Greenfield ever was."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly. Why, what is there in that little village?"

"It is such a pretty place. But I do not want to go back, indeed. There is only the grave-yard I would like to see if I should go. How do you remember my mamma, Sir? I have been trying to think how she must have looked so long ago. But I can not. I shut my eyes and think as far back as I can remember; it is always like looking at the white flowers in the garden. They make me sad."

Now Mr. Warren was as well aware as you or I what it was that had opened Serene's lips to speak thus. She had desperately seized hold of opportunity—was asking questions aloud which she had proposed to herself over and over again in solitude, waiting till he should come and talk to her about her mother, his old friend, and the past. The opportunity had surprised her, and if she had stopped to think of herself now, that attitude of that self would have surprised her.

Not without an effort Mr. Warren answered, yet he answered kindly,

"She was a very lovely woman when I saw her last."

"It was twelve years ago. She was just sixteen," said Serene.

"Only sixteen—happy, and beautiful. Just what youth should be."

"She said, when she was talking about sending me to you, that the thought must have come from God, it made her so content. But I have been afraid you did not like it because I came. I wanted to say so, Sir. Miss Alice has been telling me about the hospital you built, and all the children there—it was so kind of you not to put me in with them! I think I shall be a good deal of help to Peter by-and-by, and I am trying to learn all I can at school. I am so grateful; but pretty soon I shall be able to take care of myself."

These words spoken, the reader knows how, Mr. Warren permitted her to speak to the end. In the first place, they surprised him so much that he had no words at command wherewith to interrupt her; secondly, he felt too much agitated by her agitation: the same storm disturbed the girl and the man. When he answered, it was with kindness and composure.

"Yes, you are right about helping Miss Alice. You can make yourself useful to her in a great many ways. Idleness is sin. But you must consider that I feel I am the one benefited by being allowed to serve you. I am under great obligations to your grandfather for assistance he gave me when I was a boy; and it is good for me to be able to do you a kindness. So you must not think any thing more about that. You may study as hard as you please, though. It is a good thing to feel that you are able to help yourself in this world."

This was the longest and most confidential conversation that passed between Mr. Warren and Serene during the three years that followed her advent.

Since then she had been growing every day, in various ways. He saw it from a distance, but laid no special stress upon the fact.

When Mr. Warren walked out of the warehouse that night, displeased with the effeminate indication he discovered in the counting-room—namely, the flower-garnished desk, he went in the direction of White's Garden, walking much as though he had a purpose. But before he came to the garden he turned back again.

If he had gone on to the end what would he have discovered? Nothing. Peter making better provision for the security of certain outdoor plants against the night wind, that promised to be chill. His sister Alice sitting in the dark breathing in perfume and watching the fire-flies among the blossoms. A little while ago Serene had said,

"Aunt Alice, may I walk a little way with Edward?" Edward was a distant cousin of the bachelor and old maid. There could be no objection to Serene's walking a little way with him. They all knew that the good lad might be trusted to the ends of the earth with any kind of treasure.

"Don't go beyond the square," was her only caution; for Alice had her theory about alanthus-trees, and the danger of walking in their shade by night.

That was not the danger that would have occurred to Mr. Warren.

So "the children" were now walking up and down the street, astonished at the bliss of finding themselves together and alone.

They were talking about common things enough. About the wonderful cereus that opened last night—about the school, the warehouse, and the garden. But every word spoken by either was a marvelous item of talk. He thought so—so did she. The unfolding of an idea or sentiment seemed to the unfolder sacred and to the witness wonderful.

While they stood for a moment outside the park, watching the fountain's play in the moonlight, they both turned at the same instant and looked behind them, and then at each other. Mr. Warren was going down the street. He looked across as he went down, and his gaze seemed to fasten upon them determinedly, but he did not pause or turn. Only it was as if, by

that mere glance of observation, some sharp, enormous wedge had been driven in between them.

At the same moment they began to walk in the direction opposite that in which he went. They were going home. They had meant not to go so soon.

As they went forward their thoughts ran into the past. Edward said, "It seems to me, Serene, I must have known you all the same, if it hadn't been for Paul. Do you think I would?" Before she could answer, he added, "You don't know how often I think of the first time you left the flowers for him. He put them into a vial of water, and when I came home he sat holding it, and looking like a little lily himself."

"Yes, a lily of the valley. Just as sweet, and in the shadow of such good broad leaves, two leaves, your mother and you."

"Where did you see him? How did it happen, Serene?" He spoke with such a voice as we hear when emotion has seized the speaker's soul, and left nothing audible but tenderness and love

"He was sitting on the door-step, and as I was running along I stumbled and fell; it was just before I came up to the house."

"I remember." He never could forget. "I think some angel must have been lying in wait there to bear thee up when thou didst dash thy foot against a stone."

"I fell though, Edward, flat."

"Then it was a Providential tripping. But for that you might never have looked into our house and seen that little angel."

"Do you know, Edward, I feel like shouting every time I think of him. I am so glad. How beautiful must heaven be to him! How beautiful was the glimpse we had of it from his bedside when he was going! He can run, and not be weary. I think he will know my mother there. Do you?"

"That was one thing that made me feel so easy when I gave him up."

"Do you remember," said Serene, after a silence longer than was usual between them—"do you remember the day when I ran in with the bouquet, when the rain came down so sudden—do you remember that?"

"Can I ever forget it? You set me to thinking such queer thoughts! You were afraid when I took you under my umbrella to the schoolhouse."

"Not so afraid as I was once."

"When Mr. Warren took you to the Garden? The day you first came here?"

"Yes."

"But he is a very kind man. The kindest man I ever knew. The most just and the most honorable."

"I know it. Do you love him, Edward?"

"I honor him, Serene, more than I can express."

"Yes; but he is so great—you can't love him."

"He *is* great, and I venerate him. But—I love him too. Yes, I love him, Serene. I love him as I never loved any man besides. I could do any thing for him."

"He won't let you, though. He don't want it."

"Do you think so?"

"Do not you?"

"No."

"If you wanted to show your love to him any way, would he let you? Would he like it? Would he be *glad* about it? I think he wouldn't. I can not help that. 'Tis no fault of mine. He don't want me even to be grateful to him. That makes me feel as if I must keep a strict account of every thing he does for me, so I can pay him back again. But I would never think of trying to pay Aunt Alice. She lets me love her. So we are even. What made you think I was afraid of you that day?"

"Afraid of *me!* I never thought that, Serene. I felt proud, I can tell you, when I saw you stepping along in the overshoes I ran out and bought for you, since you had started for school without first looking aloft, or you would never have been so improvident. When I found you had left the money with mother to pay for them you don't know how that hurt me."

"Your pride, you mean, you proud boy!"

"I mean *me*, just as if my mother had refused to take a little gift from me. It was all right, though, of course. I saw that long ago, and I'm glad you did it."

"I shall never forget how your mother looked when she made me sit down and put those shoes on my feet, nor how poor little Paul looked, sitting there with the japonicas in his hand."

"How did she look, Serene?"

"As if I was her child, and must do just what she said. I wouldn't have hindered her if I could. It was so good to feel like a child to somebody."

"Dear child!" said Edward, in a tremulous undertone.

They now walked on in silence, two fair and noble children, as full of love and adoration as two seraphs. At last they came to the garden gate. Serene said:

"Will you come in and look at the baskets we have been covering with moss? There is a Madeira vine that has grown three feet in a week. You can see it stretch out its arms."

"Not to-night, Serene. I left the flowers you gave me on my desk. Don't you think they will be lonely there?"

"It would be lonely to think of you down there with not a bit of bloom about you."

"Some time when I have a garden of my own the flowers shall all be everlasting. They won't fade."

"Never!"

How did the light laugh that accompanied this word fall on the ear of the man who paused suddenly in the shadow of trees over yonder—the witness of their parting? He invoked the flaming sword that should exile Edward Camp from that garden forever.

Edward went home, thinking by the way of Mr. Warren as well as of Serene. *Did* this young man really love his benefactor? Love can sacrifice without complaint, and perfect love without pain. Could he without complaint?

Mr. Warren went into his warehouse the next morning with determination. Edward was in the counting-room working at his books—but at play one might have deemed from the light of his countenance. He looked up and gave the morning salutation, full of deference and respect, when Mr. Warren came in, and continued his work without a moment's delay.

There were fresh flowers on the desk, culled that very morning.

"It is very close in here," said Mr. Warren, walking to the window; "stifling! What kind of flowers *are* these? They must be poisonous, from their sickening odor."

Edward did not smile. The displeasure he had seemed to foreknow was real. He took the offending vase of flowers quietly from his desk and locked it up in a closet.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Warren.

"The flowers must not offend you, Sir; yet they seem too pretty to throw away. I'll take them home at noon."

Mr. Warren walked about, looked out of the window, whistled a strain. Presently he came back toward the desk, and asked, with a good show of indifference,

"Edward, how old are you?"

"Twenty, Sir."

"Have you had any guardian except your mother?"

"None, Sir."

"Never had?"

"I ought to except yourself, Sir. I may say that."

"I always hoped you would consider my interest in you more than that of an ordinary employer."

"I always have."

Edward spoke with warmth. At that instant he recalled last night's words, "Do you love him? He won't let you!" He was ready with a "Yes" still more emphatic than last night's.

Mr. Warren now walked twice across the room before he stood, and said,

"There was a young girl, a mere child, put into my keeping, whom I have left with Alice White for some time back. Do you know about her?"

"Yes, Sir, I know about her."

Mr. Warren now spoke hurriedly; he did not invite or wish a farther confession.

"So I have heard," said he. "I learned that you were in the habit of walking about with her a good deal. It will do you no good, but it *will* do you harm. It will distract your thoughts from business. You have plenty of things to think of and attend to that belong to you. Your mother depends upon you, and you have your own way to make. You ought not to place yourself under new obligations for ten years at least. I don't want to see your prospects jeopardized by any rash acts or engagements. I design to carry out the purpose I have cherished since I first had any dealings with you. You understand. I do not wish these visits or walks to be continued."

Gratitude and honor to wage war with love! Edward was dumb.

"What do you determine?" asked Mr. Warren, at length.

"I have no choice, Sir," said Edward; "if she were not your ward and charge, then—"

"Then—well?"

"Then I should have to decide, Sir, between my love for her and her love for me, and her dependent condition, and the gratitude I owe you for placing me where it was possible to obtain such a love."

"How long would that take you?"

"God knows. But she is your ward."

"I have never found that gratitude hindered a person from any course of conduct he preferred. This business between you and me must be fair and open, Edward. If you stay here those walks and visits must not be continued."

"Very well, Sir."

"You must cease to think of her."

"It may be possible—"

"Possible! Let me tell you, boy, if ever you owed me gratitude it is at this moment. I have been accustomed to think of you as a strong man—"

"But, Sir! do you not—does it not seem—is it not frightful to take the life out of a man?"

A blow would not have fallen so truly and heavily as these words on Mr. Warren.

He stood up as if he had been thrown.

"You will not talk that way, because you won't *feel* that way, six months from now. I want to save you from foolishness. The least misstep here may blight your life as mine was blighted. So I am willing to seem even cruel and harsh, even tyrannical, to-day, if you will love me the better for it hereafter."

"Love"—he used that word! The great word that had not for years been upon his lips, he seemed to take it now, and kneel with it before the young man, who stood erect yet submissive, listening with terror to the gentle and entreating voice that doomed him.

How long before chaos when you have extinguished the sun?

Miss Alice said, "I don't know but it's the green-house, or working too much in the garden. Something is the matter with Serene."

She said this to Peter. Peter the innocent thereupon used various soft devices for keeping Serene out of the garden, and for excluding her from the hot-houses. In vain—she smiled down his barriers, and walked through triumphant; yet, it must be said, not very loftily: she had, in fact, something besides victory over Peter to reflect upon in these days.

By-and-by Miss Alice, in a sort of desperation, went further—even to the warehouse. She had been troubled day and night for weeks past by Serene's silence, her sadness, and the hard work she made of study. Early in the morning, late at night, she was poring over her school-books. It was killing her. Besides, what did she mean by it? Would not Mr. Warren look into this business?

Mr. Warren had been reading a brief biography of himself in a religious newspaper that morning. It seemed he was a saint. He had blushed when he read the sketch, and he blushed now when he listened to Alice White's report.

"I must see to that," he said; and Alice required for her satisfaction nothing more than this. Any thing that Mr. Warren promised to "see to" was predestined to "come right."

What was he going to see to? How long his sense of justice would maintain itself against such enemies to his peace as had arisen in these children, who owed to him whatever of happiness or misery they at present found in life.

To such a pass as this his forgiveness of injuries had brought him. The man's foes were now of his own household. He was enslaved of the justice he had thought to nobly serve. He stood on the threshold of heaven and knew it not. Michael, with a sword, was on his left hand; Gabriel, with a crown, upon his right. Which should advance nearer?

But the thing he "must see to" he let see to itself—not from indifference or forgetfulness. He held that certain evils are fostered by reputed remedial agents. That these two should love each other was an evil. Why? Because *he* had forgiven Edward's father, and loved the youth as a son, and intended that he should be his heir. Because he had *not* forgiven Serene's mother, though he said he had, and did not love the girl as he would love a daughter. Sufficient reasons for the unsuspected means employed to keep himself informed of all that passed between these two after his interdict. Was he satisfied when he had proved to himself that as much passed between them as between the inmates of two graves? He could not ask for obedience more implicit than was yielded to his wish, nor for surer evidences than he had of honor kept bright, and by nature incorruptible. Was he satisfied?

One day Serene came to him with an open letter and various explanations, to the effect, announced with all simplicity, that her offer of service in a distant school had been accepted by the principal, Miss Gray's recommendation being deemed all-sufficient. And now, in consequence, she was to begin her duties within a month, at the incredible salary of three hundred dollars! Yes, Sir! Three hundred dollars!

"Because," she explained, the instant he had finished his letter, before he could speak a word, "it is what I have always wanted to do. I always meant to teach, you know. It is what I used to talk about with my mother. I shall like it ever so much. And I owe it all to you, Sir, that I am the least bit competent." Again, as once before, she stooped and kissed his hand. That hand was holding, somewhat tremulously, the letter she had given him. He did not withdraw it suddenly, as once. He said, gravely,

"If you have been thinking of this such a while, and even negotiating, it seems, I would not have taken it amiss if you had let me know. I assure you I would not have abused such confidence."

"Oh, Mr. Warren!"

"I am not surprised, though, at your desire for independence—I mean, independence of me."

"No, no, indeed; I assure you that is not it!" exclaimed Serene.

He understood that it was not only her intention to argue that point with him, but also to hold fast her purpose, and he went on:

"The only thing is, you have just the amount of energy and strength to make you an invalid for life, after you have gone through with a little service of this sort. I have seen it tried. A very little will be sufficient for you, Serene. Do you think I can consent to suicide?"

Tears filled Serene's eyes. She looked crushed. She stood dumb. It was evident that she knew not what to do. What should she do? Resist? Resent? Rebel? She seemed terrified, yet not at him: at her loneliness, her helplessness; at the fate standing with hidden face, but hand laid strongly upon her.

"Oh," she cried, "if I had but my mother to advise me!"

It was that outbreak of weakness, that voice of despair, that overwhelmed decision and strength. It pierced Mr. Warren through heart and soul. It seemed to snatch him up from his firm foundations, and sweep him onward to the Judgment Throne. They called him a just man. Just man he was. But here was a just God! He forgot his rights, his wrongs; forgot that he had loved with passion in his youth, and won and lost; forgot that after his marriage was confessed the father of his bride, Cyrenus Hall, divorced his daughter from him, and found a court to substantiate his decree; forgot that his wife's weakness was sin, and that her fear was treachery; forgot that only in the hour of her death she gave his child to him. He knew but this, that he was in the hands of Love, the Avenger, and he said: "Serene, you have your father, if you have not your mother, to advise you. My child, read this letter. Tell me if you have not both."

And, well knowing what he did, he actually gave into the girl's hands the letter Serene had seen her mother writing to "her old friend" in the days when she was dying.

So he stood up again before the Lord God in the Garden. The flaming sword need guard its gates no more. Edward was free to enter.

Passion-flowers and roses arch above the lily. Where Love stands Avenged and Avenger, there is the Court of Heaven. There are the Angels.

[THACKERAY, at the time of his death, was engaged in writing a novel for the *Cornhill* Magazine, to be published simultaneously in *Harper*. Four or five monthly "Parts" had been completed when the hand of the Master was arrested. Of this story CHARLES DICKENS writes: "On the table before me there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story.....In respect of earnestness of feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page.....And it is very remarkable that by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind, concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen."—A Fragment as it is and must ever remain, it must find a place in our pages.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

DENIS DUVAL.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY TREE.

TO plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, *sus. per coll.* in the reign of Charles II., dangling from a top branch. But this is only my joke with her High Mightiness my wife, and his Serene Highness my son. None of us Duvals have been *suspercollated* to my knowledge. As a boy, I have tasted a rope's-end often enough, but not round my neck: and the persecutions endured by my ancestors in France for our Protestant religion, which we early received and steadily maintained, did not bring death upon us, as upon many of our faith, but only fines and poverty, and exile from our native country.

The world knows how the bigotry of Lewis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of the British crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea, in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time, and the dreadful day of Saint Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people; another *fester Burg*, where, under Britannia's sheltering buckler, we have been free to exercise our father's worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.

My grandfather was elder and precentor of the church of Winchelsea, the pastor being Monsieur Denis, father of Rear-admiral Sir Peter Denis, Baronet, my kind and best patron. He sailed with Anson in the famous *Centurion*, and obtained his first promotion through that great seaman: and of course you will all remember that it was Captain Denis who brought our good Queen Charlotte to England (7th September, 1761) after a stormy passage of nine days, from Stade. As a child I was taken to his house in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, and also to the admiral's country seat, Valence, near Westerham, in Kent, where Colonel Wolfe lived, father of the famous General James Wolfe, the glorious conqueror of Quebec.*

My father, who was of a wandering disposition, happened to be at Dover in the year 1761, when the Commissioners passed through, who were on their way to sign the Treaty of Peace, known as the Peace of Paris. He had parted, after some hot words, I believe, from his mother, who was, like himself, of a quick temper, and he was on the look-out for employment when Fate threw these gentlemen in his way. Mr. Duval spoke English, French, and German, his parents being of Alsace, and Mr. —— having need of a confidential person to attend him, who was master of the languages, my father offered himself, and was accepted mainly through the good offices of Captain Denis, our patron, whose ship was then in the Downs. Being at Paris, father must needs visit Alsace, our native country, and having scarce one guinea to rub against another, of course chose to fall in love with my mother and marry her out of hand. *Mons. mon père*, I fear, was but a prodigal; but he was his

* I remember a saying of G—— Aug–st–s S–lw–n, Esq., regarding the General, which has not been told, as far as I know, in the anecdotes. A Macaroni guardsman, speaking of Mr. Wolfe, asked, "Was he a Jew? Wolfe was a Jewish name." "Certainly," says Mr. S–lw–n, "Mr. Wolfe was the *Height of Abraham*."

parents' only living child, and when he came home to Winchelsea, hungry and penniless, with a wife in his hand, they killed their fattest calf, and took both wanderers in. A short while after her marriage my mother inherited some property from her parents in France, and most tenderly nursed my grandmother through a long illness, in which the good lady died. Of these matters I knew nothing personally, being at the time a child two or three years old; crying and sleeping, drinking and eating, growing, and having my infantile ailments, like other little darlings.

A violent woman was my mother, jealous, hot, and domineering, but generous and knowing how to forgive. I fancy my papa gave her too many opportunities of exercising this virtue, for, during his brief life, he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, and was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea; but the cause of his death I never knew until my good friend Sir Peter Denis told me in later years, when I had come to have troubles of my own.

I was born on the same day with His Royal Highness the Duke of York, viz. the 13th of August, 1763, and used to be called the Bishop of Osnaburg by the boys in Winchelsea, where between us French boys and the English boys I promise you there was many a good battle. Besides being *ancien* and precentor of the French church at Winchelsea, grandfather was a perruquier and barber by trade, and, if you must know it, I have curled and powdered a gentleman's head before this, and taken him by the nose and shaved him. I do not brag of having used lather and brush: but what is the use of disguising any thing? *Tout se sçait*, as the French have it, and a great deal more too. There is Sir Humphrey Howard, who served with me second-lieutenant in the *Meleager*—he says he comes from the N—f-lk Howards; but his father was a shoemaker, and we always called him Humphrey Snob in the gun-room.

In France very few wealthy ladies are accustomed to nurse their children, and the little ones are put out to farmers' wives, and healthy nurses, and perhaps better cared for than by their own meagre mothers. My mother's mother, an honest farmer's wife in Lorraine (for I am the first gentleman of my family, and chose my motto* of *fecimus ipsi* not with pride, but with humble thanks for my good fortune), had brought up Mademoiselle Clarisse de Viomesnil, a Lorraine lady, between whom and her foster-sister there continued a tender friendship long after the marriage of both. Mother came to England the wife of Monsieur mon papa; and Mademoiselle de Viomesnil married in her own country. She was of the Protestant branch of the Viomesnil, and all the poorer in consequence of her parents' fidelity to their religion. Other members of the family were of the Catholic religion, and held in high esteem at Versailles.

Some short time after my mother's arrival in England she heard that her dear foster-sister Clarisse was going to marry a Protestant gentleman of Lorraine, Vicomte de Barr, only son of M. le Comte de Saverne, a chamberlain to his Polish Majesty King Stanislas, father of the French Queen. M. de Saverne, on his son's marriage, gave up to the Vicomte de Barr his house at Saverne, and here for a while the newly-married couple lived. I do not say the young couple, for the Vicomte de Barr was five-and-twenty years older than his wife, who was but eighteen when her parents married her. As my mother's eyes were very weak, or, to say truth, she was not very skillful in reading, it used to be my lot as a boy to spell out my lady Viscountess's letters to her *sœur de lait*, her good Ursule: and many a smart rap with the rolling-pin have I had over my noddle from mother as I did my best to read. It was a word and a blow with mother. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child, and that I suppose is the reason why I am so well grown—six feet two in my stockings, and fifteen stone four last Tuesday, when I was weighed along with our pig. Mem.—My neighbor's hams at Rose Cottage are the best in all Hampshire.

I was so young that I could not understand all I read. But I remember mother used to growl in her rough way (she had a grenadier height and voice, and a pretty smart pair of black whiskers too)—my mother used to cry out, "She suffers—my Biche is unhappy—she has got a bad husband. He is a brute. All men are brutes;" and with this she would glare at grandpapa, who was a very humble little man, and trembled before his *bru*, and obeyed her most obsequiously. Then mother would vow she would go home, she would go and succor her *biche;* but who would take care of these two imbeciles? meaning me and my grandpapa. Besides, Madame Duval was wanted at home. She dressed many ladies' heads, with very great taste, in the French way, and could shave, friz, cut hair, and tie a queue along with the best barber in the county. Grandfather and the apprentice wove the wigs; when I was at home I was too young for that work, and was taken off from it, and sent to a famous good school, Pocock's grammar-school at Rye, where I learned to speak English like a Briton—born as I am—and not as we did at home, where we used a queer Alsatian jargon of French and German. At Pocock's I got a little smattering of Latin, too, and plenty of fighting for the first month or two. I remember my patron coming to see me in uniform, blue and white laced with gold, silk stockings and white breeches, and two of his officers along with him. "Where is Denis Duval?" says he, peeping into our school-room, and all the boys looking round with wonder at the great gentleman. Master Denis Duval was standing on a bench at that very moment for punishment for fighting I suppose, with a black eye as big as an

* The admiral insisted on taking or on a bend sable, three razors displayed proper, with the above motto. The family have adopted the mother's coat of arms.

omelette. "Denis would do very well if he would keep his fist off other boys' noses," says the master, and the captain gave me a seven-shilling piece, and I spent it all but twopence before the night was over, I remember. While I was at Pocock's I boarded with Mr. Rudge, a tradesman, who besides being a grocer at Rye was in the sea-faring way, and part owner of a fishing-boat; and he took *some very queer fish* in his nets, as you shall hear soon. He was a chief man among the Wesleyans, and I attended his church with him, not paying much attention to those most serious and sacred things in my early years, when I was a thoughtless boy, caring for nothing but lollipops, hoops, and marbles.

Captain Denis was a very pleasant, lively gentleman, and on this day he asked the master, Mr. Coates, what was the Latin for a holiday, and hoped Mr. C. would give one to his boys. Of course we sixty boys shouted yes to that proposal; and as for me, Captain Denis cried out, "Mr. Coates, I *press* this fellow with the black eye here, and intend to take him to dine with me at the Star." You may be sure I skipped off my bench and followed my patron. He and his two officers went to the Star, and after dinner called for a crown bowl of punch, and though I would drink none of it, never having been able to bear the taste of rum or brandy, I was glad to come out and sit with the gentlemen, who seemed to be amused with my childish prattle. Captain Denis asked me what I learned, and I dare say I bragged of my little learning: in fact, I remember talking in a pompous way about Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, and I have no doubt gave myself very grand airs. He asked whether I liked Mr. Rudge, the grocer, with whom I boarded. I did not like him much, I said, but I hated Miss Rudge and Bevil the apprentice most because they were always..... here I stopped. "But there is no use in telling tales out of school," says I. "We don't do that at Pocock's, we don't."

And what was my grandmother going to make of me? I said I should like to be a sailor, but a gentleman sailor, and fight for King George. And if I did I would bring all my prize-money home to Agnes—that is, almost all of it, only keep a little of it for myself.

"And so you like the sea, and go out sometimes?" asks Mr. Denis.

Oh yes, I went out fishing. Mr. Rudge had a half share of a boat along with grandfather, and I used to help to clean her, and was taught to steer her, with many a precious slap on the head if I got her in the wind; and they said I was a very good look-out. I could see well, and remember bluffs and headlands, and so forth; and I mentioned several places, points of our coast, ay, and the French coast too well I know.

"And what do you fish for?" asks the captain.

"Oh, Sir, I'm not to say any thing about that, Mr. Rudge says!" on which the gentlemen roared with laughter. *They* knew Master Rudge's game, though I in my innocence did not understand it.

"And so you won't have a drop of punch?" asks Captain Denis.

"No, Sir; I made a vow I would not, when I saw Miss Rudge so queer."

"Miss Rudge is often queer, is she?"

"Yes, the nasty pig! And she calls names, and slips down stairs, and knocks the cups and saucers about, and fights the apprentice, and—but I mustn't say any thing more. I never tell tales, I don't!"

In this way I went on prattling with my patron and his friends, and they made me sing them a song in French, and a song in German, and they laughed and seemed amused at my antics and capers. Captain Denis walked home with me to our lodgings, and I told him how I liked Sunday the best day of the week—that is, every other Sunday—because I went away quite early, and walked three miles to mother and grandfather at Winchelsea, and saw Agnes.

And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her. To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to very, very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to deserve her. I might have remained, but for her, in my humble native lot, to be neither honest nor happy, but that my good angel yonder succored me. All I have I owe to her: but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more?

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF SAVERNE.

Mademoiselle de Saverne came from Alsace, where her family occupied a much higher rank than that held by the worthy Protestant pastor from whom her humble servant is descended. Her mother was a Viomesnil, her father was of a noble Alsatian family, Counts of Barr and Saverne. The old Count de Saverne was alive, and a chamberlain in the court of his Polish Majesty good King Stanislas at Nancy, when his son the Vicomte de Barr, a man already advanced in years, brought home his blooming young bride to that pretty little capital.

The Count de Saverne was a brisk and cheery old gentleman, as his son was gloomy and severe. The count's hotel at Nanci was one of the gayest of the little court. His Protestantism was by no means austere. He was even known to regret that there were no French convents for noble damsels of the Protestant confession, as there were across the Rhine, where his own two daughters might be bestowed out of the way. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne were ungainly in appearance, fierce and sour in temper, resembling, in these particulars, their brother Mons. le Baron de Barr.

In his youth Monsieur de Barr had served not without distinction, being engaged against Messieurs the English at Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, where he had shown both courage and capacity. His Protestantism prevented his promotion in the army. He left it, steadfast in his faith, but soured in his temper. He did not care for whist or music, like his easy old father. His appearance at the count's little suppers was as cheerful as a death's-head at a feast. M. de Barr only frequented these entertainments to give pleasure to his young wife, who pined and was wretched in the solitary family mansion of Saverne, where the Vicomte took up his residence when first married.

He was of an awful temper, and subject to storms of passion. Being a very conscientious man he suffered extremely after one of these ebullitions of rage. Between his alternations of anger and remorse his life was a sad one; his household trembled before him, and especially the poor little wife whom he had brought out of her quiet country village to be the victim of his rage and repentances. More than once she fled to the old Count of Saverne at Nanci, and the kindly selfish old gentleman used his feeble endeavors to protect his poor little daughter-in-law. Quickly after these quarrels letters would arrive, containing vows of the most abject repentance on the baron's part. These matrimonial campaigns followed a regular course. First rose the outbreak of temper; then the lady's flight ensued to papa-in-law at Nanci; then came letters expressive of grief; then the repentant criminal himself arrived, whose anguish and cries of mea culpa were more insupportable than his outbreaks of rage. After a few years Madame de Barr lived almost entirely with her father-in-law at Nanci, and was scarcely seen in her husband's gloomy mansion of Saverne.

For some years no child was born of this most unhappy union. Just when poor king Stanislas came by his lamentable death (being burned at his own fire), the old Count de Saverne died, and his son found that he inherited little more than his father's name and title of Saverne, the family estate being greatly impoverished by the late count's extravagant and indolent habits, and much weighed down by the portions awarded to the Demoiselles de Saverne, the elderly sisters of the present elderly lord.

The town-house at Nanci was shut up for a while; and the new lord of Saverne retired to his castle with his sisters and his wife. With his Catholic neighbors the stern Protestant gentlemen had little communion; and the society which frequented his dull house chiefly consisted of Protestant clergymen who came from the other side of the Rhine. Along its left bank, which had only become French territory of late years, the French and German languages were spoken indifferently; in the latter language M. de Saverne was called the Herr von Zabern. After his father's death, Herr von Zabern may have melted a little; but he soon became as moody, violent, and ill-conditioned as ever the Herr von Barr had been.

Saverne was a little country town, with the crumbling old Hôtel de Saverne in the centre of the place, and a straggling street stretching on either side. Behind the house were melancholy gardens, squared and clipped after the ancient French fashion, and, beyond the garden wall, some fields and woods, part of the estate of the Saverne family. These fields and woods were fringed by another great forest, which had once been the property of the house of Saverne, but had been purchased from the late easy proprietor, by Messeigneurs de Rohan, Princes of Empire, of France, and the Church, cardinals, and archbishops of Strasbourg, between whom and their gloomy Protestant neighbor there was no good-will. Not only questions of faith separated them, but questions of *chasse*. The Count de Saverne, who loved shooting, and beat his meagre woods for game with a couple of lean dogs, and a fowling-piece over his shoulder, sometimes came in sight of the grand hunting parties of Monseigneur the Cardinal, who went to the chase like a prince as he was, with piqueurs and horn-blowers, whole packs of dogs, and a troop of gentlemen in his uniform. Not seldom his Eminence's keepers and M. de Saverne's solitary garde-chasse had quarrels. "Tell your master that I will shoot any red legs which come upon my land," M. de Saverne said, in one of these controversies, as he held up a partridge which he had just brought down; and the keeper knew the moody nobleman would be true to his word,

Two neighbors so ill-disposed toward one another were speedily at law: and in the courts at Strasbourg a poor provincial gentleman was likely to meet with scanty justice when opposed to such a powerful enemy as the Prince Archbishop of the province, one of the greatest noblemen of the kingdom. Boundary questions, in a land where there are no hedges, game, forest, and fishery questions—how can I tell, who am no lawyer, what set the gentlemen at loggerheads? In later days I met one M. Georgel, an abbé who had been a secretary of the prince cardinal, and he told me that M. de Saverne was a headlong, violent, ill-conditioned little *mauvais coucheur*, as they say in France, and ready to quarrel with or without a reason.

These quarrels naturally took the Count de Saverne to his advocates and lawyers at Strasbourg, and he would absent himself for days from home, where his poor wife was perhaps not sorry to be rid of him. It chanced on one of these expeditions to the chief town of his province, that he fell in with a former comrade in his campaigns of Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, an officer of Soubise's regiment, the Baron de la Motte.* Lamotte had been destined to the

* That unlucky Prince de Rohan was to suffer by another Delamotte, who, with his "Valois" of a wife, played such a notorious part in the famous "diamond necklace" business, but the two *worthies* were not, I believe, related.—D. D.

Church, like many cadets of good family; but his elder brother dying he was released from the tonsure and the seminary, and entered the army under good protection. Mademoiselles de Saverne remembered this M. de la Motte at Nanci in old days. He bore the worst of characters; he was gambler, intriguer, duelist, profligate. I suspect that most gentlemen's reputations came off ill under the tongues of these old ladies, and have heard *of other countries* where *mesdemoiselles* are equally hard to please. "Well, have we not all our faults?" I imagine M. de Saverne saying, in a rage. "Is there no such thing as calumny? Are we never to repent, if we have been wrong? I know he has led a wild youth. Others may have done as much. But prodigals have been reclaimed ere now, and I for my part will not turn my back on this one." "Ah, I wish he had!" De la Motte said to me myself in later days, "but it was his fate, his fate!"

One day, then, the Count de Saverne returns home from Strasbourg with his new friend; presents the Baron de la Motte to the ladies of his house, makes the gloomy place as cheerful as he can for his guest, brings forth the best wine from his cave, and beats his best covers for game. I myself knew the baron some years later; a handsome, tall, sallow-faced man, with a shifty eye, a soft voice, and a grand manner. Monsieur de Saverne for his part was short, black, and ill-favored, as I have heard my mother say. But Mrs. Duval did not love him, fancying that he ill-treated her Biche. Where she disliked people, my worthy parent would never allow them a single good quality; but she always averred that Monsieur de la Motte was a perfect fine gentleman.

The intimacy between these two gentlemen increased apace. M. de la Motte was ever welcome at Saverne: a room in the house was called his room: their visitor was an acquaintance of their enemy the cardinal also, and would often come from the one château to the other. Laughingly he would tell how angry Monseigneur was with his neighbor. He wished he could make peace between the two houses. He gave quite good advice to Monsieur de Saverne, and pointed out the danger he ran in provoking so powerful an adversary. Men had been imprisoned for life for less reason. The cardinal might get a *lettre de cachet* against his obstinate opponent. He could, besides, ruin Saverne with fines and law-costs. The contest between the two was quite unequal, and the weaker party must inevitably be crushed, unless these unhappy disputes should cease. As far as the ladies of the house dared speak, they coincided in the opinion of M. de la Motte, and were for submission and reconciliation with their neighbors. Madame de Saverne's own relations heard of the feud, and implored the count to bring it to an end. It was one of these, the Baron de Viomesnil, going to command in Corsica, who entreated M. de Saverne to accompany him on the campaign. Any where the count was safer than in his own house with an implacable and irresistible enemy at his gate. M. de Saverne yielded to his kinsman's importunities. He took down his sword and pistols of Laufeldt from the wall, where they had hung for twenty years. He set the affairs of his house in order, and after solemnly assembling his family, and on his knees confiding it to the gracious protection of Heaven, he left home to join the suite of the French general.

A few weeks after he left home—several years after his marriage—his wife wrote to inform him that she was likely to be a mother. The stern man, who had been very unhappy previously, and chose to think that his wife's barrenness was a punishment of Heaven for some crime of his or hers, was very much moved by this announcement. I have still at home a German Bible which he used, and in which is written in the German a very affecting prayer composed by him, imploring the Divine blessing upon the child about to be born, and hoping that this infant might grow in grace, and bring peace and love and unity into the household. It would appear that he made no doubt he should have a son. His hope and aim were to save in every possible way for this child. I have read many letters of his which he sent from Corsica to his wife, and which she kept. They were full of strange minute orders as to the rearing and education of this son that was to be born. He enjoined saving amounting to niggardliness in his household, and calculated how much might be put away in ten, in twenty years, so that the coming heir might have a property worthy of his ancient name. In case he should fall in action, he laid commands upon his wife to pursue a system of the most rigid economy, so that the child at coming of age might be able to appear creditably in the world. In these letters, I remember, the events of the campaign were dismissed in a very few words: the main part of the letters consisted of prayers, speculations, and prophecies regarding the child, and sermons couched in the language of the writer's stern creed. When the child was born, and a girl appeared in place of the boy, upon whom the poor father had set his heart, I hear the family were so dismayed that they hardly dared to break the news to the chief of the house.

Who told me? The same man who said he wished he had never seen M. de Saverne; the man for whom the unhappy gentleman, ordinarily reserved, had conceived a warm friendship;—the man who was to bring a mysterious calamity upon those whom, as I do think, and in his selfish way, he loved sincerely, and he spoke at a time when he could have little desire to deceive me.

The lord of the castle is gone on the campaign. The *châtelaine* is left alone in her melancholy tower with her two dismal duennas. My good mother, speaking in later days about these matters, took up the part of her Biche against the ladies of Barr and their brother, and always asserted that the tyranny of the duennas, and

the meddling, and the verbosity, and the ill-temper of M. de Saverne himself, brought about the melancholy events which now presently ensued. The Count de Saverne was a little man (my mother said) who loved to hear himself talk, and who held forth from morning till night. His life was a fuss. He would weigh the coffee, and count the lumps of sugar, and have a finger in every pie in his frugal house. Night and morning he preached sermons to his family, and he continued to preach when not *en chaire*, laying down the law upon all subjects, untiringly voluble. Cheerfulness in the company of such a man was hypocrisy. Mesdames de Barr had to disguise their weariness, to assume an air of contentment, and to appear to be interested when the count preached. As for the count's sisters, they were accustomed to listen to their brother and lord with respectful submission. They had a hundred domestic occupations: they had baking and boiling, and pickling, and washing, and endless embroidery: the life of the little château was quite supportable to them. They knew no better. Even in their father's days, at Nanci, the ungainly women kept pretty much aloof from the world, and were little better than domestic servants in waiting on Monseigneur.

And Madame de Saverne, on her first entrance into the family, accepted the subordinate position meekly enough. She spun and she bleached, and she worked great embroideries, and busied herself about her house, and listened demurely while Monsieur le Comte was preaching. But then there came a time when her duties interested her no more, when his sermons became especially wearisome, when sharp words passed between her and her lord, and the poor thing exhibited symptoms of impatience and revolt. And with the revolt arose awful storms and domestic battles; and after battles submission, reconciliation, forgiveness, hypocrisy.

It has been said that Monsieur de Saverne loved the sound of his own croaking voice, and to hold forth to his home congregation. Night after night he and his friend M. de la Motte would have religious disputes together, in which the Huguenot gentleman flattered himself that he constantly had the better of the ex-pupil of the seminary. I was not present naturally, not setting my foot on French ground until five-and-twenty years after, but I can fancy the two gentlemen and madame the countess sitting at her tambour-frame, and the old duenna ladies at their cards, and the combat of the churches going on between these two champions in the little old saloon of the Hôtel de Saverne. "As I hope for pardon," M. de la Motte said to me at a supreme moment of his life, "and to meet those whom on earth I loved and made unhappy, no wrong passed between Clarisse and me, save that wrong which consisted in disguising from her husband the regard we had for one another. Once, twice, thrice, I went away from their house, but that unhappy Saverne would bring me back, and I was only too glad to return. I would let him talk for hours—I own it—so that I might be near Clarisse. I had to answer from time to time, and rubbed up my old seminary learning to reply to his sermons. I must often have spoken at random, for my thoughts were far away from the poor man's *radotages*, and he could no more change my convictions than he could change the color of my skin. Hours and hours thus passed away. They would have been intolerably tedious to others: they were not so to me. I preferred that gloomy little château to the finest place in Europe. To see Clarisse was all I asked. Denis! There is a power irresistible impelling all of us. From the moment I first set eyes on her I knew she was my fate. I shot an English grenadier at Hastenbeck, who would have bayoneted poor Saverne but for me. As I lifted him up from the ground I thought, 'I shall have to repent of ever having seen that man.' I felt the same thing, Duval, when I saw you." And as the unhappy gentleman spoke I remembered how I, for my part, felt a singular and unpleasant sensation as of terror and approaching evil when first I looked at that handsome, ill-omened face.

I thankfully believe the words which M. de la Motte spoke to me at a time when he could have no cause to disguise the truth; and am assured of the innocence of the Countess de Saverne. Poor lady! if she erred in thought, she had to pay so awful a penalty for her crime that we humbly hope it has been forgiven her. She was not true to her husband, though she did him no wrong. If, while trembling before him, she yet had dissimulation enough to smile and be merry, I suppose no preacher or husband would be very angry with her for *that* hypocrisy. I have seen a slave in the West Indies soundly cuffed for looking sulky; we expect our negroes to be obedient and to be happy too.

Now when M. de Saverne went away to Corsica, I suspect he was strongly advised to take that step by his friend M. de la Motte. When he was gone, M. de la Motte did not present himself at the Hôtel de Saverne, where an old school-fellow of his, a pastor and preacher from Kehl, on the German Rhine bank, was installed in command of the little garrison, from which its natural captain had been obliged to withdraw; but there is no doubt that poor Clarisse deceived this gentleman and her two sisters-in-law, and acted toward them with a very culpable hypocrisy.

Although there was a deadly feud between the two châteaux of Saverne—namely, the cardinal's new-built castle in the park, and the count's hotel in the little town—yet each house knew more or less of the other's doings. When the Prince Cardinal and his court were at Saverne, Mesdemoiselles de Barr were kept perfectly well informed of all the festivities which they did not share. In our little Fareport here, do not the Miss Prys, my neighbors, know what I have for dinner, the amount of my income, the price of my wife's last gown, and the items of my son's, Captain Scrapegrace's, tailor's bill? No doubt the ladies of Barr were equally well informed of

the doings of the Prince Coadjutor and his court. Such gambling, such splendor, such painted hussies from Strasbourg, such plays, masquerades, and orgies that took place in that castle! Mesdemoiselles had the very latest particulars of all these horrors, and the Cardinal's castle was to them as the castle of a wicked ogre. From her little dingy tower at night, Madame de Saverne could look out, and see the Cardinal's sixty palace windows all aflame. Of summer nights gusts of unhallowed music would be heard from the great house, where dancing festivals, theatrical pieces even, were performed. Though Madame de Saverne was forbidden by her husband to frequent those assemblies, the townspeople were up to the palace from time to time, and Madame could not help hearing of the doings there. In spite of the count's prohibition, his gardener poached in the cardinal's woods; one or two of the servants were smuggled in to see a fête or a ball; then Madame's own woman went; then Madame herself began to have a wicked longing to go, as Madame's first ancestress had for the fruit of the forbidden tree. Is not the apple always ripe on that tree, and does not the tempter forever invite you to pluck and eat? Madame de Saverne had a lively little waiting-maid, whose bright eyes loved to look into neighbors' parks and gardens, and who had found favor with one of the domestics of the Prince Archbishop. This woman brought news to her mistress of the feasts, balls, banquets, nay, comedies, which were performed at the Prince Cardinal's. The Prince's gentlemen went hunting in his uniform. He was served on plate, and a lackey in his livery stood behind each guest. He had the French comedians over from Strasbourg. Oh, that M. de Molière was a droll gentleman, and how grand the "Cid" was?

Now, to see these plays and balls, Marthe, the maid, must have had intelligence in and out of both the houses of Saverne. She must have deceived those old dragons, Mesdemoiselles. She must have had means of creeping out at the gate, and silently creeping back again. She told her mistress every thing she saw, acted the plays for her, and described the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. Madame de Saverne was never tired of hearing her maid's stories. When Marthe was going to a fête Madame lent her some little ornament to wear, and yet when Pasteur Schnorr and Mesdemoiselles talked of the proceedings at Great Saverne, and as if the fires of Gomorrah were ready to swallow up that palace and all within it, the lady of Saverne sat demurely in silence, and listened to their croaking and sermons. Listened? The pastor exhorted the household, the old ladies talked night after night, and poor Madame de Saverne never heeded. Her thoughts were away in Great Saverne; her spirit was forever hankering about those woods. Letters came now and again from M. de Saverne, with the army. They had been engaged with the enemy. Very good. He was unhurt. Heaven be praised; and then the grim husband read his poor little wife a grim sermon; and the grim sisters and the chaplain commented on it. Once, after an action at Calvi, Monsieur de Saverne, who was always specially lively in moments of danger, described how narrowly he had escaped with his life, and the chaplain took advantage of the circumstance, and delivered to the household a prodigious discourse on death, on danger, on preservation here and hereafter, and alas, and alas, poor Madame de Saverne found that she had not listened to a word of the homily. Her thoughts were not with the preacher, nor with the captain of Viomesnil's regiment before Calvi; they were in the palace at Great Saverne, with the balls, and the comedies, and the music, and the fine gentlemen from Paris and Strasbourg, and out of empire beyond the Rhine, who frequented the Prince's entertainments.

What happened where the wicked spirit was whispering "eat," and the tempting apple hung within reach? One night when the household was at rest and the infant had been nursed to sleep on its mother's breast, that luckless woman laid the child in its cradle, and, muffled in cloak and calash, with a female companion similarly disguised, tripped silently out of the back gate of the Hôtel de Saverne, found a carriole in waiting, with a driver who apparently knew the road and the passengers he was to carry, and after half an hour's drive through the straight avenues of the park of Great Saverne, alighted at the gates of the château, where the driver gave up the reins of the carriole to a domestic in waiting, and, by doors and passages which seemed perfectly well known to him, the coachman and the two women entered the castle together, and found their way to a gallery in a great hall, in which many lords and ladies were seated, and at the end of which was a stage, with curtain before it. Men and women came backward and forward on this stage, and recited a dialogue in verses. O mercy! it was a comedy they were acting, one of those wicked delightful plays which she was forbidden to see, and which she was longing to behold! After the comedy was to be a ball, in which the actors would dance in their stage habits. Some of the people were in masks already, and in that box near to the stage, surrounded by a little crowd of dominoes, sat Monseigneur the Prince Cardinal himself. Madame de Saverne had seen him and his cavalcade sometimes returning from hunting. She would have been as much puzzled to say what the play was about as to give an account of Pasteur Schnorr's sermon a few hours before. But Frontin made jokes with his master Damis; and Géronte locked up the doors of his house, and went to bed grumbling; and it grew quite dark, and Mathurine flung a rope-ladder out of window, and she and her mistress Elmire came down the ladder; and Frontin held it, and Elmire, with a little cry, fell into the arms of Mons. Damis; and master and man, and maid and mistress, sang a merry chorus together, in which human frailty was very cheerfully depict-

ed; and when they had done, away they went to the gondola which was in waiting at the canal stairs, and so good-night. And when old Géronte, wakened up by the disturbance, at last came forth in his night-cap, and saw the boat paddling away out of reach, you may be sure that the audience laughed at the poor impotent raging old wretch. It was a very merry play indeed, and is still popular and performed in France, and elsewhere.

After the play came a ball. Would madame dance? Would the noble Countess of Saverne dance with a coachman? There were others below on the dancing floor dressed in mask and domino as she was. Whoever said she had a mask and domino? You see it has been stated that she was muffled in cloak and calash. Well, is not a domino a cloak? and has it not a hood or calash appended to it? and, pray, do not women wear masks at home as well as the Ridotto?

Another question arises here. A high-born lady intrusts herself to a charioteer, who drives her to the castle of a prince her husband's enemy. Who was her companion? Of course he could be no other than that luckless Monsieur de la Motte. He had never been very far away from Madame de Saverne since her husband's departure. In spite of chaplains, and duennas, and guards, and locks and keys, he had found means of communicating with her. How? By what lies and stratagems? By what arts and bribery? These poor people are both gone to their account. Both suffered a fearful punishment. I will not describe their follies, and don't care to be Mons. Figaro, and hold the ladder and lantern, while the count scales Rosina's window. Poor, frightened, erring soul! She suffered an awful penalty for what, no doubt, was a great wrong.

A child almost, she was married to M. de Saverne, without knowing him, without liking him, because her parents ordered her, and because she was bound to comply with their will. She was sold, and went to her slavery. She lived at first obediently enough. If she shed tears, they were dried; if she quarreled with her husband, the two were presently reconciled. She bore no especial malice, and was as gentle, subordinate a slave as ever you shall see in Jamaica or Barbadoes. Nobody's tears were sooner dried, as I should judge: none would be more ready to kiss the hand of the overseer who drove her. But you don't expect sincerity and subservience too. I know, for my part, a lady who only obeys when she likes: and, faith! it may be it is *I* who am the hypocrite, and have to tremble and smile, and swindle before *her*.

When Madame de Saverne's time was nearly come, it was ordered that she should go to Strasbourg, where the best medical assistance is to be had: and here, six months after her husband's departure for Corsica, their child Agnes de Saverne was born.

Did secret terror and mental disquietude and remorse now fall on the unhappy lady? She wrote to my mother, at this time her only confidante (and yet not a confidante of all!)—"O Ursule! I dread this event. Perhaps I shall die. I think I hope I shall. In these long days, since he has been away, I have got so to dread his return that I believe I shall go mad when I see him. Do you know, after the battle before Calvi, when I read that many officers had been killed, I thought is M. de Saverne killed? And I read the list down, and his name was not there: and, my sister, my sister, I was not glad! Have I come to be such a monster as to wish my own husband.....No. I wish I was. I can't speak to Mr. Schnorr about this. He is so stupid. He doesn't understand me. He is like my husband; forever preaching me his sermons.

"Listen, Ursule! Speak it to nobody! I have been to hear a sermon. Oh, it was indeed divine! It was not from one of our pastors. Oh, how they weary me! It was from a good bishop of the *French* Church—not our *German* Church—the Bishop of Amiens—who happens to be here on a visit to the Cardinal Prince. The bishop's name is *M. de la Motte*. He is a relative of a gentleman of whom we have seen a great deal lately—of a great friend of M. de Saverne, *who saved my husband's life* in the battle M. de S. is always talking about.

"How beautiful the cathedral is! It was night when I went. The church was lighted like the stars, and the music was like *Heaven*. Ah, how different from M. Schnorr at home, from—from somebody *else* at my new home who is *always* preaching—that is, when he is at home! Poor man! I wonder whether he preaches to them in Corsica! I pity them if he does. Don't mention the cathedral if you write to me. The dragons don't know any thing about it. How they would scold if they did! Oh, how they ennuient me, the dragons! Behold them! They think I am writing to my husband. Ah, Ursule! When I write to him, I sit for hours before the paper. I say nothing; and what I say seems to be lies. Whereas when I write to you, my pen runs—runs! The paper is covered before I think I have begun. So it is when I write to.....I do believe that *vilain dragon* is peering at my note with her spectacles! Yes, my good sister, I am writing to M. le Comte!"

To this letter a postscript is added, as by the countess's command, in the German language, in which Madame de Saverne's medical attendant announces the birth of a daughter, and that the child and mother are doing well.

That daughter is sitting before me now—with spectacles on nose too—very placidly spelling the Portsmouth paper, where I hope she will soon read the promotion of Monsieur Scapegrace, her son. She has exchanged her noble name for mine, which is only humble and honest. My dear! your eyes are not so bright as once I remember them, and the raven locks are streaked with silver. To shield thy head from dangers has been the blessed chance and duty of my life. When I turn toward her, and see

her moored in our harbor of rest, after our life's checkered voyage, calm and happy, a sense of immense gratitude fills my being, and my heart says a hymn of praise.

The first days of the life of Agnes de Saverne were marked by incidents which were strangely to influence her career. Around her little cradle a double, a triple tragedy was about to be enacted. Strange that death, crime, revenge, remorse, mystery, should attend round the cradle of one so innocent and pure—as pure and innocent, I pray Heaven, now, as upon that day when, at scarce a month old, the adventures of her life began.

That letter to my mother, written by Madame de Saverne on the eve of her child's birth, and finished by her attendant, bears date November 25, 1768. A month later Martha Seebach, her attendant, wrote (in German) that her mistress had suffered frightfully from fever; so much so that her reason left her for some time, and her life was despaired of. Mesdemoiselles de Barr were for bringing up the child by hand; but not being versed in nursery practices, the infant had ailed sadly until restored to its mother. Madame de Saverne was now tranquil. Madame was greatly better. She had suffered most fearfully. In her illness she was constantly calling for her foster-sister to protect her from some danger which, as she appeared to fancy, menaced madame.

Child as I was at the time when these letters were passing, I remember the arrival of the next. It lies in yonder drawer, and was written by a poor fevered hand which is now cold, in ink which is faded after fifty years.* I remember my mother screaming out in German, which she always spoke when strongly moved, "Dear Heaven, my child is mad—is mad!" And indeed that poor faded letter contains a strange rhapsody.

"Ursule!" she wrote (I do not care to give at length the words of the poor wandering creature), "after my child was born the demons wanted to take her from me. But I struggled and kept her quite close, and now they can no longer hurt her. I took her to church. Martha went with me, and He was there—he always is—to defend me from the demons, and I had her christened Agnes, and I was christened Agnes too. Think of my being christened at twenty-two! Agnes the First, and Agnes the Second. But though my name is changed, I am always the same to my Ursule, and my name now is, Agnes Clarisse de Saverne. Born de Viomesnil."

She had actually, when not quite mistress of her own reason, been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church with her child. Was she sane when she so acted? Had she thought of the step before taking it? Had she known Catholic clergymen at Saverne, or had she other reasons for her conversion than those which were furnished in the conversations which took place between her husband and M. de la Motte? In this letter the poor lady says, "Yesterday two persons came to my bed with gold crowns round their heads. One was dressed like a priest; one was beautiful, and covered with arrows, and they said, 'We are Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian; and to-morrow is the day of Saint Agnes: and she will be at church to receive you there.'"

What the real case was I never knew. The Protestant clergymen whom I saw in after-days could only bring his book to show that he had christened the infant, not Agnes but Augustine. Martha Muller is dead. Lamotte, when I conversed with him, did not touch upon this part of the poor lady's history. I conjecture that the images and pictures which she had seen in the churches operated upon her fevered brain; that, having procured a Roman Calendar and Missal, she knew saints' days and feasts; and, not yet recovered from her delirium or quite responsible for the actions which she performed, she took her child to the cathedral, and was baptized there.

And now, no doubt, the poor lady had to practice more deceit and concealment. The "demons" were the old maiden sisters left to watch over her. She had to hoodwink these. Had she not done so before—when she went to the cardinal's palace at Saverne? Wherever the poor thing moved I fancy those ill-omened eyes of Lamotte glimmering upon her out of the darkness. Poor Eve—not lost quite, I pray and think—but that serpent was ever trailing after her, and she was to die poisoned in its coil. Who shall understand the awful ways of fate? A year after that period regarding which I write, a lovely Imperial Princess rode through the Strasbourg streets radiant and blushing, amidst pealing bells, roaring cannon, garlands and banners, and shouting multitudes. Did any one ever think that the last stage of that life's journey was to be taken in a hideous tumbrel, and to terminate on a scaffold? The life of Madame de Saverne was to last but a year more; and her end to be scarcely less tragical.

Many physicians have told me how often after the birth of a child the brain of the mother will be affected. Madame de Saverne remained for some time in this febrile condition, if not unconscious of her actions, at least not accountable for all of them. At the end of three months she woke up as out of a dream, having a dreadful recollection of the circumstances which had passed. Under what hallucinations we never shall know, or yielding to what persuasions, the wife of a stern Protestant nobleman had been to a Roman Catholic church, and had been christened there with her child. She never could recall that step. A great terror came over her as she thought of it—a great terror and a hatred of her husband, the cause of all her grief and her fear. She began to look out lest he should return; she clutched her child to her breast, and barred and bolted all doors for fear people should rob her of the in-

* The memoirs appear to have been written in the years '20, '21. Mr. Duval was gazetted Rear-admiral and K.C.B. in the promotions on the accession of King George IV.

fant. The Protestant chaplain, the Protestant sisters-in-law looked on with dismay and anxiety; they thought justly that Madame de Saverne was not yet quite restored to her reason; they consulted the physicians, who agreed with them; who arrived, who prescribed; who were treated by the patient with scorn, laughter, insult sometimes; sometimes with tears and terror, according to her wayward mood. Her condition was most puzzling. The sisters wrote from time to time guarded reports respecting her to her husband in Corsica. He, for his part, replied instantly with volumes of his wonted verbose commonplace. He acquiesced in the decrees of Fate, when informed that a daughter was born to him; and presently wrote whole reams of instructions regarding her nurture, dress, and physical and religious training. The child was called Agnes? He would have preferred Barbara, as being his mother's name. I remember in some of the poor gentleman's letters there were orders about the child's pap, and instructions as to the nurse's diet. He was coming home soon. The Corsicans had been defeated in every action. Had he been a Catholic he would have been a knight of the king's orders long ere this. M. de Viomesnil hoped still to get for him the order of Military Merit (the Protestant order which his Majesty had founded ten years previously). These letters (which were subsequently lost by an accident at sea*) spoke modestly enough of the count's personal adventures. I hold him to have been a very brave man, and only not tedious and prolix when he spoke of his own merits and services.

The count's letters succeeded each other post after post. The end of the war was approaching, and with it his return was assured. He exulted in the thought of seeing his child, and leading her in the way she should go—the right way, the true way. As the mother's brain cleared her terror grew greater—her terror and loathing of her husband. She could not bear the thought of his return, or to face him with the confession which she knew she must make. His wife turn Catholic and baptize his child? She felt he would kill her, did he know what had happened. She went to the priest who had baptized her. M. Georgel (his eminence's secretary) knew her husband. The Prince Cardinal was so great and powerful a prelate, Georgel said, that he would protect her against all the wrath of all the Protestants in France. I think she must have had interviews with the Prince Cardinal, though there is no account of them in any letter to my mother.

The campaign was at an end. M. de Vaux, M. de Viomesnil, both wrote in highly eulogistic terms of the conduct of the Count de Saverne. Their good wishes would attend him home Protestant as he was, their best interest should be exerted in his behalf.

The day of the count's return approached. The day arrived: I can fancy the brave gentleman with beating heart ascending the steps of the homely lodging where his family have been living at Strasbourg ever since the infant's birth. How he has dreamed about that child: prayed for her and his wife at night-watch and bivouac—prayed for them as he stood, calm and devout, in the midst of battle.

When he enters the room, he sees only two frightened domestics and the two ghastly faces of his scared old sisters.

"Where are Blanche and the child?" he asks.

The child and the mother were gone. The aunts knew not where.

A stroke of palsy could scarcely have smitten the unhappy gentleman more severely than did the news which his trembling family was obliged to give him. In later days I saw M. Schnorr, the German pastor from Kehl, who has been mentioned already, and who was installed in the count's house as tutor and chaplain during the absence of the master. "When Madame de Saverne went to make her *coucher* at Strasbourg" (M. Schnorr said to me), "I retired to my duties at Kehl, glad enough to return to the quiet of my home; for the noble lady's reception of me was any thing but gracious; and I had to endure much female sarcasm and many unkind words from Madame la Comtesse, whenever, as in duty bound, I presented myself at her table. Sir, that most unhappy lady used to make sport of me before her domestics. She used to call me her jailer. She used to mimic my ways of eating and drinking. She would yawn in the midst of my exhortations, and cry out, 'Oh, que c'est bête!' And, when I gave out a psalm, would utter little cries, and say, 'Pardon me, M. Schnorr, but you sing so out of tune you make my head ache;' so that I could scarcely continue that portion of the service, the very domestics laughing at me when I began to sing. My life was a martyrdom, but I bore my tortures meekly, out of a sense of duty, and my love for M. le Comte. When her ladyship kept her chamber I used to wait almost daily upon mesdemoiselles the count's sisters, to ask news of her and her child. I christened the infant; but her mother was too ill to be present, and sent me out word by Mademoiselle Marthe that *she* should call the child Agnes, though I might name it what I please. This was on the 21st January, and I remember being struck, because in the Roman calendar the feast of St. Agnes is celebrated on that day."

Haggard and actually grown gray, from a black man which he was, my poor lord came to me, with wildness and agony of grief in all his features and actions, to announce to me that Madame the Countess had fled, taking her infant with her. And he had a scrap of paper with him, over which he wept and raged as one demented; now pouring out fiercer imprecations, now bursting into passionate tears and cries, calling upon his wife, his darling, his prodigal, to come back, to bring him his child,

* The letters from *Madame de Saverne* to my mother at Rye were not subject to this mishap, but were always kept by Madame Duval in her own escritoire.

when all should be forgiven. As he thus spoke his screams and groans were so piteous that I myself was quite unmanned, and my mother, who keeps house for me (and who happened to be listening at the door), was likewise greatly alarmed by my poor lord's passion of grief. And when I read on that paper that my lady countess had left the faith to which our fathers gloriously testified in the midst of trouble, slaughter, persecution, and bondage, I was scarcely less shocked than my good lord himself.

We crossed the bridge to Strasbourg back again, and went to the Cathedral Church, and, entering there, we saw the Abbé Georgel coming out of a chapel where he had been to perform his devotions. The abbé, who knew me, gave a ghastly smile as he recognized me, and for a pale man his cheek blushed up a little when I said, "This is Monsieur the Comte de Saverne."

"Where is she?" asked my poor lord, clutching the abbé's arm.

"Who?" asks the abbé, stepping back a little.

"Where is my child? where is my wife?" cries the count.

"Silence, Monsieur!" says the abbé. "Do you know in whose house you are?" and the chant from the altar, where the service was being performed, came upon us, and smote my poor lord as though a shot had struck him. We were standing, he tottering against a pillar in the nave, close by the christening font, and over my lord's head was a picture of Saint Agnes.

The agony of the poor gentleman could not but touch any one who witnessed it. "M. le Comte," says the abbé, "I feel for you. This great surprise has come upon you unprepared—I—I pray that it may be for your good."

"You know, then, what has happened?" asked M. Saverne; and the abbé was obliged to stammer a confession that he *did* know what had occurred. He was, in fact, the very man who had performed the rite which separated my unhappy lady from the church of her fathers.

"Sir," he said, with some spirit, "this was a service which no clergyman could refuse. I would to Heaven, Monsieur, that you too might be brought to ask it from me."

The poor count, with despair in his face, asked to see the register which confirmed the news, and there we saw that on the 21st January, 1769, being the Feast of St. Agnes, the noble lady, Clarisse, Countess of Saverne, born de Viomesnil, aged twenty-two years, and Agnes, only daughter of the same Count of Saverne and Clarisse his wife, were baptized and received into the Church in the presence of two witnesses (clerics), whose names were signed.

The poor count knelt over the registry book with an awful grief in his face, and in a mood which I heartily pitied. He bent down, uttering what seemed an imprecation rather than a prayer; and at this moment it chanced the service at the chief altar was concluded, and Monseigneur and his suite of clergy came into the sacristy. Sir, the Count de Saverne, starting up, clutching his sword in his hand, and shaking his fist at the cardinal, uttered a wild speech calling down imprecations upon the church of which the prince was a chief: "Where is my lamb that you have taken from me?" he said, using the language of the prophet toward the king who had despoiled him.

The cardinal haughtily said the conversion of Madame de Saverne was of Heaven, and no act of his; and adding, "Bad neighbor as you have been to me, Sir, I wish you so well that I hope you may follow her."

At this the count, losing all patience, made a violent attack upon the Church of Rome, denounced the cardinal, and called down maledictions upon his head; said that a day should come when his abominable pride should meet with a punishment and fall; and spoke, as in fact the poor gentleman was able to do only too readily and volubly, against Rome and all its errors.

"The Prince Louis de Rohan replied with no little dignity, as I own. He said that such words in such a place were offensive and out of all reason: that it only depended on him to have M. de Saverne arrested, and punished for blasphemy and insult to the Church; but that, pitying the count's unhappy condition, the cardinal would forget the hasty and insolent words he had uttered—as he would know how to defend Madame de Saverne and her child after the righteous step which she had taken. And he swept out of the sacristy with his suite, and passed through the door which leads into his palace, leaving my poor count still in his despair and fury.

"As he spoke with those Scripture phrases which M. de Saverne ever had at command, I remember how the Prince Cardinal tossed up his head and smiled. I wonder whether he thought of the words when his own day of disgrace came, and the fatal affair of the diamond necklace which brought him to ruin.*

"Not without difficulty" (M. Schnorr resumed) "I induced the poor count to quit the church where his wife's apostasy had been performed. The outer gates and walls are decorated with numberless sculptures of saints of the Roman Calendar: and for a minute or two the poor man stood on the threshold shouting imprecations in the sunshine, and calling down woe upon France and Rome. I hurried him away. Such language was dangerous, and could bring no good to either of us. He was almost a madman. When I conducted him back to his home, where the ladies, his sisters, scared with his wild looks, besought me not to leave him.

"Again he went into the room which his wife and child had inhabited, and as he looked at the relics of both which still were left there, gave way to bursts of grief which were pitiable indeed to witness. I speak of what happened near

* My informant, Protestant though he was, did not, as I remember, speak with very much asperity against the Prince Cardinal. He said that the prince lived an edifying life after his fall, succoring the poor, and doing every thing in his power to defend the cause of royalty.—D. D.

forty years ago, and remember the scene as though yesterday: the passionate agony of the poor gentleman, the sobs and prayers. On a chest of drawers there was a little cap belonging to the infant. He seized it, kissed it, wept over it; calling upon the mother to bring the child back and he would forgive all. He thrust the little cap into his breast; opened every drawer, book, and closet, seeking for some indications of the fugitives. My opinion was, and that even of the ladies, sisters of M. le Comte, that madame had taken refuge in a convent with the child; that the cardinal knew where she was, poor and friendless; and that the Protestant gentleman would in vain seek for her. Perhaps, when tired of that place—I, for my part, thought Madame la Comtesse a light-minded, willful person, who certainly had no *vocation*, as the Catholics call it, for a religious life—thought she might come out after a while, and gave my patron such consolation as I could devise upon this faint hope. He who was all forgiveness at one minute was all wrath at the next. He would rather see his child dead than receive her as a Catholic. He would go to the king, surrounded by harlots as he was, and ask for justice. There were still Protestant gentlemen left in France whose spirit was not altogether trodden down, and they would back him in demanding reparation for this outrage.

"I had some vague suspicion—which, however, I dismissed from my mind as unworthy—that there might be a third party cognizant of madame's flight; and this was a gentleman, once a great favorite of M. le Comte, and in whom I myself was not a little interested. Three or four days after, when the Comte de Saverne went away to the war, as I was meditating on a sermon which I proposed to deliver, walking at the back of my lord's house of Saverne, in the fields which skirt the wood where the Prince Cardinal's great Schloss stands, I saw this gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, and recognized him—the Chevalier de la Motte, the very person who had saved the life of M. de Saverne in the campaign against the English.

"M. de la Motte said he was staying with the cardinal, and trusted that the ladies of Saverne were well. He sent his respectful compliments to them: in a laughing way said he had been denied the door when he came to a visit, which he thought was an unkind act toward an old comrade: and at the same time expressed his sorrow at the count's departure—'for, Herr Pfarres,' said he, 'you know I am a good Catholic,' and in many most important conversations which I had with the Comte de Saverne, the differences between our two churches was the subject of our talk, and I do think I should have converted him to ours. I, humble village pastor as I am, was not afraid to speak in such a cause, and we straightway had a most interesting conversation together, in which, as the gentleman showed, I had not the worst of the argument. It appeared he had been educated for the Roman Church, but afterward entered the army. He was a most interesting man, and his name was Le Chevalier de la Motte. You look as if you had known him, M. le Capitaine—will it please you to replenish your pipe, and take another glass of my beer?"

I said I had *effectivement* known M. de la Motte; and the good old clergyman (with many compliments to me for speaking French and German so glibly) proceeded with his artless narrative. "I was ever a poor horseman: and when I came to be chaplain and major-domo at the Hôtel de Saverne, in the count's absence madame more than once rode entirely away from me, saying that she could not afford to go at my clerical jog-trot. And being in a scarlet amazon, and a conspicuous object, you see, I thought I saw her at a distance talking to a gentleman on a schimmel horse, in a grass-green coat. When I asked her to whom she spoke, she said, 'M. le Pasteur, you radotez with your gray horse and your green coat! If you are set to be a spy over me, ride faster, or bring out the old ladies to bark at your side.' The fact is, the countess was forever quarreling with those old ladies, and they were a yelping, ill-natured pair. They treated me, a pastor of the Reformed Church of the Augsburg Confession, as no better than a lackey, Sir, and made me eat the bread of humiliation; whereas Madame la Comtesse, though often haughty, flighty, and passionate, could also be so winning and gentle that no one could resist her. Ah, Sir!" said the pastor, "that woman had a coaxing way with her when she chose, and when her flight came I was in such a way that the jealous old sisters-in-law said I was in love with her myself. Pfui! For a month before my lord's arrival I had been knocking at all doors to see if I could find my poor wandering lady behind them. She, her and child, and Martha, her maid, were gone, we knew not whither.

"On that very first day of his unhappy arrival, M. le Comte discovered what his sisters, jealous and curious as they were, what I, a man of no inconsiderable acumen, had failed to note. Among torn papers and chiffons, in her ladyship's bureau, there was a scrap with one line in her handwriting. *Ursule, Ursule, le tyran rev* . . . and no more.

"Ah! M. le Comte, 'She is gone to her foster-sister in England! Quick, quick, horses!' And before two hours were passed he was on horseback, making the first stage of that long journey."

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAVELERS.

The poor gentleman was in such haste that the old proverb was realized in his case, and his journey was any thing but speedy. At Nanci he fell ill of a fever, which had nearly carried him off, and in which he unceasingly raved about his child, and called upon his faithless wife to return her. Almost before he was con-

valescent he was on his way again. It was May before he reached Boulogne, and saw that English coast on which he rightly conjectured his fugitive wife was sheltered.

And here, from my boyish remembrance, which, respecting these early days, remains extraordinarily clear, I can take up the story, in which I was myself a very young actor, playing in the strange, fantastic, often terrible, drama which ensued a not insignificant part. As I survey it now, the curtain is down, and the play long over; as I think of its surprises, disguises, mysteries, escapes, and dangers, I am amazed myself, and sometimes inclined to be almost as great a fatalist as M. de la Motte, who vowed that a superior Power ruled our actions for us, and declared that he could no more prevent his destiny from accomplishing itself than he could prevent his hair from growing. What a destiny it was! What a fatal tragedy was now about to begin!

One evening in our Mid-summer holidays, in the year 1769, I remember being seated in my little chair at home, with a tempest of rain beating down the street. We had customers on most evenings, but there happened to be none on this night: and I remember I was puzzling over a bit of Latin grammar to which mother used to keep me stoutly, when I came home from school.

It is fifty years since.* I have forgotten who knows how many events of my life, which are not much worth the remembering; but I have as clearly before my eyes now a little scene which occurred on this momentous night, as though it had been acted within this hour. As we are sitting at our various employments, we hear steps coming up the street which was empty, and silent but for the noise of the wind and rain. We hear steps—several steps—along the pavement, and they stop at our door.

"Madame Duval. It is Gregson!" cries a voice from without.

"Ah, bon Dieu!" says mother, starting up and turning quite white. And then I heard the cry of an infant. Dear heart! How well I remember that little cry!

As the door opens, a great gust of wind sets our two candles flickering, and I see enter . . .

A gentleman giving his arm to a lady who is veiled in cloaks and wraps, an attendant carrying a crying child, and Gregson the boatman after them.

My mother gives a great hoarse shriek, and crying out, "Blanche, Blanche!" rushes up to the lady, and hugs and embraces her passionately. The child cries and wails. The nurse strives to soothe the infant. The gentleman takes off his hat and wrings the wet from it, and looks at me. It was then I felt a strange shock and terror. I have felt the same shock once or twice in my life: and once, notably, the person so affecting me has been my enemy, and has come to a dismal end.

"We have had a very rough voyage," says the gentleman (in French) to my grandfather. "We have been fourteen hours at sea. Madame has suffered greatly, and is much exhausted."

"Thy rooms are ready," says mother, fondly. "My poor Biche, thou shalt sleep in comfort to-night, and need fear nothing, nothing!"

A few days before I had seen mother and her servant mightily busy in preparing the rooms on the first floor, and decorating them. When I asked whom she was expecting, she boxed my ears, and bade me be quiet; but these were evidently the expected visitors; and, of course, from the names which mother used, I knew that the lady was the Countess of Saverne.

"And this is thy son, Ursule?" says the lady. "He is a great boy! My little wretch is always crying."

"Oh, the little darling," says mother, seizing the child, which fell to crying louder than ever, "scared by the nodding plume and bristling crest" of Madame Duval, who wore a great cap in those days, and indeed looked as fierce as any Hector.

When the pale lady spoke so harshly about the child, I remember myself feeling a sort of surprise and displeasure. Indeed, I have loved children all my life, and am a fool about them (as witness my treatment of my own rascal), and no one can say that I was ever a tyrant at school, or ever fought there except to hold my own.

My mother produced what food was in the house, and welcomed her guests to her humble table. What trivial things remain impressed on the memory! I remember laughing in my boyish way because the lady said, "*Ah! c'est ça du thé! je n'en ai jamais gouté. Mais c'est très mauvais, n'est ce pas, M. le Chevalier!*" I suppose they had not learned to drink tea in Alsace yet. Mother stopped my laughing with her usual appeal to my ears. I was daily receiving that sort of correction from the good soul. Grandfather said, if madam the countess would like a little tass of real Nants brandy after her voyage, he could supply her; but she would have none of that either, and retired soon to her chamber, which had been prepared for her with my mother's best sheets and diapers, and in which was a bed for her maid Martha, who had retired to it with the little crying child. For M. le Chevalier de la Motte an apartment was taken at Mr. Billis's the baker's, down the street:—a friend who gave me many a plum-cake in my childhood, and whose wigs grandfather dressed, if you must know the truth.

At morning and evening we used to have prayers, which grandfather spoke with much eloquence; but on this night, as he took out his great Bible, and was for having me read a chapter, my mother said, "No. This poor Clarisse is fatigued, and will go to bed." And to bed accordingly the stranger went. And as I read my little chapter, I remember how tears fell down mother's cheeks, and how she cried, "Ah, mon dieu, mon dieu! ayez pitié d'elle," and when I was going to sing our evening hymn, "Nun ruhen alle Waelder," she told me to

* The narrative seems to have been written about the year 1820.

hush. Madame up stairs was tired, and wanted to sleep. And she went up stairs to look after madame, and bade me be a little guide to the strange gentleman, and show him the way to Billis's house. Off I went, prattling by his side; I dare say I soon forgot the terror which I felt when I first saw him. You may be sure all Winchelsea knew that a French lady, and her child, and her maid, were come to stay with Madame Duval, and a French gentleman to lodge over the baker's.

I never shall forget my terror and astonishment when mother told me that this lady who came to us was a Papist. There were two gentlemen of that religion living in our town, at a handsome house called the Priory; but they had little to do with persons in my parents' humble walk of life, though of course my mother would dress Mrs. Weston's head as well as any other lady's. I forgot also to say that Mrs. Duval went out sometimes as ladies' nurse, and in that capacity had attended Mrs. Weston, who, however, lost her child. The Westons had a chapel in their house, in the old grounds of the Priory, and clergymen of their persuasion used to come over from my lord Newburgh's of Slindon, or from Arundel, where there is another great Papist house; and one or two Roman Catholics —there were very few of them in our town— were buried in a part of the old gardens of the Priory, where a monk's burying-place had been before Harry VIII.'s time.

The new gentleman was the first Papist to whom I had ever spoken; and as I trotted about the town with him, showing him the old gates, the church, and so forth, I remember saying to him, "And have you burned any Protestants?"

"Oh yes!" says he, giving a horrible grin, "I have roasted several, and eaten them afterward." And I shrank back from him and his pale grinning face; feeling once more that terror which had come over me when I first beheld him. He was a queer gentleman; he was amused by my simplicity and odd sayings. He was never tired of having me with him. He said I should be his little English master; and indeed he learned the language surprisingly quick, whereas poor Madame de Saverne never understood a word of it.

She was very ill—pale, with a red spot on either cheek, sitting for whole hours in silence, and looking round frightened, as if a prey to some terror. I have seen my mother watching her, and looking almost as scared as the countess herself. At times madame could not bear the crying of the child, and would order it away from her. At other times she would clutch it, cover it with cloaks, and lock her door, and herself into the chamber with her infant. She used to walk about the house of a night. I had a little room near mother's, which I occupied during the holidays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, when I came over from Rye. I remember quite well waking up one night, and hearing madame's voice at mother's door, crying out, "Ursula, Ursula! quick! horses! I must go away. He is coming; I know he is coming!" And then there were remonstrances on mother's part, and madame's maid came out of her room, with entreaties to her mistress to return. At the cry of the child the poor mother would rush away from whatever place she was in, and hurry to the infant. Not that she loved it. At the next moment she would cast the child down on the bed, and go to the window again and look to the sea. For hours she sat at that window, with a curtain twisted round her, as if hiding from some one. Ah! how have I looked up at that window since, and the light twinkling there! I wonder does the house remain yet? I don't like now to think of the passionate grief I have passed through, as I looked up to yon glimmering lattice.

It was evident our poor visitor was in a deplorable condition. The apothecary used to come and shake his head and order medicine. The medicine did little good. The sleeplessness continued. She was a prey to constant fever. She would make incoherent answers to questions put to her, laugh and weep at odd times and places; push her meals away from her, though they were the best my poor mother could supply; order my grandfather to go and sit in the kitchen, and not have the impudence to sit down before her; coax and scold my mother by turns, and take her up very sharply when she rebuked me. Poor Madame Duval was scared by her foster-sister. She, who ruled every body, became humble before the poor crazy lady. I can see them both now, the lady in white, listless and silent as she would sit for hours taking notice of no one, and mother watching her with terrified dark eyes.

The Chevalier de la Motte had his lodgings, and came and went between his house and ours. I thought he was the lady's cousin. He used to call himself her cousin. I did not know what our pastor M. Borel meant when he came to mother one day, and said, "Fi, done, what a pretty business thou hast commenced, Madame Denis, thou an elder's daughter of our Church!"

"What business?" says mother.

"That of harboring crime and sheltering iniquity," says he, naming the crime, viz., No. of the Decalogue.

Being a child, I did not then understand the word he used. But as soon as he had spoken, mother, taking up a sauce-pan of soup, cries out, "Get out of there, Monsieur, all pastor as you are, or I will send this soup at thy ugly head, and the sauce-pan afterward." And she looked so fierce that I am not surprised the little man trotted off.

Shortly afterward grandfather comes home, looking almost as frightened as his *commanding officer*, M. Borel. Grandfather expostulated with his daughter-in-law. He was in a great agitation. He wondered how she could speak so to the pastor of the Church. "All the town," says he, "is talking about you and this unhappy lady."

"All the town is an old woman," replies Ma-

dame Duval, stamping her foot and *twisting her mustache*, I might say, almost. "What? These white beaks of French cry out because I receive my foster-sister? What? It is wrong to shelter a poor foolish dying woman? O the cowards, the cowards! Listen, petit-papa; if you hear a word said at the club against your *bru*, and do not knock the man down, I will." And, faith, I think grandfather's *bru* would have kept her word.

I fear my own unlucky simplicity brought part of the opprobrium down upon my poor mother, which she had now to suffer in our French colony; for one day a neighbor, Madame Crochu by name, stepping in and asking, "How is your boarder, and how is her cousin, the count?"

"Madame Clarisse is no better than before," said I (shaking my head wisely), "and the gentleman is not a count, and he is not her cousin, Madame Crochu!"

"Oh, he is no relation?" says the mantua-maker. And that story was quickly told over the little town, and when we went to church next Sunday M. Borel preached a sermon which made all the congregation look to us, and poor mother sat boiling red, like a lobster fresh out of the pot. I did not quite know what I had done: I know what mother was giving me for my pains, when our poor patient, entering the room, hearing, I suppose, the hissing of the stick (and never word from me; I used to bite a bullet, and hold my tongue), rushed into the room, whisked the cane out of mother's hand, flung her to the other end of the room with a strength quite surprising, and clasped me up in her arms and began pacing up and down the room, and glaring at mother. "Strike your own child—monster, monster!" says the poor lady. "Kneel down and ask pardon: or, as sure as I am the queen, I will order your head off!"

At dinner she ordered me to come and sit by her. "Bishop!" she said to grandfather, "my lady of honor has been naughty. She whipped the little prince with a scorpion. I took it from her hand. Duke! if she does it again, there is a sword, I desire you to cut the countess's head off!" And then she took a carving knife and waved it, and gave one of her laughs, which always set poor mother a-crying. She used to call us dukes and princes—I don't know what—poor soul! It was the Chevalier de la Motte whom she generally styled duke, holding out her hand, and saying, "Kneel, Sir, kneel, and kiss our royal hand." And M. de la Motte would kneel with a sad, sad face, and go through this hapless ceremony. As for grandfather, who was very bald, and without his wig, being one evening below her window culling a salad in his garden, she beckoned him to her smiling, and when the poor old man came, she upset a dish of tea over his bald pate, and said, "I appoint you and anoint you Bishop of St. Denis!"

The woman Martha, who had been the companion of the Countess de Saverne in her unfortunate flight from home—I believe that since the birth of her child the poor lady had never been in her right senses at all—broke down under the ceaseless watching and care her mistress's condition necessitated, and I have no doubt found her duties yet more painful and difficult when a second mistress, and a very harsh, imperious, and jealous one, was set over her in the person of worthy Madame Duval. My mother was for ordering every body who would submit to her orders, and entirely managing the affairs of all those whom she loved. She put the mother to bed and the baby in her cradle; she prepared food for both of them, dressed one and the other with an equal affection, and loved that unconscious mother and child with a passionate devotion. But she loved her own way, was jealous of all who came between her and the objects of her love, and no doubt led her subordinates an uncomfortable life.

Three months of Madame Duval tired out the countess's Alsatian maid, Martha. She revolted, and said she would go home. Mother said she was an ungrateful wretch, but was delighted to get rid of her. She always averred the woman stole articles of dress, and trinkets, and laces, belonging to her mistress, before she left us: and in an evil hour this wretched Martha went away. I believed she really loved her mistress, and would have loved the child had my mother's rigid arms not pushed her from its cot. Poor little innocent, in what tragic gloom did thy life begin! But an unseen Power was guarding that helpless innocence: and sure a good angel watched it in its hour of danger!

So Madame Duval turned Martha out of her tent as Sarah thrust out Hagar. Are women pleased after doing these pretty tricks? Your ladyships know best. Madame D. not only thrust out Martha, but flung stones after Martha all her life. She went away, not blameless perhaps, but wounded to the quick with ingratitude which had been shown to her, and a link in that mysterious chain of destiny which was binding *all* these people—me the boy of seven years old; yonder little speechless infant of as many months; that poor wandering lady bereft of reason; that dark inscrutable companion of hers who brought evil with him wherever he came.

From Dungeness to Boulogne is but six-and-thirty miles, and our boats, when war was over, were constantly making journeys there. Even in war time the little harmless craft left each other alone, and, I suspect, carried on a great deal of peaceable and fraudulent trade together. Grandfather had share of a "fishing" boat with one Thomas Gregson, of Lydd. When Marthe was determined to go, one of our boats was ready to take her to the place from whence she came, or transfer her to a French boat, which would return into its own harbor.* She was carried back to Boulogne and landed. I know the day full well from a document now before

* There were points for which our boats used to make, and meet the French boats, when not disturbed, and do a great deal more business than I could then understand.—D. D.

me, of which the dismal writing and signing were occasioned by that very landing.

As she stepped out from the pier (a crowd of people, no doubt, tearing the poor wretch's slender luggage from her to carry it to the *Customs*) almost the first person on whom the woman's eyes fell was her master, the Count de Saverne. He had actually only reached the place on that very day, and walked the pier, looking toward England, as many a man has done from the same spot, when he saw the servant of his own wife come up the side of the pier.

He rushed to her as she started back, screaming and almost fainting, but the crowd of beggars behind her prevented her retreat. "The child!—does the child live?" asked the poor count, in the German tongue, which both spoke.

The child was well. Thank God, thank God! The poor father's heart was freed from *that* terror, then! I can fancy the gentleman saying, "Your mistress is at Winchelsea, with her foster-sister?"

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"The Chevalier de la Motte is always at Winchelsea."

"Ye—oh no, no, M. le Comte!"

"Silence, liar! He made the journey with her. They stopped at the same inns. M. le Brun, merchant, aged 34; his sister, Madame Dubois, aged 24, with a female infant in arms, and a maid, left this port on 20th July, in the English fishing-boat *Mary*, of Rye. Before embarking they slept at the Ecu de France. I knew I should find them."

"By all that is sacred I never left Madame once during the voyage!"

"Never till to-day? Enough. How was the fishing-boat called which brought you to Boulogne?"

One of the boat's crew was actually walking behind the unhappy gentleman at the time, with some packet which Ursule had left in it.* It seemed as if fate was determined upon suddenly and swiftly bringing the criminal to justice, and under the avenging sword of the friend he had betrayed. He bade the man follow him to the hotel. There should be a good drink-money for him.

"Does he treat her well?" asked the poor gentleman, as he and the maid walked on.

"Dame! No mother can be more gentle than he is with her!" Where Marthe erred was in not saying that her mistress was utterly deprived of reason, and had been so almost since the child's birth. She owned that she had attended her lady to the cathedral when the countess and the infant were christened, and that M. de la Motte was also present. "He has taken body and soul too," no doubt the miserable gentleman thought.

He happened to alight at the very hotel where the fugitives of whom he was in search had had their quarters four months before (so that for two months at least poor M. de Saverne must have lain ill at Nanci at the commencement of his journey). The boatman, the luggage people, and Marthe the servant followed the count to this hotel; and the femme de chambre remembered how Madame Dubois and her brother had been at the hotel—a poor sick lady, who sat up talking the whole night. Her brother slept in the right wing across the court. Monsieur has the lady's room. How that child did cry! See, the windows look on the port.

"Yes, this was the lady's room."

"And the child lay on which side?"

"On that side."

M. de Saverne looked at the place which the woman pointed out, stooped his head toward the pillow, and cried as if his heart would break. The fisherman's tears rolled down too over his brown face and hands. Le pauvre homme! le pauvre homme!

"Come into my sitting-room with me," he said to the fisherman. The man followed him and shut the door.

His burst of feeling was now over. He became entirely calm.

"You know the house from which this woman came, at Rye, in England?"

"Yes."

"You took a gentleman and a lady thither?"

"Yes."

"You remember the man?"

"Perfectly."

"For thirty louis will you go to sea to-night, take a passenger, and deliver a letter to M. la Motte?"

The man agreed: and I take out from my secretary that letter, in its tawny ink of fifty years' date, and read it with a strange interest always.

"*To the Chevalier Francois Joseph de la Motte, at Winchelsea, in England.*

"I knew I should find you. I never doubted where you were. But for a sharp illness which I made at Nanci, I should have been with you two months earlier. After what has occurred between us, I know this invitation will be to you as a command, and that you will hasten as you did to my rescue from the English bayonets at Hastenbeck. Between us, M. le Chevalier, it is to life or death. I depend upon you to communicate this to no one, and to follow the messenger, who will bring you to me.

"COUNT DE SAVERNE."

This letter was brought to our house one evening as we sat in the front shop. I had the child on my knee, which would have no other play-fellow but me. The countess was pretty quiet that evening—the night calm, and the windows open. Grandfather was reading his book. Mother was dozing. The countess and M. de la Motte were at cards, though, poor thing, she could scarce play for ten minutes at a time; and there comes a knock, at which grandfather puts down his book.*

"All's well," says he. "Entrez. Comment, c'est vous, Bidois?"

"Oui, c'est bien moi, patron!" says Mons. Bidois, a great fellow in boots and petticoat,

* I had this from the woman herself, whom we saw when we paid our visit to Lorraine and Alsace in 1814.

* There was a particular knock, as I learned later, in use among grandpapa's private friends, and Mons. Bidois no doubt had this signal.

with an eel-skin queue hanging down to his heels. "C'est là le petit du pauv' Jean Louis? Est i genti le pti patron!" And as he looks at me he rubs a hand across his nose.

At this moment Madame la Comtesse gave one, two, three screams, a laugh, and cries—"Ah, c'est mon mari qui revient de la guerre. Il est là; à la croisée. Bon jour, M. le Comte! Bonjour. Vous avez une petite fille bien laide, bien laide, que je n'aime pas du tout, pas du tout, pas du tout! He is there! I saw him at the window. There, there! Hide me from him. He will kill me, he will kill me!" she cried.

"Calmez vous, Clarisse," says the chevalier, who was weary, no doubt, of the poor lady's endless outcries and follies.

"Calmez vous, ma fille!" sings out mother, from the inner room, where she was washing.

"Ah, monsieur is the Chevalier de la Motte?" says Bidois.

"Après, monsieur," says the chevalier, looking haughtily up from the cards.

"In that case, I have a letter for M. le Chevalier;" and the sailor handed to the Chevalier de la Motte that letter which I have translated, the ink of which was black and wet then, though now it is sere and faded.

This chevalier had faced death and danger in a score of dare-devil expeditions. At the game of steel and lead there was no cooler performer. He put the letter which he had received quietly into his pocket, finished his game with the countess, and, telling Bidois to follow him to his lodgings, took leave of the company. I dare say the poor countess built up a house with the cards, and took little more notice. Mother, going to close the shutters, said, "It was droll, that little man, the friend to Bidois, was still standing in the street." You see we had all sorts of droll friends. Sea-faring men, speaking a jargon of English, French, Dutch, were constantly dropping in upon us. Dear Heaven! when I think in what a company I have lived, and what a *galère* I rowed in, is it not a wonder that I did not finish where some of my friends did?

I made a *drôle de métier* at this time. I was set by grandfather to learn his business. Our apprentice taught me the commencement of the noble art of wig-weaving. As soon as I was tall enough to stand to a gentleman's nose I was promised to be *promoted* to be a shaver. I trotted on mother's errands with her bandboxes, and what not; and I was made drynurse to poor Madame's baby, who, as I said, loved me most of all in the house; and who would put her little dimpled hands out and crow with delight to see me. The first day I went out with this little baby in a little wheel chair mother got for her the town-boys made rare fun of me: and I had to fight one, as poor little Agnes sat sucking her little thumb in her chair, I suppose; and while the battle was going on, who should come up but Doctor Barnard, the English rector of Saint Philip's, who lent us French Protestants the nave of his church for our service, while our tumble-down old church was being mended. Doctor Barnard (for a reason which I did not know at that time, but which I am compelled to own now was a good one) did not like grandfather, nor mother, nor our family. You may be sure our people abused him in return. He was called a haughty priest—a vilain beeg-veeg, mother used to say, in her French-English. And perhaps one of the causes of her dislike to him was, that his *big vig*—a fine cauliflower it was—was powdered at another barber's. Well, while the battle royal was going on between me and Tom Caffin (dear heart! how well I remember the fellow, though—let me see—it is fifty-four years since we punched each other's little noses), Doctor Barnard walks up to us boys and stops the fighting. "You little rogues! I'll have you all put in the stocks and whipped by my beadle," says the doctor, who was a magistrate too: "as for this little French barber he is always in mischief."

"They laughed at me and called me Drynurse, and wanted to upset the little cart, Sir, and I wouldn't bear it. And it's my duty to protect a poor child that can't help itself," said I, very stoutly. "Her mother is ill. Her nurse has run away, and she has nobody—nobody to protect her but me—and 'Notre Père qui est aux cieux;'" and I held up my little hand as grandfather used to do; "and if those boys hurt the child I *will* fight for her."

The doctor rubbed his hand across his eyes; and felt in his pocket and gave me a dollar.

"And come to see us all at the Rectory, child," Mrs. Barnard says, who was with the doctor; and she looked at the little baby that was in its cot, and said, "Poor thing, poor thing!"

And the doctor, turning round to the English boys, still holding me by the hand, said, "Mind all, you boys! If I hear of you being such cowards again as to strike this little lad for doing his duty, I will have you whipped by my beadle as sure as my name is Thomas Barnard. Shake hands, you Thomas Caffin, with the French boy;" and I said, "I would shake hands or fight it out whenever Tom Caffin liked;" and so took my place as pony again, and pulled my little cart down Sandgate.

These stories got about among the townspeople, and fishermen, and sea-faring folk, I suppose, and the people of our little circle; and they were the means, God help me, of bringing me in those very early days *a legacy* which I have still. You see, the day after Bidois, the French fisherman, paid us his visit, as I was pulling my little cart up the hill to a little farmer's house where grandfather and a partner of his had some pigeons, of which I was very fond as a boy, I met a little dark man whose face I can not at all recall to my mind, but who spoke French and German to me like grandfather and mother. "That is the child of Madame von Zebern?" says he, trembling very much.

"Ja, Herr!" says the little boy.....

Oh, Agnes, Agnes! How the years roll away! What strange events have befallen us: what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little

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car in which his child lay sleeping! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road leading down to one of the gates of our town; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables; a great silver sea stretching beyond; and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan.

Bidois, the French fisherman I spoke of as having been to see us on the night before, came up here with another companion, an Englishman, I think. "Ah! we seek for you every where, Monsieur le Comte," says he. "The tide serves, and it is full time."

"Monsieur le Chevalier is on board?" says the Count de Saverne.

"Il est bien là," says the fisherman. And they went down the hill through the gate without turning to look back.

Mother was quite quiet and gentle all that day. It seemed as if something scared her. The poor countess prattled and laughed, or cried in her unconscious way. But grandfather, at evening prayer that night, making the exposition rather long, mother stamped her foot, and said, "Assez bavardé comme ça, mon père," and sank back in her chair with her apron over her face.

She remained all next day very silent, crying often, and reading in our great German Bible which we brought from home in the '86. She was kind to me that day. I remember her saying, in her deep voice, "Thou art a brave boy, Denikin." It was seldom she patted my head so softly.

That night our patient was very wild; and laughing a great deal, and singing so that the people would stop in the streets to listen.

Doctor Barnard again met me that day, dragging my little carriage, and he fetched me into the Rectory for the first time, and gave me cake and wine, and the book of the "Arabian Nights," and the ladies admired the little baby, and said it was a pity it was a little Papist, and the doctor hoped *I* was not going to turn Papist, and I said, "Oh, never." Neither mother nor I liked that darkling Roman Catholic clergyman who was fetched over from our neighbors at the Priory by M. de la Motte. The chevalier was very firm himself in that religion. I little thought then that I was to see him on a day when his courage and his faith were both to have an awful trial.

.....I was reading then in this fine book of Monsieur Galland which the doctor had given me. I had no orders to go to bed, strange to say, and I dare say was peeping into the cave of the Forty Thieves along with Master Ali Baba, when I heard the clock whirring previously to striking twelve, and steps coming rapidly up our empty street.

Mother started up looking quite haggard, and undid the bolt of the door. "C'est lui!" says she, with her eyes starting, and the Chevalier de la Motte came in, looking as white as a corpse.

Poor Madame de Saverne up stairs, awakened by the striking-clock perhaps, began to sing overhead, and the chevalier gave a great start, looking more ghastly than before, as my mother with an awful face looked at him.

"Il l'a voulu," says M. de la Motte, hanging down his head; and again poor madame's crazy voice began to sing.

REPORT.—"On the 27th June of this year, 1769, the Comte de Saverne arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and lodged at the Ecu de France, where also was staying M. le Marquis du Quesne Menneville, Chef d'Escadron of the Naval Armies of his Majesty. The Comte de Saverne was previously unknown to the Marquis du Quesne, but recalling to M. du Quesne's remembrance the fact that his illustrious ancestor the Admiral Duquesne professed the reformed religion, as did M. de Saverne himself, M. de Saverne entreated the Marquis du Quesne to be his friend in a rencontre which deplorable circumstances rendered unavoidable.

"At the same time, M. de Saverne stated to M. le Marquis du Quesne the causes of his quarrel with the Chevalier Francis Henry de la Motte, late officer of the regiment of Soubise, at present residing in England, in the town of Rye, in the county of Sussex. The statement made by the Comte de Saverne was such as to convince M. du Quesne of the count's right to exact a reparation from the Chevalier de la Motte.

"A boat was dispatched on the night of the 29th June, with a messenger bearing the note of M. le Comte de Saverne. And in this boat, on the 1st of November, M. de la Motte returned from England.

"The undersigned Count de Bérigny, in garrison at Boulogne, and an acquaintance of M. de la Motte, consented to serve as his witness in the meeting with M. de Saverne.

"The meeting took place at seven o'clock in the morning, on the sands at half a league from the port of Boulogne: and the weapons chosen were pistols. Both gentlemen were perfectly calm and collected, as one might expect from officers distinguished in the king's service, who had faced the enemies of France as comrades together.

"Before firing, M. le Chevalier de la Motte advanced four steps, and holding his pistol down, and laying his hand on his heart, he said—'I swear, on the faith of a Christian, and the honor of a gentleman, that I am innocent of the charge laid against me by Monsieur de Saverne.'

"The Count de Saverne said—'M. le Chevalier de la Motte, I have made no charge; and if I had, a lie costs you nothing.'

"M. de la Motte, saluting the witnesses courteously, and with grief rather than anger visible upon his countenance, returned to his line on the sand which was marked out as the place where he was to stand, at a distance of ten paces from his adversary.

"At the signal being given both fired simultaneously. The ball of M. de Saverne grazed M. de la Motte's side curl, while his ball struck M. de Saverne in the right breast. M. de Saverne stood a moment, and fell.

"The seconds, the surgeon, and M. de la Motte advanced toward the fallen gentleman; and M. de la Motte, holding up his hand, again said—'I take Heaven to witness the person is innocent.'

"The Comte de Saverne seemed to be about to speak. He lifted himself from the sand, supporting himself on one arm; but all he said was, 'You, you—' and a great issue of blood rushed from his throat, and he fell back, and, with a few convulsions, died.

(Signed) "MARQUIS DU QUESNE MENNEVILLE,
"Chef d'Escadre aux Armees Navales du Roy.
"COMTE DE BERIGNY,
"Brigadier de Cavalerie."

SURGEON'S REPORT.—"I, Jean Batiste Drouot, surgeon-major of the Regiment Royal Cravate, in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer, certify that I was present at the meeting which ended so lamentably. The death of the gentleman who succumbed was immediate, the ball passing to the right of the middle of the breast-bone, penetrated the lung and the large artery supplying it with blood, and caused death by immediate suffocation."

HOW SPRING COMES TO THE BLIND.

THE elm-tree's slender, tapering sprays
Are green with buds these April days;
And in the liquid, azure sky
The mottled clouds entranced lie.

The pale, transparent, purple mist,
In color like the amethyst,
Hangs over all the distance wide,
And veils the mountain's shadowy side.

Along the margin of the stream
The willow's silvery branches gleam,
And from the dark soil round their roots
The blue-veined trembling violet shoots.

Crowning the swelling slopes are seen
The wheat fields clothed in living green;
In garden plots the crocus blows,
The cowslip in the meadow grows.

The winds are soft and pure and bland;
The orchards crowned with blossoms stand;
And in the field, with patient toil,
The farmer plows the heavy soil.

I hear the robin's plaintive cry;
The restless bluebird twitters by;
The linnet in the elm-top thrills
The air with his impassioned trills.

I hear the big wheel of the mill,
So long in icy fetters still,
Adown the stream, go round and round
With somewhat of a ponderous sound.

And, musing, call I now to mind
The miller's daughter, who is blind:
Alas, poor girl, her sightless eyes
Have never looked upon the skies!

She never saw the violet's face,
The tulip in its pride of grace,
The sunset's glory in the west,
The crimson on the robin's breast.

The hyacinths she tends with care
For her no bloom or beauty wear;
The fresh-plucked lilacs in her room
She loves them for their sweet perfume.

To her the soft, ethereal Spring
No sight of bud or flower can bring;
She only knows the season near
By mildness in the atmosphere,

And songs of birds, that every where
With music fill the balmy air;
These, and fresh fragrance in the wind:—
'Tis thus that Spring comes to the blind.

THE TORTURES OF THE INNOCENTS.

THE courage which leads a forlorn hope, and the sublime faith which enables the pale martyr to smile above his blazing fagot and stake, are alone worthy to be compared to that unutterable heroism which accompanies a timid shivering child to bed *in the dark*, with an undying confidence that they shall awake alive and well to the light of another morning. To a child who is constitutionally afraid of darkness (and there are some who never get over this feeling through life) to lie down awake alone in solemn blackness, peopled with unknown shapes of terror, the glimpses of starlight deepening the nameless shadows, and creating goblin forms and fearful visions, there is no suffering to be compared with it.

I remember my own feelings so well when, as a little child, I lay in my crib, which was always at night snugly moored alongside the larger craft—my mother's great bed, with its lofty posts and tester—and being popularly supposed to be fast asleep, I indulged in the secret delight (or suffering, which is it?) of being most horribly frightened at a certain dreadful sound which I was quite sure to hear when the wind was high. "Creechy! crawchy!" would go the old willow against the corner of the house. How did *I* know that that weirdly awful sound was the familiar-by-day noise of the innocent branch indulging in the amusement of denuding its superfluous bark against the friendly clap-boards! To me it was a groan of infinite pain and woe, and for years it was never identified with any earthly sound. More than that, I had a singular feeling of being in the confidence of the unknown being who agonized without, audible but unseen, and would sooner have died than have betrayed its mysterious confidence. Then the wind would whistle and roar in the great chimneys, then a shrinking panel would crack, the floor would creak. Or perhaps a dash of rain would come next, and the whole old ark would shake in its inmost soul, *pat! pat! pat! splash!* and then the skurrying about of bare and nimble feet, the clinking and thumping of vessels of tin and of wood and of potter's-clay wherewithal to catch the fast-falling drops, now rapidly percolating the treacherous roof, the subdued whispers and rustle of scanty garments, *I* did not know (how should I?) that it was only the roof leaking, and the female household on the rampage to save the new carpet if possible from the deluge of lime-water. I never dreamed, when I lay there, drenched in a cold perspiration of fright that this was all, and the goblin whispers and rustling were their ineffectual efforts to "keep still and not wake the baby." Now, why could they not have frankly spoken of it to me next morning, and swept these dim superstitious terrors away, like an unlucky cobweb under one of their own brooms?

"The pathway of youth is beset with thorns," said a wise codger of old; but it certainly seems

to me as if the crop had been fostered with wonderful care when I recall my own painful strolls by that ancient *chevaux de frise*. Do any of you remember the old "New England Primer?" Then you can recall that terrible little picture, representing a remarkably active lad, running at full speed, and hotly pursued by a malicious-looking skeleton, armed with a great harpoon, and the legend,

"Youth's forward slips
Death soonest clips."

Now my own rendering of this passage was, that at the rate the boy was running he would presently and inevitably tumble headlong, to be instantly trussed up on that terrible toasting-fork. Not having the fear of the nominative case before my eyes, I ignored the more obvious reading, which represented the boy as a species of early vegetable, and the gentleman with the dangerous-looking implement as going forth to select the most promising specimens for market. But no matter for that. At the sight of this picture a cold dew would stand upon my forehead, a mortal weakness possess my knees, and the blood, momentarily arrested in its passage through the heart, would come thundering and thumping its way back through its valves, as if a mighty freshet were suddenly unloosed among the hills. And ever after, with all pictures of skeletons, the same deathly horror possessed me at the sight of one of them. I was soothingly told that "under my skin I looked just like that." I looked in the glass and did not believe it. But I *did* believe what I would have suffered martyrdom sooner than have revealed; *i.e.*, that at the foot, or the head of the darkened staircase, or behind the door, in the gloaming, was lurking one of those direful beings who was lying in wait for me, and would presently spring out and choke my baby life out of my throat with his bony fingers.

Now as a matter of reason I knew perfectly well that mere pictures could not hurt me; yet was not St. Anthony himself haunted by shapes of more fearful mould than to me were these paper phantoms. How, in after-years, I wondered at Tommy Traddles, and his calm familiarity with these anatomies, even drawing pictures of them on his slate, and exulting in them because they "needed no features!" I should have expected the fate of Frankenstein had I attempted to create such a being.

Now had some presiding elder, with a theory that I should be cured of this notion, attempted to carry out his idea by an enforced acquaintance with the grisly shape by shutting me up with one of them, or an *enfant terrible*, in the shape of a big brother, conceived the brilliant idea of frightening me with the sudden apparition of that form most feared, the probable result would have been to scare me into imbecility. And my wits being like the Duke of Hamilton's head—"Nae great things of a head, but a sair loss to him whin they tak' it off"—I am eternally thankful that no such experiment was tried, but that I was wisely left to my own pride and good sense to conquer myself—which in time I did.

Apropos of skeletons, there exists in some minds a morbid interest in death, an unnatural mortuary taste, and an unconquerable attraction to the face of a corpse. Certain persons never miss a funeral, and are critical upon shrouds, and the fine art of mourning costume generally, and whose horrible curiosity is masked under a specious sort of religious interest sometimes, as a farrago of gossip about the clergyman and his family is occasionally dignified as a "religious conversation with So-and-so." I don't mean the kind friend who, out of the love of Christ and her neighbor, stifles her own repugnance to the task, and assists you in your hour of need to bury your dead out of your sight; but those ghoul-like people who, not content with gratifying their own love of the horrible, insist upon all the little children within their control being taken in to "look at the corpse." As if that white mystery, so starkly lying there with stiffening limbs and shining smooth hair, and clad in white vestments of the grave so straightly smoothed around it, was a sight calculated to give a child any other idea of death than that of unutterable chill, of silence, and of loneliness! That pale form, dimly suggesting the dear friend so strangely missing from the familiar chair or couch, yet so unlike its old self, so unlike people, is not a thing to bring into familiar contact with sensitive, highly-organized natures. Especially is it so to the warm pulses and keenly vitalized sense of children. And so much suffering is sometimes caused by such shocks to the nervous systems of young children that it seems unnecessary and cruel to cause the attendance of those of such tender age on funeral occasions.

Let all that be spared to the little ones. Tell them that mamma, papa, or sister, or brother is gone away to another world, and make it pleasant to them to sometimes talk of them in that fair and distant country. Do not speak of the parting as for a long time, and let the association of death with all fair snowy blossoms, all pure babe-like statues, all that suggests a calm, white repose, and a peaceful trust in God's love, take forever the place of the coffin, the skeleton, and the hour-glass. We shall find it easier to live, and surely not more difficult to die, if to lie down softly, and pass away sweetly and lovingly—if the awful darkness and corruption is fairly veiled and forgotten. Let our mother Earth and our sister Worm be cast into the shade which hides those old monkish notions, born of celibacy, of unbaptized babes lying in the outer darkness until the Judgment-day; that old rubbish of a half-heathen time, when women were accounted vilest of all things, and marriage, though permitted, yet regarded as only admitting of a lower grade of piety than the conventual cowl; when the cloister and rope were the sufficient type of the world's piety.

I also recall with peculiar resentment a story read in my own youth of an evil-minded man,

who, by way of early solemnizing the mind of the young, once took a little child to walk; and instead of leading the little one to some sunny hill-side, and there lovingly relating the blessed story of redeeming love, he took him into a church-yard—one of those grewsome places where the dead lie and are forgotten, innocent of blossom or wreath, and where lying epitaphs chronicle those who ignorantly sleep below. Arrived there, the stern Mentor bids the child measure the graves; and having found one of his own length (figure the poor baby doing it!), he tells him that he has done this that he may know that no one can tell when one shall be called upon to die, and lie down in that place to rest: that he has seen that there are graves of all sizes and all ages; and goes on to dilate upon the horrors of the world of woe; to speak to him as if he were as guilty as a murderer; to beware impending wrath, and so on.

Poor little fellow!—not out of his coaties yet, with long soft curls, damp from mamma's loving fingers—with innocent blue eyes, which have only met mamma's tender smile or affectionate reproof—looking up into the face of the man who could tell him these things. Think of him trying to imagine his own dimpled shoulders, which are used to be folded in softest night-gowns, and tucked into the warmest of little white beds, suddenly pushed out into lonely darkness, with no dear mamma, no funny papa—only a tight box, and a hole in the ground in that wild grave-yard where nobody comes. And no loving Saviour, but a terrible God of vengeance. Oh! this is terrible! Not so did Christ, who used little children as the type and comparison of His own holiness, and bade us become even as they or we could in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are those little children whose earliest recollections are of gentle forgiveness, of tender justice, whose first pastor was of the Christ-like type, taking little children in his arms and blessing them, and drawing the soft young hearts after him until the blessings of the children follow him even in the streets. For it is of no use to discuss the dogma of original sin with the little ones. The shadow of that dark hour of temptation and fall has passed into our very being, coloring the very tissues of our souls. Let that knowledge make us deal gently with its unconscious heirs, and, assuming their weakness, pity them; not, prejudging their guilt, blame and condemn them.

Children are mostly afraid of dying, and no wonder. Can we not make that path in which so many little feet are called to tread less terrible? And here my mind goes back to a certain bitter winter night, years agone, when the circle round the wide country-hearth was involuntarily widened by its genial heat, and the glowing complexions of the guests testified to its intense hospitality; when, on a sudden, a little white-robed and weeping creature pattered in on bare and freezing feet, and, with wild curls flying out from under the little cap, sobbing as if her heart would break, running with outstretched arms to her astonished mother to be instantly caught up and enveloped in the ample folds of that great country apron.

"I—oh dear! I got thinking that we didn't any of us know when we should die, and I didn't know but my time had come now, and how awful it would be to die in the cold and the dark all alone!"

We were a merry circle enough when the little sprite flitted in among us, but when she had sobbed out her nameless dread there was not a dry eye among us; and I shall always remember and respect that mother for the tenderness expressed in that warm apron and the tender shelter of her nest for the rest of that night.

"Babies *ort* to be brooded jest like chickens," I heard a genial old grandfather remark the other day as he watched his baby-grandchild nestling to its mother's cheek. "They can't do without it; and all the contrivances for keepin' of 'em at arm's-length only ends in killin' of 'em off." And he was right. But they die slowly.

I wonder if any body ever realized the amount of suffering endured by children from fear; or, more properly, that recoil of the nerves at the sight of bug, toad, spider, or snake—a feeling made up of disgust and terror; of loathing, and that mysterious feeling in us, which, in spite of philosophy, instinctively recognizes in these creatures the type and shadow of sin. "One ought to love all of God's creatures," we can tell them; and it is best to do so; but the creep and crawl of our own flesh should warn us to beware how we rudely jar that sensitive nerve. I believe this feeling to be very common, except when a fine spirit of study and investigation impels the student to overcome nature for the sake of science; or inherent cruelty delights in tormenting and killing the hideous creatures. And one whose stronger nerves enable him to look with calmness upon a great hairy-legged spider, or huge wriggling caterpillar, or green and gliding snake, can not conceive the degree of suffering excited in some organizations by sight of the creatures. It is very easy to call it "Nonsense!" and laugh and jeer at it, and it is not difficult to fling one of these creatures upon a person who is thus easily excited with intent to "break" one of such foolish fears. And sometimes the epileptic fit, or the vacant stare of idiocy, have testified to the result of such a senseless experiment. How can you tell through how many generations that nerve may thrill when that mother-mark was born into the race. You may reason it away, or time and pride may control it; but as you value the future of your children beware how you send such a fearful shock through such tender brains.

Perhaps I don't know much of what I am talking about. It is very likely I don't; but I do know somewhat of little children. I find that specimens are not rare, nor are opportunities for study. I know that they are a finely-organized, reserved little people, with very keen notions of justice and fair-play; with very soft

hearts for right teaching and loving care; with a wide-eyed love of the marvelous; with sorely sensitive perceptions of all that is dark, cold, silent, and gloomy; and all that is opposed to warmth, light, and tenderness. Of immense capabilities of fun, mischief, noise, and destruction generally; with a thorough comprehension of the possibilities of string, scissors, lead pencil, shingle, and jack-knife; who are living compounds of stamp, sing, and whistle and shout; who accomplish all the mischief human ingenuity can suggest in an inconceivably short space of time, and are *so* sorry, but it can't be helped. They are such great clumsy creatures, and so awkward, that they don't know what to say or do on the occasion. And so they are snubbed, scolded, and checked, until they feel as if nobody wanted them any where, and especially at home—and they decide to go with the "boys" after this. And you all know the usual result when the "boys" and the street come to be a lad's refuge from the misunderstandings of home.

One great difficulty in dealing with the subject is the variety of species. Each specimen is distinct from all the rest; and even a small family will often present a most perplexing variety. The trouble is, we all expect too much of the small people. They must be girls and boys—especially boys. And if they do get your porcelain sauce-pan to make paste for the beloved kite, and purloin your best scissors to cut the paper thereof—leaving the aforesaid scissors in a most dismally sticky and daubed condition—and use up the latest newspaper for its cover, and break your pen-knife whittling the sticks, and transform themselves into huge radiati on the dining-room floor, the kite forming the central point, please don't scold. And when these great star-fish of boys don't stir when Biddy comes in to light the gas, and are too busy to make room for the dinner-table, don't scold. It is all very dreadful, to be sure; but then, you know, one of these days there will be care-worn foreheads over those eager eyes, and deep lines round those full, red lips; and the round jacket will be a long-tailed coat; and there won't be any trowser-knees to patch; and the dining-room will be very neat and prim, and the cloth will be laid for only two then; and some little sylph now in her short frocks, Balmorals, and nets, will be pouring his tea and tending *his* boy, in her matronly collars and curls. And as you go through your stately parlors—where is now no disorder, no toys, no shout or frolic—you will almost cry that there are now no little finger-marks on glass or white paint, though it did use to trouble you so much. And as you sit by your clear-polished window, and look down the street for the post that brings you news of your boy in the army or over the sea, or the newly-married daughter in her new home in the West—if perchance you have been wise enough to keep the clew of that little heart—how you will rejoice that you may thread its windings now; that there are now no dark ways in it, where you may not walk in the light of your own mother-love.

But woe is us that there are so many ways of losing that fairy clew through the childish hearts! So many ways of twisting the tender twigs you wish to bend. So many ways of being cruelly savage, and sending the little fellows away from you with grieved and aching hearts. One manner of inflicting the sharpest of pangs is to exclaim, for any dereliction from duty, that "They are killing you, and when you are gone, perhaps they will be glad that you are not in their way any longer," or "that the sooner you are dead the better." Beware lest your child come to really think so! To some natures it would have the most hardening effect possible. They would come to look upon such an event with, to say the least, the calmest resignation. And you still live on, threatening your own possible demise, as the worst possible punishment, until they lose faith in real suffering, and regard all illness of this supposititious nature. On an affectionate nature the effect would scarcely be worse though entailing greater suffering. I knew a lady once who told me she believed she knew all the remorse of a murderer; for it had been so often reiterated in her ears that if she did this or that thing she would "kill her mother;" and though the old lady in question lived to nearly fourscore, every day's illness that she suffered was to her daughter as if she had died daily. And whereas I knew that the daughter was both dutiful and affectionate, doing well and lovingly what she had to do, I hereby protest against the parricidal style of educating little folks. It never did good to any child, thus maliciously fixing the day of one's own death, and unnecessarily harrowing up those tender little hearts.

There are sick chambers that children remember as the very gates of heaven—a holy place, where the shoes of one's spirit must be put off, and the soul tread softly as the feet, by reason of the ineffable gentleness and patience therein displayed; where the meek eyes had almost attained a glimpse of glory, and the sweet lips ever breathed songs and sermons and hymns of praise. Children love such invalids, even rough boys are gentle to consumptive mothers usually, and little girls fairly worship them; and in such places one learns to die and to live.

So few parents understand their own children. So many hens hatch duck's eggs that the world would be surprised if it could only look into the home nests. If a genius, some unhappy re-appearance of a half-forgotten ancestor of the Mud-pie family, chance to be born into it, great is the flutter and cackle. "The must!" and "the sha'n't!" "the won't!" and "he will!" "Good-for-nothing fellow! Shall I plow all my days in the cold that his furrows shall meander like the Goose Brook over the field while he walks with a book in his hand?" "Ne'er-do-weel! See him on his back watching the birds and the clouds while I plant and sow." Miserable Arthur in the neatherd's hut. Alas, for furrow! for sowing and reaping!

But joy to the world that a Poet, a Painter, is born! Did not the ugly duckling prove to be the royal swan, proudly greeted and majestically welcomed among his regal brothers?

Some may say, if any body reads this essay, that I have portrayed unusual and even unnatural pictures. But the fact that they are perfectly true is a pledge that they will reappear at other times; and though I know very well that many could have made a much finer thing than I have done of this theme, there are none who could have wrought more lovingly or earnestly. And the fact that we know so little of such experiences is owing mostly to the great reserve of little children, and thus their entire ignorance of the experience of others—as I once knew a patient little sufferer, who did not know till she was eight years old but that every body's head ached all the time as hers did, taking pain for granted as the normal condition of all heads. And because also they fear so terribly the ridicule of the "big folks," they are so silent. I have seen the transmitted effects of errors in training in grand-parents through children, down to baby, who ran to meet me as I came into a friend's house. And feeling that we owe much to the generation which will bear our names, and inherit our property, and such of our institutions as shall survive the war—the little dumb creatures who can not speak for themselves—I have ventured to utter this protest. What we need is a wise sympathy and tenderness that shall bind their hearts to ours as with hooks of steel—a friendship that nothing can disturb; not lacking, at the same time, the wisdom of the elder school, to warn, rebuke, chastise, and admonish when needful.

All little folks are not geniuses; all are not bright; many are not even clean, and are not at all interesting to look upon; but all can suffer, and all can enjoy, and all can love, and bask in its sunshine. So let us extend the arms of an infinite and a human love around them, remembering that it is a part of our worship to do so.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

ESCAPE FROM FORT WARREN.

AT "retreat" roll-call on the evening of August 18, 1863, six of the Fort Warren prisoners answered to their names with voices somewhat disturbed by strong emotion. They hoped and expected never again to answer that call within the walls of any Federal fort. The six persons thus agitated by hope were First Lieutenant Charles W. Reed, otherwise called Captain Reed, the recently-captured commander of the notorious rebel privateer, or pirate, *Tacony*, and J. N. Prydé, her quarter-gunner; First Lieutenant J. W. Alexander, and First Lieutenant of Marines, James Thurston, both of the Confederate privateer *Atlanta;* Major Reid Saunders, quarter-master of the Confederate army, and Thomas Sherman, a common sailor and foreigner, who, having enlisted into the naval service of the United States, was sent to Fort Warren for having uttered treasonable sentiments on board of the United States brig *Santee*.

They all hoped that the responsive "*here*" would never again be heard from their lips in reply to the call of any Federal officer. Two of them, Prydé and Sherman, since that memorable night have, I suppose, never answered to mortal cry or call. So far as is known—so far as there is any ground of belief, they perished that night in the waters of Boston harbor, and no man living heard

"The solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of the strong swimmer in his agony."

On that night those six men escaped from the fort. Two of them (Saunders and Reed) were recaptured on George's Island, on which the fort is built; two of them (Thurston and Alexander) made good their escape from both fort and island, but after various adventures, which I shall relate, were caught by one of our revenue cutters, and lodged a while, for safe-keeping, in Portland jail; and the other two (Sherman and Prydé), as I believe, were drowned while attempting to swim to Lovel's Island.

On the morning of August 19 the country was startled by the information that a part of the officers and crew of the *Tacony* had escaped from Fort Warren. It was said that Prydé and Sherman had escaped in a skiff, and Thurston and Alexander in a sail-boat, from Lovel's Island. The news reached Boston. The cutter *Morris* lay idle in Boston harbor, receiving no order to pursue the fugitives. The news reached Portland, thanks to the activity of Mr. Stover, of the Independent Line of Telegraph, who gave early notice of the fact to Mr. Jewett, the Collector of Customs at Portland, whose subsequent death was a very heavy loss to the public service. Mr. Jewett sent at once for Captain John Adams Webster, in command of the revenue cutter *Dobbin*, and ordered him to go in search of the runaways. In one hour, at 11 o'clock A.M., August 19, the *Dobbin* sailed. In twenty-four hours, on the 20th August, at 11 A.M., she overhauled, captured, and brought into Portland the two Lieutenants, Alexander and Thurston. That was the difference between the two cutters.

About daybreak on the morning of August 19 the officer in command of Fort Warren (that gallant veteran, Colonel Dimick, to whose spirit and patriotism we owe the escape of Fort Monroe from seizure by the rebels at the outbreak of the rebellion) was roused from his slumbers by the announcement that several prisoners had escaped from the fort, and that two of them had been recaptured. He ordered the roll of prisoners to be called at once, and was presently informed that *three* of the prisoners were missing—that *five* had attempted to escape, and had got out of the fort, but that two of the five had been caught before leaving the island. In point of fact the attempt was made by six: two had been

recaptured, and *four* had escaped, as I have already stated. The error in the report of those missing was occasioned by an artifice of Lieutenant Thurston. On receiving the order to call the roll, as above related, the post adjutant proceeded to the casemates, in which were confined the common class of prisoners, and called each man by name. All answered but Sherman and Prydé. He then went to the officers' quarters, and, finding that they all appeared to be in bed and asleep, he did not summon them by name, but passed with his lighted lantern from bed to bed, making a silent inspection of each. Alexander was missing; but Thurston appeared to be there. His face was not visible, but there was the figure of a man, and the adjutant reported accordingly; nor was it known until "retreat" roll-call that evening that Thurston had escaped.

Colonel Dimick acted with great promptness and efficiency upon the information he received, and took instant measures to discover the three missing men. By the first steamer up the harbor he sent a messenger to Boston to notify the Provost Marshal and the Chief of Police, and to send telegraphic messages along the coast in all directions. By the first steamer down the bay he transmitted the news to Provincetown and other places on Cape Cod. He had every corner, hiding covert, and building on George's Island carefully searched. The barge at the fort—the only water-craft at his command (for, by a strange oversight, no steamer was stationed there, and the electric wires had not then been laid to the island)—the barge was sent out at daylight, with an officer and a guard, to explore every island in the vicinity, and to hail every boat or vessel that they might encounter. It was soon discovered that a sail-boat and a skiff, belonging to Mr. Barber, of Lovel's Island, were missing, and thereupon the Colonel chartered and sent a small schooner in chase of the fugitives, and in search of the missing boats. On Lovel's Island were found several traces of the prisoners' escape to that island from the fort. Among these I may mention a large wooden target that had previously stood on George's Island, at the point nearly opposite Lovel's, and some half mile distant therefrom. Half a dozen sealed and empty tin cans, and some planking, were lashed to the target, forming all together a tolerable raft, or float, not large enough to carry even one man, but yet buoyant enough to assist several men swimming by its side to escape. But no further discovery was made; nor until the next day toward night (August 30) did the Colonel hear of the capture of Thurston and Alexander. It was supposed, until August 30, that Prydé and Sherman, more fortunate than the others, had eluded all search, and safely escaped beyond the limits of the United States. Perhaps they have. But Thurston and Alexander unite in declaring that they themselves took possession of both of Mr. Barber's boats, and no other boat was missing from any of the islands near the fort. There is little doubt, or room for doubt, that they were drowned, as will more fully appear as I proceed with my narration.

Of the six prisoners above named, I have seen and conversed with all but Sherman and Prydé. They are all young men, very intelligent, frank and free in all their communications, and several of them fine-looking. One I should call, from his aspect and conversation, a remarkable man. Should he ever be exchanged as a prisoner of war, I shall expect to hear of him as the hero of at least one memorable action. Colonel Dimick and Collector Jewett, with some feeling of delicacy, and with a full belief that the inquiry would be unavailing, did not interrogate any of these recaptured prisoners in regard to their mode of escape. But to the first officer who did interrogate them they gave prompt and unreluctant answers, and full information; and two of them stated that from the moment they were sent, early in July, from Fort Lafayette to Fort Warren, they were determined to escape. They were familiar with the waters, shores, and islands of Massachusetts Bay and of Boston harbor, and, formidable as looked the granite walls of Fort Warren, they were sanguine in their hope of self-deliverance. They did not dream of being able to corrupt, or otherwise secure the aid of, any officer or soldier of the garrison, nor did they make the attempt. On themselves alone did they rely.

Fortunately they were all men of small size and stature. Is it not curious that few of the world's greatest heroes have been large-sized men?—Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Mohammed, Moses, Napoleon, Paul of Tarsus, or Peter of Russia? As I am writing on this 22d of February—the *one* birthday that Americans all commemorate—let me remember that our Washington is an exception to the general rule. But I do not mean to make heroes, except as they are the heroes of my story, of these smart little fellows who slipped out of Fort Warren.

These prisoners were confined at night in casemates, in each one of which there was cut through the enormously thick wall of the fort a slit or loophole for musketry, overlooking the moat or dry ditch that encircles the fort. These slits are perhaps six or eight feet long, or high, their outlet on the moat being seven inches or seven and a quarter wide—the aperture widening or *flaring* inward, so as to give a considerable range of movement to the muskets within; shaped, in short, like a funnel or letter >, the point being outward. Lieutenant Alexander informed Major Saunders that in a few days he had found one of those loopholes wide enough to let him through. Careful experiment proved that both of these men, stripped to their shirts, could easily pass in and out of the loop-holes in their several casemates. A stout iron bar now forbids the passage of even a Calvin Edson. The lower end of these slits was ten or fifteen feet above the bottom of the moat. Could that difficulty be overcome, every man small enough to pass through the loophole had an open door of

escape. Among the officers and gentlemen to whom alone the plan of escape was at first confided there straightway arose the greatest anxiety in regard to size of head and depth of chest. Large brains were at a discount. Chicken-breasted fellows were at a premium. Never since the days of Cinderella and her little slippers was there such a demand for littleness. Great corporations were a great bore, because the loopholes had a bore so small. Unluckily for the prisoners, and most fortunately for the guards outside, if not for the garrison inside of the fort, only four men among the aristocracy of the prisoners were small enough to pass the loophole ordeal, and to those four men alone, therefore, was the chance of escape now offered.

Being allowed an occasional walk under guard on the ramparts, they became familiar with the number and position of the guards outside, and with the position of every loophole in relation to the outworks, and in reference to the nearest islands.

By a strange chance not one of these four men was a good swimmer. Lovel's Island, the nearest of the adjacent islands, was half a mile off. If they got out of the casemates, if they crossed the moat, if they scaled the cover-face or demilune, if they eluded every sentinel, if they reached the water's edge on the margin of George's Island, still there was that broad Hellespont to cross: their Sestos and Abydos were half a mile apart, and how could Leander the prisoner attain to Hero or freedom if he could not swim?

I might here pause and deliver a spirited lecture on the duty of making the art of swimming an indispensable part of our system of public education. But I will reserve that discourse for a future time. Enough to say that every soldier and sailor ought to be (if not as good a swimmer as Professor Lieber, or John Quincy Adams, or my late friend Nathaniel J. Bowditch, to say nothing of Leander or Lord Byron, both of whom swam the "boundless Hellespont") at least a bold and self-reliant swimmer.

To effect their escape from the casemates they needed ropes. To get clear of the island they required a boat or a raft, a float or at least a swimming-jacket. No boat could be found nearer than Lovel's Island. To gain the boat they must cross the water. The materials for a raft of any considerable size were nowhere visible; but care and ingenuity might furnish both float and life-preserver. Canvas and cordage had been brought into the fort as wrappages around the sea-chests and other luggage of the *Tacony* and *Atlanta* officers and men. These cords, properly knotted, would enable the prisoners to let themselves down from the loopholes into the dry ditch. A brace of empty two-gallon demijohns, corked tight, and properly attached to a strip of that canvas, would form a sufficient swimming-jacket. Half a dozen tin cans, used for holding milk or oysters, might serve a like purpose, or might, with the help of various small fragments of board, plank, and timber, which they saw scattered along the bottom of the moat, be formed into one large float fit to support them all as they swam by its side.

Such was the outline of the plan which Saunders, Reed, Alexander, and Thurston first attempted to carry into execution on the night of Sunday, August 16. The night was dark and drizzly, with a strong northeast wind, which is, in that vicinity, at all seasons of the year, cold and uncomfortable. Soon after nine o'clock they began their movement. Attaching one end of their knotted rope to a stout stick placed athwart the loophole, and letting the other end fall outside, one of the party cautiously crept out, and let himself down into the moat. The others then silently handed out to him their demijohns and cans, a few pieces of joist and lumber, and the garments which they had laid aside in reducing themselves to fit easily the calibre of their loophole; and then, each in his turn, the other three descended to the ground. Sixty or seventy feet off stood the unsuspicious sentry who guarded the main sally-port. Not a sound had varied the wild roar of the northeaster. Not a glimpse of their movements was possible amidst the misty darkness. Gathering fresh fragments of lumber in the moat, each man carrying his portion of the common burden, they stole along the ditch, crept up the inner slope of the cover-face which there screened the fort, and slid rather than crawled down its outer slope, whose high grass would have concealed them, even had the night been far brighter, from the observation of the sentinels posted along the shore. At the foot of the slope, where it joins the little plain on the northeastern end of the island, was quite a thicket of weeds, in which they paused a while to take both breath and counsel.

On the margin of the water, at the distance of a few hundred feet, stood a large wooden target, which served as a guide to their further proceedings. Toward this, dimly outlined on the water, they carried their swimming apparatus, and near it, under the partial covert of a low sea-wall, they lashed together the materials of their raft or float, upon the top of which they deposited most of their clothing; and then, launching it upon that rough sea, they grasped it each by the corner with one hand, waded out as far as they could, and then pushed off and tried to swim. Once afloat, they lost sight entirely of Lovel's Island. There was not a star nor a light to guide their course. The water was cold and rough. The wind was boisterous, and blew in exactly the wrong direction. Almost naked, half-blinded by the driving mist and spray, shivering with cold, unable to steer their fragile float, a half-hour's struggle with adverse elements exhausted their strength and extinguished their courage. They were glad to abandon all effort, and allow the wind to blow them ashore once more on George's Island. Defeated in this their first attempt, they took their float to pieces, retraced their steps, regained the moat, and placing a board against the wall of the fort climbed back into the casemate to re-

consider their plans, and, under more favorable auspices, renew their bold experiment.

Although they had left behind them various fragments of their raft, and the demijohns, which were found the next day on the spot where they were left, and excited much curiosity, not a soul in the garrison at Fort Warren had any suspicion of what had occurred, nor was this expedition of August 16 made known to Colonel Dimick or to any of his subordinates until after the examination of the prisoners by one of Major-General Dix's staff, who was ordered to Fort Warren in the latter part of August to investigate this extraordinary case: so well did the prisoners cover their tracks and keep their own counsel.

It was now resolved by the conspirators to admit Sherman and Prydé into their confidence, and engage them in the further execution of their plan. Both of these men were small enough to pass through the loopholes of their casemate, and both were bold and skillful swimmers. They entered heartily into the scheme, and agreed to perform faithfully the parts assigned them at such time as their leaders should designate.

On the night of August 18 the attempt to escape was repeated. Sherman and Prydé found their way easily out through their loophole, which was out of sight of every sentinel. Not so easily, however, did they, under cover of a darkness almost Egyptian, proceed along the moat, around the angle of the bastion, and up the face of the demi-lune to the spot assigned for the meeting of both officers and men. But they did reach the trysting-place on the summit of the slope very promptly, and there they awaited the arrival of Captain Reed and his brother officers.

The officers were delayed a while by an accident. On their side of the fort it was not so dark but that they could, though very indistinctly, discern the figure of the sentinel, from whose post, had there been star-light, their loophole would have been plainly visible. In attempting, soon after nine o'clock, to pass out, Lieutenant Alexander overset a glass bottle that had been carelessly left in the loophole, and it fell with a noisy rattle on the granite, which sounded like the voice of doom to the frightened conspirators. The sentinel, they felt sure, must have heard it, and suspected something wrong; for they heard his challenge, and saw the movement of officers with a light, and for a quarter of an hour or more they were expecting the entrance of a guard. They were mistaken, however. Their noise was lost in the loud rush and roar of the wind, blowing from the sentinel toward them, and what they saw was a movement caused by the approach of an officer returning by the main sally-port into the fort.

Having waited till all was again quiet, the four officers descended into the moat, as they had done on the night of the 16th, and joining their new associates, crept with them down the outer slope, and halted in the grove of weeds to perfect the details of their plan. The plan was this. Sherman and Prydé were to swim over to Lovel's Island, and "convey" a boat, in which they should return for the other four, of whom two were to remain hidden among the weeds, while the other two, going with the swimmers to the shore near the target, concealed themselves by lying down under the shelter of the wall already mentioned.

The party of four, including Thurston and Alexander, proceeded as agreed to the shore, passing within forty feet of a sentinel without attracting his notice. Sherman and Prydé swam off, according to agreement. But they never came back; nor from that day to this has one vestige of them ever appeared. It was a stormy night. The wind was adverse. The tide was running out like a mill-race. Amidst the darkness no object so small as a swimmer's head could be discerned at even twenty feet distance. The wild "voices of the night" swallowed up all other sound, if sound there were. Heaven be merciful to the weary swimmer in a night like that!

The waiting four lingered hour after hour in the gloom, until all hope of the swimmers' return had faded out of their hearts. It was then resolved that two of their number, with such a raft as might be made of the target and a plank, combined with their empty cans, should swim across for the boat, and come back in it for those who remained. The lot fell on Saunders and on Reed to remain, and on Thurston and Alexander to go.

I will first speak of those who staid behind to wait and watch, to wonder and to fear. Wrapping their overcoats around them, Reed and Saunders lay down among the sea-weed under the wall, unwisely near the spot from which the target had just been torn, and close upon the track of the sentinel on post 17. It was not long, of course, before the guard discovered that the target had disappeared. Indeed, he walked directly into the hole from which its post had been lifted in making the raft. He called at once to the neighboring sentinel, and both together made search for the target, which they imagined had been blown out of place by the fury of the wind.

Their conjecture was unspeakably silly, and their conduct the same. If the wind had blown away the target, it must have blown it inland toward the fort. They searched for it in the opposite direction, and looking seaward over the edge of the wall, noticed the dark mass below, composed, in fact, of the two rebel officers, who supposed, of course, that their discovery was inevitable. But they were mistaken. The guards threw stones upon them, expecting to hear the noise and rattle of rock and board coming in contact. No sound was heard. One of the soldiers then pricked at and *prodded* the suspicious-looking heap, but finally turned away, with the remark that it would only rust his bayonet to stick it in a pile of kelp.

The poor fellows thus stoned and bayoneted

lay perfectly still, and as neither of them was hit or hurt, they were not altogether unamused by the stupid remarks and acts of the unsuspecting guards. But when the sentinels turned away to their respective posts, and as the night wore on, it became evident that the darkness was diminishing. Reed and Saunders, with reluctant and heart-aching assent, obeyed the dictate of prudence, and determined to return while they could to the fort. This they attempted to do, but were seen by the guard as they retreated across the little plateau to the covert of weeds at the foot of the cover-face. He challenged them and cocked his piece, but did not fire. Instead of firing, which he ought to have done, he called out, "Corporal of the guard!" The next sentinel repeated the cry, and the next; and after a delay which, in a crisis like this, seemed an age, the corporal of the guard approached, but came alone, and hearing what had occurred, went back for the corporal's guard!

Meantime, of course, the prisoners ran back toward the fort, and endeavored to re-enter their casemate by means of a board, as they had done before. But the board broke with a noise that alarmed the guard by the main sally-port, who promptly challenged them, and recaptured Reed. Major Saunders dodged around the corner of the bastion, and would have got in through the loop-hole through which Sherman and Prydé had escaped, but for the want of a board long enough to reach the opening. Disappointed there, he continued along the dry-ditch, hoping to hide himself in some out-house, but was encountered by a sentinel, who brought him to a halt, and in ten minutes sent him with the corporal and guard into the fort, where he once more rejoined Captain Reed, with whom he was at once placed in close confinement.

There we will leave them, and return to Thurston and Alexander, whom we last saw on the point of embarking with their frail raft for Lovel's Island. It would be difficult to exaggerate the peril and fatigue of their passage from the one shore to the other. It was a task that consumed all of their strength and nearly all of the night. When they touched at last the margin of Lovel's, they had only life enough left to crawl into a grassy hollow sheltered from the wind, where they lay down panting, benumbed, and almost despairing. Half an hour's rest, however, renewed their courage and revived their strength, so that just in the gray of dawn they paddled off in a "dory" to a sail-boat moored a hundred yards from shore, hoisted sail, and stood over toward the fort. They went near enough to target point to be satisfied that Reed and Saunders were not at the appointed spot, and then pushed out to sea. After making a few miles in a northeasterly direction they cut the dory adrift. Coasting along toward Cape Ann they passed Nahant, Swampscot, Marblehead, Beverly, and Manchester, stopping only when they reached Gloucester. Clad in no garments but their shirts—flannel shirts, with pockets—in the August sunshine they were warm enough. At Cape Ann light they landed and asked for clothing, representing that their own had been lost overboard. But they could procure only some bread and water. Continuing their voyage they reached Rye Beach in the night, and there they purchased hats and pantaloons—Thurston having some fifteen dollars in the pocket of his shirt. They did not dare to sleep on shore, but kept on their course toward St. John's, where they hoped to find safety and friends. At eleven o'clock on the morning of August 20 they were hailed and boarded by a boat from the revenue-cutter *Dobbin*, and subjected to a very embarrassing inquiry and examination. In reply to the inquiry they told a very plausible story of their being Eastport fishermen. But when from the shirt pocket of Lieutenant Thurston there was produced a roll of $300 in Confederate bills, they confessed who and what they were, and surrendered themselves once more as prisoners—asserting, however, that they alone had escaped from the fort.

I saw them in the Portland jail early in September, and found them anxious to be sent back to the casemates of Fort Warren. I will only add that, as soon as Colonel Dimick was convinced that the prisoners must have escaped from the loopholes in some such manner as I have described, he had a heavy iron bar properly let into the stone-work of every slit, as a sort of plea in bar to all future actions of this description.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 7th of March. We present a general resumé of the action of Congress upon subjects of general interest:

The *Enrollment Bill*, after various amendments, passed the House on the 12th of February, by a vote of 93 to 60, and the Senate on the 19th, by 26 to 16, several Republican Senators voting against it, for reasons which they assigned: Mr. Lane, of Indiana, on account of the commutation clause. Mr. Wilkinson because of the clause for securing substitutes. He believed that slaves were worth as much to the army as minor whites; he would never consent to make any difference between the able-bodied men of the country. Mr. Howe also, on account of the substitute clause, which says in effect that while substitutes can not be procured for $300, yet the payment of that sum purchased exemption. The bill as it now stands, he said, authorizes the Secretary of War to use colored men in one State as substitutes for white men in other States. Several other Senators accepted the bill as the best that could now be passed in both Houses, although they did not wholly approve of it. The bill is long and minute. The following are its leading provisions:

(§ 1.) The President may call out such number of men as the public exigencies may require; (§ 2.) The quota of each district to be as nearly as possible in proportion to the number of persons in it subject to draft, taking into account the number already furnished to the naval and military service; (§ 3.) If the quota of any State is not duly filled, drafts for any deficient district shall be ordered until the deficiency shall be supplied; (§ 4). Any enrolled person may furnish a substitute; and if this substitute is not liable to draft or in the service, the principal will be exempt during the time for which the substitute would be exempt, but no one in military or naval service shall be accepted as a substitute; (§ 5.) All persons liable to draft shall be enrolled; this comprises in effect all able-bodied males below the age of 45, including aliens who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, and all who, without having been in service two years during the present war, shall have been discharged; (§ 6.) Any person drafted may furnish a substitute at any time before the time fixed for his appearance at rendezvous; if the substitute is not liable to draft, the principal is exempt during the time of such non-liability, not exceeding the time for which the draft was made; if the substitute is liable to draft, the principal is liable to future drafts; any person paying money for commutation is exempted only from the special quota; and in no case shall such exemption extend beyond one year, at the end of which his name must be placed in enrollment; (§ 7.) Members of religious denominations whose rules prohibit the bearing of arms shall, when drafted, be considered non-combatants, and be assigned to duty in hospitals, or to the care of freedmen, or shall pay $300, the money to be applied to the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers; but no person shall be entitled to the benefit of this provision unless he shows that his conduct has been uniformly consistent with his professed principles: (§ 8.) No person of foreign birth who has voted or held office is exempt from draft on the ground of alienage; (§ 9.) Mariners or able seamen who may be drafted may, upon enlisting in the navy, be exempt from draft, under conditions which are prescribed; but the number of these transfer enlistments shall not exceed ten thousand; (§ 10, 11, 12.) Make provision for carrying out the preceding section, the principal of which is that such transfer drafts shall be credited to the quota of the district, as though the person had been actually placed in the army; and that no pilot, engineer, master-at-arms, master, ensign, or master's mate, having an appointment and duly acting as such in the naval service, shall be liable to draft while holding such appointment; (§ 13.) Declares the only exemptions to be those who are physically, mentally, or morally unfit for service; those who at the time of draft shall actually be in military or naval service; and those who, having been for two years in service, shall have been honorably discharged; (§ 14.) Repeals the clause in the existing Enrollment bill making two classes, the first consisting of unmarried persons and those married below the age of 35, the second class embracing all others; all persons liable to draft are thus consolidated into one class, and are equally liable to military duty; (§ 15–25.) Provide for the execution of the law, and impose heavy penalties for all fraudulent attempts at their violation or evasion on the part of persons liable to enrollment, or of any officers charged with carrying them into effect; (§ 26.) Enacts that all able-bodied male persons of African descent, between the ages of 20 and 45, resident in the United States, whether citizens or not, shall be enrolled; that when the slave of a loyal master is drafted and mustered into service, the master shall have a certificate thereof, and the bounty of $100 shall be paid to any person to whom the recruit, at the time of his being mustered into service, owes service or labor, on his freeing the recruit; that the Secretary of War shall appoint a commission in each Slave State represented in Congress, who shall award to any loyal person to whom the colored volunteer owes service a sum not exceeding $300, payable out of commutation money, upon the master freeing the slave; and that in all cases where slaves have been enlisted the provision as to bounty and compensation shall be the same as in the case of those to be enlisted; (§ 27.) Repeals all sections of the existing Enrollment act which are inconsistent with this.

—This was the form in which the bill passed the House. The Senate added the following proviso, which was agreed to by the House: Colored troops, "while they shall be credited in the quotas of the several States or subdivisions of States wherein they are respectively drafted, enlisted, or shall volunteer, shall not be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into regiments or companies as 'United States Colored Volunteers.'

The debates in both Houses on this bill were long and sharp, turning mainly upon the provisions for the enrollment of colored persons. The following is a sketch of the general line of remark in both Houses: In the Senate Mr. Davis denied the constitutionality of the bill, and said that a vital objection to it was that it authorized the raising of negro troops, and also gave them their freedom. Mr. Powell said that the only proper way was for the Government to indicate the number of men wanted, leaving it to the States to furnish them by draft. As it is, the militia force is absorbed by this great consolidation of despotic power. The part of the bill providing for the enlistment of colored men robbed the slaveholders of their constitutional property. Mr. Saulsbury's special objection to the bill was that it brought colored persons and negroes into the army. These people would not be slow to join in the cry for freedom and equality. Mr. Howe rejoined that he would not vote for a black man while he could find a better white man; but when the people of Wisconsin should find a man more worthy than himself to fill his seat, he should insist upon their right to send him, even though his skin should be darker. In the House, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, in moving the amendment giving compensation to loyal masters, said that he did so, not because he believed that compensation was due to the master, but on account of the measures which Government had already taken. He believed that Government ought to take slaves for military purposes, because they owed military service. Mr. Anderson, of Kentucky, thought the amendment did not go far enough. In his own district a large majority of the young men had entered the rebel service, and at the next draft the district would owe 7000 men; unless the slaves of disloyal men were taken, those who had induced enlistments in the rebel service would enjoy their property in peace, and the loyal white population must make up the deficiency; he would put the slaves of disloyal men in the army, but would not appropriate the slaves of loyal men. Mr. Webster, of Maryland, said that slaves were both persons and property. We needed colored men to aid in putting down the rebellion; any black man, having been a soldier, must be free; he would give freedom to the slave, and compensation to the master. Mr. Harris, of Maryland, denied the right of Government to enlist or enroll a slave; if taken, it could only be as property, and compensation must be made; he was opposed to employing negro troops; it would be a degradation to intrust our flag to negro hands. Mr. Kasson rejoined that the employment of negro soldiers was no new thing; the pension-rolls showed the names of black men by the side of whites; the statutes of the State of Virginia provided for the emancipation of slaves who fought in the War of the Revolution. Mr. Kelley said that we did not give compensation to the Northern father for his son, the wife for her husband, the children for the father taken from them by the conscription; the relation between slaveholder and slave was not more sacred than these. Slaves were persons, and as such owed military service to the country; they were never referred to as property in the Constitution; he was, however, ready to appropriate money to pay for slaves of loyal masters, who should consent to their volunteering.

The *Enlistment Bill*, with various amendments, has been debated at length, the discussions turning mainly upon the question of the employment and pay of colored troops. In the Senate, Mr. Davis,

of Kentucky, proposed an amendment to the effect that colored troops should be disbanded, and these men be employed only as teamsters and laborers; this was rejected by 30 to 7. The Military Committee in the House reported the following bill: "Any portion of the residents of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, or Arkansas, who may volunteer in the military service of the United States for the term of three years or during the war, shall be entitled to the benefits and privileges of the existing laws, and mustered into the regiments of any of the States which they may elect; and, in case of such being colored troops, they shall be assigned as now directed by law; and any State, or sub-division of a State, procuring such enlistments, shall receive credit, provided that such enlistments in any State, under this act, shall continue only until such State shall be subject to a call for troops." This was opposed by Messrs. Cox and Wadsworth on the ground that it gave an advantage to States having money, by enabling them to enlist men from other States instead of calling out their own men. Messrs. Blair and Garfield replied, affirming that thousands of loyal men in the South were ready to enlist if provision could be made for their families. The bill, having been amended, on motion of Mr. Cox, by providing that no enlistment shall be made, except as specially enumerated in the bill, unless credit is given to the State to which the soldier belongs, was passed by 81 to 44.

A bill for the establishment of a *Bureau of Freedman's Affairs*, to determine all questions relating to persons of African descent, and make regulations for their employment and proper treatment on abandoned plantations, was reported in the House on the 10th of February, from a Select Committee. After a long series of debates, continued from day to day, it was passed, on the 1st of March, by a vote of 69 to 67. In the course of the debates upon this bill Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, wished to know whether his State was to be included in the operations of the bill, and whether plantations there were to be considered as abandoned: he himself owned a plantation which had been abandoned because Government did not protect it. Mr. Eliot, the reporter of the bill, replied that the bill did not propose to establish colonies in Kentucky; that in the case of plantations there, whether they were to be considered as abandoned would depend upon whether the owners were loyal or disloyal; that in the case of Mr. Clay, a well-known loyal man, his plantation certainly would not be considered abandoned. Mr. Cox said he would not favor so novel, sweeping, and revolutionary a scheme as establishing an eleemosynary system for the blacks, making the Federal Government a plantation speculator and overseer. Millions of slaves, unfit for freedom, were to be freed; New England, which was fattening upon Western toil, should do its part in saving the slaves so improvidently freed. If slavery was doomed, the conflict would be between black and white. No system like the one proposed by this bill could save the slave; he would be crushed out as the war went on. Mr. Kalbfleisch said the bill attempted an impossibility—the bringing up of negroes to participate in the rights enjoyed by white citizens, and attempting to raise them to an equality with these. Mr. Brooks, of New York, said that the subject had been caucussed and decided upon elsewhere, and no argument of his against the bill would avail. Henceforth he would as far as possible withdraw the discussion of the Abolition question from the exciting questions of the day, and turn to other matters. His main anxiety was for the liberty of the white man. We must accept the abolition of slavery as an act accomplished, not only by the North but by the South. The Confederate Government had provided for putting arms into the hands not only of free blacks but of slaves; arming them was of necessity liberating them. The Republicans will have armed the negroes. They were consistent in this; for they had changed the war into an Abolition war, and therefore the blacks should be called out. He implored them to make the war as short as possible.

Several propositions looking to the *Abolition of Slavery* have been introduced into both Houses. We note the most significant of these. In the Senate, February 10, Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, offered the following joint resolution for amending the Constitution: "Article XIII. § 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. § 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." This article, if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress concur, to be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths of these, to be valid as a part of the Constitution. On the 17th Mr. Sumner offered a substitute for this resolution, embodying its substance, with additions to the following effect: The "three-fifths provision of the Constitution" relating to taxation and representation to be stricken out, leaving the clause (Article I. § 2, ¶ 3) as follows, "Representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States of the Union according to their numbers, excepting Indians not taxed." Another proposed amendment strikes out ¶ 3, § 2 of the 4th Article, which provides for the return of persons held to service or labor, escaping from one State into another. Mr. Clark offered a resolution carrying into effect the President's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, and giving to it the force of a statute. Mr. Brown, of Missouri, offered a joint resolution to the effect that, after the passage of this act, slavery shall not exist in the United States or Territories, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding, and that involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is prohibited.—In the House, Mr. Arnold offered a resolution, declaring that "the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to abolish slavery in the United States wherever it now exists, and to prohibit its extension in every part thereof forever;" which was passed, by 78 to 62. The propositions before Congress upon this subject resolve themselves into two classes: By the first the abolition of slavery is to be accomplished by amendments to the Constitution, made in the manner provided for in that document; by the second the end is to be gained by the direct action of Congress and the Executive.

In the Senate Mr. Davis offered the following joint resolutions for amending the Constitution: "*First.* No negro, or person whose mother or grandmother was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any place of trust or profit under the United States.—*Second.* The States of Maine and Massachusetts shall constitute one State, to be called East New England, and New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut shall

constitute one State, to be called West New England."

The discussion in respect to financial measures has touched a variety of points, of which the following are the most important: In taxing liquors the Senate wished to impose a tax upon those now in the hands of dealers as well as in those of manufacturers. The House wished to levy no additional duty upon spirits which had been sold by manufacturers. Each adhered to its own plan, and Committees of Conference were appointed without harmonizing the views of the two Houses. At length, on the 4th of March, the Senate, on motion of Mr. Sherman, agreed to recede from its amendments, and accept the bill as it passed the House. As explained by Mr. Sherman, the bill imposes a tax of 60 cents upon all spirits manufactured up to the 1st of July, leaving the tax after that time to be fixed by future legislation; it also imposes 40 cents, in addition to the 20 already paid, upon all spirits in the hands of manufacturers.—A proposition was introduced into the House authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell at his discretion the surplus gold in the Treasury. In support of this it was said that on the 1st of July there would be in the Treasury some $50,000,000 in gold, while the payments up to that time would be about $23,500,000; and by selling the surplus the market price would be lowered, and the embarrassments of merchants in procuring the gold to pay duties would be relieved. In opposition to this it was urged that this measure would place the Secretary of the Treasury in the position of the great regulator of markets—a power which ought not to be confided to him; and that the gold was pledged for the payment of interest on the public debt; if there was a surplus, let it be used to pay this interest in advance of the time when it was due, but let it not be diverted from the purpose to which it is pledged. The Committee on Ways and Means reported adversely to this proposition.—The Committee on Ways and Means also reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion to throw into market $200,000,000 bonds of the United States, being a part of the sum of $600,000,000 heretofore authorized, payable in not less than five nor more than forty years (hence called five-forties). The discussion upon this proposition has turned mainly upon the question whether the rate of interest should be fixed at six or five per cent.

Several so-called *Peace Propositions* have been made in the House, and the disposition given to them indicates the feeling of that body. Mr. Fernando Wood, in the course of a speech denouncing the Administration, said that, while we were proposing oppressive, destructive, and unconstitutional measures, the Confederate Government was proposing to discuss measures of peace, proposing to appoint delegates, to meet others from the Federal Government, to consider whether peace can not be attained; whether a new Government can not be formed; and if not, whether treaties of commerce and amity can not be entered into by the two Governments. Mr. Cox wished Commissioners to be sent to Richmond for this purpose, suggesting Mr. Wood as one; if this was done, and that gentleman did not within sixty days come back with a negotiation for peace upon the basis of the old Union, he would pledge his friends as earnest supporters of the war. No action was then taken upon this suggestion. Mr. Lang subsequently offered a resolution, which was rejected by 96 to 22, requesting the President to appoint Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and Thomas Ewing Commissioners to treat with the Confederate States for a cessation of hostilities and a reconstruction of the Union.

After consultation between Committees of the two Houses, the amendments of the Senate to the bill for creating a *Lieutenant-General* were agreed to. These amendments leave it optional with the President whether the Lieutenant-General shall be Commander-in-Chief, and also omit the recommendation of General Grant for that position. It was, however, understood that, in the event of the passage of the bill, General Grant would receive the appointment. The bill passed in the House by 73 to 47, and in the Senate by 31 to 6. The President at once nominated General Grant, and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate.

By a joint resolution, which passed both Houses, the time for the *Payment of Bounties* to volunteers was extended to April 1. This resolution, previous to its passage in the Senate, was submitted to the Secretary of War, and received his approbation.

During the month three important military enterprises have been undertaken. Neither of these, as far as we can judge from unofficial accounts, has achieved decided success, while one has met with a disastrous defeat.

On the 5th of February a strong expedition, comprising three brigades, under General Seymour, left Port Royal for Florida, followed a few days later by General Gillmore with additional naval and military forces. The advance portion reached Jacksonville on the 8th. Gillmore returned to Port Royal on the 16th, leaving the command of the expedition to Seymour. The first operations were decidedly successful. Near Jacksonville one hundred prisoners, with eight pieces of serviceable artillery, fell into our hands, and expeditions were pushed forward into the interior, by which large amounts of stores and supplies were destroyed. On the 17th Seymour issued an order congratulating his troops on their brilliant success. At that time Seymour, with 5000 men, was on the Florida Central Railroad, about forty-five miles from Jacksonville. Here they remained until the 20th, when the preparations for a movement in force toward Lake City were completed. The enemy's pickets were met six miles beyond by our cavalry, who were deployed as skirmishers two miles in advance of the infantry. The pickets were driven in, and when the main force came up the Seventh Connecticut (Colonel Hawley) was thrown forward with the cavalry. The enemy was found in force a little before reaching Lake City at Olustee, a small station on the railroad. The engagement was commenced between the enemy's skirmishers and our advance. The fire directed against our men was so hot that they were compelled to fall back; then we brought two batteries to bear on the enemy, and our whole force became engaged with more than twice their number of the enemy, who occupied a strong position flanked by a marsh, but his advance met with the most stubborn resistance, and he lost heavily. But our loss also was very great. Colonel Fribley of the Eighth United States (colored) was killed, and his regiment broke and fell back, leaving the left exposed. Again we retreated, taking another position; but it was impossible to contend with a force so greatly superior, and after a battle of three hours and a half we retreated, leaving our dead and severely wounded on the field. Five guns were lost, and about a thousand men killed, wounded,

and missing. From all reports it would seem that Seymour made his advance carelessly, and in total ignorance of the force opposed to him. In any case the defeat was complete and absolute.

On the 3d of February, almost simultaneously with the departure of the Florida Expedition, General Sherman, with a strong force, set out from Vicksburg, in light marching order, and moved eastward. The precise object of this expedition was not announced; but it was presumed to be to cross the States of Mississippi and Alabama, and co-operate with our naval forces in an attack upon Mobile. Shortly after a cavalry expedition, under General Smith, set out from Memphis, to work its way southeastward, and join Sherman somewhere on the borders of Mississippi and Alabama. By the 18th Smith had accomplished nearly one half of his proposed march, but soon after found the enemy concentrated in superior force in his way. Finding it impossible to proceed he fell back, destroying the bridges on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad in his retreat. There was continual skirmishing, but no decisive battle during the retreat, which lasted until the 25th, when the expedition accomplished its return to Memphis. Much damage was done to the enemy by the destruction of property, but the main object of making a junction with Sherman failed. The accounts of Sherman's progress are wholly contradictory. It is certain that he went as far east as Meridian, almost on the borders of Mississippi and Alabama. Reports say that he reached and took possession of Selma, in the centre of Alabama; but these have not been confirmed, and are probably erroneous. But to whatever point he had advanced it is probable that he commenced to retreat as soon as he learned that Smith's cavalry had failed in its endeavor to unite with him. But even this is not absolutely certain on the day when our Record closes. Southern papers give accounts of great damage having been inflicted by this expedition, especially to the railroad lines.

A bold raid has been undertaken toward Richmond by our cavalry under General Kilpatrick. Leaving Stevensport on the 28th of February, he crossed the Rapidan, gaining the rear of Lee's army without being discovered, and pushed rapidly on in the direction of Richmond. A detachment under Colonel Dahlgren was sent from the main body to Frederick's Hall, on the Virginia Central Railroad. The road was torn up for some distance, and then the James River Canal was struck, and six grist-mills destroyed, which formed one of the main sources of supply for the Confederate army. Several locks on the Canal were destroyed, and other damage done. Dahlgren's main body then pressed on toward Richmond, and came within three miles of the city, when, encountering a Confederate force, it withdrew. Dahlgren himself, with a small body, took a different route, and was supposed to be captured. Kilpatrick, meanwhile, pressed onward to Spottsylvania Court House, and thence to Beaver Dam, near where the two lines of railway from Richmond, those running to Gordonsville and Fredericksburg, cross. Here the railway was torn up and the telegraphic line cut, and the cavalry pushed straight on toward Richmond. They reached the outer line of fortifications at a little past ten on the morning of the 1st of March, about three and a half miles from the city. These were fairly passed, and the second line, a mile nearer, was reached, and a desultory fire was kept up for some hours. But it was clear that the defenses of Richmond were not to be successfully assailed by cavalry, and toward evening Kilpatrick withdrew, and encamped six miles from the city. In the night an artillery attack was made upon the camp, and our troops retired still farther, and on the following morning took up their line of march down the Peninsula toward Williamsburg, followed by detachments of the enemy, with whom slight skirmishes took place. On the 3d they fell in with a body of cavalry sent by General Butler from Fortress Monroe, and the whole force proceeded to Williamsburg. It can hardly be supposed that there was any expectation of taking a place so strongly fortified as Richmond by a dash of cavalry; if such was the object the enterprise was a failure. In some respects, however, the expedition was highly successful. Several miles of railway connection of great importance to the enemy were interrupted, stores to the value of several millions of dollars were destroyed, and some hundreds of prisoners were captured.

A movement from Chattanooga was made on the 22d of February toward Dalton in Georgia, about 25 miles southeast, where the main body of the Confederate army, lately commanded by Bragg, was supposed to be posted. The movement was merely a reconnoissance, and when after reaching to within three miles of Dalton, the enemy was found to be there in force, the troops were recalled.—It appears from the most reliable accounts which have reached us that Longstreet's command has been recalled from Tennessee, and is now on its way to Virginia or North Carolina.—The Confederate military authorities appear to have resolved to make a vigorous effort to drive our forces from Newbern and the adjacent points so long held by them in North Carolina.—General Bragg has been called to Richmond and appointed to direct the movements of the Confederate forces, subject to the authority of the President. His position appears to be similar to that held by General Halleck in our army.—A naval attack upon the forts defending the approaches to Mobile has been commenced. On the 23d of February a heavy fire was opened upon Fort Powell, with what results is yet unknown.

The siege of Charleston presents no new aspects, except that the steam sloop *Housatonic*, one of the blockading squadron, was sunk on the 18th of February by a torpedo sent down from Charleston. Two officers and three men were lost.

The Confederates are evidently straining every nerve for a vigorous campaign during the spring. We gave in our Record for February a brief analysis of the Conscription bill, which in effect brings every able-bodied white male between the ages of 18 and 45 into the active army, and puts those between 16 and 18 and 45 and 55 into the army of the reserve. The special exemptions are few. Professors and teachers; the public printer and such journeymen as he shall certify on oath to be necessary for doing the public work; one person on each plantation with more than 15 able-bodied male hands, upon condition of delivering a hundred pounds of bacon or beef for each able-bodied slave, or in special cases an equivalent in grain, and also selling at a certain fixed price his surplus crops; and such persons as the Secretary of War or the President may choose to detail "on account of public necessity," about complete the list of exemptions. There seems no good reason to doubt that this stringent law will be carried into practical operation, bring-

ing into service a larger proportion of the population than was ever before in any country called into the field. It is also announced that Mr. Preston, once United States Minister to Spain, has been sent to Mexico, with power to "recognize" the Government of the Emperor Maximilian, upon condition of his recognition of the Confederacy. "A recognition by Mexico," say the Southern papers, "is equivalent to one by France."

The financial scheme, which has also become a law in effect, gives the holders of Confederate notes the option of exchanging them at once for bonds bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent., payable in twenty years, or of having them practically confiscated. The confiscation is effected by taxing the notes at such a rate that within a year the tax will equal the face of the note. The regular tax bill levies 5 per cent. additional upon all property, with a few exceptions, and 10 per cent. on plate, watches, jewels, and the like; sales of products, merchandise, stocks, and the like pay 10 per cent. additional.

EUROPE.

Actual hostilities have occurred between Denmark on the one side and Austria and Prussia on the other. Whether these are but the beginning of a general European war will depend upon the action of the other European Powers. At present we can only give the chronology of the events which have actually occurred. As noted in our last Record, Austria and Prussia proposed to occupy the Duchies, and at the same time demanded important concessions from Denmark. The Danish Administration requested a delay of six weeks to enable it to assemble the Diet. This was refused, and on the 27th of January orders were given for the Austro-Prussian army to advance and take possession of Schleswig, summoning the Danish commander, General De Meza, to evacuate the Duchy. The entire Danish force numbered not quite 40,000 men, who held the line of the Dannewerke, a strong series of intrenchments some forty miles in extent. The force was quite too small to defend this long line. The Austrians and Prussians advanced on the 2d and 3d of February in greatly superior force, pierced the line at various points, and forced the Danes to give up the whole line, abandoning from 60 to 120 heavy guns, and losing some hundreds of prisoners. The fighting, though at great odds, was sharp, the assailants suffering severely. The town of Schleswig, the capital of the Duchy of the same name, was occupied by the Prussian army on the 9th; General Wrangel, the Prussian commander, issuing a proclamation announcing that the authority of the King of Denmark was "suspended" in the Duchies, that the public functionaries would remain in office, but that they must obey the Austrian and Prussian Civil Commissioners; the people meanwhile must keep quiet, and not hold any political meetings or make any demonstrations.

The latest accounts represent the main body of the Danish troops as strongly intrenched at Duppel and on the little island of Alsen, which is separated from the main land only by a narrow channel. Their whole line of outposts was attacked on the 18th by the German forces, who were driven back to their position, which they still occupied. In the mean while another strong body of the Germans had crossed the frontier of Schleswig and entered Jutland, the southern province of Denmark proper, situated on the main land, thus changing the nature of the contest from its first avowed object of a mere precautionary measure to one of actual war upon Denmark. Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence in London, a Cabinet Council was summoned. The whole attitude of the Danish Government indicates that it relies upon the support of the European Powers, for without such support, with a population of a million and a half, it can hardly expect to maintain a contest with Germany, with twenty times as many. Upon the sea the Danes are quite equal to the Germans, and their vessels are cruising in the narrow seas. An embargo has been laid upon all German shipping in Danish ports; and the Diet at Frankfort has announced a like embargo upon Danish shipping in German ports. In the mean while the minor German Powers appear nowise content with the action of Austria and Prussia in taking the Danish question into their own hands.

The British Parliament assembled on the 4th of February. The Queen's Message contains no allusion to American affairs. In respect to the Danish question, it says that the state of affairs on the Continent has given her Majesty great anxiety; the preservation of the integrity of the Danish monarchy was of great importance to Europe, and she would continue her efforts to ward off the dangers which might follow from a beginning of warfare in the north of Europe. Some aspects of the American question have, however, largely engrossed the attention of Parliament. The most significant speech on this subject was made by Earl Russell, on the 15th, with special reference to the case of the *Alabama*. From this speech we extract a single paragraph:

"I do consider that, having passed a law to prevent the enlistment of her Majesty's subjects in the service of a foreign Power, to prevent the fitting out or equipping, within her Majesty's dominions, of vessels for warlike purposes without her Majesty's sanction—I say that, having passed such a law in the year 1819, it is a scandal and a reproach that one of the belligerents in this American contest has been enabled, at the order of the Confederate Government, to fit out a vessel at Liverpool in such a way that she was capable of being made a vessel of war; that, after going to another port in her Majesty's dominions to ship a portion of her crew, she proceeded to a port in neutral territory, and there completed her crew and equipment as a vessel of war, so that she has since been able to capture and destroy innocent merchant-vessels belonging to the other belligerent. Having been thus equipped by an evasion of the law, I say it is a scandal to our law that we should not be able to prevent such belligerent operations."

The Confederate steamer *Georgia*, which had been for some time lying in the French port of Cherbourg, slipped away at midnight of the 15th of February, and stood out to sea.

It seems now to be definitely settled that the Archduke Maximilian will accept the proffer of the Imperial crown of Mexico. The programme of the proceedings is thus laid down: While awaiting the official return of the votes in the principal Mexican cities, he will visit the courts of Belgium, France, and Great Britain. After being present at the baptism of the son of the Prince of Wales he will return to Vienna, and receive the Mexican deputation with the official offer of the crown. He will then be proclaimed at Vienna as Emperor of Mexico, and proceed on board an Austrian man-of-war from Trieste, touching at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, to receive the blessing of the Head of the Church, and then cross the ocean to his new dominions.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great movement of the early spring is the Sanitary Fair for the United States Commission. It is a fair in many parts—in many booths, so to say. There is the Chicago booth, and the Boston and Cincinnati booths, which were opened and closed early in the winter. And there are the Buffalo, and Cleveland, and Albany, and Baltimore, and New York booths—and others in every part of the loyal land. Sometimes the booths are small—but the hearts in them are as large, and the fingers as steadily busy, as in the greater. Providence had an impromptu fair, almost, and yet it gathered about four thousand dollars. Still smaller towns have done their share. The great work goes on. The fourth year of the war is opening, and the men and the money come so freely that dear old Europe, which sneered in the beginning that our Government was not strong enough, now begins to scoff that it is too strong.

In Boston the crowd at the fair was so great that every thing large and valuable was distributed by raffle! Poor heathen! The religious city of New York taught them a lesson there! It may do very well for the Boston pagans to give five or ten dollars for the soldiers, with the chance of getting a port-folio of original designs by our best artists which is valued at four thousand dollars. But such conduct tends to debauch the public conscience and corrupt the public virtue. It is only another form of that pestilent Puritanism which begets freedom and prosperity, and is forever insisting upon education and enlightenment. Pagans and Puritans raffle because raffling is debauchery, and they are debauchees. Poor Boston! it actually raffled! Did it forget Sodom and Gomorrah? Because it sits upon Three Mountains, did it hope to escape the fate of the Cities of the Plain? No: Boston raffled; and the huge moral criminal ought to be ashamed of itself. There was a terrible fellow in New York named Jack, and he met his friend Tom. "Tom," said Jack, "where have you been?"

"To Boston," answered Tom.

"What for?" asked Jack.

"I went there to lecture."

"Did you?" exclaimed Jack, fervently; "how glad I am. I hate the Bostonians!"

Jack is the same person who is so glad that Boston had raffling at its Sanitary Fair. He knows that raffling at a charity Fair corrupts the public virtue; and he knows—for Jack is wonderfully intelligent—that the sentiment of a religious city like New York would recoil from such iniquity. Poor Boston! *Ilium fuit.* Boston raffled!

Of course the authorities of the Sanitary Commission have returned those fifty thousand dollars sent from the Boston Fair. The money is tainted. All the perfumes of New York piety could not sweeten that little hand of Boston charity. The money is the price of raffling! It would make the soldier's head throb, and his wound bleed afresh. It should be purged, and set aside to found a great mission to counteract the public corruption which springs from charitable raffling, as surely as disease from fresh air.

Meanwhile let us in New York thank God we are not as other people are, rafflers, charitable, and Puritan. Let us attend to our own fairs and affairs. When this Magazine is issued, the Metropolitan Fair will have been opened and probably closed. Poor little Brooklyn— However, we must stick to our text. Yet it may not be irrelevant to remark that in the neighboring town of Brooklyn, a quiet and pretty suburb of the metropolis—a rural neighborhood upon Long Island—there was also a very creditable Fair, very. There was something said of rivaling the metropolis. Now let us hope that nobody will remember the fable of the frog and the ox. At the moment of writing it is not possible for the Easy Chair to know whether Brooklyn raffled or not. If it did, we in the metropolis know that it thereby debauched the public mind, corrupted the public heart, poisoned the public morals, tainted the public conscience, ruined the public virtue, blasted the public promise, and plunged the public peace into a pit of perdition. It is therefore to be hoped that raffling was forbidden. Except for its insular situation we should suppose that Brooklyn had heard of the fate of Boston, which raffled, and is already a by-word of debauchery, corruption, etc., etc.

But, as we were saying, let us thank Heaven that we are virtuous. It is understood at this writing that there will be no distribution by lot. There will consequently be much less money raised, unless the resolution of the Committee should have alienated the sympathy of the congregations whose pastors protested. Their motives were doubtless as pure as other men's. Yet we can not help wishing they could have seen the matter differently; that they should have looked rather at the fact than the theory; rather at the spirit than at the letter: and there is, doubtless, many a soldier sick and wounded and weary, who loves his minister and his church, who wishes, also, that the word had not been spoken which abridges his comfort and diminishes his hope of recovery. If only the protest had been against pride, malice, and all uncharitableness, and had sternly denounced these in the management of a Fair—(of course in the metropolis our withers would have been unwrung, but in Brooklyn, tut, tut!—in Albany, in Buffalo, in all other cities what *would* they have done under such a ban!) But see the weakness of human nature! We say that in the condemnation of such trivial offenses we should have sympathized, while from the censure of the crowning crime of raffling we hold aloof. Let this Easy Chair be then a warning. But above all, let us not give a dollar in charity with a chance of a pin-cushion thrown in lest we debauch the public conscience.

WASHINGTON'S birthday was more universally and heartily observed this year than for many years past. It was a curious and interesting tribute to his character, and to our estimate of him. For if there were any thing in his life or words which did not most fully sustain the nationality and inseparable union of the American people and States, his name would have passed instinctively out of the range of our affectionate admiration. Mere genius, mere greatness of intellectual or even of purely moral qualities, would not hold any man close to the heart of a great people struggling in civil war. Only the profoundest interest in their cause can do that. Washington is not only our General, our President, our wise political counselor, but he is the incarnation of the instinct of Union and nationality,

and his fame and the popular affection which follows him will be as eternal as the nation itself.

We can see this in another way, from the fact that the rebels neither did nor logically could—even if circumstances like Sherman and Farragut had favored—celebrate his birthday as a festival. They have put his figure, indeed, in a coarse wood-cut upon their paper-money, and they talk of the great Virginian. But they can not repeat a word of his which favors their crime, and he is distinctively, not the great Virginian, but the great American. His companion and rival, Jefferson, was, perhaps, a man of finer intellect and genius. He certainly said much more about the people and the Democracy than Washington. But Jefferson was a politician. He coquetted with Virginia resolutions and other shadowy forms of denationalizing influence. The consequence is that he does not lie very near the heart of the people. His powers, his services, his success, are sincerely acknowledged; but his name is not a spell to conjure popular love by; his birthday could not be made a national holiday.

And let us here, in the name of our large constituency in every part of the country, thank Mayor Gunther of New York for his manly and sensible letter declining to approve the project of dining the Common Council in honor of the day. If he can not withstand the main torrent of civic extravagance, he will stop a little rill, and show his goodwill. And if leaning upon the noble exemplar of the day; if, like Washington, refusing to trust himself to cliques and resolving to rest upon the general good sense, the Mayor of the city of New York would appeal to the support of the real people, he would signalize his administration. The feeling of politicians is that the worst passions and lowest interests of the public must be relied upon for official or political success. But if an experiment of another kind should be tried, it would be found, here as elsewhere, that the intelligence of the population, which is disheartened by the supposition that the contest is hopeless, would be so invigorated by the prospect of hearty and honest co-operation from the executive head, that it would show itself strong enough to support the head and protect itself.

No magistrate had ever a fairer opportunity than the present mayor; for his election was the sign of a certain degree of political independence. It was the spirit of Washington that inspired his letter; let the same spirit control his whole magistracy.

The recent removal of Mr. Verplanck from the Presidency of the Century Club, and the election of Mr. Bancroft in his place, is an interesting sign of the times, which can escape no observant Easy Chair. Mr. Verplanck is known to the city for his unblemished character; for his scholarly tastes and habits; for his prominence in public charities; and in other years for his political activity. The older members of the Century especially must always retain the most agreeable impression of the late President; for he represented in many ways not only a past generation, but to a certain degree a kind of culture which is more familiar to London traditions than to those of New York. He used to sit in the club-room and talk of actors, for instance, with the same relish that marked Charles Lamb's criticisms and recollections of the stage. He is, also, a true Knickerbocker, and his reminiscences of the city are so ample and detailed that a walk down Broadway with him was full of the liveliest interest. He is a part of old New York. It was impossible, as you listened to him, not to believe that he had personally known William the Testy and Wouter Van Twiller; and that he had a genuine antipathy to the "losel Yankees." You would instinctively appeal to him to settle a disputed point in Diedrich Knickerbocker's veracious history. Indeed in a city like New York, which has become so cosmopolitan, and where, consequently, the quaint individual characteristics have been overwhelmed, a man like the late President of the Century Club had the charm of an old City Hall in a Flemish town, rich with the associations of ancient burgher days.

It was, therefore, unpleasant to think of him as ceasing to be its President before he ceased to live; and certainly nothing but the tragical reality of the times could have occasioned such an event. But in every civil war, so long, so earnest, so sanguinary as this, every body of citizens, for whatever purpose it may be constituted, is of necessity compelled to express itself either actively or passively. The reason is that, in a country like this, the existence of the government is the transcendent question. When that is imperiled every other relation is shaken. Indifference is impossible. To be what is called indifferent, for instance, in a city closely besieged, is merely to say that you do not care whether the besiegers are repulsed or the city falls. Such indifference is the most positive partisanship. It is an attitude of passive opposition to the existing state of things. It is passive co-operation with the assault. It is so much strength withdrawn from the resistance; and when every man counts it must be, and will be, and ought to be treated accordingly.

While the religious civil wars raged in France Montaigne remained retired in his castle. He was a nominal Romanist, indeed, but Montaigne was in no danger of being made a bishop. Now what body of Frenchmen, united for whatever purpose, who were virtually interested either as Romanists or Huguenots, could have retained Montaigne as their head? When he was removed, as inevitably he would have been, he might have smiled, but he would not have wondered nor complained. Indifference is impossible. When at the beginning of the rebellion the Club in this city facetiously called "The Union Club" declined to expel Judah Benjamin, it showed its sympathies as decisively as if it had elected Jefferson Davis a member.

It is useless to say that clubs have nothing to do with politics. You may as truly say the same of social parties and balls. But if a man or woman wears the colors of Nena Sahib at Lady Palmerston's reception, while the Hindoo is starving and slaughtering young Englishmen and women, what do you think of Lord Palmerston if he smiles at the expression of political difference between his guest and himself? What do you think of him, if he goes the next morning and scolds a young British officer who called the wearer of the murderer's colors to account? Could you believe that Lord Palmerston was a very resolute enemy of Nena Sahib's? Political differences, you say, should not poison social intercourse. Would you, then, like to see the President and Jefferson Davis meeting on neutral ground and cheerfully dining together? But every man in the land is as much interested as they are. Every man wishes well to one or the other, and that knowledge instinctively modifies all social intercourse whatever. When a noted General of our army, upon being accosted at a ball by an old acquaintance, who put out his hand and said, warm-

ly, "Good-evening, General," why did the soldier keep his own hand quietly at his side and say, coolly, "Good-evening, Sir," but because he knew that the "indifference" of the other encouraged and sustained the rebellion? The heartiness, the satisfaction of social relations are disturbed despite ourselves in civil war; for a civil war is not a political debate. One man may hold opinions radically opposed to those of another, and the pleasantest intercourse be still possible. But when these opinions become acts involving life, liberty, property, who would still insist that they were still only political differences? You may have thought all your life that a monarchy was the best political system for this country, and you and I may have discussed it over dozens of the softest Bordeaux, and through the sweet smoke of a thousand Havanas. But when you marshal your forces to overthrow this Government by arms, and have fired upon me and my friends, maiming and murdering us, do you think the survivors are very foolish to allow political differences to prevent their dining with you?

When a man is called upon by civil war to sacrifice his own life, or to see the lives of his sons and brothers sacrificed, he may be considered equal to the sacrifice of personal feeling which is involved in such an act as the removal of a president of a club. For if he frequents the club at all, it is for social relaxation. But can a loyal American citizen at this moment find any pleasing relaxation in the society of Wigfall, or of any one who directly or indirectly supports him, or who merely prides himself upon his indifference? There may be, indeed, as in Montaigne's case, an honest indifference. But it is a good thing to know that the Century Club is not honestly indifferent, but most sincerely and positively conservative and national.

Nothing could show more clearly the change of public opinion in this country than the hearty welcome of Mr. George Thompson, from England. He was the most thoroughly hated man in America twenty-five years ago; but his services for our cause in England during the last three years have justly earned for him the sincere good-will with which he is now greeted. His earlier practical acquaintance with this country had taught him in the roughest way the true spirit and power of the insurrection, and he has been able to speak with a force of knowledge that no other Englishman possessed. He has been one of the brave band among which we honor the names of John Bright, Professor Cairnes, Goldwin Smith, Stuart Mill, Cobden, and the rest, who have as sturdily resisted the opposition of British public opinion as he formerly withstood the stress of our own. Twenty-five years ago, for instance, Mr. George Thompson was hunted and mobbed in Boston. This year he has been received in that city by the Governor of the State, with tumults of welcome, and with all the hospitality that the public could offer. And among the pleasant and remarkable events of the evening was the call by the Governor, after all the speeches and the shouting, for three cheers for the Queen of England—the same Governor who, two years ago, took very strong ground in the same city upon the *Trent* trouble. It was well and worthily done. The people of this country certainly do not seriously wish any war with England, however intense and bitter the feeling against her in individual cases may be. England and the United States are naturally friends, for this reason, if for no other, that they are the great illustrations and defenders of constitutional liberty in the largest sense. We may and must believe, in this country, that the necessary development of that liberty will gradually modify and eliminate the aristocratic form of government; and they will perhaps suppose that ours must become a strong Government.

As the military aspect of our public affairs becomes more composed, it is easy to see that our attention must be concentrated upon internal questions entirely new and practically difficult. We wish, therefore, to be friends, as much as may be, with the whole world. There is really no reason why we should not be, unless the French conquest of Mexico should compel trouble. And to this great consummation of public tranquillity nothing so directly contributes as the intelligent influence of every citizen. It is easy, but not very wise, to sneer incessantly at John Bull. Certainly this Easy Chair cries *peccavi!* John can and does sneer at us, as *Punch* has fully proved. Poor old *Punch!* Let us hope it may recover some of its old spirit, and turn its laugh upon the enemies and not upon the friends of human progress and popular rights.

It does not follow indeed that we are to embrace every thing English, nor to suppose that her changed attitude toward us is really a change of heart. Nations do not have that kind of relation with each other. We, especially, have never been famous for it. It is a cardinal point of our policy not to have it. If any people strikes for liberty or a republic, any where in the world, we simply touch our hats, and make a vague general bow. As for actual assistance, material aid, recognition, and the other steps so grateful under such circumstances, they are the very steps that we most carefully do not take. But that is intelligible. The footing of nations is that of acquaintances, not of friends. We are in no danger of cherishing any romantic affection for England, or France, or Russia; but that is no reason why we should defy and distrust them. Perhaps when we are all gone, and the story of our times is more dispassionately told, it will appear that we had given grave reason for the general apathy, or even joy, which attended our extremity. Meanwhile we are very glad of the cordial welcome which Mr. Thompson received, and hope that it may be understood in England as the sign of national amity.

In Mr. Hunt's lately published "Life of Edward Livingston" there is a passage from one of Livingston's speeches or letters in which he expresses his pride that a woman may travel from one end of America to the other without insult. And there is no doubt that we are the most truly courteous of people, Jean Crapeau to the contrary notwithstanding. But it is perhaps no less true that that courtesy is more sorely tried by the beautiful sex than in any other land. Within two or three days this Easy Chair has seen a woman come into a car at Springfield, Massachusetts, where the train stopped for dinner, look around, and deliberately place herself in the seat where a bag and traveling-shawl told, as plainly as if some one had spoken, that some gentleman had left the seat to dine, and would presently return. In a few minutes he came to resume his place, looked surprised, asked the woman if she would please hand him his shawl, which she did, and then taking his bag looked around for a seat, and, as I afterward discovered, was obliged to push on to the smoking-car before he found one.

At another time a gentleman stepped out of the car for a moment, leaving his shawl, and, returning in less than five minutes, he found a man and woman comfortably ensconced in it. Upon his polite request the woman rose and handed him his shawl; but in neither case was there a single word of explanation or apology from any of the offenders. As the Easy Chair looked on and saw the boorishness of the women and the true courtesy of the men—for in neither instance was there the least apparent ill-humor or abruptness upon the men's part—he could not but wish that his good old friend of the Berkshire Hills had been there, who waited, when his seat had been taken in a similar way, until the offending woman asked, curtly, "What are you waiting for?" and then answered, with sweet and noble courtesy, "I am waiting to hear you say 'Thank you,' madame." For he did not mean that the fine laws of behavior should be outraged in his presence without a fit rebuke.

It is clear in both these cases that if the women had waited patiently until the occupants of the seats came they would have been asked to seat themselves. But, as it was, every well-bred person in the car was chagrined, and the duty of courtesy became more difficult. It is not to be supposed that there was intentional rudeness. If either of the gentlemen had offered an apple to either of the women it would have been taken or declined, but in either case with thanks. And this is the very point of complaint, that a seat in a car, however crowded the car may be, and however convenient the seat for a traveler making a long journey, is held to be common property, however its possession may be marked. Let, then, either of these women—and their name is legion—who may chance to read these lines, ask herself how she would like to return to a seat, in which she had left her bag or shawl for the purpose of retaining it, and to find it occupied without a word or even look of recognition. We do not indeed buy a specific seat in a car, but common courtesy allots that one to us which we occupy or have designated as ours.

But Dorinda, who is reading this page and wondering if the Easy Chair is growing churlish, remarks that selfishness is not confined to women; and that the seats in cars are generally occupied by a single man who shows no alacrity in offering it to the women when they come. Well, let us be frank on both sides. In that case, is it not Dorinda's experience that the women often move along the aisle of the car saying audibly, and not very blandly, "All the seats seem to be taken?" And has she never seen the same women ask some one of the occupants if he would please sit with the gentleman in front so that the speaker and her friend may sit together? All this proceeds upon the assumption that the ladies are to be conveniently accommodated, does it not? Now Mrs. Trollope forbid that this Easy Chair should question that canon of all American courtesy! He concedes it fully and freely. But is it a right to be boldly claimed? Does it not at once cease to be courtesy when it is so regarded? For when it is understood that it is not a matter of courtesy, surely we have all a right to require that the rules of the car shall be conspicuously posted that no one may go astray. For we have all occasionally seen that hectic and exceptional man who returns to his seat and informs the woman who has installed herself that it is his seat, and he is very sorry, but he must ask for it. Twenty gentlemen may start from their places to offer them to her; but the sting of the rebuke can not be removed.

The Easy Chair, in a winter's vagabondage, was once sitting drowsily in a crowded car and suddenly heard a man's shrill and wiry voice behind him saying, "Well, Sir, I will sit here until the gentleman comes;" and then the same voice added, sharply, "I will give it up; but I don't admit that a shawl keeps a seat." It was impossible not to turn round suddenly and ask: "Why, then, do you give it up, and what *does* keep a seat if a shawl does not?" The thin, shrill voice replied: "I don't care to discuss the point." And how impossible, again, it was not to answer: "No, Sir, I should think not upon such a ground."

Dorinda ought to remember that, in a country where courtesy is so universal, it may be abused, and every woman ought to act accordingly. Even in the city street cars, always overcrowded, a woman is seldom allowed to stand, unless she quietly insists that she will not take the seat offered to her. But if any thing would chill and check politeness it is assumption. All the sex suffers from the rudeness of one woman. And why may it not sometimes be a valuable service which is performed by the hectic traveler who insists upon his seat? Will she not own that while Mr. Livingston spoke the truth in saying that a woman may travel from one end of the country to the other without insult, yet that very courtesy which he remarked nearly half a century ago has become more difficult from the manner in which it has been received?

The Easy Chair will be very glad to hear what Dorinda has to say upon the subject.

The new novel by Charles Dickens will be published serially in this Magazine. He is now the chief of novelists. His great peer, Thackeray, will tell us no more tales. Bulwer is already historical; and the crowd of clever writers, Trollope, Collins, Reade, and the rest, do not stand among the great masters of fiction. Dickens and Miss Evans or George Eliot, are the most illustrious living names in England; for George Sand still lives and writes in France.

We but repeat the advice we have often given when we suggest that the reader should begin with the first number of the new story, and not wait until it is ended. That may be two years hence, and to read it then will be a serious matter. For we should remember that the publication by numbers springs from the necessity of the case. It is the prolific literary genius of the age that compels it. In reading nowadays we must divide and conquer.

In the Magazine for March was printed the little paper upon Thackeray written for the *Cornhill* by Dickens. It was pleasant to hear him speak, and, so far as we know, for the first time, of his famous contemporary, who had spoken so much and so heartily of Dickens. Yet the range of the two men's sympathies is so different that neither could be exactly just to the other. Nor is it likely that they were free from the embarrassing consciousness that they were so often contrasted and compared. Every body was challenged to take a side and declare a preference, as if it were a war of York and Lancaster, and we must be traitors to one or the other. But there may be two rose-trees in the garden, a white and a red; and each so beautiful that both satisfy.

Dickens makes an irresistible impression of the

most affluent, sympathetic, humorous, and humane genius. His novels are panoramic peeps into the world, they are so crowded with figures. But he is constantly mastered by his own power and fascinated by his own creations. He takes fancies and fights battles against himself. He gives a man the queerest nose in the world, and then pulls it out half an inch further and beyond all possible proportion, for pure fun. This girl is a dear good little girl, and she shall be an angelic little Nell, so she shall! The result is that his stories have an air of caricature, an invincible grotesqueness. It is not quite the thing, we admit, but it is perfectly recognizable, and perhaps a great deal better than the thing. It is fantastic in form, but its spirit is true. Dick Swiveller is an exquisite exaggeration. There never was one, but, good Heaven! there might so easily be one!

Thackeray impresses you less with this exuberant revel of genius. His range is more limited, but it is more perfect. He does not so much write stories as daguerreotype life. His people and events affect us as they do in the world. "He sits," as has been so nobly said of Shakespeare, "pensive and alone above the hundred-handed play of his imagination."

You saw last month how Dickens spoke of Thackeray. At the close of his lecture upon Charity and Humor, written in New York, Thackeray thus speaks of Dickens:

"As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits, figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness. You come away better for your contact with them, your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's 'Christmas Carol?' I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is in bed, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: 'I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him."

And in the same genial strain he goes on until he concludes. "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal."

In all the praise that has been lavished upon Mr. Dickens, is there any thing more profusely generous than this? In all the estimates of each other written by great rival authors, is there any thing simpler, sweeter, sincerer than these words? They are the most delightful introduction to the new course in the feast of love and kindness to which Mr. Dickens is now inviting us all to sit down.

Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND of ours, who is an exile from the South—not that he loves her less, but because he loves his country more—writes on this wise:

I have for years been a delighted reader of your useful and interesting Magazine, and have had many a health-giving laugh over the oddities and facetiæ of your Protean Drawer. Exiled from the field of my professional labors, "'way down in Alabama," since the spring of '61, the beginning of the pending unholy rebellion, I have periodically resorted to your pages for an agreeable relief from the *ennui* of inaction and the gloom of banishment from the dear sunny home of twenty years. An anecdote occurs to me which I will relate to your readers, if you think it can be taken in part-payment for the enjoyment I have derived from the perusal of so many better furnished by your numerous correspondents.

A few years ago there lived an eccentric genius by the name of Ezekiel Pickens, who was then Judge of one of the Circuit Courts of Middle Alabama. He was a good man, a good lawyer, and a good and upright judge. On one occasion there was arraigned before him for trial a prisoner who had been indicted for hog-stealing, or some such offense. The guilt of the culprit was made out clearly, and was wholly uncontradicted. He was, however, one of those young scamps who manage, by lively humor on all occasions, to make for themselves, no matter with how little warrant, a friendly lodgment in the memory of those about them. The jury was composed of the neighbors of the rascal, and tried their utmost to compromise between their consciences and his guilt, so as to reprove the offender and at the same time shield him from the penalty of the broken law. After a few minutes' retiracy the jury returned into court and handed the papers to the Clerk, who read to an amused and astonished court and auditory the following unique finding: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty; but, on consideration, pardon him!"

"Why," said the Judge, as he surveyed the jury

with amazement pictured in his face, "you can't pardon a criminal; that power resides in the Governor alone. Retire and amend your verdict, and leave the matter of clemency to the State executive."

The jury did retire and alter their verdict, finding the following, which was received amidst shouts of laughter, in spite of the cries of silence from the officials in all parts of the court-room, viz.: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, and hope he won't do so again!"—thus, as the jury doubtless thought, administering a reproof to the offender while shielding him from the penalty of the law. Of course the jury were again sent out. Finding themselves unable to shield their questionable pet by any indirect mode of compromise with the law and fact, they acted as many a jury had acted before them—they assumed the responsibility and found a "clean" verdict of "Not guilty." And how many citizens were there in that audience who, after listening to that verdict, indulged in the stereotyped fling at the rascality and uncertainty of the law; unmindful that it was a guilty jury, and not the law, which was at fault?

On another occasion a person charged with the offense of an assault (stabbing), with intent to kill, was brought before the same Judge, and required to plead to the indictment. The county had then lately been the scene of much lawless violence, and the Judge had evidently made up his mind to set his face severely against its continuance. The case in question was an aggravated one, and the proof of guilt conclusive. When called on for his plea, by the advice of counsel the prisoner pleaded "Guilty," and asked the mercy of the Court.

"What!" said the Judge, in a harsh tone, "do you plead guilty as charged in that indictment? No, no; that can't be!"

On being assured that such was the plea, the Clerk was ordered to read the charges again. The plea being persisted in, the Judge remarked, in his peculiarly slow way, repeating the language of the old Common Law indictment, then in use: "You plead guilty, do you, and ask the mercy of the Court? You say, do you, that, not having the fear of God before your eyes, and being instigated by the devil, and with malice aforethought, you did cut, thrust, and stab, etc., with the intent to kill and murder? You intended to stab, and you did intend to kill and to murder a fellow-being; and now you have the impudence to ask mercy for the offense. I want the people of this county, and you in particular, to understand that this Court ha'n't got no mercy for no such devilment!" And he forthwith sentenced the fellow to the highest fine and the longest imprisonment allowed by law in such cases.

A reader of the Drawer in Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory, writes:

"Aleck," of the Tremont Hotel, in this place, is perhaps the most "fidgety" man in the Territory. Being a thorough-bred Democrat, he is sometimes pretty hard on the upper-ten—or aristocrats, as he calls them.

"And what kind of an animal may an aristocrat be?" asked a by-stander.

"What species of the genus Aristocrat do you mean? There are a number of them," said mine host.

"The Cod-fish."

"Well, Sir, a cod-fish aristocrat is one of those customers who can pin a dried herring to his coat-tail, and imagine himself to be a whale!"

Sometimes, however, this same landlord gets the worst of a joke, as was the case recently.

He had a guest who had been boarding with him several weeks and did not pay at all. Mr. Landlord concluded to mend matters, and haul his delinquent patron over the coals. After some preliminaries, the following proceedings were had:

"Look here! just one of two things must be done, and that soon; you must either pay your bill or leave my house. I can not afford to board you for nothing a day longer."

"Well, Sir," replied the *dead-head*, "if that be the case—and you are doubtless correct in your statement—I will avail myself of the present opportunity of hunting another boarding-house. I guess I'll leave!"

From California come the two following:

While an honest miner, and following the calling at Volcano Amadore County, a party of Eastern boys joined camp with us. Among them was Jack T——, a gay bird, a painter by trade. Miss Horn, a resident of the same borough (in Maine), opening a millinery shop, called on Jack to paint a sign, and asked his advice about painting thereon something emblematical. Jack suggested the painting of *a horn, and her coming out of the little end of it!*

At Amadore Creek Dutch Dick arrived late in the season, from "the plains across." He was lucky enough to find the frame of a log-house. He had no difficulty in fitting in a door, and constructed a roof out of his wagon-cover, etc. In the evening I asked him how he had secured the canvas to the walls of the cabin; he replied, "*I tied him down mit nails!*"

A Vermont friend of the Drawer says the Green Mountaineers seldom see a balloon. Some six years since the first balloon ascension took place from St. Johnsbury. The wind swept it off northeast over a wilderness region, with only small, scattering settlements. F——, one of the detached settlers, distant from any neighbor, was at work alone, out of sight of his house, had heard nothing of the balloon ascension, by mere accident looked up and saw it sailing majestically along, was frightened, and ran for his house. A day or two after I was passing by. F—— hailed me and related the wonderful sight. I informed him that it was a balloon, and asked F—— what he thought it was. He said at first he thought it was Gabriel; but the second thought was that it must be the other gentleman, and then he put for the house!

The balloonist, some ten miles farther along, saw a small clearing, and, as night was near, wished to land, and lowered his balloon, and called to two men near a barn for aid. They looked up and saw the balloon, made a rush into the barn out of sight, and kept out. The balloonist had to rise again and go on to the next settlement, where the people were on friendly terms with the "other gentleman," and ready to help him. There he landed safely.

Webster gives the following definition of the word *Caucus:* "A word used in America to denote a meeting of citizens to agree upon candidates to be proposed for election to offices, or to concert measures for supporting a party: the origin of the word is not ascertained."

A gentleman who has seen considerable of public men and politicians gives the following ingenious explanation of its paternity, although, he adds, the

date and locality of the occurrence has slipped his memory:

Some years ago an informal meeting of representatives of one of the great political parties was called to determine on a plan of action. All matters being arranged smoothly, the meeting was on the eve of adjourning, when the leading members enjoined strict secrecy as to the proceedings, to which all assented; and one, more emphatic than the others, responded, "Cork us," or "Calk us." The idea was so irresistibly comical that the only reply that could be obtained from members about the secret proceedings was "Cork us." Hence, from its sound, it was soon run into the word as we now have it—*Caucus.*

THE Second Iowa Volunteers had re-enlisted as "veteran volunteers" and gone to the State on furlough. As Company F was marching through Pulaski, on its way north, one of the boys spied Surgeon M——, of the Second (and, by-the-way, as good a surgeon as any regiment can boast), standing by the side of the road watching the company file past, and hailed him with "Come on, Doctor, we need a *veterinary* surgeon!"

JOE DUN was a famous bailiff in the time of Henry VII. He was so clever in collecting bad debts that when a creditor could not get his due from a debtor his friends used to say, "Why don't you *Dun* him?"

IN Canada we have many readers, and in the city of Hamilton resides a correspondent who sends the following:

Being a reader of *Harper* I like it throughout, but I always ransack the Drawer first. In the early settlement of Canada many of the surveys were so inaccurately made that jogs in the side-lines of several rods occurred in many of the townships, and so remain up to this day. We have one Provincial Land Surveyor. All the other surveyors are deputies. In the township of Zorra, after a recent survey, a number of the backwoodsmen were looking over the Surveyor's Report, till they came to the signature, with the "D. P. L. S." attached. Here was a puzzler, as they could not make out what the "D. P. L. S." stood for. After several vain and ridiculous attempts an individual generally known as Big Bill brightened up, and, looking exceedingly shrewd, said, "I know what it means: Dreadful Poor Land Surveyor; and that accounts for all the jogs in the lines."

THE direful prevalence of the wretched vice of drunkenness in California may be inferred from the following report, which a correspondent sends us from the Sacramento *Daily Union:*

An attorney of the city had brought suit against a ranchman in the southern portion of the county for $804, for professional services rendered at divers and sundry times within the past five or six years. Testimony was introduced to show that plaintiff had visited defendant at his ranch, and had also sent down an agent for the purpose of effecting a settlement of the account. During the trial the defendant swore that on the occasion of the visit of plaintiff to the ranch plaintiff was drunk and irritable; witness tried to pacify him, but was unable to. He also swore that when the agent came down he and witness took a drink; they then took several drinks, and the agent became too drunk to settle up the business, and witness himself was in a very unsuitable condition for that purpose. The plaintiff testified that he visited the ranch on account of having heard that defendant was bordering on the condition of delirium tremens. A lady witness, who was at the ranch, testified that plaintiff, defendant, and agent were all drunk. She did not wish to hurt the feelings of any body in court, but "the men were all in that condition which early settlers are apt to attain where liquor is abundant." A deputy-sheriff, who was not called as a witness, confirms the general tenor of the testimony by stating that, when he visited the ranch and inquired for the defendant, he was informed that he was in bed, drunk. At half past four o'clock yesterday afternoon the attorney for the defense moved for an adjournment until morning, on the ground that one of his witnesses, although present, was drunk, and could not, therefore, be brought upon the stand to testify. "In fact," added the attorney, "this seems to be a very drunken case." The motion of the attorney required no argument. The witness referred to had just been removed from the court-room by one deputy-sheriff, and in a few minutes afterward, on account of disorder in the entry, was muzzled by another, and through a series of acrobatic feats was landed on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs. The reason assigned for adjourning was held to be good by the Court.

A NEIGHBOR tells us of an incident in city life:

A Sunday or so ago, walking up Sixth Avenue, and seeing quite a commotion on the corner of Twenty-fifth Street, we approached to see what the excitement was. There was a crowd of about a hundred men, women, and children gathered around, seeming to be much distressed about something. Some of the men were armed with pickaxes, crowbars, ropes, torches, etc., and were gathered around the corner of the block where the opening to the sewer was. On inquiring what was the matter we learned that a poor child had fallen through the grating into the sewer, and, being injured and unable to move, was attracting attention by its screams. We listened, and sure enough heard the wails. A fire-company coming home from an excursion stopped, and the firemen ran up with their ropes, and thrusting them down the grating, endeavored to bring up the child, but although it evidently took hold of them, it was too weak to hold on. Meantime many ladies and gentlemen, returning from church, stopped, and while the gentlemen were wondering how the poor infant could have slipped through the bars, the ladies were all crying and pitying it, and hastening the men to help it out. Some policemen now came up with picks, and setting to work, soon pushed up the large curb-stone, and were letting down the ropes to throw around the poor infant, when suddenly it gave one bound over the heads of the policemen into the midst of the ladies behind them, who retreated with great dismay. The child was a big black cat.

FROM Old Colony, Massachusetts, we have one of the first cases under the Maine Liquor Law:

A few years ago, in high temperance times, when the beauties of the Maine Law were being practically illustrated, the people were very much exercised on account thereof. In one of our most enterprising towns, where the abuse of strong drink was very much too common, a portion of the citizens were determined to put a stop to it, and gave warning accordingly. There was a regular "skedaddle" among

the rum-sellers; the trade was apparently "all up;" and toddy mourners went about the streets dejected. Total abstinence stock was up, and every thing for a while went smoothly. By-and-by there were several little happenings that excited suspicions, such as—now and then a person appeared who seemed to be slightly elevated; the toddy mourners looked more cheerful; and, finally, quite a number of persons expressed themselves as determined not to go home "till mornin'." Had a resolution been offered at that time setting forth that the "creetur" did still exist, it would have been adopted without a dissenting voice; but the question was, where? Scouts were thrown out, and it was not long before it was discovered that a certain trader in "*dry*-goods, etc.," had the article. The evidence was conclusive: persons were seen going there all right, and were seen coming away with more business than they could well manage. The Town Committee, in whose charge the management of the business had been placed, thought it best, before proceeding further, to invite the trader to come before them and discuss the matter. The trader concluded to do so. The Committee stated the case, and also what they had seen and heard; that they did not desire to make him expense and trouble, and would not if he would promise to stop it. The trader expressed himself as very much surprised to hear that any one should get drunk on any rum that he had sold, and hoped there was no malice or ill-will in the matter. He frankly admitted that he had sold *some* rum, but had sold it "on strictly temperance principles, and from a moral point of view;" in fact, that he had sold a great deal more water than rum; that he was prepared to take an oath that, according to the best of his belief, a man who could get drunk on his rum "would get drunk climbing a sweet apple-tree, and was a weak cuss;" that, under the circumstances, he felt entirely willing to leave it to the good sense of the Committee, and was confident of the result. The Committee were of the opinion that although rum was sold "on temperance principles, and from a moral point of view," still it was in violation of the statute; and that so long as there were so many persons in the community weak enough to get drunk on his rum they must insist on his discontinuing the sale of it. The trader left in disgust, pronouncing an anathema on the Maine Law and weak-headed people generally, not excepting the Committee.

THE Drawer has its readers and friends in South America as well as every where else. A correspondent in Santiago, Chili, sends some striking anecdotes of General Nelson, to be published "in that great National Institution, the Drawer:"

A few years ago the late Major-General William Nelson, then a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, was stationed at the port of Valparaiso, in command of the store-ship *Fredonia*, and many are the incidents and anecdotes illustrative of his character still treasured among the numerous friends he left in Chili. Some of these are remarkably characteristic of the man.

One thing that made him peculiarly popular with Chilians was the facility with which he entered into all their national sports and amusements. He joined in their national dance, the "Zamacuca," and he delighted in the rough riding of the "Rodeos."

Notwithstanding Nelson's height and size, he was not wanting in the grace and agility of an *elégante*. It is true that, like Henry the Eighth, he broke down three or four horses in a day's ride; but after a gallop to Lake Aculeo, or to the fig groves of Catrace, his Chilian friends always found him in the evening the elegant and tasteful gentleman of the *salons*—where more than once, when carried away by the spontaneousness of his temperament, he was seen to kneel before some beautiful *Chilina*, to whom the gallant sailor swore a love as inconstant as the billows of his loved ocean. He was much more popular among the Chilians than the English of Valparaiso, for he never failed to express his opinions in regard to the latter with his usual frankness.

One day he was standing amidst a mixed group of Chilians and English, on one of the principal streets of the port, when there was seen approaching a regiment of Chili soldiers; a native gentleman turned and asked Nelson if they did not resemble English soldiers in appearance. "Wait a moment," said Nelson, "until I can see their *backs*, as that is the part of the English soldier we Americans are most familiar with." You may be sure a dead silence followed; but as no Englishman present replied to the remark, of course the matter ended, although it by no means increased his popularity with that class of the community.

It is also related of Nelson that, during his residence in Valparaiso, he was accustomed to take part in fox-hunts, at that time an amusement greatly in vogue among the English residents. Upon one of these occasions the horse upon which an estimable young Chilian was mounted fell in attempting to leap a ditch, crushing beneath him the body of his rider. All supposed him killed, and, in order to rescue the victim—or rather, his remains—it was proposed to shoot the horse. Nelson objected, stating that the dying struggles of the animal would crush out any glimmering spark of life that might yet linger in the body of their unfortunate friend. He then suggested a plan of moving the animal, which all at once said was impracticable; but he soon showed them that it was practicable. He took off a stout cravat that he wore, and with it tied together the legs of the horse; then, making an almost superhuman effort, he lifted the animal sufficiently to enable the others to draw from under it the scarcely-living body of the rider. A miracle of strength! but those who remember the height and size of Nelson will not for a moment doubt the truth of this statement.

Even in his youth he exhibited great strength, of which the following is one of the many instances I have heard:

A few years after he entered the navy he was in Rio de Janeiro. It was at a time—one of the many times—when war with England was anticipated, and as there were several ships of the American and English squadrons in port at the time, there were constantly little difficulties between the officers of the two squadrons. Among the English set was an overgrown officer, some years Nelson's senior, who seemed to take particular pleasure in making disagreeable remarks in the hearing of our officers, but in such a way as to give them no tangible excuse for an open rupture. However, one night, at the theatre, our officers and the English had boxes side by side. As usual, this officer commenced, in a *sotto voce* tone, his remarks about *Yankees*. Nelson's patience could stand it no longer, but rising slowly from his seat, stretched his great arm over into the next box, and taking the fellow by the collar of his coat, with a vigorous jerk threw him into the parquette, some eight feet below. In a moment all were on their feet; high words were passing; but

before blows could come the police were on the spot. As the English vessels sailed the next morning, of course there was no duel. To this day Brazilians speak of "Um gran Americano!"

Nelson was a fine shot with the pistol. One evening he was practicing with a friend in a shooting-gallery at Valparaiso, when a servant entered the room with his hat on. Nelson, seeing from the man's employment that he must remain stationary for a moment or two, changed the direction of his pistol from the target, and sent the ball through the man's hat—paying him, for the damage to his *sombrero* and the fright, with a handful of coin.

YOUR mention of Cotheren's battery in the December *Harper* reminds me of a good one. At Antietam our boys (107th) supported that battery. At about the hottest of the fight the enemy massed themselves opposite our front, for an assault on Cotheren's position. The battery was short of ammunition, and so reserved their fire, while throughout the whole field there was a lull in the tumult. The rebels advanced in a solid mass, with a precision of movement perfectly beautiful. It was a moment which tried the nerves of the bravest. In the mean time one of our lads (a noted sporting character from Elmira), becoming quite interested in the affair, had climbed a high rock where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets which were buzzing like bees around us. The rebels came on until we could see their faces, and then Cotheren poured the canister into them. The advancing column was literally torn to pieces by the fire. Our friend on the rock became frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery sections sent a shrapnel which mowed down a long row of Johnnies he swung his cap, and, shouting so that the flying rebs could have heard him, sung out, "Bull-e-e-e-e! Set 'em up on the other alley!"

WHEN the Hon. William ——, now M.C., was a boy at school, his bench was shared by an urchin named Muggs. The teacher had instituted a rule that any scholar seen eating during school-hours should come on to the floor and finish eating what he had begun, to the merriment of his fellow-pupils. One day Bill brought a fine large apple from home, and laid it on his desk; and so tempting was the fruit to Muggs that, in consideration of his best slate-pencil, Bill promised him a "taste" when he should eat it at recess. Not many minutes after this Bill's attention was called another way, and Muggs, watching the opportunity, took the apple and purposely commenced munching it, directly before the eyes of the teacher. "The young man who is eating an apple come on to the floor and finish it," said the teacher. Muggs obeyed with well-feigned reluctance, blinking at Bill under the arm that shaded his roguish eyes, while Bill shook his fist and vowed vengeance the very first recess.

A VERY Western correspondent of the Drawer writes:

Counselor G——, formerly of this place, whose eloquence is only exceeded by his love of the ardent, was one day arguing a case before a jury in our court-house, which is built of brick laid up in very poor mortar, and was descanting in his most lofty strain upon the enormous frauds which were being committed upon his client by the parties on the other side, when suddenly the whole building was rocked like a cradle by the terrible throes of an earthquake. Every sound was hushed and every breath suspended, and as the fearful vibrations ceased every cheek was blanched and every body trembled. But the counselor, though livid as a corpse, was quick to gain his presence of mind, and the very air was made to ring again with his clear, loud voice as he cried, "Yes, gentlemen, the very earth trembles with the enormity of their frauds!" G—— got the verdict.

AWAY up in Saginaw lives the writer of the following:

The city of East Saginaw is separated from Saginaw City by the Saginaw River, the latter city also being about a mile farther up the river than the former. The means of intercourse between the two places are ferry-boats, which are now doing a very lively business. But in an earlier day business was not brisk, and a request from a passenger to wait a moment for him was not to be sneezed at, as the following story will show. The captains of the ferry-boats then, as now, were not scant in the use of their whistles, oftentimes to the great annoyance of the citizens. One afternoon, especially, the boat commanded by old Captain Little took her station and blowed with a vigor worthy of a better cause. An hour passed, and still blow, blow, blow, till one of the citizens, annoyed beyond endurance, went down to the boat and told the Captain if he didn't stop his tooting he would serve an injunction on him, wondering, at the same time, what could be the object of such great and continuous noise. But the riddle was quickly solved by the appearance of a small boy on the dock who cried out, "Captain Little, there's no use waiting any longer; mother can't get the baby dressed in time to go to Aunt Sarah's this afternoon." And the Captain and his boat went away sorrowful.

IN a town in Northwestern Pennsylvania we have an original Mrs. Partington, of the "male persuasion," who is a very good citizen, but does not always make the right use of the Queen's English.

Being engaged in the grocery business, he was much annoyed by the boys of the town pilfering nuts and candies, and one day gave expression to his vexation with the exclamation, "Confound these boys, going around *filtering* every thing they can lay their hands on! It is all caused by their parents not finding them any thing to do. I do think this is the greatest place for *idolatry* I ever saw. Then, if you say any thing to their parents about it, they are just *disguised* at you."

WHILE traveling out West a few years ago (writes an old correspondent), I arrived one night at a hotel in a small town in Iowa, and being fatigued with a long day's ride I retired early, with every prospect of having a good night's rest. Unfortunately the room which I occupied was directly over the bar-room, where a party of young men had assembled to pay their nocturnal devotions to Bacchus, and I lay for a long time listening to the orgies below, and unable to get asleep. Finally, however, I dropped off into a dose, which was broken by the noise of some one coming up stairs and through the hall, evidently with more bricks in his hat than he could conveniently carry at one load. He finally brought up at the door next to the room which I occupied, and I heard him enter, lock the door, and get into bed; and from the snores which soon ema-

nated from his room, I made up my mind that he was plunged into oblivion, and turned over to renew the brief sleep which he had disturbed. But before I could well get asleep again, I became aware that another person had come up stairs, and from the difficulty which he seemed to experience in navigating the hall I judged that he had a still larger load than his predecessor. The new-comer finally brought up at the same room where the other was sleeping; and after some time spent in the vain attempt to open the door, he seemed to comprehend the idea that it was locked, and commenced pounding away at the door, and exclaiming,

"Bill [hic], Bill, lemme in [hic]!"

Bill snored on in perfect oblivion.

"Bill [hic], Bill, ge' up an' lemme in [hic]!"

Bill only replied with a louder snore.

"Bill [hic], it's me, John ——! I want to come to bed [hic]"—accompanied with a terrible thumping at the door, which finally succeeded in bringing Bill to his senses.

I now heard Bill roll out of bed and go toward the door, where he fumbled around for a long time, John meanwhile exhorting him to "hurry up and lemme in." From the delay which ensued I concluded that Bill had taken out the key when he locked the door, and was unable to find it. John began to grow very impatient.

"Bill [hic], Bill, why don't yer [hic] open the door [hic]? Can't yer unlock the door [hic]? Keep a feller out 'ere all night [hic]!"

Bill had found the key, but couldn't find the keyhole.

"Bill, *can't* yer unlock the door [hic]? If yer can't [hic], gimme the key [hic]—I can unlock the door [hic]!"

Bill finally got the door unlocked, and John went in. I turned over again, and "smiled audibly" as I thought of Bill handing John the key for him to unlock the door.

When Dr. Johnson asked the Widow Porter to be his wife he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

A late Drawer reminds me of a conversation that took place during dinner at head-quarters at ——. A number of officers being present, the conversation turned upon the condition and efficiency of their different regiments. Colonel ——, of the New York ——, stated that nine different nations were represented in his regiment; and after going over Irish, German, French, English, etc., several times, could enumerate but eight. He said he was certain there were nine, but what the ninth was he could not remember. Lieutenant ——, who was present, suggested "Americans." "By Jove!" says the Colonel, "that's it—Americans."

A gentleman present stated that he had been on board one of our new men-of-war, and had seen the largest "bird" that ever was heard of. After fully exciting their curiosity, and eagle, condor, albatross, etc., having been guessed at, he informed them it was a "300-pound Parrot."

Pat Donahue was a "broth of a boy," right from the "Gem of the Say," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace 1855, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered—like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the corporation.

"That is your stock, Sir," blandly replied the Treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to git for me labor? Wasn't me contract for sthock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect!" said Pat, excitedly; "what did I expect! Why pigs, and shape, and horses, shure!"

The following proposal to purchase, which comes from Canada, we decline; but we take the liberty of publishing the sample:

I here in send you a coppy of four verses of Poetry Being verses, No, 2, 7, 12, 16,—Composed on the pedigree—emigration and Military—career of, Brigadier General—Corcoran, up to the time that he left New york the 2, time for the Batel field,—Being urged strongly By some friends of the union to send them to you I have coppyed four verses and sent them to you for in spection, and what can you give for a coppy—right of the whole of them and I wil send you a coppy of the whole of them on the shortest notice, hoping that they will meet with your approvel, I, remain, your obedient servant yours truly
in sending an answer to this I wish that you would send me a circular of the new est volumes of the most prominent military men of the United states yours truly

BRIGADIER GENERAL CORCORAN.

2nd

Corcoran was an irishman
Corcoran was an irishman
he trod upon Amerecan at first
In eighteen hundred and forty nine

7th

It was him that scouted and scermished
When war it first begun
It was him that scouted and scermished
With the Enimies of the union

12th

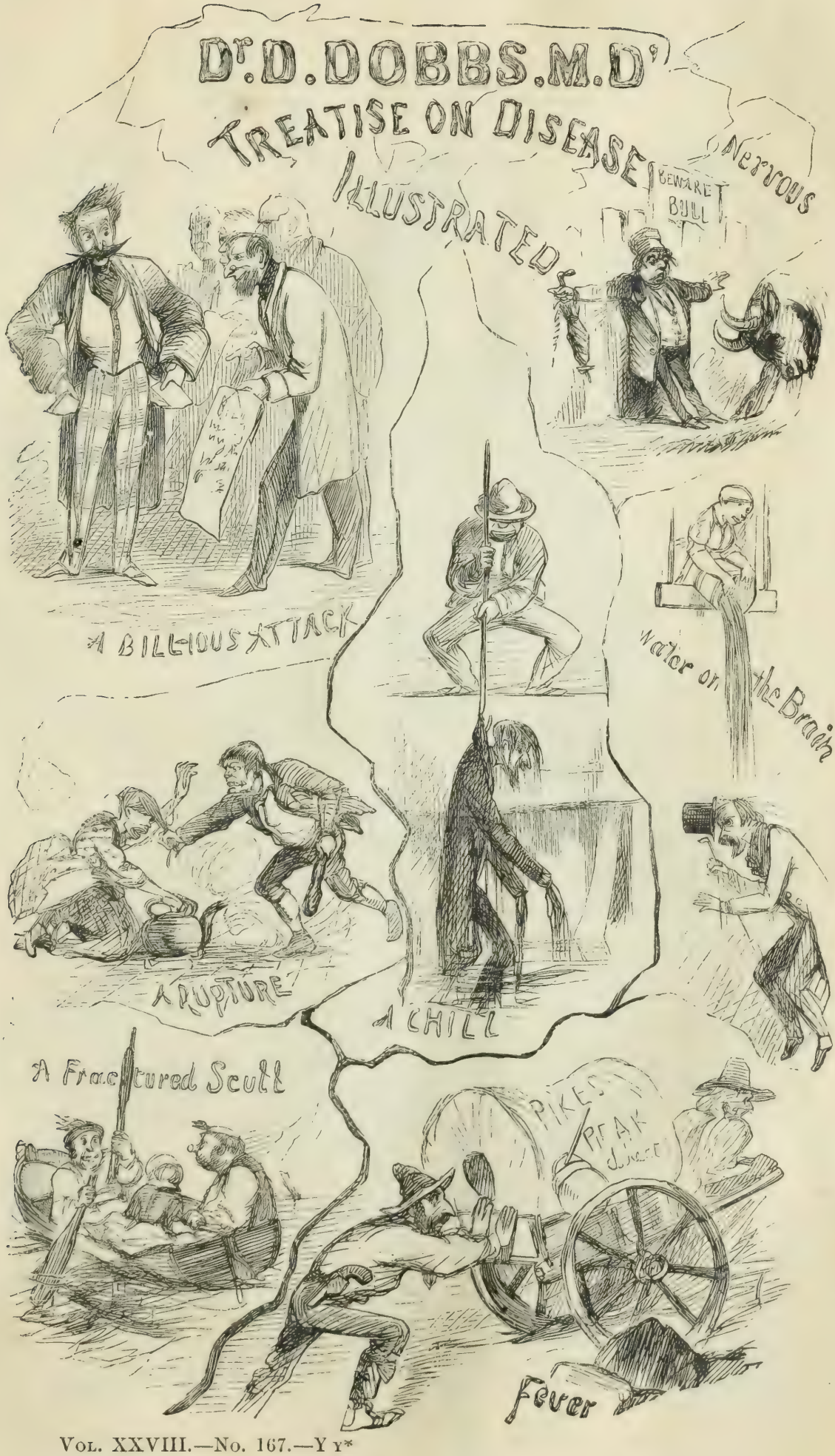
He was the hero of the hour
Both in New y rk and Baltimore
He received the honours won
For the Loyelty he had shown

16th

And now we see him start again
To fight for the union
Corcoran he will help to win
The victory for the union

An officer of the regular army, Lieutenant Manus, of the Tenth Infantry, recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory.

The Lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approaching a sentinel (volunteer), was challenged with, "Halt! who comes there?" The Lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his ire with an indignant—"Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came—"Advance, Ass, and give the countersign!"


Dr. D. DOBBS. M.D'
TREATISE ON DISEASE
ILLUSTRATED
Nervous
BEWARE BULL
A BILLIOUS ATTACK
Water on the Brain
A RUPTURE
A CHILL
A Fractured Scull
PIKES PEAK
Fever


Cutting Teeth.
A Decline
Fits
Difficulty in breathing
Rash!

Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Spring Pardessus.



FIGURE 2.—DINNER TOILET.

THE SPRING PARDESSUS is of black silk, fitting easily to the form. The sleeves and skirt are slashed and laced. It has *brandebourgs* and loops of cord to fasten.

The DINNER TOILET is composed of a cap of Valenciennes and sprays, and a poplin or taffeta robe, trimmed with the same and with narrow fringe.

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LIFE WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.*

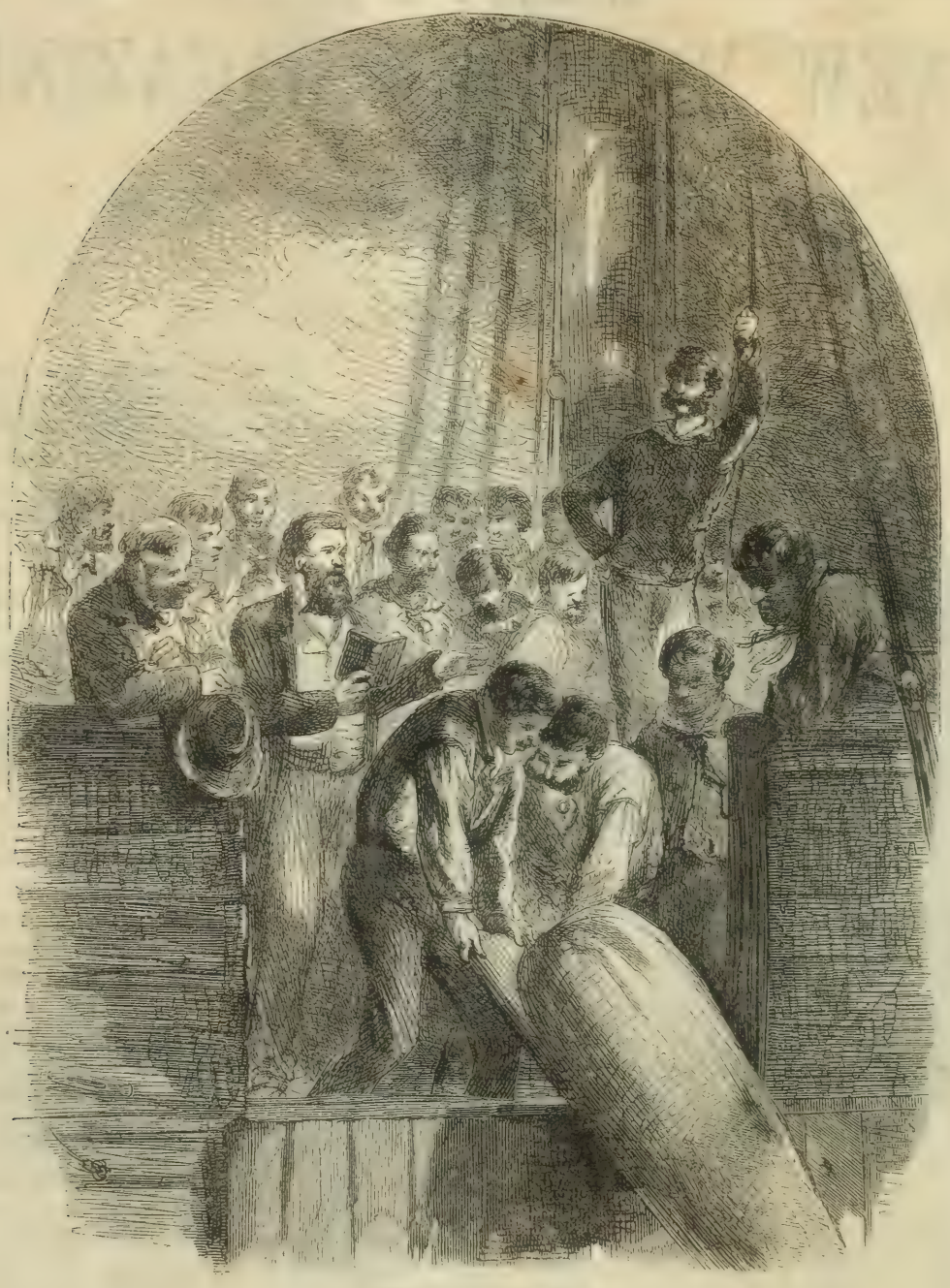


THE ARCTIC SEA.

A STRIKING illustration of what man is capable of accomplishing, is to be met with in the adventures and explorations of Mr. C. F. Hall among the Innuit or Esquimaux tribes on the verge of the Arctic regions. With an idea that he could accomplish what had not yet been completed in the search for positive tidings of the lost Franklin Expedition, he made himself acquainted with all that had been written and published on the subject, and starting from Cincinnati in the West, he gave up the previous occupations of his life, and determined to explore the icy seas. As might be well expected, many difficulties met him from want of funds, of personal experience on the sea, and of all such knowledge as is essential to the explorer. But undaunted by these he accepted a kind offer made from New London, by Williams and Haven, of a passage in one of their whaling ships, the *George Henry*, S. O. Buddington, Master; and prepared his slender outfit for the voyage. *Outfit* we term it; but of all the outfits yet known in Arctic exploration since the days of old, when brave hearts went forth, almost as fishermen now go along the coast, in their diminutive barks of thirty, twenty, and even ten tons each, this outfit of Hall's was the least entitled to the term. A boat, a few books, no proper instruments, a change or two of apparel, a small portion of provisions, some powder and shot, was about the sum total of what he was able to provide himself with to go and explore the icy regions of the North. Lessening even this slender equipment was, as we have already said, the disadvantage of his own want of any past experience or even common knowledge of the sea and aught belonging to it. A dweller in one of the Western cities, brought up to wholly different pursuits, the vast ocean and its marvels, the lands beyond and their wonders, were, to him, as a dream of fancy which he now sought to realize. And in good sooth did he speedily taste the reality, when, after bidding adieu to his kind friend and supporter, Henry Grinnell, of New York, he left the shores of America in May, 1860, and soon afterward felt the influence of a storm at sea. Up and down, to and fro, hither and thither, racking pains, disjointed bones, mental horror, agonies internal that none can comprehend but those who have to endure them, fell to his lot as the mighty waters of the deep carried him along on their bosom, while prostrated on his couch with the usual sickness of the sea. Oh, how pitiable, and yet how laughable afterward, his feelings at the time! Those who have gone through all this and tasted of such nautical enjoyments may commiserate one so situated. The writer, who has often passed scathless through such scenes, can not.

* *Arctic Research Expedition, and Life Among the Esquimaux.* A Narrative of an exploring Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1860, '61, '62. By C. F. Hall. With Maps, and numerous Illustrations. In Press by Harper & Brothers.

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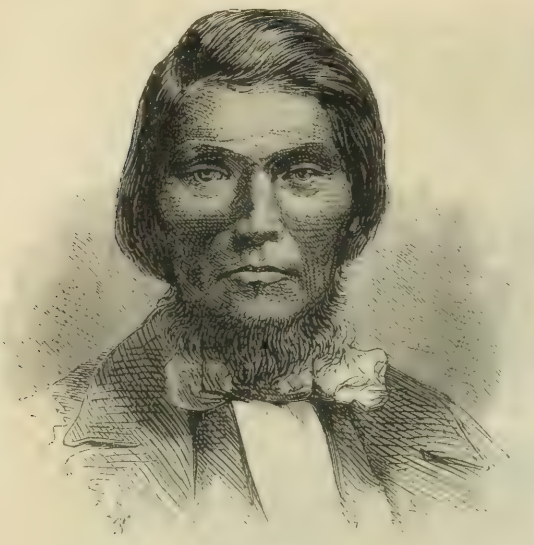


BURIAL OF KUDLAGO.

A few days, however, quickly put him to rights again. Once more himself, he speedily went to work trying to master his position. Alone in his undertaking, he set about to see how he could make the most of every thing, now that there was no one to depend upon but himself. Navigation, astronomy, seamanship, and the most ordinary requirements necessary for an explorer, he was utterly unacquainted with. Learn them, therefore, he must; and learn them, so far as he could, he did. During the passage to Greenland, whither the ship was first of all bound, he gathered such fragments of knowledge as laid the foundation for better understanding and mastering more thereafter. On every occasion where an opportunity presented itself, he made himself familiar with the wild, yet beautiful and wondrous scenes of the regions he wished to explore. During the early part of the voyage icebergs were met with, and once he was able to visit one. A boat from the ship took him to the berg, and he availed himself of the opportunity to ascend it.

In this bold adventure Mr. Hall was entirely alone, except so far as the aid of an interpreter could be, for a brief period, of service to him. An Esquimaux, brought to the States the previous year, and now returning to his own wild home, was his companion. This man, by name Kudlago, was a famous hunter of the North, and a remarkably intelligent person. He was well known to American whalers in the Arctic seas, and had endeared himself to all by his kindly and genial disposition.

Mr. Hall had secured Kudlago for an interpreter, but unfortunately his death occurred at sea almost within sight of his own icy land. The account of this death, as narrated by Mr. Hall in his Journal, is very interesting. The dying exclamations of the departing spirit; his wishes as



KUDLAGO.

regarded the wife and little ones whom he had hoped soon to see in their snowy home; his repeated and earnest longings to once more be near, even if he could not see, those frozen masses of ice so familiar to him, and yet so dreaded by others of a different race, are told with a touching simplicity of recital which at once wins upon the heart. Then, too, the last scene, when the earthly remains of this poor Esquimaux are lowered into the ocean, is peculiarly impressive.

Shortly afterward, and even within sight of where Kudlago's remains had been given to the deep, a "noble monument of ice—God's own fashioning"—was observed to be upon the spot.



KUDLAGO'S MONUMENT.

Soon, however, other scenes and incidents claim our voyager's attention. A few more days, and the bold majestic mountains of Greenland, with their snow-clad summits, are before him. The good ship has neared a port to be visited, and curious looking bipeds, in sharp-pointed skiffs that seem part of themselves, approach the bark to pilot her in. They come on board. They speak in a civilized tongue. They show a neatness in dress and a propriety of manner that at first creates surprise; but soon our voyager understands it. They are Greenland Esquimaux; subjects, or, rather, under the protection of the Danish King, whose representative here at Holsteinborg—the place they are steering for—exercises a kindly and paternal influence over the



ESQUIMAUX SKIFF.

native tribes in that region. They are semi-civilized, and also Christian-taught in more than the mere form of such a term. They are a cheerful, happy, and contented race; kind and affectionate among themselves and hospitable to strangers. This did our traveler find speedily after his arrival. No end of courtesies, kindnesses, good-will, and friendly acts, from the highest to the lowest, whether it was the white man in his official capacity, or the darker colored Esquimaux in his more subordinate position.

Frequent opportunities were presented for observing the manners and customs of these Greenland Esquimaux, and many singular feats of agility and skill were displayed before him. Among others mentioned in his narrative, is a feat which is considered remarkable. It is that of an Esquimaux turning a somersault in his kyack, so as to make a complete circuit in the course he takes while reversing his ordinary position. This feat is so difficult, that only the most expert can accomplish it.

During the time it was necessary to stay at Holsteinborg Mr. Hall had several opportunities for visiting the locality and obtaining in-



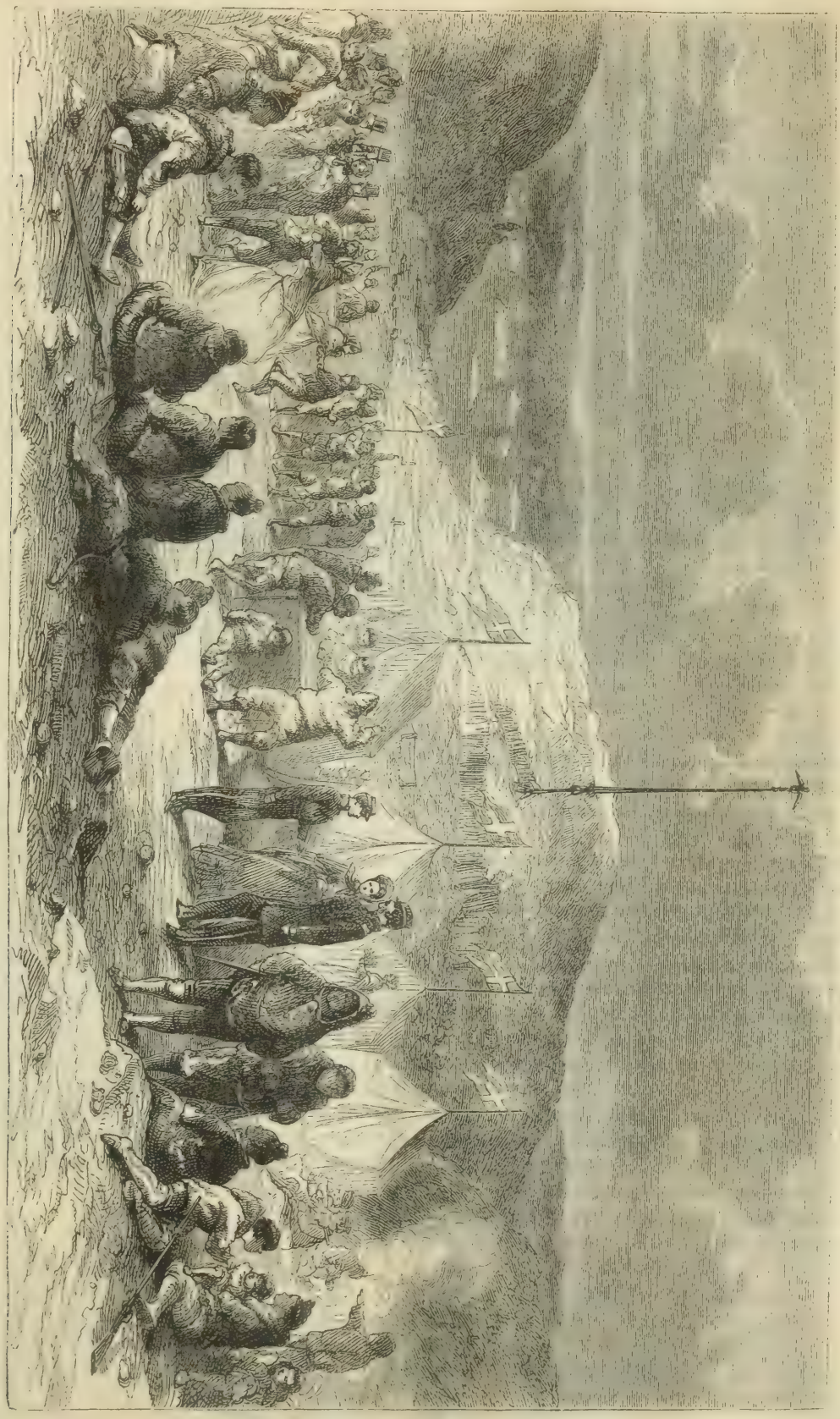
TURNING A SOMERSAULT.

formation. This he did very freely; and, fortunately, the Governor, Mr. Elberg, was a gentleman readily disposed to render every assistance. His house and his table were ever open to the brave voyager, who was bent on exploring those fields so well known to him from the records of gallant men traversing the ground before; and great was the pleasure of His Excellency, when Mr. Hall showed him, and the ladies attached to his household and to that of his associate officers, where their past kindness had not been forgotten in Captain M'Clintock's narrative of the last search for Franklin. Several little acts of friendship passed between them; and the good people of Holsteinborg vied with each other in showing hospitality to the American traveler. An interchange of visits took place. A merry scene on board to the native population and white inhabitants took place. A dance, wherein Esquimaux and American joined in friendly union, was given; and never before was there a greater display of kindly feeling between the civilized white man and the children of the barren North, than on that occasion.

This dance was followed by festive entertainments on shore; and nothing was considered too much to evince the amicable footing both parties were upon. One great gala day deserves to be especially noticed. It was when the King of Denmark, as was customary, sent his annual



AN INTERNATIONAL BALL.



CELEBRATING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

present to the people. Then begins a festival which is strikingly represented in the preceding illustration, copied from a picture drawn and engraved by the Esquimaux themselves, and which is here introduced to show the advanced state of civilization these children of the North have attained under the good and wise rule of Denmark. Indeed they have reached such proficiency that, with instruction from the excellent priest, Mr. Kjer, who has long resided there, they can draw and print in a manner truly surprising. Specimens of their books which we have seen show this remarkably.

During the great festival, and, indeed, at all times, one pleasing feature is noticeable. No drunkenness or immorality can be seen, or is even allowed by themselves to exist. Liquor is forbidden by law to be sold; and so great is the

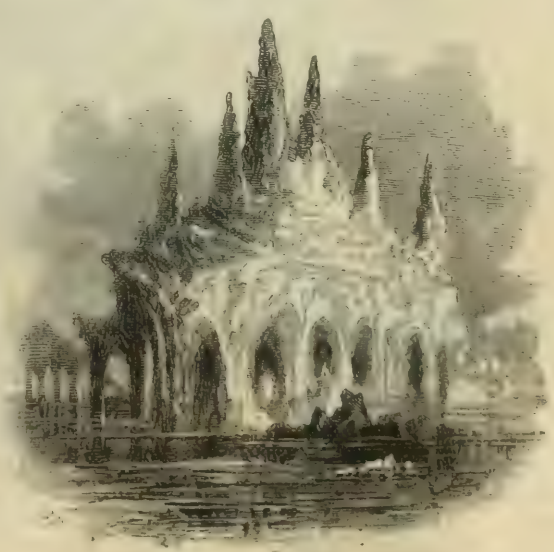


BELTED ICEBERG.

innate simplicity and love of virtue among the Greenlanders that expulsion from society would follow any direct breach of correct principles when known. In truth, it appears that, as far as possible, these simple-minded people are as innocent, contented, and happy as any beings can be; and, perhaps, the stringent ordinance of Denmark forbidding whalers or foreign ships, except from necessity, visiting any of the Greenland ports, may somewhat contribute to this.

At length the time came when, after a fortnight's stay, during which a heavy storm had given some trouble to the ship and her crew, the voyagers had to depart. The leave-taking was with regret on both sides, and others besides Mr. Hall must often remember Holsteinborg and its kind inhabitants with feelings of a most warm and lively character. They bade adieu to its shores, and with new thoughts and fresh ideas turned to the western land of Davis Straits for the field of occupation and adventure.

Days passed on, and storm, and mist, and cold, and adverse winds retarded their progress. A few hours' pleasant weather and favoring breeze would be followed by gales, or fogs, or calms, which either drove them back or kept them in such position that it was unsafe to approach the coast, especially where so little known as that they were making for. One compensation, however, for delay was occasionally afforded. When it was calm and clear the beautiful displays of nature, in the varied phenomena of the seas and skies, were something almost surpassing man's imagination. The giant berg, in its thousand mystical shapes as refracted to the eye, with its innumerable tints of the purest hues, and the smaller fragments and fields of ice thrown up by mirage into towns, and cities, and castles, and every conceivable form the mind could dream of, presented a picture never tiring to behold. These masses of ice assumed the most fantastic shapes; now one was seen with colored belts ornamented with Moorish arabesques; then there would be one which might be supposed to be the ruins of a Gothic cathedral. The refraction of the dense atmosphere adds much to the fantastic effects seen on land, water, and ice. The moon when rising often wears a face hardly recognizable. Mr. Hall groups together many of these strange effects under the title of "Nature on a Spree." The auroral lights presented forms and colors changing every moment with a rapidity and brilliancy unknown in temperate climates.



AN ICE CATHEDRAL.

But there were dark and gloomy days, and cross, vexatious winds to impede our daring and impetuous traveler; still, there were also other days, even in those frozen regions of the North, when the soul could well enjoy itself, and with embracing arms enfold the heavenly glories of God's own works in nature around. Even the very tempest, where the wild seas appear to contend madly with the towering iceberg which, in company with many more, seem spectre-like to be playing some strange heathenish dance as they heave up and down in the dark haze of the snow-storm or the thickening mist and rain, has its charms. So, too, the bold outline of the iron-bound rocky coast, as it comes in sight, when the skillful mariner in command steers his vessel near to the haven he desires to visit. All contribute to new-found pleasures in the breast of him who beholds them for a first time—ay, and even in him who has seen them again and again.



ESQUIMAUX PILOT.

Such were the feelings and emotions of our traveler. To him all was new: to him the reality of such scenes had come where, heretofore, he had dwelt upon them but faintly in his imagination. But they were only the beginning of even far greater and stranger things that were to follow. Arctic life and Arctic adventure had often before been dared and recorded by many other brave men; but rarely, if at all, had it fallen to the lot of one to encounter both as, in an especial way, did he whose steps we thus hurriedly follow.



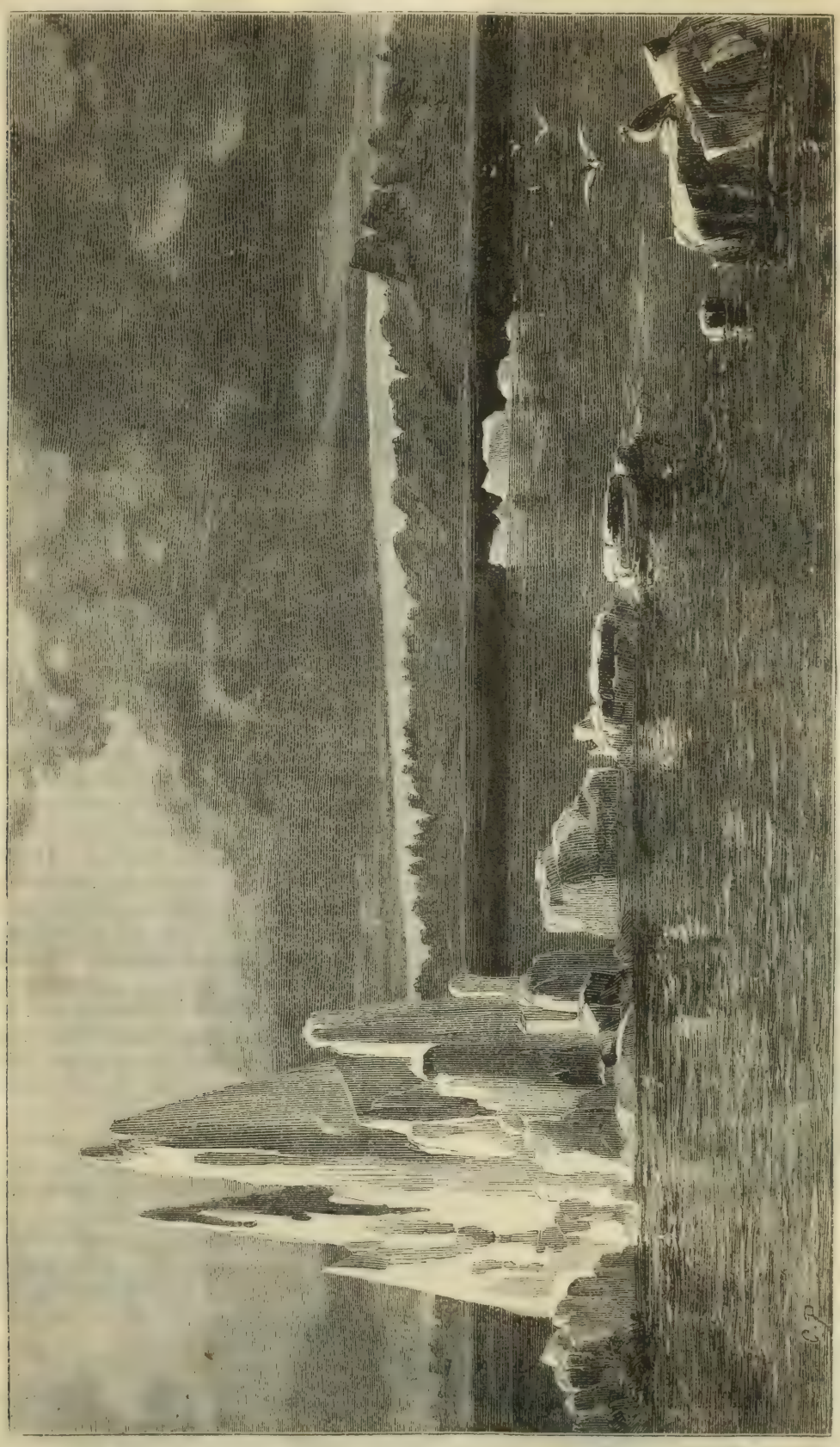
PIPE SKETCH.

In safety the ship at length was brought to anchor in a bay known to the captain, and very soon was Mr. Hall on shore to examine the locality. A wild region of mountain rocks and sterile plains at first meets his view. Then a walk reveals more pleasing features. Here and there a lakelet and cascades; ice caverns with spotless domes of crystal beauty within enchant his eye; and, as he wanders still up, up higher on his tramp, the hand of nature is seen working through the mighty agency of frost, tumbling into ruins the vast rocks around him! Yet, besides all this, innumerable little flowers peep out of their snowy beds in all the luxuriance of the short and swiftly-passing summer of an Arctic clime!

For a moment he turns and pauses. His look is now bent below to the waters of the bay where the ship rides securely. The picture that attracts his eye is worth his recording. But he has forgotten to bring the material to do so. Must it then be abandoned? No! The pipe



THE FULL MOON.—NATURE ON A SPREE.



FROBISHER BAY AND GRINNELL GLACIER.

he is smoking gives the means; and on the clay surface he makes an outline that preserves the scene even as it is here enlarged.

Soon after this our voyager found himself in a new locality, the ship having gone to another bay more south, and in a day or two afterward he had an opportunity of visiting Frobisher "Straits." This place was assumed by geographers to be the spot where that bold navigator had made his discoveries in the days of Queen Elizabeth; but some doubt existed as to the fact until Mr. Hall's exploration. As will be seen by-and-by, we have now more information upon the subject; and it was the desire to clear up some of the mystery that existed concerning Frobisher's expeditions that led to the adventures we are now recording.

It has already been stated that Mr. Hall de-

pended much upon his boat for the success of his explorations. But unfortunately, during a heavy gale, this boat was wrecked; and at the same time was totally lost the *Rescue* — well known in Arctic fame as connected with the first Grinnell Expedition. The gale was very fearful, and nearly caused the destruction of the *George Henry* and another vessel, the *Georgiana*, the latter being driven on shore, but afterward got off.

This mishap to the boat, however, proved so serious a disaster to Mr. Hall's plans that he found himself unable to carry out his original intentions, and therefore now determined to confine his labors wholly to the immediate locality he was in. In this determination he was the more strengthened by certain information he received from the Esquimaux, who were visiting the vessel in no small numbers. Singular as these people are in appearance and dress, it is undoubtedly true that they are also far superior, in many points, to the generally-conceived notion respecting them. They are remarkably intelligent, honest, good-tempered, and kindly-disposed. Indeed, they possess such a fund of good-humor that it is almost impossible not to get on favorably with them.

The information they imparted to our voyager on matters connected with geography can have but little interest to our readers. We may, however, say that it was asserted by them that the so-called Strait of Frobisher was a *Bay*, and therefore geographers hitherto had been wrong. This led to those remarkable adventures Mr. Hall afterward experienced.

On page 727 is an illustration of an Innuit woman, with a child at her back, piloting a boat, with Mr. Hall in it, to a particular harbor.

It is not intended to follow our friend in every one of those singular incidents of his experience among the Innuits. We can truly say that they have rarely been excelled; and we leave it to himself to narrate them in detail in his own way. Be it our task to hurriedly mention a few that recall themselves to our mind in dwelling upon some of those facts he has already made his friends acquainted with.

One circumstance deserves to be mentioned. In all that he did or attempted he never forgot the primary object of his visit to the North. It was connected with science and humanity. This was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and he never let an occasion pass to be of service in this respect. One instance recalls itself to us as occurring at this time.

Among the Esquimaux visiting the ship there was a woman named Nukertou. This woman had always shown herself desirous of rendering any acts of kindness in her power toward the white men strangers; but only for a short time was she capable of showing her kindly feelings. Sickness laid hold of her; and one evening in the depth of winter, when the sea was frozen over, the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the nights were of more than eighteen hours' duration, Mr. Hall was informed that poor Nukertou was dying! Without delay, though himself not free from temporary sickness, he determined to visit her with medicines and nutritious food.

The place where Nukertou was residing happened to be at an *igloo* village, about two miles distant — the igloos, or snow-huts as we call them, being several in number. Among them was one belonging to an Innuit man and wife, who will henceforth figure greatly in Mr. Hall's narrative. The man's name was Ebierbing — his wife's Tookoolito, and a few years previously they had both been to England with a wealthy merchant, who had visited the neighborhood somewhat north of the present locality, where they then happened to be. Tookoolito was a singular instance of a more than ordinary intelligent mind, and had retained all the knowledge she had gained in England of the language and customs of the white people. Her husband was also more advanced than men of his own tribe; but his tastes led him to prefer the hunt and chase to that of the less active pursuits of life. He was known as a bold, fearless, and patient hunter; while his wife excelled in the lighter duties—and, truth to say, in a minor degree, female accomplishments of life.

When Mr. Hall arrived at the village he found that Nukertou, as was customary with her people, had been left almost wholly deserted. Tookoolito alone had had, so far as her superstitious regard for Innuit customs permitted, attended upon her. But in all other respects the sick woman had been neglected. Her time, as those who belonged to her seemed to think, was come, and it was useless, they considered, to try and save her. The *Angekko*, or wizard man, that belongs to every tribe, had given her over, and therefore her nearest kin deemed it unnecessary to try and prolong her life. She was placed in a new snow-hut, built on purpose, and there left to die alone. Yes, before life had departed, even previous to any certainty of death, the husband and relations, considering her to be of no more use in the world, placed her in a living tomb, and left her to linger out the last few days of existence by herself. The way of it was thus:

Two of her nearest kin erected an igloo, with the usual accompaniments of bed-place and entrance, the latter, however, being at first a mere opening at the back. Into this Nukertou was placed, she herself perfectly conscious of her doom. The bed made for her was, as all are in the snow-huts, a raised platform of snow about eighteen inches high, upon which skins of wild animals were laid, and then her sick form deposited. More skins were placed over her, some water and food put within her reach, with a feeble lamp left burning, and then the igloo was firmly closed up, and the poor woman left to die!

This seems a terrible picture to contemplate, but, we regret to say, it is a common one among the Innuit people. Two or three similar cases came under Mr. Hall's knowledge; and, barbar-

ous as it may seem, still they appear to understand it among themselves, and submit without repining. In the present case, when Mr. Hall, after a fatiguing and bitterly-cold walk (the thermometer being many degrees below zero, and the hour advanced in night), arrived at the place, he found the poor woman still alive, but evidently past all human aid. Every thing in his power did he try to do, enlisting the services of Tookoolito—so far as she could in accordance with her customs—to aid him. But all in vain. Hour after hour did he pass in that solitary igloo, striving to save the poor creature. Midnight approached, and he himself was almost frozen with the severe cold; but life still lingered, and he felt that it was impossible for him to leave that dying couch. The form of Nukertou lay before him, emaciated, ghastly, almost hideous to behold, with matted hair, repulsive look; but she still breathed, and it was impossible for him, as a man and a Christian being, to forsake her, though all else had done so. Even Tookoolito dared not approach when the last moments were expected to come. No; none but the white man, voyager from a distant land, tarried beside the poor Innuit woman as her spirit took its flight in that solitary death igloo at the midnight hour of a bitterly cold winter's night.

Hall had been watching and trying to administer medicine for a long time, with the feeble glimmering light of his lantern to picture the scene, when a noise at the entrance of the igloo attracted his attention. He had managed to get in by removing the usual block of ice serving as a doorway, and now, to his surprise, he found some persons were at work evidently intending to *seal up the igloo again*. Here was a dilemma! Did they mean to immure him also because of his infringing their customs? Possibly so, he thought; and this not being at all desirable, he shouted, with a view of attracting their attention.

For a moment they ceased, but then again continued; and, as it seemed intended to bury him also, he made to the entrance, and they went away. On his return to the dying couch he found the spirit of the poor Innuit woman fast departing. Convulsive gasps betokened the last moments of dissolution. Now they became fainter, more irregular, more spasmodic. He himself was likewise all but inanimate from the cold. He stamped his feet; he plied his arms; he moved about, so far as the narrow circle of the snow igloo permitted; but nothing gave him much circulation of the blood. Still he kept to his post. To leave the woman there to die alone seemed against every feeling of his nature as a man and Christian, and thus he remained. One hour more passed away, and it was now the morning time of night. Darkness had almost wholly enveloped him, for the lamp had nearly gone out, and no more oil could be found. Presently he thought the struggles of her he watched had ceased. He listened. No; the breathing still continued, but fainter and fainter, and at longer intervals. Finally the respiration could be heard no more, and placing a glass mirror he carried with him over her lips, he found, by the dim glare of the flickering light, that the soul of poor Nukertou, Innuit though she was, had gone to Him who had created it. And there he now sat, alone with the dead, in a solitary snow igloo, amidst the wild and frozen regions of the North. Truly it was a strange and unusual picture—he, the white man, one of a highly civilized race, watching over and trying to perform the last sad duties to a feeble and deserted woman of the North.

Directly the breath had departed and Mr. Hall found no more could be done, he went in search of Tookoolito and some of Nukertou's kindred. With difficulty he managed to get the male relatives to enter the igloo; and then, having seen that the deceased was in their hands, he departed, as they immediately afterward again well sealed up the place, and thus left her in her tomb exactly as she had died. A few months afterward, when the snow had become partly melted by the sun, it was found that dogs or wolves had entered and committed ravages on the otherwise preserved body. A pile of stones was then placed over her by relatives and friends, to serve as the Innuit grave usually bestowed under such circumstances.



DEATH OF NUKERTOU.

This affair was not the only one of the kind in which Mr. Hall had some participation. Another woman died, having been buried in a living tomb; and on that occasion, also in winter, he went twice to try



DEATH OF JOHN BROWN.

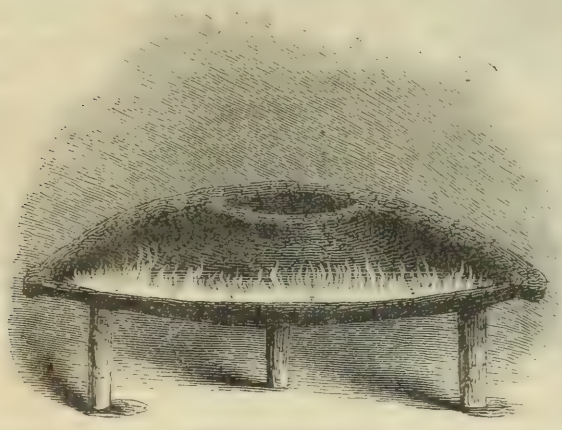
and save her, the last time with snow seven or eight feet deep, and burying the igloos of the village, and also the one wherein she was deposited. Only the upper parts of the domes were visible; and to find that where the sick woman lay he had to sound with a spear, and finally made an opening, where he beheld the poor creature, apparently dead, beneath his eye. Descending, he carefully examined, and, finding life quite extinct, he reclosed the igloo and returned on board.

While upon this subject we must not omit reference to a lamentable affair that occurred to one of the crew during the spring of 1861. A young man named John Brown—probably an assumed name, for he was French by birth—had been taken sick with the scurvy, and, in company with another seaman named Bruce, was sent by the captain to remain for a while among the natives—always found to be a good cure. Brown and Bruce stopped with them some days, receiving hospitable treatment, and soon recovering. One Saturday, as an Innuit named Koojesse was returning to the ship, some twenty-six miles distant, the two sailors determined to go with him; but a snow-storm coming on, Bruce, taking the advice of the Innuit, remained behind, Brown madly persisting, and vowing he would be on board to have his morrow's dinner. He and Koojesse, with another native and dogs, started, but after a short distance the two Innuits had to stop. Brown insanely would proceed. No remonstrance had any effect; and thinking he could find the way, on he went at a late hour in the afternoon.

That night Koojesse and the other arrived on board, but only on the next morning was it discovered that Brown had not returned. Search was immediately instituted, Mr. Hall leading the way; and eventually, after a weary trace of some fifty miles hither and thither, where the poor man's straggling foot-tracks led them, his body was found frozen stiff near a remarkable part of the coast forming a bluff headland, and since called French Head. The night had been a bitterly severe one, and the unfortunate man, losing his way, had gone in various directions until eventually he must have dropped exhausted, and the rigid hand of death seized him through the vital blood of life frozen within. Sad warning for the rashness of vows too often uttered in defiance of common wisdom or prudence!

One trip Mr. Hall took in the depth of winter deserves to be slightly touched upon. It was his first journey, and he was unaccompanied except by the man and woman already mentioned. Fearlessly he ventured with them, in the month of January, 1861, and for forty-three days and nights he had to live as they did, in snow huts, built while traveling, on the often treacherous ice, and sharing the food they themselves were accustomed to eat. He had taken with him a portion of civilized food, but this soon became exhausted, and the party were reduced to great straits owing to the scarcity of animal life at that time. On one occasion, soon

after leaving the ship, they were caught in a terrible storm while upon the ice with their sledge; and no time was to be lost in getting themselves under shelter. But a steep rocky coast forbade their attempting to get on shore. The solid ice presented the best means of safety. Accordingly "Joe" (the man Innuit) set to work prospecting for a good place. On finding a level spot an igloo was soon erected, and the three travelers, with dogs and all appurtenances, were quickly inside. And despite the storm without, and their hazardous position, laughter and enjoyment reigned. The cheerful blaze of an Innuit fire-lamp—a *stone* trough some 18 inches long by 8 or 9 broad, and a few inches deep—diffused a glowing heat far greater than any one might suppose.



INNUIT FIRE-LAMP.

The igloo itself was the usual snow hut of an oval form, and had its entrance well secured by ice blocks cemented with snow. Inside was the *bed*, a raised platform some 18 inches high, and spread over with their hunting implements, sledge material, and skins. This interior was perfectly free from external air, and presented a most happy appearance. Some good soup was promptly cooked by Tookoolito, the half civilized Innuit woman, and after enjoying a hearty meal, a smoke, and a pleasant talk, they laid themselves down to rest. Not long, however, were they permitted to remain with a feeling of security. The ice around began to break, and crack, crack, with a report like the rattle of musketry. The surface of the frozen sea opened wide into some dangerous chasms. Roused from their sleep, our travelers were obliged to keep careful watch lest a yawning gulf should suddenly open beneath them. With a compass by his side, to see if any movement of the ice took place, Mr. Hall passed the remainder of the night, the howling and affrighted dogs around him, and the thermometer of the air 40° below zero. Next morning displayed the ice, more at sea, in wondrous convulsions, broken apart, and heaving its masses with terrific force upon each other. Fortunately a large rent in the solid floe had not quite reached the storm-bound travelers; but as it was necessary to vacate the spot as speedily as possible, they took the chance, and packing up proceeded on their way with great danger. Finally they arrived at an island where their destination ended, and where they found other Innuits and their igloos ready to welcome them. The families located there were nearly all in a starving condition, success in seal hunting being very indifferent. The Innuit "Joe" went out several times in vain; and when food became so scarce that it was necessary to exercise more than usual patience and



STORM-BOUND.—DISRUPTION OF THE ICE.



THE FIRST BEAR HUNT.

perseverance, he remained over one seal-hole two nights and days without moving or partaking of food.

The mode of catching these seals is very interesting. It is necessary for the seal to come up and breathe occasionally, and the animal dextrously manages to bore a very small hole through the surface-ice from his watery home below. This hole is so minute that often the most experienced Innuits fail to find it; but their dogs are here invaluable. They can scent the opening, even through a great covering of snow, and thus enable their master to take his stand and watch for the prey. The moment a seal comes up to breathe, the patient Innuit darts his spear, the harpoon of which, with a long line of walrus skin attached, is made so as to disconnect itself and go down with the prize. Then comes the struggle. While the seal is thus held, the captor quickly breaks away the ice, and generally succeeds in securing his prey.

But while Joe was thus engaged, Mr. Hall and his hostess suffered much from hunger, cold, and want of oil for their lamps. So great were the cravings of appetite upon him that one evening, seeing some remains of *black-skin* (scraps of tried-out blubber) hanging up over the fire-lamp, he would have eaten them had not Tookoolito prevented it. He had already partaken of raw seal, walrus, and other similar *dainties*, and we find him frequently testifying to their *delicious* and excellent eating.

With various adventures of a remarkable character, he ultimately left his friends, the Innuits, located there, and returned to the ship, where they had supposed him lost. In the interval he had his first experience of a bear hunt. The sport was very successful, Mr. Hall himself giving the finishing touch to the huge beast.

Soon afterward he was away again, this time taking another direction across a mountain isthmus, called the "Land Pass," which led to the waters of Frobisher Bay. His object was to see more of Innuit life, and learn something of their peculiar habits and customs.

He left the ship in April, 1861, and, with some of the natives for companions, crossed the Pass and were soon tearing away over the solid floe on a sledge drawn by ten dogs, bounding, yelling, and racing as they were driven onward under the whip of an expert driver. Darkness had set in, and still they were at some distance off. Presently the feeble lights of the snow igloos on an island called Opungnewing appear. The dogs bound forward with increased velocity; a whoop, a wild yell, a fierce lashing of the long peculiar Innuit whip, a turn here, a bend there to avoid some craggy pieces of ice, or to clear a rugged point of the shore, and at last their destination is reached.

It was now nine o'clock, the weather bitterly cold, 30° below zero, and the Innuit family known to be living on this island gone to bed. But no ceremony could be stood upon, nor was such needed. The sledge was quickly drawn up in safety, and our traveler with his Innuit companion, *Koojesse*, made for the igloo of an old man called Annawa and his family. These good folks, however, were a-bed, as all *good* people are expected to be at such times and hours, but they were quickly roused, and gave a hearty and hospitable reception to their visitors. But what a sight for a stranger was presented on opening the door of the igloo! Those who know nothing of the extraordinary customs and modes of life belonging to the dwellers among perpetual ice and snow will perhaps read with amazement the fact that the inmates, male and female, were all in their one bed, a raised platform of *snow*, 18 inches high, covered with furs, and extend-

ing three parts round the hut, and all of them perfectly nude. They are always so on retiring to rest; and their only covering is some additional furs. But here, before we go further, let us picture this Innuit igloo. And, first, of its exterior. See, as a stranger approaches it in the dark night. It is a beautiful dome of the very purest white, without a crack or crevice to be seen, and apparently impenetrable in any ordinary way. Standing at the base of some dark high land forming the back-ground, and surrounded elsewhere by a surface of white on the frozen sea close to or on the snow-covered beach, there is added to it yet a more singular beauty in the mellowed light that seems to burst up from within its dome. The *ikkumer*, or ever-trimmed lamp of the careful Innuit housewife, in winter, is the cause of this, and always serves to indicate where living beings may be found even though, as is often the case, deep snow all but totally hides the dwelling itself. Looking at this igloo closely, we perceive a curiously formed tunnel construction attached to it. It is the *passage* to the door or entrance, the said passage being so made that hardly any cold can possibly enter the igloo itself. A word, however, as to the *erection* of an igloo. Sometimes it has to be done hurriedly, then one is completed, of small size, in half an hour; at other times more leisure can be taken, and then two men can build a beautiful and chaste—yes, *exquisitely chaste*—looking dwelling of the snow around in something over an hour.

The way they do is this: A suitable place of smooth, hard drifted snow is selected, if possible over a stream of running water, *for more warmth* (which is the case), and for obtaining drink without having to melt ice, and then blocks of snow, three feet long by eighteen inches wide, and perhaps six deep, are cut out with a peculiar "knife" (in the neighborhood of whalers they sometimes get a saw) they have for the purpose. One man stands inside a circular marked ridge where the igloo is to rise. The blocks are slightly tapered off at the inner sides and partially curved. The foundation is then laid on the circular ridge, sixteen blocks generally being required for the first tier of a family igloo such as the one we have now before us. The second tier, and the following tiers, rise up, in like geometrical and spheroidical proportion, *in spiral form*, until an exact and beautiful dome is erected by the keystone—literally snow-block—of the arch being dropped in at the top. This, of course, actually incloses the man inside, who is, in fact, the builder, outsiders being merely assistants, and it is so intended. It is absolutely necessary that one should be thus incased, so that any crevices or openings may be seen and stopped up, as is quickly done by filling such with handfuls of snow. The height of such an igloo is generally 8 feet by from 12 to 16 feet diameter. The snow-blocks being porous and capable of allowing light to penetrate through them, while they are impervious to every thing else but heat over a certain temperature, gives air, light, and internal comfort far greater than many could suppose.

When the walls of the igloo are thus built a space in the rear part of it is now *cut* out, and through it is passed, first, more snow-blocks to build the bed platform, as already mentioned, extending two-thirds round, and then all articles and all animals, human as well as those of the mere brute creation, that belong to the family. Meanwhile the entrance passage has been made, and a place marked for the *door*. This is formed directly the whole material has been brought inside, and the rear opening again carefully and hermetically closed. The door is simply a large slab of ice or block of very hard snow, fixed so as to turn almost as if on a pivot. To enter one has first to go prostrate either on all fours or sideways, and thus grope through the passage, carefully closing the *outer* door, until within the bright and cheerful glare of the large stone lamp, which is always the accompaniment of a family igloo.

In the preceding description we have but hurriedly sketched an outline of particulars. Space here does not permit more detail; and we would rather let our readers gain, as they can do, much better and more interesting information from the book of Mr. Hall itself.

Now let us turn back to our weary travelers, whom *we*—not the kindly Innuits—have left too long at the entrance door.

We have already said that the family had retired to bed, but when they found strangers needing hospitality not a moment was lost in offering to them all in their power. It is often they have but little to offer, owing to bad hunting and sealing, and the fact that, when good luck does attend them, they, like many a poor man suddenly obtaining a rich purse, consume it as fast as they can. Annawa and his people knew Mr. Hall and his companion Koojesse; the former once before at the ship, the latter by frequent intercourse. Such cheer as they had was therefore quickly set before them, Annawa, just as he was, rising to welcome them. Then came the question of sleeping room. "Among Innuits there is no spare bed kept in reserve for company, nor have they any *tuktoo* (fur) covering more than they individually need." Still the visitors must be accommodated for the night. But how? would be the question occurring to us. This was promptly answered. In Rome we must do as Romans do, if we wish to live and be merry. He who will not is a fool to himself, and lessens much good to mankind. The aborigines of Australia of both sexes wander about void of a vestige of apparel, and think themselves the freest and happiest people on created earth. We have often seen them thus, and have been puzzled to know if there was not truth in what they said, especially when handling our garments, and intimating we were prisoners of our own making, chained in armor unfit to wear in such a clime. But each to his taste. Ours was not theirs at the time referred to, though it was compulsorily so some years previous; and

the lesson gained was to try and take easily what we find is best to admit for the nonce. So here. No extra bed? No additional coverlets? "All right; I don't care; I'll turn in with you, my friends," said we. And so it was here. The offer made, our friend stood upon no ceremony, but, retaining his ordinary traveling dress (fortunately dry), wedged himself in among *ten* hot-blooded, steaming Innuits. *How* he managed it is hard for us to say. Often in our time we have had terrible narrow quarters to try and get sleep in, but never in a snow igloo, on a fur-covered snow couch, with nearly a dozen large and small, male and female, fat and healthy companions closely packed by the side of one. Ah, well! What a steamy, dreamy sensation must have been produced through the night! So he himself describes. Room, as we have said, was scarce, and Annawa's igloo happened to be a very small one. Therefore the following arrangement had to be made:

On the bed, at one end, lay Annawa's wife, and next to her their "*infant* child"—*a boy three and a half feet high of portly dimensions!* The father lay beside him, and then came another "child." Adjoining this child was our friend Hall, having on his left the Innuit Koojesse. All these lay with their heads, as is usual, toward the centre of the igloo, and faces upward; the following, owing to scarcity of room, were reversed in their positions: The Innuit *Esheloo* came next to Koojesse, and by the side of Esheloo his wife; then came a young man Innuit, and by his side a pretty orphan girl called *Kimmulu*, daughter of the Kudlago already mentioned. Altogether "there were ten, and the space in which they were interwoven was less than as many feet."

During the night our friend was dreadfully cramped for room. In attempting to turn now and then "to relieve the aching bones that were nethermost, the child beside him would groan like a young roaring lion." To sleep was almost impossible; and we can just fancy him trying to do so wedged in, as if by a vice, between the free sons and daughters of the iron-clad North! Do we not all know how difficult it sometimes is, whether on beds of down or the "softest plank" of a ship at sea, to charm the drowsy god to our aid? What must it have been then with our bold American—alone, in a strange, wild land, among an extraordinary race of beings called men, on a cold night of April, amidst regions of eternal ice and snow—as he lay for a long time painfully motionless, with eyes unclosed and thoughts roaming away over the past and future? There was the fire-lamp not far from his head, reflecting its bright light, and diffusing its glowing warmth throughout the whole igloo. There was he horribly fixed, as if in a pillory or the stocks. To bear it much longer was out of his power. Turn he must, and turn he did; but only at the expense of waking the whole family, and producing a continuous roar of unmelodious sounds almost diabolical.

Every thing, however, is, as we believe, to have an end, and so finished our poor tortured friend's purgatory. Early in the morning he "slipped out as a snake from his deciduous epidermis, shook himself, yawned, stretched," groped through the entrance, and, once more erect and free of limb, started for a walk.

What he saw, what he felt, what he enjoyed, let himself tell. We have not time nor space to do it. Let us follow him back to the igloo, where, the inmates having left their beds, and the men gone forth to hunt, he finds a goodly breakfast of "cooked walrus, walrus soup, and *raw* frozen walrus," ready for him, and of which he ate abundantly. One day did he stop here, most pleasantly enjoying his time, and then passed on to extend his journey elsewhere. Follow him we must, though very rapidly, for there is somewhat more yet that has to be told.

Before leaving Opungnewing Mr. Hall encountered a very remarkable man, termed by white people "Blind George," owing to his being deprived of sight. This afflicted Innuit was very partial to standing, with a daughter by his side, and glancing upward at the sun. Many interesting anecdotes of this man are related by Mr. Hall in his narrative.

From the Island of Opungnewing Mr. Hall went up the Bay in company with another white man (one of the ship's petty officers) and an Innuit woman called Kokerjabin, the widow of Kudlago. This woman had been married before—or may have had two husbands, as some of the men have two, three, and four wives—and she now had with her a son, a youth nicknamed "Capatin." The four, then, traveled in company, and were bound to a place where the woman said some other friendly Innuits, known as having visited the ship, would be found.

As usual, Mr. Hall trusted to obtaining sufficient food either by hunting or through the ever-ready hospitality of the natives. Accordingly, he had brought only a very small quantity with him. But on arriving at the place of destination not an igloo was to be seen! All was deserted! The only indication of human beings having been there was "two double-barreled guns standing upright, and an Esquimaux lamp placed on the snow."

For a moment there was some hesitation what to do. The other white man thought it better to return; but the Innuit woman and Mr. Hall deemed it wisest to go on to another island, where Kokerjabin said they would certainly meet the Innuits. Accordingly, though it was now dark, the thermometer at zero, and the way unknown to our friend, they pushed on for three hours more. Fortunately the moon rose to help them; and it would be well for a moment if we could just picture them before us, traveling over the frozen sea, along the snow-covered rugged shores, midst raised up masses of ice; threading their way in and out of hummocks and numerous small islands until, at 11 P.M., they finally reached their next halting-place. Let us try the picture as, weary and cold and hun-

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WEISER, IDAHO



BLIND GEORGE.

gry, and, worse than all, very *thirsty*—for water can only be obtained there by melting snow or ice—they near the island, again to be doomed to disappointment!

Yes. On approaching this new island, and after a difficult landing from the nature of the high 30-feet tides making projecting ice precipices abound, they searched in vain for the igloos, and then had to give it up in despair. "Despair," we have said. Well, it is a common term to use at such times; but it was hardly applicable here. Finding they must depend upon themselves, they did so cheerfully, and made the best of what they had. As they were hungry, the first thing to do was to rest and eat their supper at this hour of the night, on the frozen snow and in the cold light of the moon, consisting of a small piece of salt junk and a very few biscuits that happened to be in Mr. Hall's wallet. The salt junk made them thirstier; but this craving they could not satisfy, and, therefore, had to try and forget it by some active work. Such work was found in building themselves an igloo for the night. One of small dimensions and poor construction was speedily set up "on the edge of a snow-bank which faced a ledge of rocks traversing the island, thus giving them a lee."

As soon as this igloo was built, in they all got, "four human stoves—tobacco pipes, etc.—and a fifth stove (a dog) meant to have been added, but dog got alarmed, and ran out as they were sealing up the opening." But now the igloo was found too small for them when they began to lie down and stretch out. Accordingly something like "pigeon-holes were cut through into the snow-bank for the feet to lie in." These were found to be quite "warm and comfortable."

So they passed the night, or, rather a portion of it, for, early in the morning, our voyager, feeling himself chilly, roused up, *pierced* a hole through the walls, and saw the sun peeping in. Speedily cutting a doorway, he crawled through on all fours, and then walked to a hill for examination. Igloos were now seen at a small island a short distance off, and, without delay, our party hastened to them. In a brief period they arrived: were welcomed by the whole family—not yet out of bed—and immediately supplied with the water they so eagerly asked for.

At this place Hall remained two days, and one night was nearly washed out of his bed by a high tide coming into the igloo and flooding every thing. He had been anxious to know the exact height of the tides here and along the coast, and his wish was thus gratified. As he well remarks: "We often seek knowledge under difficulties, but here it came while he was reclining happily on a bed of furs."

In the morning the good-wife had to repair damages, dry the skins, and clean the place; and it was amazing to our friend how she made her mouth the receptacle for every thing. "The tongue was in constant use to keep free the scraper. Scrapings of board, hands, etc., all went first to the mouth, then to the dish, then to the dogs." The mouth, or rather teeth, of an Innuit woman is, however, also much used for other purposes. The native boot is made from skins, which have to be first of all well chewed by the women. Very often, also, when

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the boot has become hard on the feet, a woman will take it off to soften it by renewed chewing, as in the annexed illustration.



CHEWING BOOTS.

This reminds us of another occurrence he speaks of where, during a sumptuous feast of seal, etc., the bowl used for passing round the soup was first cleansed by the dogs, then immediately used by the masters.

On the occasion of dining at the above-mentioned igloo the following was the *modus operandi* of taking the meal: All being seated, a fine seal's head was produced and handed to the host. He gnaws a piece from it, and passes it to the next, who does the same and sends on the "delicious" article. And so it goes round — white man and Innuit alike. The soup is handed about in like manner. Fingers and teeth alone are used; knives and forks are unknown for such purposes. The meat, skin and hair, is all eaten, even the very eyes, save the *balls*, which are always given to the youngest child of the family, as its especial perquisite. The brain is then *tapped*, and this our voyager speaks of as being "most delicious." The skull "is almost as thin as paper. Shoot a seal in the head it dies; hit a walrus there and the ball is flattened, that being all the harm done."

Following the above dinner came another feast to which Hall was invited. Among the guests, or the members of the family, were three very aged women who sat two beside and one opposite to him. These old women "were jolly souls," and very attentive to the white stranger, especially so on seeing him readily join with them in their ways. In speaking of it, he himself says, he fears that friends at home would have blushed to behold him. But it was only thus, he considered, he could hope to accomplish his work.

The feast was, "first, a portion of raw seal's liver, warm from its late life, with slice of its own blubber; next, ribs inclosed in tender meat dripping with blood," which he considers "quite ambrosial;" then, says he—"What?—*entrails*, which the old lady drew through her stripping fingers—yards of it—rods of it, and I know not but the length was even a furlong. This was passed to each (except myself) in lengths from two to three feet."

It seems the old lady fancied Hall would not like it; but he "had tried it before and it was *good*. All the seal is good," he adds; and then, on having some presented to him, he "drew the ribbon-looking article through his teeth—Innuit fashion—finished it, and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more. The old ladies were in ecstasies. They thought him the best one of the group. "They laughed, they bestowed upon him all the pleasant epithets their language would admit. He was one of them—one of the honored few."

Directly the feast was over a very different scene was enacted. Mirth and joyousness were changed to doleful cries and lamentations. The old lady was in pain. Her side was bad, and she wanted Hall to cure it. Promptly he came to her aid, and by certain remedies of voice and manner, which he details with a piquancy quite rich, he speedily recovered her.

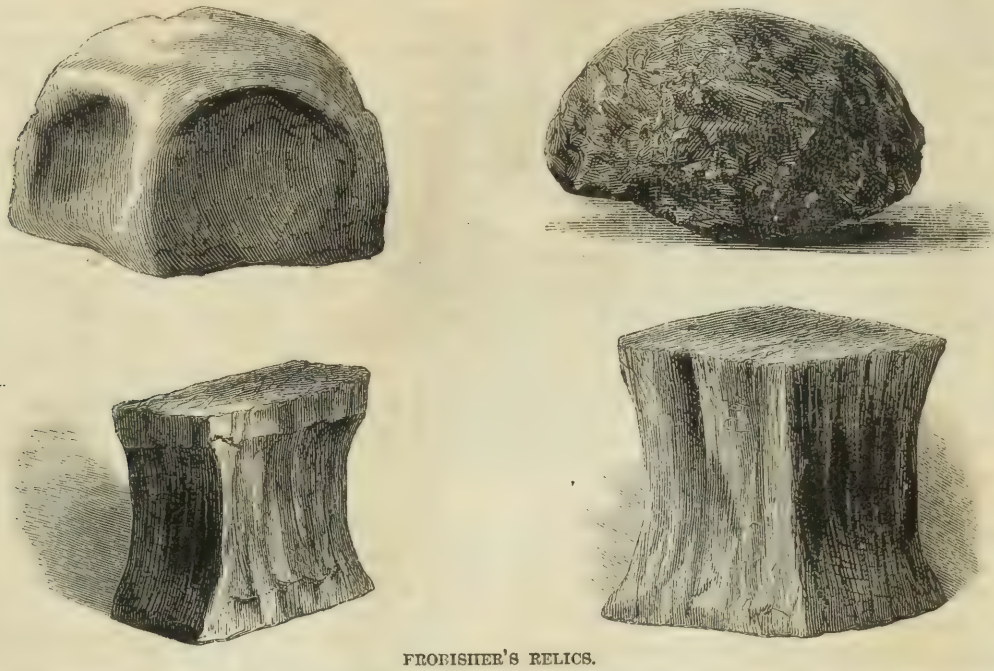
But here we must close. We have no more space to tell of his other numerous adventures, and particularly his most interesting illustrations of the habits and customs, and the strangely superstitious ceremonies of these people. Neither can we say any thing of his many observations concerning the animals, the birds, and the fishes of the sea, that he so pleasingly brings forward. Then, too, his boat voyage, exploring with only Innuit companions, followed the next year by a sledge journey of a similar description, going hundreds of miles over the solid ice, living, and occasionally *starving*, with his Esquimaux friends. His discovery, on other journeys, of new places; of lands unvisited before; of a "fossil mountain;" a "huge but beautiful glacier a hundred



AN ARM OF THE GRINNELL GLACIER.

miles long," a portion of which, where he visited it, is here represented. This magnificent Glacier is situated on the *Meta Incognita* of Queen Elizabeth (*Kingaite* coast of the Innuits), and is stated by the natives to extend for nearly a hundred miles. Then, too, "relics" of Frobisher's great expeditions in Queen Elizabeth's time, testimony from Innuit tradition of the fate of five men then lost, and other geographical and scientific matters. None of these can we now dwell upon; nor would it be just to do so. Let the bold traveler speak for himself, and with his numerous illustrations—pictorial and otherwise—tell his own adventures at full length. There may be, and there will be, those who differ from him in his scientific deductions, and the conclusions he draws on some things; but this should be so, and must enhance in-

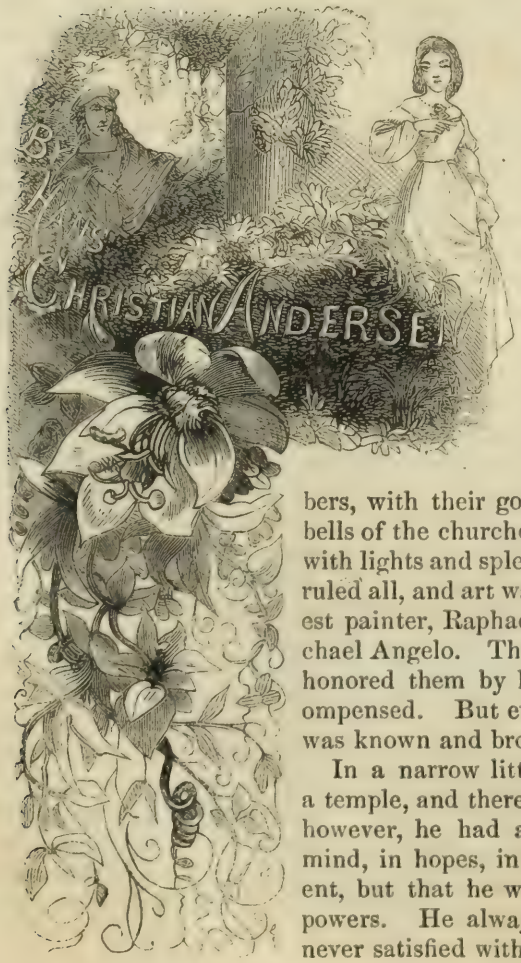
stead of tending to detract from the value of his book. This much in conclusion we can honestly say, we believe him to be the first—certainly in modern times—who has ever lived among the Esquimaux as they themselves do; and the very careful and minute descriptions he gives of this remarkable people commend his narrative—even without the additional valuable and interesting matter in it—to the learned as well as to the general public.



FROBISHER'S RELICS.

The relics obtained by Mr. Hall consist of sea-coal, flint-stone, fragments of tile, glass, iron, an old musket-ball, coke, charcoal, etc. An old-fashioned anvil had also been seen by the natives, three of whom, separately, gave models of it, as here represented, to Mr. Hall. One of the largest pieces of iron is also represented above; it weighs about thirteen pounds.

PSYCHE.



AT the dawn of day through the red atmosphere shines a large star, morning's clearest star; its ray quivers upon the white wall, as if it would there inscribe what it had to relate—what in the course of a thousand years it has witnessed here and there on our revolving earth.

Listen to one of its histories:

Lately (its *lately* is a century ago to us human beings) my rays watched a young artist; it was in the territory of the Pope, in the capital of the world—Rome. Much has changed there in the flight of years, but nothing so rapidly as the change which takes place in the human form between childhood and old age. The imperial city was then, as now, in ruins; fig-trees and laurels grew among the fallen marble pillars, and over the shattered bath-chambers, with their gold-enameled walls; the Colosseum was a ruin; the bells of the churches rang, incense perfumed the air, processions moved with lights and splendid canopies through the streets. The Holy Church ruled all, and art was patronized by it. At Rome lived the world's greatest painter, Raphael; there also lived the first sculptor of his age, Michael Angelo. The Pope himself paid homage to these two artists, and honored them by his visits. Art was appreciated, admired, and recompensed. But even then not all that was great and worthy of praise was known and brought forward.

In a narrow little street stood an old house; it had formerly been a temple, and there dwelt a young artist. He was poor and unknown; however, he had a few young friends, artists like himself, young in mind, in hopes, in thoughts. They told him that he was rich in talent, but that he was a fool, since he never would believe in his own powers. He always destroyed what he had formed in clay; he was never satisfied with any thing he did, and never had any thing finished

so as to have it seen and known, and it was necessary to have this in order to make money.

"You are a dreamer," they said, "and therein lies your misfortune. But this arises from your never having lived yet, not having tasted life, enjoyed it in large exhilarating draughts, as it ought to be enjoyed. It is only in youth that one can do this. Look at the great master, Raphael, whom the Pope honors and the world admires: *he* does not abstain from wine and good fare."

"He dines with the baker's wife, the charming Fornarina," said Angelo, one of the liveliest of the young group.

They all talked a great deal, after the fashion of gay young men. They insisted on carrying the youthful artist off with them to scenes of amusement and riot—scenes of folly they might have been called—and for a moment he felt inclined to accompany them. His blood was warm, his fancy powerful; he could join in their jovial chat, and laugh as loud as any of them; yet what they called "Raphael's pleasant life" vanished from his mind like a morning mist. He thought only of the inspiration that was apparent in the great master's works. If he stood in the Vatican near the beautiful forms the masters of a thousand years before had created out of marble blocks, then his breast heaved; he felt within himself something so elevated, so holy, so grand and good, that he longed to chisel such statues from the marble blocks. He wished to give a form to the glorious conceptions of his mind; but how, and what form? The soft clay that was moulded into beautiful figures by his fingers one day was the next day, as usual, broken up.

Once, as he was passing one of the rich palaces, of which there are so many at Rome, he stepped within the large open entrance court, and saw arched corridors adorned with statues, inclosing a little garden full of the most beautiful roses. Great white flowers, with green juicy leaves, shot up the marble basin, where the clear waters splashed, and near it glided a figure, that of a young girl, the daughter of the princely house—so delicate, so light, so lovely! He had never beheld so beautiful a woman. Yes—painted by Raphael, painted as Psyche, in one of the palaces of Rome! Yes—there she stood as if living!

She also lived in his thoughts and heart. And he hurried home to his humble apartment, and formed a Psyche in clay; it was the rich, the high-born young Roman lady, and for the first time he looked with satisfaction on his work. It was life itself—it was herself. And his friends, when they saw it, were loud in their congratulations. This work was a proof of his excellence in art: that they had themselves already known, and the world should now know it also.

Clay may look fleshy and lifelike, but it has not the whiteness of marble, and does not last so long. His Psyche must be sculptured in marble, and the expensive block of marble required he already possessed: it had lain for many years, a legacy from his parents, in the courtyard. Broken bottles, decayed vegetables, and all manner of refuse, had been heaped on it and soiled it, but within it was white as the mountain snow. Psyche was to be chiseled from it.

One day it happened (the clear star tells nothing of this, for it did not see what passed, but we know it) a distinguished Roman party came to the narrow humble street. The carriage stopped near it. The party had come to see the young artist's work, of which they had heard by accident. And who were these aristocratic visitors? Unfortunate young man! All too happy young man, he might also well have been called. The young girl herself stood there in his studio; and with what a smile when her father exclaimed, "But it is you, you yourself to the life!" That smile could not be copied, that glance could not be imitated—that speaking glance which she cast on the young artist! It was a glance that fascinated, enchanted, and destroyed.

"The Psyche must be finished in marble," said the rich nobleman. And that was a life-giving word to the inanimate clay and to the heavy marble block, as it was a life-giving word to the young man.

"When the work is finished I will purchase it," said the noble visitor.

It seemed as if a new era had dawned on the humble studio; joy and sprightliness enlivened it now, and ennui fled before constant employment. The bright morning star saw how quickly the work advanced. The clay itself became as if animated with a soul, for even in it stood forth, in perfect beauty, each now well-known feature.

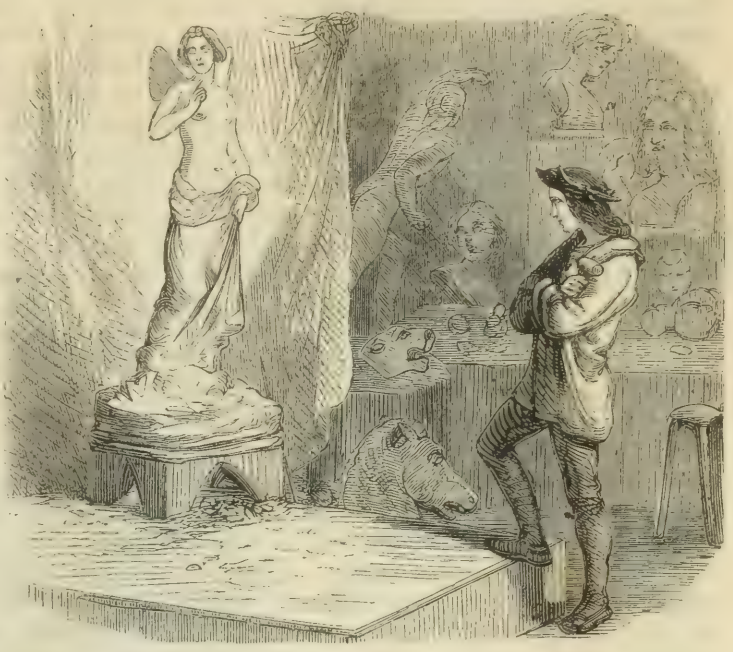
"Now I know what life is!" exclaimed the young artist, joyfully; "it is love. There is glory in the excellent, rapture in the beautiful. What my friends call life and enjoyment are corrupt and perishable—they are bubbles in the fermenting dregs, not the pure heavenly altar-wine that consecrates life." The block of marble was raised, the chisel hewed large pieces from it; it was measured, pointed, and marked. The work proceeded; little by little the stone assumed a form, a form of beauty—Psyche—charming as God's creation in the young female. The heavy marble became lifelike, dancing, airy, and a graceful Psyche, with the bright smile so heavenly and innocent, such as had mirrored itself in the young sculptor's heart.

The star of the rose-tinted morn saw it, and well understood what was stirring in the young man's heart—understood the changing color on his cheek, the fire in his eye—as he carved the likeness of what God had created.

"You are a master, such as those in the time of the Greeks," said his delighted friends. "The whole world will soon admire your Psyche."

"My Psyche!" he exclaimed. "Mine! Yes, such she must be. I too am an artist like these great ones of by-gone days. God has bestowed on me the gift of genius, which raises its possessor to a level with the high-born."

And he sank on his knees, and wept his thanks to God, and then forgot Him for *her*—for her image in marble. The figure of Psyche stood there, as if formed of snow, blushing rosy red on the morning sun.



THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.

In reality he was to see her, living, moving, her whose voice had sounded like the sweetest music. He was to go to the splendid palace to announce that the marble Psyche was finished. He went thither, passed through the open court to where the water poured, splashing from dolphins into the marble basin, around which the white flowers clustered, and the roses shed their fragrance. He entered the large lofty hall, whose walls and roof were adorned with armorial bearings and heraldic designs. Well-dressed, pompous-looking servants strutted up and down like sleigh-horses with their jingling bells; others of them, insolent-looking fellows, were stretched at their ease on handsomely-carved wooden benches; they seemed the masters of the house. He told his errand, and was then conducted up the white marble stairs, which were covered with soft carpets. Statues were ranged on both sides; he passed through handsome rooms with pictures and bright mosaic floors. For a moment he felt oppressed by all this magnificence and splendor—it nearly took away his breath. But he speedily recovered himself; for the princely owner of the mansion received him kindly, almost cordially, and, after they had finished their conversation, requested him, when bidding him adieu, to go to the apartments of the young Signora, who wished also to see him. Servants marshaled him through superb saloons and suits of rooms to the chamber where she sat, elegantly dressed and radiant in beauty.

She spoke to him. No *Miserere*, no tones of sacred music, could more have melted the heart and elevated the soul. He seized her hand and carried it to his lips; never was rose so soft. But there issued a fire from that rose—a fire that penetrated through him and turned his head; words poured forth from his lips, which he scarcely knew himself, like the crater pouring forth glowing lava. He told her of his love. She stood amazed, offended, insulted, with a haughty and scornful look, an expression which had been called forth instantaneously by his passionate avowal of his sentiments toward her. Her cheeks glowed, her lips became quite pale; her eyes flashed fire, and were yet as dark as ebon night.



THE REPULSE.

"Madman!" she exclaimed; "begone! away!" And she turned angrily from him, while her beautiful countenance assumed the look of that petrified face of old with the serpents clustering around it like hair.

Like a sinking lifeless thing he descended into the street; like a sleep-walker he reached his home. But there he awoke to pain and fury; he seized his hammer, lifted it high in the air, and was on the point of breaking the beautiful marble statue, but in his distracted state of mind he had not observed that Angelo was standing near him. The latter caught his arm, exclaiming, "Have you gone mad? What would you do?"

They struggled with each other. Angelo was the young-

er of the two, and, drawing a deep breath, the young sculptor threw himself on a chair.

"What has happened?" asked Angelo. "Be yourself and speak."

But what could he tell? what could he say? And when Angelo found that he could get nothing out of him he gave up questioning him.

"Your blood thickens in this constant dreaming. Be a man like the rest of us, and do not live only in the ideal: you will go deranged at this rate. Take wine until you feel it get a little into your head; that will make you sleep well. Let a pretty girl be your doctor; a girl from the Campagna is as charming as a princess in her marble palace. Both are the daughters of Eve, and not to be distinguished from each other in Paradise. Follow your Angelo! Let me be your angel, the angel of life for you! The time will come when you will be old, and your limbs will be useless to you. Why, on a fine sunny day, when every thing is laughing and joyous, do you look like a withered straw that can grow no more? I do not believe what



THE REVELERS.

the priests say, that there is a life beyond the grave. It is a pretty fancy, a tale for children—pleasant enough if one could put faith in it. I, however, do not live in fancies only, but in the world of realities. Come with me! Be a man!"

And he drew him out with him; it was easy to do so at that moment. There was a heat in the young artist's blood, a change in his feelings; he longed to throw off all his old habits, all that he was accustomed to—to throw off his own former self—and he consented to accompany Angelo.

On the outskirts of Rome was a hostelry much frequented by artists. It was built amidst the ruins of an old bath-chamber; the large yellow lemons hung among their dark bright leaves, and adorned the greatest part of the old reddish-gilt walls. The hostelry was a deep vault, almost like a hole in the ruin. A lamp burned within it, before a picture of the Madonna; a large fire was blazing in the stove (roasting, boiling, and frying were going on there); on the outside, under lemon and laurel trees, stood two tables spread for refreshments.

Kindly and joyously were the two artists welcomed by their friends. None of them ate much, but they all drank a great deal; that caused hilarity. There was singing, and playing the guitar; Saltarello sounded, and the merry dance began. A couple of young Roman girls, models for the artists, joined in the dance, and took part in their mirth—two charming Bacchantes! They had not, indeed, the delicacy of Psyche—they were not graceful lovely roses—but they were fresh, hardy, ruddy carnations.

How warm it was that day! Warm even after the sun had gone down—heat in the blood, heat in the air, heat in every look! The atmosphere seemed to be composed of gold and roses—life itself was gold and roses.

"Now at last you are with us! Let yourself be borne on the stream around you and within you."

"I never before felt so well and so joyous," cried the young sculptor. "You are right, you are all right; I was a fool, a visionary. Men should seek for realities, and not wrap themselves up in phantasies."

Amidst songs and the tinkling of guitars, the young men sallied forth from the hostelry, and took their way, in the clear starlit evening, through the small streets; the two ruddy carnations, daughters of the Campagna, accompanied them. In Angelo's room, amidst sketches and folios scattered about, and glowing voluptuous paintings, their voices sounded more subdued, but not less full of passion. On the floor lay many a drawing of the Campagna's daughters in various attractive attitudes: they were full of beauty, yet the originals were still more beautiful. The six-branched chandeliers were burning, and the light glared on the scene of sensual joy.

"Apollo! Jupiter! Into your heaven and happiness am I wafted. It seems as if the flower of life has in this moment sprung up in my heart."

Yes, it sprang up, but it broke and fell, and a deadening hideous sensation seized upon him. It dimmed his sight, stupefied his mind; perception failed, and all became dark around him.

He gained his home, sat down on his bed, and tried to collect his thoughts. "Fie!" was the exclamation uttered by his own mouth from the bottom of his heart. "Wretch! begone! away!" And he breathed a sigh full of the deepest grief.

"Begone! away!" These words of hers—the living Psyche's words—were re-echoed in his breast, re-echoed from his lips. He laid his head on his pillow; his thoughts became confused, and he slept.

At the dawn of day he arose, and sat down to reflect. What had happened? Had he dreamt it all—dreamt *her* words—dreamt his visit to the hostelry, and the evening with the flaunting carnations of the Campagna? No, all

was reality—a reality such as he had never before experienced.

Through the purplish haze of the early morning shone the clear star; its rays fell upon him and upon the marble Psyche. He trembled as he gazed on the imperishable image; he felt that there was impurity in his look, and he threw a covering over it. Once only he removed the veil to touch the statue, but he could not bear to see his own work.

Quiet, gloomy, absorbed in his own thoughts, he sat the live-long day. He noticed nothing, knew nothing of what was going on about him, and no one knew what was going on within his heart.



THE REFUGE OF THE CHURCH.

Days, weeks passed; the nights were the longest. The glittering star saw him one morning, pale, shaking with fever, arise from his couch, go to the marble figure, lift the veil from it, gaze for a moment with an expression of deep devotion and sorrow on his work, and then, almost sinking under its weight, he dragged the statue out into the garden. In it there was a dried-up, dilapidated, disused well, which could only be called a deep hole; he sank his Psyche in it, threw in earth over it, and covered the new-made grave with brushwood and nettles.

"Begone! away!" was the short funeral service.

The star witnessed this through the rose-tinted atmosphere, and its ray quivered on two large tears upon the corpse-like cheeks of the young fever-stricken man—death-stricken they called him on his sick-bed.

The monk Ignatius came to see him as a friend and physician—came with religion's comforting words, and spoke to him of the Church's happiness and peace, of the sins of mankind, the grace and mercy of God.

And his words fell like warm sunbeams on the damp spongy ground; it steamed, and the misty vapors ascended from it, so that the thoughts and mental images which had received their shapes from realities were cleared, and he was enabled to take a more just view of man's life. The delusions of guilt abounded in it, and such there had been for him. Art was a sorceress that lured us to vanity and earthly lusts. We are false toward ourselves, false toward our friends, false toward our God. The serpent always repeats within us, "*Eat thereof; then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods!*"

He seemed now for the first time to understand himself, and to have found the way to truth and rest. On the Church shone light from on high; in the monk's cell dwelt that peace amidst which the human tree might grow to flourish in eternity.

Brother Ignatius encouraged these sentiments, and the artist's resolution was taken. A child of the world became a servant of the Church: the young sculptor bade adieu to all his former pursuits, and went into a monastery.

How kindly, how gladly, was he received by the Brothers! What a Sunday fête was his initiation! The Almighty, it seemed to him, was in the sunshine that illumined the church. His glory beamed from the holy images and from the white cross. And when he now, at the hour of the setting sun, stood in his little cell, and, opening the window, looked out over the ancient Rome, the ruined temples, the magnificent but dead Colosseum — when he saw all this in the spring-time, when the acacias were in bloom, the evergreens were fresh, roses bursting from their buds, citrons and orange-trees shining, palms waving—he felt himself tranquilized and cheered as he had never been before. The quiet open Campagna extended toward the misty snow-decked hills, which seemed painted in the air. All, blended together, breathed of peace, of beauty, so soothingly, so dreamily—a dream the whole.

Yes, the world was a dream here. A dream may continue for an hour, and come again at another hour; but life in a cloister is a life of years, long and many.

He might have attested the truth of this saying, that from within comes much which taints mankind. What was that fire which sometimes blazed throughout him? What was that source from which evil, against his will, was always welling forth? He scourged his body, but from within came the evil yet again. What was that spirit within him, which, with the pliancy of a serpent, coiled itself up, and crept into his conscience under the cloak of universal love, and comforted him? The saints pray for us, the holy mother prays for us, Jesus Himself has shed His blood for us. Was it weakness of mind or the volatile feelings of youth that caused him

sometimes to think himself received into grace, and made him fancy himself exalted by that—exalted over so many? For had he not cast from him the vanities of the world? Was he not a son of the Church?

One day, after the lapse of many years, he met Angelo, who recognized him.

"Man!" exclaimed Angelo. "Yes, surely it is yourself. Are you happy now? You have sinned against God, for you have thrown away His gracious gift, and abandoned your mission into this world. Read the parable of the confided talent. The Master who related it spoke the truth. What have you won or found? Have you not allotted to yourself a life of dreams? Is your religion not a mere coinage of the brain? What if all be but a dream—pretty yet fantastic thoughts?"

"Away from me, Satan!" cried the monk, as he fled from Angelo.

"There is a devil, a personified devil! I saw him to-day," groaned the monk. "I only held out a finger to him, and he seized my whole hand! Ah, no!" he sighed. "In myself there is sin, and in that man there is sin; but he is not crushed by it—he goes with brow erect, and lives in happiness. I seek my happiness in the consolations of religion. If only they were consolations—if all here, as in the world I left, were but pleasing thoughts! They are delusions, like the crimson skies of evening, like the beautiful sea-blue tint on the distant hills. Close by these look very different. Eternity, thou art like the wide, interminable, calm-looking ocean: it beckons, calls us, fills us with forebodings, and if we venture on it, we sink, we disappear, die, cease to exist! Delusions! Begone! away!"

And tearless, lost in his own thoughts, he sat upon his hard pallet: then he knelt. Before whom? The stone cross that stood on the wall? No, habit alone made him kneel there.

And the deeper he looked into himself the darker became his thoughts. "Nothing within, nothing without—a lifetime wasted!" And that cold snow-ball of thought rolled on, grew larger, crushed him, destroyed him.

"To none dare I speak of the gnawing worm within me; my secret is my prisoner. If I could get rid of it, I would be Thine, O God!"

And a spirit of piety awoke and struggled within him.

"Lord! Lord!" he exclaimed in his despair. "Be merciful, grant me faith! I despised and abandoned Thy gracious gift—my mission into this world. I was wanting in strength; Thou hadst not bestowed that on me. Immortal fame—Psyche—still lingers in my heart. Begone! away! They shall be buried like yonder Psyche, the brightest gem of my life. *That* shall never ascend from its dark grave."

The star in the rose-tinted morn shone brightly—the star that assuredly shall be extinguished and annihilated, while the spirits of mankind live amidst celestial light. Its trembling rays fell upon the white wall, but it inscribed no memorial there of the blessed trust in God, of the grace, of the holy love, that dwell in the believer's heart.

"Psyche within me can never die—it will live in consciousness! Can what is inconceivable be? Yes, yes! For I myself am inconceivable. Thou art inconceivable, O Lord! The whole of Thy universe is inconceivable—a work of power, of excellence, of love!

His eyes beamed with the brightest radiance for a moment, and then became dim and corpse-like. The church bells rang their funeral peal over him—the dead; and he was buried in earth brought from Jerusalem, and mingled with the ashes of departed saints.

Some years afterward the skeleton was taken up, as had been the skeletons of the dead monks before him; it was attired in the brown cowl, with a rosary in its hand, and it was placed in a niche among the human bones which were found in the burying-ground of the monastery. And the sun shone outside, and incense perfumed the air within, and masses were said.

Years again went by.

The bones of the skeletons had fallen from each other, and become mixed together. The skulls were gathered and set up—they formed quite an outer wall to the church. There stood also *his* skull in the burning sunshine: there were so many, many death's heads, that no one knew now the names they had borne, nor his. And see! in the sunshine there moved something living within the two eye-sockets. What could that be? A motley-colored lizard had sprung into the interior of the skull, and was passing out and in through the large empty sockets of the eye. There was life now within that head, where once grand ideas, bright dreams, love of art, and excellence had dwelt—from whence hot tears had rolled, and where had lived the hope of immortality. The lizard sprang forth and vanished; the skull mouldered away, and became dust in dust.

It was a century from that time. The clear star shone unchanged, as brightly and beautifully as a thousand years before; the dawn of day was red, fresh, and blushing as a rose-bud.

Where once had been a narrow street, with the ruins of an ancient temple, stood now a convent. A grave was to be dug in the garden, for a young nun had died, and at an early hour in the morning she was to be buried. In digging the grave the spade knocked against a stone. Dazzling white it appeared—the pure marble became visible. A round shoulder first presented itself; the spade was used more cautiously, and a female head was soon discovered, and then the wings of a butterfly. From the grave in which the young nun was to be laid they raised, in the red morning light, a beautiful statue—Psyche carved in the finest marble. "How charming it is! how perfect!—an exquisite work, from the most glorious period of art!" it was said. Who could have been the sculptor? No one knew that—none knew him except the

clear star that had shone for a thousand years; *it* knew his earthly career, his trials, his weakness. But he was dead, returned to the dust. Yet the result of his greatest effort, the most admirable, which proved his vast genius—Psyche—that never can die; that might outlive fame. That was seen, appreciated, admired, and loved.

The clear star in the rosy-streaked morn sent its glittering ray upon Pysche, and upon the delighted countenances of the admiring beholders, who saw a soul created in the marble block.

All that is earthly returns to earth, and is forgotten; only the star in the infinite vault of heaven bears it in remembrance. What is heavenly obtains renown from its own excellence; and when even renown shall fade, Psyche shall still live.



PSYCHE.

SOLD FOR A SONG.

Ut nocte fleam,
Ut luce fleam.

A BOY and girl brought up with only a garden hedge between them, but miles away from any others, must naturally reach maturity—pardon the old story—something in love with one another. Something in love, no reckless, plunging passion, but the tender growth of their brief lifetime; so that she has become the one woman of the world to him, the exponent of Helen's beauty, of Cleone's wit, and to her he stands the single type of manhood. Perhaps that was the reason why Clarence Dilloway was betrothed to Margery: there certainly seemed to be no other.

Young men of great personal attractions are not apt to be entirely unaware of their possession any more than young women. If they are furthermore endowed with common sense, the knowledge of the first accident gives an ease to the carriage; and the innocent self-satisfaction, not unpleasant to see, lends a cordiality to the manners. Clarence Dilloway owned all such beauty and charm, and wore it happily. When the two first began to go out in the world together people wondered why this topmost piece of pure chivalry and grace had ever chosen to encumber himself with such a soncy lass as that upon his arm. Margery felt the wonder, and smiled in her security. Let them wonder, he was hers! Perhaps Clarence felt it too. He saw now other women; they taught him that this little maiden whom he loved was not the very flower of all maidenhood, choice as she was. Nevertheless he loved her. Somehow or other she was a part of him; for from long association of thought, and life, and habit he never could separate his identity from hers. He remained completely content. One of these splendid, jewel-eyed creatures might have domineered him regnantly. As for Margery, he owned her body and soul. He made his pageant of the others, meanwhile resting on her. Some unconscious argument in his own interior told him that, established on the sure foundation of a good woman's love, there was little to which he might not aspire; but let him strand the precious argosies of his heart on any barren shore, and the future would be hollow and fruitless as an egg-shell crushed in his hand. If, however, all this that he learned rendered him day by day a shade more exacting, a trifle lordlier, doubly selfish, his soncy lassie scarcely realized it, took it all as evidence of her own reaching deeper into the core of his nature, and charged it not to the account of Clarence, but of manhood, forgetting that we are all put here to better the pattern. She could never remember the time when, even in pinafores, there had not been an understanding between them. He had been severely educated at home, across the hedge, by his father, who held a misanthropical mistrust of universities. In many of his studies she had shared. Their relation was an old affair between the families. His return from abroad a year and a half ago had perhaps set a seal upon it; for he had spent twice a twelvemonth traversing Europe and skirting Asia and Africa, where, notwithstanding, he protested that he had seen nothing of life, being chained to the car of an invalid.

In her hidden consciousness Margery congratulated herself on this fact. She was a hearty little soul, and, if not pretty, her appearance had a certain character of its own that was dear to those about her. Her fair brown hair waved breezily about a fair pale face, where, if the color came instantly, it always went instantly too. Every countenance has its one perfect trait—a forehead, an eyelid, the curve of a chin—and so Margery's teeth made her laugh bewitching. Her limpid hazel eyes, her slightly piquant features, exactly portrayed her quick, sensitive nature; and it was with the whole intensity of it that she fairly worshiped her easy, careless lover: for if you want to win the depth of a true woman's devotion you have only to show her that you don't consider it worth a straw.

A year and a half ago a merrier, blither little soul than Margery's never danced in its prison, happy and heartsome as the day was long. To-

day a good deal of that exuberance of spirits had fallen. She was more quiet, unselfish, sterling, and good. She was to be married to Clarence in the fall, and this was June.

The yellow honey-suckles began to blow forth their fragrance on the purpling evening air; sunset was dreaming of dying down behind the meadow landscape; Margery watered her pansies as she strolled through the walks. The gate between the two gardens was open, and as she rounded the promontory of an althea thicket somebody slowly rose from the turf at her feet, and towered his height above her.

"Clarence! lying out here in the dew!" she exclaimed, with a practical but awful vision of diphtheria in her eyes.

"Not Clarence at all," said he, with half a laugh at her horror and surprise, "but one of your garden plants, a gourd, that you tend and water, and that all at once shoots up under your eyes, and bears atop this blossom of a kiss"—suiting the action to the word.

"Not a gourd, because the kiss would be hollow."

"A rose, then, my caviler—a rose that has turned all its stamens to petals, hundred-leaved and damask-dyed."

"But if the rose persists in trailing itself about on the damp ground there will soon be a blight on every petal."

"Oh, you are a very literal girl!" with a shrug.

"Thank Heaven, then, that I'm not a literary one."

"Why should I? I thank Heaven only that you are just what you are!"

"And what is that?" she asked, half shyly, half archly.

"My own little—"

"See-saw, Margery Daw!" suddenly the air resounded over their heads, and something like a large cluster of leaves, but which was in reality a nuisance of a green parrot, after whirring alarmingly about them, lit on Margery's shoulder.

"Who can have taught the terrible bird that vulgar distich?"

"Kitten did," said Margery, taking it like a hooded hawk on her wrist. "But, Vulgar? And from Mother Goose, that 'well of English undefiled?'"

"You are in a very disputatious mood. Who taught it to Kitten, may I ask?"

"You did, because you gave her the book. Check!"

"Margery, Gregory, caw!" cried the parrot, as Margery whirled it off.

"Either your name must be changed, or the pretty neck there must be wrung. I'd have it done to-morrow if she didn't make such delightful sport with Aunt Gregory's aristocracy. Mrs. Marplot! I wish I had her stuffed and in a museum!"

"Which?" asked Margery, maliciously.

"Oh, the parrot of course," answered Clarence.

"Here, little Roly poly, gammon and spinnach!" as an apple-cheeked child came tumbling down the alley with a great dog. "Did you teach the parrot, Kitten, to be insolent to Margery?"

"Me?" said Kitten, looking up ignorantly. "Go 'long, Breeze."

"There's no more discipline in this family than there is—"

"Over the way!" sang Margery.

Suddenly he had his arms about her. "You good-for-nothing!" said he. "I think I like you best when you are naughtiest."

But here the little rosy Kate came bounding back and asserted her rights in turn.

"Put your arms off my Margery," said she, and take me up. It's almost dark."

"Yes, dark enough for the Little People to come out now."

"Did you ever see a little people, Clarence?"

"Yes, by the dozen. There was one on my arm yesterday."

"Was there? Clarence, where has yesterday gone to? And how many to-morrows are there going to be?"

"Just as many as you can use."

"Will there be? I'm so tired. I want you to sing me to sleep, Clarence."

So Clarence took her up, and on the garden-seat, all curtained with the white roses that drooped over it from the trellis behind, he sung her off with a medley of Shakspeare songs, while Margery, with folded hands, stood dreamily looking at them. Then the nurse came and bore the child away, jealously followed by Breeze, on whose head the parrot had just clutched a footing; and then Clarence pulled Margery down by his side, and the two sat silently folded heart to heart through the rapt hour of delicious twilight, perfume, and dew.

The trampling of hoofs on the crumbled granite broke in discordantly on the peaceful sense of things.

"Are you ready?" said he. "Run and tie on your bonnet. There is Aunt Gregory in the lighted window wondering where we can be. She surely has a mission. Quarter of eight in this shady garden. Time enough, we can put a girdle round the earth (or round two miles and a half of it) in forty minutes."

"I don't think, Clarence—I don't think I'd best go."

"Not go?"

"I shall be so frightened, Aunt Gregory says, so nervous, perhaps I shall faint; that would be ridiculous."

"Aunt Gregory be blessed! Nonsense, if I don't faint, why should you? You've never heard me speak. I want you should."

"I don't dare to now," murmured Margery, "my heart is all white with thinking of it."

"Ah, I understand," said he, with a changing smile. "Well, then," kissing her gently good-night, "my little girl shall have her own way this once. Next year—" But Margery

ran away. She would have given her eyes to go, to have had him make her go, but she was sure that in some horrid hysteric of happiness she should bring disgrace upon him.

So she staid.

Clarence Dilloway, a young man of large expectations and leisure, finding some pursuit desirable had made literature his profession, and with his first appearance on the lecturer's floor had leaped into a popularity that drew enthusiastic crowds behind it. Much of this was due to his personal attractions, it may be, much to his polished and perfect address, much also to the high price he set upon his services, but much more, certainly, to the intellectual weight of his words. In his most trenchant sarcasm he never forgot that he was the finished gentleman, or rather, if he forever forgot it, it was that his auditory might remind themselves of it. He held his great learning up like a lamp to every theory; there was no modern fact but he possessed its ancient analogy; his philosophy of history led senates; he saw the world with a poet's eye, but he seized it with a statistician's hand. Just now, in the adjoining town, he was giving a course of lectures upon Great Armies, and the reason that he delivered them in June was because they were for the immediate benefit of a Sanitary Commission. Well might Aunt Gregory sonorously declare that Clarence's talent had made him a power in the land; there was not a heart in all the audience, that last night, that did not quake with tearful awe when, after all his lenslike argument, his serried truths, after the eloquence, the bursts of beauty, that rich deep voice went on in tenderer, warmer tones to touch with points of light a picture of the greatest army of all—the noble army of martyrs, to which our hosts had added such a countless throng. The silence was like the ceasing of music. The oratory of the desk could go no further. When all was over, they flocked about him, those who dared. He received their congratulatory phrases, while the hall was yet ringing with the general plaudit, in his own sweetly courteous style. Aunt Gregory's admiration may have grown to be something more overwhelming, for before they had driven many rods on the way home the horses became restive, and Clarence got out to walk at their heads. How much he cared for all the honeyed words Margery could have told on coming forth, in her pretty white wrapper, with Kitten in her arms, to meet his ennuied look, suddenly brightening itself as he lassoed her to his side in a long rope of blossoming sweet-brier that he had caught up from a road-side fence, and with whose rosy fetters he now snarled and knotted Margery and Kitten, golden curls and dropping brown hair, inextricably together.

"There, you'll do for a garden statue now. All that ripple and wave of brown hair must be done away with though first. I'll speak to the sun about it. A season or two on the pedestal and it will be all point-device,

> 'The few fine locks
> Stained like pale honey oozed from topmost rocks
> Sun-blanched the livelong summer!'"

"Now, Clarence, to degrade Sordello's single song to that standard!"

"Degrade? I'll thank you for a trifle more circumspection in the use of your words. He may thank me for the compliment. How do I know that his Elys compared at all with my Margery?"

"Oh, you don't. Aunt Gregory, will you help me, or will you send Maria to help me, unriddle this riddle that Clarence and sweet-brier have made me?"

"Aunt Gregory to the right about! And Maria to Jericho! This is my work."

"Oh how delicious sweet-brier is at night."

"Yes, little blossoms, open all your lips and blow your breath about her. She stands an oblation to summer. I've half the mind to let her be. There! Now for my reward. And now, baby, how did it please you, Miss Puss? What, was there no dew on the flowers that they must be sprinkled now?"

"Margery's going away," said Puss, with trembling looks, as he took her.

"Well, why can't Kitten go too?" asked Clarence, with a very unlovable disregard of the third party she would occasion.

"Mamma says no."

"But," said Margery, stooping to let the child cuddle both hands in her hair, "Margery's coming back again."

"Is she?" said Kitten, wistfully, letting the big tear pause.

"Just think of the day when Margery's coming back again! Kitten 'll be down at the gate, and she'll see the horses and the white star on Madcap's forehead, and then the great wheels going round in a dazzle, and then, out of the window, Margery's face, and then the horses will stand up straight when John pulls them in, and he'll get down and catch up Kitten and throw her into Margery's own arms, and the sun 'll be shining, and the wind 'll be blowing, and we'll all go galloping up to the house together!"

"Quite prepared for the early train?" said Clarence then, as Margery ended her cheering drama, rising and returning Kitten.

"Yes, it was Maria packing who woke this unpacified baby."

"Aunt Gregory's thousand-and-one parcels?"

"They will be on hand for you—parasol, and shopping-bag, and port-monnaie, and basket, and shawl-strap, and sketching-book, and camp-stool, and—"

"That will do! Heaven send us a tip-over on the edge of the first rapid river! Good-night, my sweeting! So you're anticipating gay life?"

"Yes—unless you meet La Belle Dame sans Merci, and she wile your heart away from me."

"And if I do? And if she does?"

"Then I shall come home alone."

"Good-night, Kitten! Wipe away the little tear. We're all coming home together."

"All!" cried Kitten, sitting erect in Mar-

gery's arms, with sudden accumulation of dismay. Are you going too, Clarence?"

"Yes, certainly. Would I trust Margery alone on those mountains, where there are bears?" And Clarence effected his escape, while Kitten was carried off in a roar.

The little steamboat went plowing up the lake, shattering the tiny wavelets that ran to meet its prow into curious jewelry of gold and sapphire. Far away, on either hand, the lofty land lay slumbering in azure mist; island after island opened vine-draped shores to receive them; hill after hill lazily tore the cloud from its breast for a moment, and veiled it once more as they passed. The perfect air of a June morning made life sweet.

So they glided up the watery maze of beauty till, beneath the shelter of Red Hill, the white house standing among its gardens rose hospitably on their view. Aunt Gregory was in ecstasies, and opened her heart to every one she could find. Margery sat wordlessly, letting the loveliness sink in upon her quiet; while Clarence paced the deck, never very far away. Then the boat swung fast at its moorings, and they all trooped up the green to the open drawing-rooms.

The hill was not to be thought of to-day, Aunt Gregory assured Clarence—Margery must content herself with windows. Clarence demurely assented, with a look at his fiancée that said, If not the hill, by-and-by certainly the lake-shore. First of all, Aunt Gregory, as generalissima, declared there must be a nap—after that, dinner. She could not answer to Margery's mother if every thing were not done in order. And then the campaign should be planned. Thereupon she sailed away, with Margery under her wing, but smiling back at Clarence.

"Who is that?" said one young lady to another, just then, looking over the gallery above them as they parted. "Wait a moment, Val! Who is that? Clarence Dilloway, I'll lay a pair of gloves! I know him by his picture. Oh, what eyes!—what a smile! Sydney himself!"

"A grace of bearing, certainly."

"Oh, how calm we are!"

"And that little dud with the dowager?"

"That? Oh I shouldn't wonder—it must be—the girl he is engaged to marry."

"Engaged to marry!"

"Yes. I wonder who can introduce us? I hope the rest of our party will miss every train for a month—or till he goes! Red Hill to-morrow, of course. *I* should like to see the view once more—shouldn't *you?* We'll engage horses. Come, here's our hair all down with bowling. Come and let my maid array us in my niche there."

"No, thank you. One can endure brief separation. Let us be heroic."

The voice was sound and clear, accent pronounced and short, not lingering; it gave a musical impression on ceasing, like the vibrating touch of silver and glass. As she spoke she shut the door and left her friend without. Evidently a person of few words. Those tones were too rich to lavish.

As for Margery, she heard the beginning of the little dialogue and went laughing into the room. Aunt Gregory immediately laid down, begging her to go and do the same; but she stationed herself at the window, saw Clarence pass, throwing kisses up at her, and watched the shadows slowly wheel round the edges of the lake, opening and shutting gates of ravishing delight as they went. Her heart was too full of gentle happiness to notice any lapse of time, for she felt all the exquisite scene as deeply as if she were able to ecstasize over it.

"Not begun to dress yet?" demanded Aunt Gregory, looking in after a while, having rested herself according to theory. "Come right away this moment, Margery! And not touched the pillow! Well! Here, Maria! It's not fifteen minutes to dinner! You should really, for Clarence's sake, pay a little attention to your appearance, child. Next thing they'll be calling you a little dud!"

Margery laughed—remembering the damsels of the gallery—a merry tinkle like shower-of-pearls tunes. But for Clarence's sake! Now she could make a very pretty toilet in a quarter of an hour.

"Your organdie, child; the lace quillings and flutings, pearl tassels at your wrists. Here, take them, Maria. Where are the handkerchiefs? No—those are muslins. That's fans. Jewel-boxes. Oh! here—this will do. What! your hair dressed already? Well, it looks like business. There!—you'll put one in mind of the sweet-brier roses you were tangled in last night. Cool and fresh, Clarence will say, as an opening bud with the dew on it. That will answer very well; there's no use in making one's self gorgeous for canaille," said Aunt Gregory, with a sigh. "I don't suppose there are any of the families here. The soul of simplicity. Leave splendor to Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy. They were there with all their cousins on the boat. They ate at luncheon as if they had a contract for apple-pie. The old names must resort to crusts and calico." And Aunt Gregory complacently smoothed the heavy fall of her gray Samarcand, and folded back the yellow lace ruffles at her wrist—lace that her mother had worn before her.

"Who is that, Val?" by-and-by said the young lady of the gallery to her curt friend in the drawing-room—"that old lady of the distinguished air and the exceedingly soiled ruffles?"

"Soiled? They are spotless."

"*Tres jaune.*"

"Yellow with precious years then; heir-loom lace, you may rest assured."

"Oh, I dare say. But who is it?"

"And how should I know? It is your dowager with the little dud."

"Where is the little dud?"

"Promenading with Clarence Dilloway."

"The wretched fright! Let us promenade. Captain M'Gilvray—how fortunate! We were just sighing for a stroll in the moonlight."

"She is late to-night—the moon," said the arrival.

"Yes, but yellow as the dowager's lace," with a look at her friend, as they took the proffered escort, after her Hounslow Heath style of demand.

Margery and Clarence were leaning together over the balustrade when the three passed them, watching how the waters on the hither side caught the golden glow and tipped themselves in fire, while those far away and nearest the east still dreamed in the shadowy dark.

At a brush of soft garments Clarence looked up and turned. Nothing very remarkable—he answered Margery as before, and still kept his hand on hers that lay beneath. In a few moments the promenaders passed again. This time the moon was full upon them. A gay girl, like any girl; but the other! A face he had scarcely glanced at previously—insignificant, with a sinister shadow lurking about it—now, transfigured in the yellow moon, the polished forehead of ivory, the black hair growing low and heavy upon it; the features moulded in clay with such rich, deep line and curve; the dark, clear color, blossoming on a crushed carmine on the cheek luscious as an apricot; the large light eyes, in strange contrast, brilliant as pale beryl. It was magnificent! Margery felt a pulse flutter in his hand that lay on hers.

"Who is that?" gasped he.

She faced about upon her enemy and measured her.

"That," said Margery, turning her own eyes upon him, "that is La Belle Dame sans Merci."

"In that case," lightly rejoined he, "we'll have nothing to do with her." But there he caught sight of the errant damsel's knight.

"Can that be—it is—M'Gilvray!" and in a moment the two gentlemen were shaking hands with a fervor that those give to their grasp when the last time they met was across the ocean—fervor in which there resides not only the pleasure of reunion, but congratulation on dangers escaped. Margery's introduction followed.

"And—Mrs. M'Gilvray?" asked Clarence, after these preliminaries, looking again at the ladies, whom the officer with a bow had left for a moment.

"No, no!" laughed M'Gilvray, with an odd trait in the laugh and its demi-voice—"Miss Valeria Bruyn Broeck."

"Of Prior and Prioress?"

"Not Ten Broeck: Bruyn Broeck. An old name. Penniless, but splendid. A kind of ideal and feminine Van Amburgh. A woman to carry dispatches in her slippers. She captured me for service just now through her picket there, Miss Imboden. Waiting here at present for the rest of her party, who are detained. Shall I introduce you?"

"You have made the prospect so inviting that I think we will venture."

"You are forearmed, Dilloway, or I should warn you, whether or not it comports with the traditional gallantry of the soldier to tell the truth of any woman. But I always feel as if she had the vial in hand, ready at any moment of pique to transfer me into the eft or newt of her will. She gives me a shudder. I shall be glad to put your arm in place of mine. She is an apotheosized spider walking on her web."

Clarence smiled at the Captain's subvocalized monologue.

"Plainly a specimen for one's cabinet. Margery, Captain M'Gilvray is to find favor at your hands while I try the dangers of this modern Armida."

"Mr. Dilloway, Miss Bruyn Broeck. Miss Imboden I must present to a new friend;" and therewith Margery found herself on the Captain's arm, and talking across him as they walked to the young lady of the gallery. The moon went up high in the heavens, and shed her light on all the pretty groups about them; there was music far out on the waters; but through all the charm and pleasure of the hour, through all the lively nonsense of her gay companions, a strange apprehension haunted her heart, and that shudder kept running over her with which good wives declare some one steps upon your grave.

Clarence, meanwhile, as it grew later, procured shawls, and bade them all follow him down to the water edge, where a boat rocked on the gentle plash and ripple. Miss Imboden, however, was a young woman of tender sensibilities, and when Clarence had handed in Miss Bruyn Broeck she shrunk back in alarm. She would stay on shore with the Captain.

"Then no one will join us?" asked Miss Bruyn Broeck, in that tone that renders assent impossible. "Well, Mr. Dilloway, I can handle the rudder if you but pull the oar."

This was too much for Margery's spirit. Her foot was on the boat-side; Clarence held out his hand; and at the same moment Aunt Gregory appeared above them.

"Margery, my love! are you going to row?"

"No indeed, auntie. Clarence rows."

"I mean to sail, then. I mean on the water. I can't allow it. I never could answer to your mother if any thing happened. I shouldn't have a moment's peace. Clarence, you must forbid her."

"There's no danger, ma'am."

"I don't know about that."

"Can't you trust Margery with me?"

"It wouldn't mend matters, if you were drowned, to drown her with you."

"But then I had rather be!" exclaimed Margery, quickly, before she thought.

"Child, you will worry me into a fever!"

"The lady is timid," remarked Miss Bruyn Broeck, without, however, offering to step out of the boat.

"There, auntie! I'll not go at your expense. Yon sha'n't be disturbed. *Bon voyage*, Clarence!"

"Next year," whispered Clarence, beside her, "we'll have no Aunt Gregory's permission to ask. Till we meet! We'll not go far;" and his oars flashed and feathered, and they floated round an island, and were out of sight.

The others waited an hour, loitering about the spot. Then the mist had fallen so heavily that Aunt Gregory must have Margery in; and when it grew quite late, and yet they did not come, then all went to bed. But no sleep soothed Margery's eyes till she heard the well-known step in the gallery. She was still dressed; and, springing to her feet, she hurriedly threw open the door. He paused a moment to give her the shawls, dripping with dew. His face was glowing with exercise, and with a flame-like shifting light that some radiant promise of the future might have shed upon it.

They had lost their way, he said. They got out at an island and built a fire: she should have seen Miss Bruyn Broeck's face in its light—a perfect gitanella. He was afraid at one time they should drift about all night, but caught at last a gleam from the hotel—perhaps from her very window, who knew?—and found their bearings. A charming midnight experience, if only Miss Bruyn Broeck had taken no cold. He hoped they had not alarmed themselves on shore. She must go to sleep now, that she might be strong enough for Red Hill to-morrow. And good-night. How hot her cheeks were! Had she a headache? No, Margery never had headaches. She should never know she had a head. A good many folks were worse off, for their neighbors would never know it either. Well, pleasant dreams and slumbers light!

There was something absent in his kiss, something vague in that shining eye. Margery's heart was unsatisfied; but she knelt down at her prayers, and then tried to sleep, trusting all would be right.

And during this brief monodrame Miss Bruyn Broeck let down the masses of her heavy hair before the little mirror that she painted with the bloom on her dark cheeks, the light in her great brilliant eyes. Her mamma made some feeble murmur from the bed, to which she, however, paid no regard. "Brown braids, hazel eyes, pink muslin," silently soliloquized she. "Engaged to marry them, Mr. Clarence Dilloway. So you came. But when you go, if there's strength in witchery to-day, you are engaged to marry—" Therewith, as if the presence of the candle should make a woman blush at her own thoughts, she blew it out in a breath, and hurried to sleep in the dark.

But on the morrow Margery found she had a head. She had taken cold in the damp last night while waiting for Clarence, and the head testified to its existence by bounding throbs of pain. Instead of Aunt Gregory, it was herself who was nearly worried into a fever.

It was another heavenly morning: dew, and fragrance, and bird-music every where; color and sparkle as far as the horizon stretched; an hour when you find it possible to believe in nothing but immortal youth and bliss.

Margery sat pillowed up at the window, but unable to look out. Aunt Gregory whispered condolences enough to drive one mad. Clarence tapped, and asked to come in, and laid his cool hand on her burning head; but at the touch Margery burst into tears.

"She is so nervous! Doesn't do to tease her. Best away," buzzed Aunt Gregory.

"No, stay, Clarence dear," sighed Margery. So for a half hour he sat beside her.

"She couldn't go up to the hill, of course?"

"Oh no!"

"That is grievous. It is such a perfect day! not an atom of mist in the whole hemisphere. A party are going up too, M'Gilvray and the young ladies. There will no such morning again happen on us perhaps for weeks."

"You had better go, Clarence," said Aunt Gregory.

Margery was silent; for, to be just, she would very gladly and selfishly have kept him at home.

"I don't know, there are plenty of mountains."

"Yes, for us. But you're of no service here, and it's not worth while to lose it, especially as we must go to-morrow. Now do you think it is?"

"What do you say, Margery?"

Margery took the handkerchief off of her face and tried to look out.

"Oh, I wish I could go too!" she said.

"I wish you could, my little girl. And as you can't I'll stay."

"That would be very foolish," said Mrs. Marplot.

"Yes, dear, you had better go. I shall be well when you come home."

"Should you sleep, if I went?"

"Perhaps so."

"But not a wink if I staid?"

"She'll not close her eyes with you beside her."

"You'll have to go," said Margery, faintly smiling. "Aunt Gregory is your gad-fly."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should like it. I enjoy, too, watching that superb girl; she changes like an iris."

"She is a sort of Vashti."

"Do you know now of what she reminded me on the first full glance in the moon—no? It was the Medusa's head, the far-famed loveliness and terror."

"Its horror and its beauty are divine."

"How you are talking, children!"

"Yes, I am rather convicted, but she will requite me if she is half as regally and recklessly fascinating to-day as yesterday."

And so, easing conscience by partial confession, he disappeared. He had not greatly medicined her pain. However, by the afternoon it medicined itself, she could taste the toast and tea that were brought to her, and sitting up without her pillows could bear to look out, see the gentle blue vapors steal up the hill, and catch the first glimpse of the party of riders winding down out of them. Clarence was a long way behind, with Miss Bruyn Broeck. As they came nearer before dismounting, she could see the wind take the long black tress of Miss

Bruyn Broeck's loosened hair, twisting it with the floating veil, see the color red in her cheek, see the splendid lustre of her triumphant eye, the curl of her haughty lip, see something like a flush start in Clarence's own face the moment that he held her leaning over him when lifted down. What made this frenzied little Margery spring to her feet and cry, "Aunt Gregory, we will certainly go to-morrow!"

Clarence made her a little call then, expatiated on all she had lost, and drew the scene so that it seemed to lie beneath her eyes. He was so very gentle and tender that Margery forgot her silly troubles. "And Vashti?" said she, mischievously. He stood up directly, bent down and kissed her forehead with a gesture that was like the touching of some charm or amulet, then walked the room for a brief space and went out.

Miss Imboden's servant met him at the door, saying that Miss Bruyn Broeck was below with the picture he had desired to see ere it should be too dark. He hastened down and found her and forgot all else. It was the one treasure of the Bruyn Broecks, mother and daughter, that awaited him, for it was the work of the father no longer living for them save in such visible sign. A tiny thing in water-colors on ivory, but faultlessly beautiful.

"Do you remember," said she, not suffering him to take it, but letting him look at it across her shoulder, "the passage in the Prometheus running in this wise:

> "'But see where through the azure chasm
> Of yon forked and snowy hill
> Trampling the slant winds on high
> With golden-sandaled feet, that glow
> Under plumes of purple dye,
> Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
> A Shape comes now,
> Stretching on high from his right hand
> A serpent cinctured wand.
> 'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.'

This is it."

There was no need for Clarence to say a word, the dead painter held him spell-bound as he interpreted the dead poet; its free and finished drawing, its warm and wealthy color, seemed to bring up all that old mythology living and palpitating in the air about him: glancing at last away from it, he saw the heavenly shape repeated in the clouds that hid the buried day with gorgeous folds, he listened for the sigh of the dryad lurking in the tree, he fancied that the oreads were calling and fluting to each other in the mountain there behind them. Miss Bruyn Broeck still looked at it when he had done, she held it in the sunset, herself a fairer picture; there were tears in her eyes, and her lips trembled with sorrow itself. She had had one sincere passion that burned out whatever material her barren nature furnished: it was love for her father. Then suddenly she folded it in its soft wrapping, and hastily carried it away. In a few moments, cool, calm, and superb as ever, she joined the hill-travelers at their late dinner, her voice keeping the laughter at one perpetual bubble, and nobody thought of rising till violin and horns began to weave their enchantment on the outer veranda. Far into the night Margery heard the mirth and music of the dancers in the hall below, but saw no more of Clarence.

It rained the next morning, and the prudent Aunt Gregory must needs prolong the stay yet one day more, though Clarence came and urged going as if he wished to escape danger. The rain blew over by noon, however, and then Aunt Gregory's wavering balance, Clarence's glove thrown in, could have decided; but the glove was not thrown. He had staid with them in the morning, now he was down on the piazza, keeping black and orange and purple balls in the air like a juggler, as he leaned against the pilaster and watched Miss Bruyn Broeck at her demure tricot, every once in a while seeming to pull up those slow waxen eyelids with the shortened thread of her worsted till the eyes should rest their jewel-weight on his. Meanwhile Red Hill smoked all its censers to the declining sun like a giant altar of praise, pearly clouds steaming up to meet the crimsoning fleeces gathering above them and intertangled with sunbeams.

Margery combed back her hair, and put on a white cambric gown and her swan's-down mantle lined with its rosy flush, evaded Aunt Gregory, and stole down to join the group. It was not the western warmth that suffused the face of Clarence as he turned and saw her, but instantly he found her a chair, leaned on its back, and drew her into the net of the threads he held. Miss Bruyn Broeck looked away, something catching her eye in spite of herself. Margery bent her head back and looked up in his face with a smile like a caress. "Love me, Clarence!" whispered she.

"I do, I do, dear child," said he, stooping lower; and there was that in his glance that read, "Save me, Margery, save!"

"There is the little boat," said Margery, instantly. "She makes one more trip to-night. We can be ready by the time she reaches us and go on to-night to Wolfboro'—"

Here Miss Bruyn Broeck turned and surveyed them one moment, and comprehended the crisis. It was time for her master-stroke.

"I can not see my Afghan any longer," said she. "Now, Mr. Dilloway, you shall have your song." She rose and reached him her hand, gazing upon him with that winning, conquering, luminous smile which she knew how to shed—all who know Valeria Dilloway have once in their lives felt it—she drew him inside the door and down the long deserted parlors. Every one had departed to their rooms, to the bowling-alleys, to the tranquil lake. Peace dwelt supreme in the parlors for the hour.

"Now go away," said she, arranging herself, "I can not sing with you so near me."

He obeyed, and sat half-buried in an embowering arm-chair at a little distance. Margery, pale and breathless, as if she felt the bolt in the air, stood against the sill outside, half-veiled by the curtain with which the wind was rioting.

There was a hush, then two or three liquid treble notes falling like tears, then the voice. A soprano, of limited compass, of indifferent strain—but every particle of its sound flooded with a flexibility of expression that made it richest music. Did she know the meaning of the words she sang? how could she flash such fire and pathos through them? was there any sweetness in the world yet unexpressed by those marvelous tones? She had chosen Angelo Politiano's monody on the death of Lorenzo—she had adapted it to an old Tuscan air, whose stately march was dripping with subtle melody and turns of tune—she sung it as if she wailed the loss of life itself and all life's tenderest delight—the hearer grew impassioned for the singer's grief in the joy of listening.

"Quis dabit capiti meo
Aquam? quis oculis meis
Fontem lachrymarum dabit?
Ut nocte fleam,
Ut luce fleam.
Sic turtur viduus solet,
Sic cygnus moriens solet,
Sic luscinia conqueri.
Heu, miser, miser!
O, dolor, dolor!"

The piercing sorrow and sweetness of the voice echoed through the room and then was still. Clarence's face had fallen forward into his hands; twilight began to steal up about them. Suddenly he stood erect as if to go—turning, threw one glance at her. She sat there yet, her idle hands in her lap, her head bent down, a rich soft color deepening in her cheek. She felt his glance and rose. One look, a step, and she was in his arms. A low, smothered cry escaped Margery as she sunk down and out of sight. But while she crouched there footfalls and voices drew near, fresh guests were coming up from the boat, others descending from their apartments, what could she do in that sudden maidenly shame and pride that drowns every other emotion but be gathering up the bright balls that Miss Bruyn Broeck had let fall, and suddenly meeting Miss Imboden drop them into her arms as if they were adders and flee away to her own room.

Night supplanted twilight, and Margery still was wildly walking her room in the dark, with the hidden flame that burned and leaped in her heart branding her hands and her face. At every pulse the cruel scene she had beheld rose and stamped itself on the dusky air before her. At least, at least, Clarence must come and tell her—and then all would be over. But the house-clock struck nine with its slow, remorseless toll, and still she was alone. At length, worn to a wiry impatience that could not endure another moment of delay, she rang and sent the servant for Mr. Dilloway.

Mr. Dilloway was out upon the lake with Miss Bruyn Broeck.

Then Margery wrapped her mantle round her and went down again, passed Aunt Gregory unperceived—the good lady being deep with some new-found gossip in the mysterious snarl of an old family chronicle—and fell to pacing the lake shore with swift and eager feet till they should come to land again. She could not think of the stately old home, veiled in its vines and roses; of the dimpled little sister waiting for her there; of all the dear well-wonted pleasures and delights—every thing was concentred in the one bitter fact, every thing wore night-shade black—home was hell! Clarence had forsaken her! Aunt Gregory's voice calling above, she could not heed. How long—how long the time was! What laggard instants crept away!

At length a dip of oars, a glance of ripples, a murmur of voices, diamond-drops tinkling off the lifted blade. Clarence was on the strand, Miss Bruyn Broeck standing upright in the end of the boat.

Ah, if it would swing, if she would fall; if the waters would draw her down, down, and cover her forever!

Great Heavens! Was it murder in her heart? And to what end? Let him have her! Was he worth more?

He held the lady's hands as she stepped down, held both of them firmly, then bent and left hot, hurried kisses there.

"To-morrow," murmured he, "all shall be known. And then—and then—this little hand is mine! To-night, in the dark—to-morrow, before the world!"

He raised his head and Margery in her white gown, smitten by the first ray of the late and waning moon, confronted him like a shining ghost. The pallid ghost of dead happiness. Her head was thrown back, her eye was flashing bright, there was a color on her cheek, and no tremor in her voice; the dignity of womanhood panoplied her with strength. She held to him her hand.

"Good-by, Clarence," said she. "Waste no words. To-morrow I am going home alone."

That little touch, dear, old, familiar touch, left his hand as if rose-leaves had been blown over it, and she was gone. One heart-beat he gazed at the sweet home-vision of cares, and hopes, and joys, forfeited forever. Then on the pulsating, gorgeous beauty beside him. And in the light of one the other stood heart-hollow and empty with nothingness.

Alas, it was too late! Clarence Dilloway, with all his pride, and promise, and power, was sold for a song.

ONE OF THE "DOGS OF WAR."

"MISERY makes strange bedfellows," says the old proverb, and however veracious the saw may be in general application, it happened that our country's sorrow caused my nightly slumbers to be singularly assisted. To relieve at once the necessarily painful surprise of the reader, I will plainly announce that my familiar by day and by night is a Dog!

And such a dog! No dainty "King Charles" with drooping ears; no scion of any aristocratic canine race; nothing but a London terrier, with

passionate affinities for "gnawers," responding instantly to the slightest tick in the wainscot, or the faintest echo of an imagined squeak in the ceiling.

I am abjectly conscious that judgment is already pronounced against me by every well-regulated woman, and ninety-nine-one-hundredths of the regulating men who read. A hypocritic Tabby, or possibly a mild form of Poodle, would have been forgiven me, but after the announcement that an unmitigated rat-terrier is welcome to "caper nimbly in my lady's chamber," what defense can "my lady" offer to a fastidious Public? Hear, and then (if at all) strike!

JIKKIR is a dog of experiences, and I propose to record his rise and progress, premising that I am as ignorant of the manners and customs of the genus *canis*, and of the phraseology of its historians, as of those of the inhabitants of Sirius. Indeed, a dog had been my pet bugbear, lending an unpleasing zest to my walks by day and dreams by night.

But *nous avons changé tout cela!*

But who is Jikkir, and by what means became he a "Dog of War." Permit me to transport you back to the old days just two years ago, when "all quiet on the Potomac" was in its pristine bloom, and set you down in a surgeon's tent in early morning waiting for "sick-call."

We hear much in these days of unworthy surgeons—ignorant, reckless, harsh—and, God forgive them! a fearful story will doubtless be told when the grand Court-martial of the Universe shall be held, and testimony be received from all God's creation, animate and inanimate; when "the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it," telling the cruel tale of hospitals and open fields where neglect and brutality have wrought foul wrong. But let honor, or at least justice, be shown to those who work on bravely through the grim horrors of their task, in spite of ingratitude, imposition, insult. Is it a hotbed for the rapid forcing of complacent love of human nature, think you, to receive day after day, exclusive of sick in quarters, from twenty-five to a hundred applicants for release from duty? Giving charity her amplest scope, two-thirds of these may be actually ailing in various degrees; the remainder are known in camp as "malingerers," including deliberate cheats and cowardly shirks. How long would you bear with these insolent deceivers, or contemptible whiners, without administering indignant reproof? I have no word of defense for a surgeon who allows any pressure of general responsibility and labor to shut his heart against the least actual suffering, and who is not careful to express by look, word, and deed, his tender sympathy with pain and sorrow of every kind; but I do affirm that an army surgeon who does not remorselessly show up deceivers and shirks, whether among officers or men, abuses his office and defrauds the Government.

But to return to surgeon's call on this particular morning of November, 1861. One by one the orderlies of the regiment bring up the complainers of their several companies. Some noble fellows make light of grave illnesses, and seem fairly ashamed of the necessity which brings them there: others, patiently, and more or less gratefully, receive the prescriptions: others still take a simple remedy, granted them by the Doctor's good-nature, for a feigned disease, and either throw it behind his tent as they leave, or consign it to their equally ailing stove on their return with coarse jubilation over their cunning imposition. And last of all comes the stereotyped complaint from some—"'Tain't nothing particular, Doctor, only I feel kind o' weak all over;" or, "there's a goneness inside me." And when the Doctor suggests that the cause of this, and of graver disease, sometimes of death itself, is the miserable habit of sweltering day after day over the hot stoves of their crowded tents, gambling with filthy cards, and quarreling over their losses with hot passion; and when he prescribes manly athletic games, or perhaps the honest performance of picket duty whenever their turn shall come, away go the shirks, cursing the surgeon, to write a touching story of cruel neglect and harsh treatment to sympathetic ignorance at home. And it is possible that among these "malingerers" may be numbered a few who enlisted from real patriotism, but who loudly proclaim that they did not enter the army to build hospitals and dig trenches, but to "fight the battles of their country," forgetting that our country's battles can be victoriously fought only by a faithful, obedient, thoroughly-disciplined soldiery, and that it is the first duty of each enlisted patriot to make such a soldier of himself as soon as may be.

But back to our dog. Suddenly, in the midst of the sorrowful and humiliating revelations of surgeon's call, the curtain dividing the Doctor's two tents is pushed aside, and there pounces upon his shoulder half a dozen pounds of black-and-tan lightning! In other words, a diminutive terrier of the finest breed, with tender human eyes, glossy fur; black, save where the muzzle, inner ear, nostril, slender legs, and arching eyebrows glowed with a rich tawny hue, as if touched with autumnal sunshine; with a fawn's head, exquisitely delicate in its cut and pose, and borrowing a peculiar piquancy of expression from the little pointed ears, clipped *à la mode*.

It needed but a moment to administer the oath of allegiance to the beautiful little creature, who seemed frantic with delight at his escape from Secessia; and, tied to the tent-pole by boy Dan, who rejoiced speakably in this relief to the tedium of service in an army in winter-quarters, he was with due solemnity dubbed JIKKIR.

But wherefore Jikkir?

Once there was a quaint little boy, with white locks and Paul-Dombeyish ways. Having then no brothers and sisters, and not specially affecting the substitutes offered him from neighboring

nurseries, he wandered about by himself, talking and sporting in his own solemn fashion; and when asked with whom he had been talking or playing at such a time, when no companion had been visible, his laconic response was invariably "Jikkir." Not a syllable more would the young visionary vouchsafe by way of revelation as to the person, character, or origin of this familiar; but, after the lapse of years, he now affirms that this mysterious attendant—this *Daimon* to the little Socrates—was as vividly real to him as his mother's sweet face. Now, to use the phraseology of the "anniversaries," when some portly divine, resplendent in prosperity and broadcloth, concludes a tale of early poverty and neglect (expanding himself at the utterance to his highest and broadest), "that boy now stands before you!" Behold him in the person of the surgeon of the —— Regiment of —— Volunteers; and what wonder, when Providence sends him a comforter for his loneliness and a beguiler of his depressing cares, that he should half believe that the cycles of metempsychosis have brought again to him the beloved familiar of his lost childhood, and that he should call his name Jikkir?

Thenceforward Jikkir was the piquant source of the Doctor's tri-weekly bulletins from the army. No first baby was ever so minutely and admiringly chronicled in all its developments and acquisitions, for the delectation of doting grandpapa and auntie at home. Intense excitement pervaded the quiet parsonage when the far-away Jikkir was reported as daily evolving new and perfecting former graces, and winning golden opinions from the appreciative regiment; and the sensation culminated in an ecstasy when he added to his accomplishments the polite art of hand-shaking, and finally that of standing bolt upright on his hind legs at the order "Attention!" and of "saluting," *à la militaire*, bringing his paw to his head with sharp precision at the word.

The love between Jikkir and his new possessor was all-absorbing, "passing the love of women." Like the "little ewe-lamb" of the parable, he "lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." Nowhere would he sleep but in the surgeon's bed, with his head upon his breast. He obviously came "trailing" no "clouds of glory" from his former home, for he seemed trammeled in his new passion by no old associations or tender reminiscences.

But truth forbids that Jikkir's record should be presented as immaculate. Alas! native depravity budded, blossomed, and fructified with his graces. However, our recording angel was so lavish of his lachrymals, in his partial love, that although a significant dampness at various points awakens suspicion, yet but one offense remains legible. Jikkir's literary proclivities brought him to grief early in his tutelage. Dickens was his favorite author, either from natural taste or acquired sympathy with his master, who maintains that the genial novelist must die first, for he himself should be miserable in heaven did he know that earthly presses were issuing a new serial of Dickens.

But Jikkir was surprised in the very act of literally devouring entire pages of the immortal "Pickwick," which he had deliberately selected from a pile of Sanitary Commission literature! His amazement was only equaled by his indignation at receiving summary chastisement for what he obviously regarded as a laudable improvement of time.

Next day the little sinner, with scrupulous care, abstracted the same doomed volume from a box where it had been hidden beneath other books, and pursued his researches. When avenging justice appeared, armed with its rod, memory and conscience awoke, and winged his flight to his city of refuge—the Doctor's bed—where, shiveringly, he awaited his doom. But—and who can cast the first stone at him for this?—the fascination was irresistible; again and again the offense was repeated; again and again condign punishment inflicted, in spite of his favorite device for averting justice, which consists of a brilliant exhibition of all his little accomplishments in dazzling succession; until at last the hard lesson was learned. The Doctor affirms that, to this day, whenever Jikkir is confronted with a "Pickwick," of whatsoever edition, he is forthwith overwhelmed with shame, and reproduces a whole Fifty-first Psalm in the droop of his tail.

This brings to mind a single weak point in Jikkir's else perfect physique. Alas it is his tail! Early in life he had been deprived of the extreme of this appendage; obviously adverse fate, and not skill or kindness, had operated on the occasion, for the fragment bears a ragged, unfinished aspect, suggestive of a rudely-shut door or an enemy's tooth as the cause.

This infirmity was the occasion of a practical witticism on the part of boy Dan. One day a lank, ungainly scion of some F. F. V. presented himself at the surgeon's tent, and audaciously and peremptorily claimed the adored Jikkir. Dan was alone, but master of the situation. Striking a Butlerian attitude, he said, defiantly,

"You say that's your dog, do you?"

"Yaas, that's my dowrg; I knows him right smart."

"Well, *our* dog has lost a piece of his tail: now if you will bring the piece, and it matches, you shall take the dog."

(By way of parenthesis let me add that my coined adjective, a sentence or two back, is a reminiscence of the great Benjamin, who, after the passage of a very stringent "dog-law" in Lowell, sent his huge bull-dog down Merrimack Street solemnly bearing aloft a muzzle upon his tail! his hair-splitting master maintaining that the law did not specify where the muzzle should be worn.)

At last the army moved, and with it little Jikkir. If his power of expression were only equal to his knowledge, what a tale he might unfold! Having four legs constructed mainly of concentrated speed, he regards any other mode of ad-

vance than by their means with utter contempt and aversion; and consequently during the forward movement, all of which he saw, and part of which he was, he suffered dire impositions in the way of ambulance and equestrian riding. He smelled derisively the Quaker guns at Manassas; was actually foremost to scale the fortifications of Young's Mills, and found speedy consolation in the bones of rebel—don't be alarmed!—*dinners*, for the aggravations of the previous march, in which his master had divided his sumptuous repast of cracker with him.

My hero also carried a little cheer into the dolorous scenes of Liberty Hall and Trent House hospitals, and shared the humiliation and the weariness of the peninsula retreat. Early in that terrible forced march he howled dismally along the *Via Dolorosa*, strapped to his master's saddle-bow, chafing at his durance vile, and drenched with the cruel rain; but when a faithless steward, left in charge of the horse while the surgeon plied his task for some sufferer, fled, horse and all, urged by a sudden panic, and bore to anxious friends the tale that he had seen the Doctor cut in two by a shell, little Jikkir, brave, tender, and true, freed himself and returned loyally to support his master in that dark hour of national shame and personal suffering. He was by him, with human sympathy in his eager eyes, when the deadly cannister-shot, with clean cut, dropped the haversack from his only grazed shoulder; and cheek against cheek, Doctor and Jikkir lay in the welcome opening left by an uprooted tree until the slackening of an infernal rain of shells which poured upon the halted brigade with as little warning as a thunderclap from a cloudless sky.

This brings me to Jikkir's one weak *mental* point. He had been thought absolutely *sans peur*. No dog of any supposable dimensions or fury in the least appalled him; he would charge upon a body of cavalry, and appear to his mourning master for one moment as a little black centre of a whirl of crushing hoofs and glittering spurs, and the next trot self-complacently back to him with a curt little bark, which he obviously regarded to be all that was left of the host annihilated by his prowess: indeed, had he encountered the "last mastodon," he would doubtless have challenged him to single combat. But when the hurricane of shells hissed and crashed over the brigade, saved by a miracle, there was no more spirit in the little dog who had hitherto dared and endured all things. He could only hide tremblingly in his master's bosom, and look into his face with human anguish. And even now, after two years' time, the most distant muttering of thunder stirs the little creature's memory of the one horror of his life, and sends him to shelter in friendly arms.

But as the seven days of terror drew to a close, duty pressed, and the march grew heavier, and the surgeon was glad to give his little comforter in charge to an ambulance-driver, with the promise of a princely fee for his safe return at Harrison's Landing: and to him the only gleam of light on that gloomiest 4th of July, 1861, was a little black-and-tan terrier, quivering in every nerve with frantic joy at the sight of his master.

But there came a day when we, too, beheld Jikkir in the flesh.

Joy at welcoming the Doctor stiffened into terror at the little dog. "My lady" scaled five shelves of a book-case successfully, and refused to descend until Jikkir (wild with delight at the spectacle she presented, regarding it as specially exhibited for his entertainment) was securely chained to a sofa leg, whence he alternately made sportive sallies at her feet, and performed his repertoire of tricks with lightning speed.

In two days' time, however, the dog-star burned so fiercely that the hostess ventured to take out the royal guest for an airing, but was grateful even to tears when the shelter of the parsonage was again reached, for she might better have undertaken to control so much chain-lightning in leading-strings.

But confidence daily increased; and when the surgeon's brief "leave" was over, and Jikkir, too precious to be risked a second time to the hazards of war, was left her in sacred trust, he was even admitted, as has been intimated, to "my lady's chamber," where he at once established himself by a flying-leap to the head of the bed, awaiting his expected pillow. His struggles against deposition to the foot were desperate, and waged afresh every night; but this point the else spoiled child never conquered, but was forced to be content with strangling himself nightly by burrowing beneath the blankets until his chain cracked, with his little lonely head outstretched toward its coveted resting-place.

But I must hasten to a close in sheer self-disgust at the injustice I have done to my glorious subject; only adding one instance of what the dotards in the parsonage endured from this beloved little nuisance. The Dominie himself had at once made him his familiar, and reasoned with him as pathetically whenever he "cracked" a commandment as if he had been an errant child. But there came a young divine whose views of canine discipline were less suasive. Jikkir was fascinated by the interloper, but intensely jealous. I may say at least the latter sentiment was reciprocated. Whenever the proximity of the new-comer to "my lady" awakened suspicion, pounce in between the two (as much as to say, with the "wittiest partition" in the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe,"

> "In this same interlude it doth befall
> That I, one Snout by name, present a wall,")

would leap a little black figure, sitting bolt upright, with a solemnly abstracted gaze into vacancy, as if innocent of any ulterior motive; when summarily e- or pro-jected with an *et tu Brute* turn of the eye at "my lady," he would bide his time for another descent.

Sunday came, and the young divine was to preach. In the excitement of the occasion Jikkir's seventh-day ignominy, the chain, was forgotten, and it was subsequently remembered that

the precious little schemer had been left on the sofa in what seemed a state of preternatural somnolence.

The congregation were assembled in pews facing the church entrance; the dear Dominie sat in the pulpit with his face of benediction; the young divine officiated; the minister's daughter sat in the pillory of the "parson's pew," and gazed abstractedly at a crack in the church-door. Suddenly a fearful vision fixes her gaze: a sharp little muzzle cautiously insinuates itself into the crack, and presently enters Jikker with an air of dainty solemnity assumed for the occasion. He reconnoitres for friends, discovers two in the pulpit, and ascends still gingerly, with just enough consciousness of guilt to make him pause on every stair to "salute" deprecatingly; but finally capers about the sacred inclosure in vain attempts to communicate to the occupants (who make agonizing efforts to ignore his presence) his ecstasy at the reunion. What a situation! That the "minister's dog" should so scandalize the congregation! This must prove the "last straw" to the good-natured sufferance with which the villagers have endured the new idolatry of the parsonage.

A word from the Dominie *might* have reduced the little "infernal machine" to innocent repose upon the pulpit sofa; but, alas! a gallery of cachinating seminary girls "hold him in full survey," and shall he add to the jubilation of these young sinners by an exhibition of family government, at best doubtful in its issue? But it is too late for the venture. The young divine grows tremulous on the high notes as he beholds, out of the corner of his eye, the awful dog, astonished at the coolness of his reception, standing bolt upright at his side against the low railing of the pulpit, and "saluting" over the top the admiring congregation! Down goes the head of the minister's daughter; up goes that of the Dominie in a wilder survey of the ceiling as the fearful thought intrudes, what if the little wretch should spy one of the colony of church mice which are given to aisle-promenades during the quiet of service? Sextons, deacons, "bell, book, and candle," would be powerless in that case to exorcise the demon of destruction and avert the direct catastrophe; for Jikkir's affection, aristocratic bearing, and uprightness at once forsake him upon the apparition of even the shadow of a mouse, a rat, a cat, or a long-haired dog, and total depravity cries "havoc!" But we were spared this intolerable disgrace. Jikkir makes a grand salute with both paws by way of farewell, and then descends. Prayer is being offered. A worthy friend of the family and a prime favorite of Jikkir, since he allows the little monkey to ride his horse postillion fashion as he drives about the town (Jikkir bearing himself with a grand air of ownership of the entire establishment), is startled in his devotions by four sharp legs, like so many needles, puncturing his broad back, which the daring acrobat had reached by a leap from the pew behind, its door being unfortunately open. The sensation among innocent spectators in the vicinity may be imagined. But Jikkir's sensibilities are wounded. Failing again of a welcome here, he betakes himself for consolation to "lovely woman." Wandering through the gallery among the seminary girls, he, with the eye of a connoisseur, makes his election, and touches gently the shoulder of the favorite: as the pretty, startled face is turned toward him it receives an admiring stroke from chin to brow from the gallant Jikkir's tongue. He finally subsides into the lap of the prima donna of the choir, and salutes the congregation from the rear until pocketed by a self-appointed "tithing-man" and ignominiously borne away. So ended Jikkir's Sabbatical liberty forever.

But I must leave half told

"The story of Combuscan bold."

Good little Jikkir now comforts the dear Dominie in the lonely study, and questions him with eager eyes, "When will they all come back?"

> "And because he loves (us) so,
> Better than his kind will do
> Often, man or woman—
> Give we back more love again
> Than dogs often take of men—
> Leaning from our Human;"

we say with Mrs. Browning. And so it comes to pass, that, separated from Jikkir, I still hold him in loving remembrance (to the horrible jealousy of the young divine), and that among all true stories of little people none moves my tender sympathy more than this that follows.

There was a little boy who mourned bitterly the death of a pet guinea-pig. The night after the bereavement his watchful mother heard a plaintive call from the sleepless mourner in the nursery:

"Mamma, have great big elephants souls?"

"No, darling." A pause, and then in fainter tones:

"Mamma, have oxen souls?"

"No, no, dear. Go to sleep!" A longer interval, and then the scarcely audible voice piped again:

"Mamma, have dogs souls?" The tender mother sees at last the drift of the Zoological catechism, and grieves to answer as her conscience bids:

"No, precious, I am afraid not." A silence—a sob—and then a heart-broken wail:

"Oh, mamma! haven't little c-l-e-a-n white guinea-pigs souls?"

Cheer up, little heart! Jikkir's soulful eyes and faithful heart prophesy to me. Somewhere in that beautiful Home to come, toward which your love looked forward with longing for reunion with its object, there must be a snug little corner where they will let us have our own again. Cowper his hares, you your immaculate little pets, and us our Jikkir. And I even dare hope that Jikker's caudal shortcomings may there find compensation; for what saith the stern old reformer, the good Martin Luther, to his dog? "Hans, Hans! be quiet, and in the resurrection thou shalt have a little golden tail!"



THE CONVENT OF OUR LADY DAMIANE.

A VISIT TO THE CONVENT OF SITTNA (*OUR LADY*), DAMIANE.

By Rev. G. Lansing, *American Missionary at Cairo.*

A Muslim Santou, and his Feast.—Syria and Egypt.—Are there male Houries in Heaven?—Mansoura ("*the Victorious*").—Cotton and Slavery in Egypt.—A pious Muslim in search of an additional inmate for his Harem.—Bookselling Adventures.—The land Journey to the Convent.—Father Makar.—The Coptic Patriarch.—Monkish Jurisprudence.—A Miracle.—A Coptic Church.—The deposed Abbot.—The Encampment.—The Authorities buying Bibles.—An Egyptian Sirocco.—Damiane a baptised Heathen Goddess.

AWID, our bookseller at Cairo, having left a few days previous in our new boat the *Morning Star*, on her first colporteuring trip, I left Cairo on Tuesday, May 5, to join him at Semanoud. Reached Tanta at noon, where I took the branch railway to Semanoud, on the Damietta branch of the Nile.

The Arabs never start on a journey, nor undertake any great enterprise, without first imploring the blessing and aid of God, and asking their friends also who may be present to pray for them. On this occasion, as we were leaving Tanta, where are the tomb and centre of the worship of Said-El-Bedawè, who is the chief of the Muslim saints of Egypt, the ejaculations and prayers which were offered to him as the train was starting were numerous and fervent. I was particularly struck with the earnestness of the man sitting beside me, as he exclaimed, "I am on thy account, O Said-El-Bedawe! Yes (with an oath), I am on thy account!" And then, as if recollecting the stronger claims of another, he varied the expression the third time by saying, "On God's account and thine!"

About ten days before I had spent part of a day at the Mulid of this saint, to visit and encourage a colporteur whom, according to our custom, we had sent there, and to see a little of Arab life in one of its great gatherings. Mulid means birthday; but in Arab use, as applied both to Muslim and Christian saints, it means death-day: that is, as they explain it, the birthday not to natural but eternal life. These Mulids of the Said are made by the Arabs—who believe in uniting "Gain and Godliness"—not only great religious festivals but also commercial fairs; and I was surprised to find what a vast quantity of goods of all sorts was exposed for sale, and how large a business was done. Indeed the demands of trade have made a second annual Mulid a necessity; and so the Said has now two, a greater and a lesser Mulid. One might suppose that, as the object of these gatherings is at once religious and commercial, a moral and religious element would, more than usual, enter into and pervade the secular; but the very opposite is the fact. Religion and morality, never very closely united in the Orient, nor regarded in any great measure as involving the one the other, are at these Mulids of the Said divorced as by a treble divorce, and a loose rein is thrown upon

the neck of lasciviousness and all wickedness. The religious part of the Mulid is to pay the votive offerings and customary dues of the Said, visit the tomb, and repeat the customary prayers, and march in the procession on the great day of the feast. As for the rest, theft, robbery, cheating, and lasciviousness are the order of the day, and are committed, as is thought, with a special impunity, all saying, "The conscience of the Said is wide;" and his merits and intercession are thought to cover all. I saw enough to convince me of this by day, when Mammon is in the ascendency; by night, when Bacchus and Venus reign, they say it is terrible.

We have been accustomed for several years past to send a colporteur to open a shop and sell Bibles and religious books at these Mulids; and usually we have had good sales. This year, however, as we could not spare Awid from the shop at Cairo, or one of our more efficient men, we sent a superannuated scribe (one of our members), who is an object of charity, and he had not done so well. It needs a keen, pushing man to get on in these great gatherings. The Muslims have stolen a leaf out of our book, and they now annually send their colporteurs to hawk their books, and especially a book called "The favors or honors of the Said-El-Bedawe," a book filled with lying wonders of the most extravagant kind.

In less time than I have taken to write these lines we reached Mahallet-El-Kebere, where, to our mutual joy, I found Awid awaiting me. He had gone there in the morning train to see what success our man from Tanta had met with, who had gone there to sell books after the close of the Mulid. In four days he had sold books for 50 piastres, while Awid had that day sold for 300 piastres in four hours. So much for tact and efficiency.

We soon reached Semanoud, and after washing off the dust of travel in a delicious cold bath I was ready for work. Two young men soon came aboard. The one asked for the "Makamat of Naseef," a literary work of the great Arab grammarian, and when he found that we had not this, nothing could induce him to purchase any of our religious books, although he was evidently free from all priestly shackles in the matter. And when Awid strove to explain to him the uses and advantages of the "Reference Testament," he was "as one beating the air." The other asked only for religious books, of which he took a number. This difference led me to suspect a difference in nationality which was not indicated by the appearance of the two lads, when I asked the former from what part of Syria he hailed, and he answered Beirut. The other was a Copt; and this difference in the religious tendencies of the two nations we constantly remark. Syria and Egypt are both awaking from a sleep of semi-barbarism of ages. But the civilization which Syria is putting on is French and infidel. Egypt's is Anglo-Saxon and Protestant.

Just beside our boat a Muslim was repairing a grain-boat, between whom and his wife Awid had overheard, a couple days previous, the following conversation. The wife said, "Oh, my husband, the book (Kuran) says that the 'mumaneen' and the 'mumanat' (male and female believers) are after death to inhabit paradise, but it says that each one of you male believers is to have 70 houries, and does it not say what we women are to have? Are there no male houries, and if so, how many are we to have?" He answered her, "Hold your tongue. It says nothing about your having any." But she answered, "Are we not even to have our own husbands there after we have toiled and borne with them in this world? that is not just." He answered this by cursing her very soundly for her inquisitive impertinence; and the next day he divorced her with the treble divorce. (The law of the Kuran is that a man may divorce his wife twice and take her back again, but that the third time he can not take her back until she has married another man and been divorced. To save trouble a man often says, "I divorce thee with the treble divorce," when the thing is ended. Though not unfrequently, on repenting, he persuades or hires some other man to marry and then immediately divorce her, when he again marries her.)



AWID.

As Awid had been four days in Semanoud and finished the bookselling work, we dropped down by night to Mansoura (the Victorious). This town is on the east side of the Nile, and it, as well as Semanoud, has become a large and flourishing place since the immense expansion of the cotton interest the last two years, as this is

the centre of the best cotton district in the country. The pipes and clatter of cotton-cleaning and pressing establishments, the flag-poles, and arms of the different European consular agencies, the European post, and Exchange with its café and billiard-rooms, and a Catholic convent and church with its tinkling bell, all show the influx of European population and enterprise. This city was founded by the Sultan Kamil in the year 616 of the Hegira, while the crusaders held Damietta. The Arab historian Makrizi says, that the Sultan Kamil here at first pitched his tent, and then built a palace, and ordered his people also to build, when he surrounded the town with a wall and remained until Damietta was taken, and the Franks finally expelled from the land after the battle of Mansoura. In this battle Louis IX., who has been honored by the Church with a place in the calendar of the saints, and who was pronounced by the Sultan the "proudest infidel he had ever seen," was defeated. The remains of the prison in which he endured so heroically the tortures which were inflicted upon him as to draw forth this encomium, are still shown, and to this day the French carry away from it bricks as mementoes.

I found that Awid had invented a new and very useful contrivance for facilitating our work. Before leaving Cairo he had written the following notice, of which he had made the boys of the school write a large number of copies:

NOTICE.

The boat *Morning Star* has arrived, having on board a quantity of religious and literary books which are for sale at low prices. Let all, therefore, who wish books come without delay and take what they need, for the reading of these books is most important and necessary, since they bring consolation to the heart, and especially the Holy Book of God, which he has given us by inspiration through holy men and prophets, and which is profitable for the present life and for that to come. Therefore our Glorious Lord has commanded us to search the Scriptures, and the Apostle, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, v. 21, has said, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

On arriving we sent out a large number of these, and by the time we had finished breakfast the first bevy of black-turbaned corps were seen coming. They took books to the value of $10—a propitious opening. Others followed until noon. After dinner Awid took the bag and went through the streets, and I remained and attended to those who came to the boat. Toward night Priest John came, with whom Awid had, last year, had a terrible contest at Sitt Damiane. He now, however, appeared all friendship and complacency, and insisted on our going to spend the evening with him and his father, who is the Kummus or head priest of the town. We found him a very fine, pleasant old man, and had with him a good deal of, I trust, profitable conversation. He avoided all controversy, and took his stand upon the following formulary, which he several times repeated with great emphasis; viz., "That we all have one heavenly Father, one mother Church, and one spiritual food; and that, therefore, we should overlook all minor differences and be brethren." He is a man of considerable wealth, and I fear more engrossed in the care of his lands and crops than in the "cure of souls." I was sorry to find that although he strongly reprobated the use of arrack, he and his son each took a few glasses before supper. We supped with him and then returned to the boat.

We subsequently heard that a very intelligent and devoted scribe, named Faraj, who had distinguished himself among them by an attempted answer to Meshakah's book (which at present is the Kirwan's Letters of Arabdom), had been lately ordained and settled in Haret Es-Sakeen, in Cairo, where our second female school is. The more earnest-minded of the people of Mansoura are very anxious that he should be sent back to them, and if the Patriarch does not accede to their request we shall strive to send him back a Protestant.

7th. A young Syrian, originally from Sidon, named Abrahim Daoud, who by some means enjoys American protection, seeing our flag, came down to the boat. He was very affable and agreeable, but studiously avoided the subject of religion. After several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the subject, I finally told him that I was very sorry to find that most of the young men of Syria were running headlong into infidelity; that they were at present in a transition state, from which, in general, much good was to be hoped, but which was most dangerous to individuals; that as we had before us the east and west banks of the Nile, so in religious matters there were two lands—that of superstition and that of faith, connected by the bridge of infidelity; and that most of them were now upon this bridge. He then confessed that such was the case, and that he himself, disgusted by the superstitions of the Church, the contests of the sects about the calendar, and the ignorance and disgraceful lives of the priests, had for some years turned away his attention entirely from the subject of religion, striving only to walk uprightly with man and God, and leaving the rest with Him. I told him that, notwithstanding the things he had mentioned, revealed religion was yet a great reality and necessity, and that I trusted he would soon get over the bridge. He keeps a fine horse, which he placed at my disposal, and I had a pleasant ride on him every evening of our stay.

8th. Awid went to day to Benoub to attend to the dispatching of the boxes of books which he had sent there from Semanoud to be forwarded to Damiane, as in this way the transportation was cheaper. Word had come to him that the young man upon whom he had depended to forward them could not attend to it on account of a mourning in the family for a friend, of whose death, in Cairo, they had just heard. I heard of this case the day before leaving Cairo, when, in a fit of intoxication in a grog-shop near our house, he fell down dead. Awid went to comfort the family, when he found that two priests were already there from Tanta, talking to the poor stricken mother and wife of the ne-

cessity of masses for one who had died such a death. He fell upon the priests roughly for coming to rob the poor family of the little left them by the improvident husband and father. The Muslim Shaikh of the village received Awid and killed the fatted lamb for him; and when the priests also came to spend the night with him, he put Awid in the upper furnished room with two coverlets, and told them to go and sleep down stairs; and when they expostulated and wished to come into the same room, he told them that Awid was a Protestant and they were robbers, and that he could not trust them to sleep in the same room, as he knew they hated him and feared they might harm him. And when one of them came up in the night and attempted to steal one of Awid's coverlets, the Shaikh ordered his servant to light a lantern and take them out to some other house, as he would not keep them.

One of the least to be desired, but still most natural results of the new cotton prosperity in Egypt, has been *a great revival of the slave-trade*. The cotton crop is a heavy one, requiring much more and heavier work than the ordinary grain crop, of the country. Its cultivation was introduced into the country by Mohammed Ali, who, having procured and distributed the seed, stimulated its production in his own arbitrary way, by passing laws requiring each district to produce a certain amount of cotton annually. The land produced it so abundantly, and of such good staple, that it was a profitable crop, even when the South was a competitor in the market. And now, since King Cotton has removed his throne from Dixie to Egypt and India, he has distributed his favors so bountifully that no more laws enforcing the cultivation of cotton have been needed. I recently heard of one man who last year sowed two hundred and fifty acres of cotton from the produce of which he has already sold cotton for $15,000, and he had still a quantity on hand; and a friend told me yesterday of a neighbor of his, whose sister was accustomed to come daily to his house to beg a piece of bread as her brother could not support her, he having only five acres of land. This brother was seen a few days since driving before him, through the streets, a male and female slave which he had just purchased, and when asked how he could afford it, he answered, "I sowed my five acres with cotton this year."

But the great obstacle to cotton-growing has been, and is, the scarcity of hands. The conscription for the army, and forced labor for the Suez Canal and the Government works, make heavy drafts upon the working population. Fully one-third of the available muscle of the land is at present thus employed, while it is lamentable to behold the wheat crop every where perishing on the ground for want of hands to reap it. This state of things has created a great demand for slave labor in Egypt. But slavery is against the law; for England and France, in former years, when it suited them to quote even "base Egypt" to the United States as an anti-slave power, obtained from the Sultan and the Egyptian Government an ordinance abolishing slavery. Still, this law being imposed by foreign pressure, and not sustained by the public sentiment of the country, was in a great measure a dead letter. True, the public slave-markets in the large cities were abolished; but the "Jelábis," or Central African merchants, still clandestinely brought down, with their cargoes of ivory and ostrich feathers, a few slaves; and the Government winked at the trade, except so far as particular officials found it to be their interest to confiscate *to themselves* these cargoes, or levy black-mail upon the owners. And besides, the Government was the great slave-merchant of the country; for it was constantly stealing and bringing down from the upper country slaves, who were distributed to its favorites or enrolled in the black regiment of the army. And then, too, according to the law of the Kuran, which allows four wives to each believer, besides as many concubines "as his hands may possess," wealthy and lecherous Muslims must have their female slaves for the harem, and thus the trade was carried on. Meanwhile the representatives of the European powers that had procured the passage of the law were too anxious to preserve the "entente cordiale" and the "integrity of the Turkish Empire" to make any very strong protests against the system, and thus it was continued. *Now* the European abolitionists view slavery through spectacles brought from Richmond, and there being, in addition, the increased demand above mentioned, caused by the great expansion of cotton culture, the supply is found keeping pace with the demand, and the result is a great revival of the slave-trade.

I may, however, remark while on the subject, that slavery is not there the cruel bondage, the odious institution which it is in our Southern States. It is alleviated by various considerations:

First. We have there none of that senseless "prejudice of color," or "caste of race," so prevalent in America, both South and North. Whether it be a white Mamaluke from the North, who is bought and sold as a chattel, or a black Dongolian (so black and shiny, and with such an entire absence of the red or pale in the palms and lips that he seems "dyed in the wool," black through and through), it is all the same—"a man is a man for a' that." And in the female branch of the trade, whether it be a Caucasian beauty or (like Miriam, who was sent to the harem of Mohammed to stay his conquering sword and propitiate his favor) an Abyssinian maid, Anglo-Saxon in feature, but dusky in color, and all reeking in castor-oil, and all the more valued from having been converted—*stolen*—from a nominally Christian country, it is all the same—"a woman is a woman for a' that." It must, too, be remarked that the representatives which we have in Egypt of the Nubian and Central African races are finer specimens of humanity than our American

negroes brought from Western Africa; and they are undoubtedly finer as a class than the peasants of Egypt; and this, too, adds to their respectability. It often makes an impartial observer ready to conclude that, after all, the black is "the highest style of man."

Second. The above feeling is promoted, and slavery is rendered a lighter yoke, from the fact that slaves have not been for the most part field-hands, crushed to the earth under the cumbrous wheels of King Cotton, nor any other great grinding demand of base avarice; but, like Abraham's three hundred and eighteen, they have been the domestic and body servants of the rich and great, and, as such, are often petted and trusted by their masters, and, as a consequence, acquire influence, and are respected by those around. How far this may be carried is shown by the history of the Mamalukes, who sprang from a race of slaves, and were for a long time the rulers of Egypt until dethroned by Mohammed Ali.

Third. We have here no fugitive slave law. Slavery, as has been said, is against the law of the land; and consequently, if a slave is not well treated, and chooses to walk off, he need have no fears of blood-hounds, nor even take passage by the "Underground Railway." The master has no redress, except it be through some corrupt Government official, whom he must bribe so heavily that, in most cases, he may better buy a new man. This latter feature takes the sting out of slavery, and almost makes it no slavery at all. It is probably the principal cause of the cheapness of the article. Two years ago a good slave could be purchased for from $40 to $60. Now the price has risen to about $100; and even yet, though the foreign pressure is removed, the Government continues a fitful and dubiously disinterested opposition to the trade. Lately a dealer, emboldened by the new demand and the late laxness, ventured to bring down, not a few slaves stowed away in the hold of his boat, but a cargo of them; and instead of disposing of them at Osiout, or some other town of Upper Egypt, to be thence quietly distributed through the land, he boldly brought them past Cairo, on his way to the Delta, where cotton has created the present pressing demand. But the event showed that he was too presumptuous. The Government, hearing of it, seized the cargo, and then sent the men to the army, the boys to the Government school, and distributed the girls among the court favorites.

Thus it appears that Egyptian slavery is a very mild and innocent thing when compared with the "peculiar institution"—peculiarly horrible it is—which now forms the bloody corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy—the forever buried and lost corner-stone may it soon be in the ruins and débris of that edifice, which even now is tottering and falling to pieces over it.

This is true of male slavery in the East, but female slavery is there also a peculiarly horrible institution, and what is worse, wherever Mohammedanism reigns, it is a system established by law—by what is accounted a *divine* law. Many of the so-called Christians have not been slow in this matter to follow the example of their Muslim masters. The scarcity of female domestic help in a country where the voracious maw of the harem engulfs all, and the necessity, in a land where such general corruption reigns, of the seclusion, if not the polygamy, of the harem, even with Christians, which precludes male help, furnish excuse to the well-to-do Christians to purchase female help, and the consequence is the natural one. The temptation, fortified as it is by the public sentiment of the ruling and greatly predominant class of community, is often too strong to be resisted. The crime is usually saddled upon the water-carriers, who are the only persons usually admitted to the house, or (and I am very sorry I have to say it) it is consigned to oblivion by infanticide.

But I will not farther lift this veil. What has led me to this digression has been the negotiations which, in the intervals of bookselling, I have to-day been forced to hear from beneath the curtains of a little slaver beside us, in which an old man and his wife have charge of three black girls whom they are trying to sell. As the different would-be purchasers have come down to examine the wares or negotiate about the prices, the conversation has been more amusing to hear than it would be edifying in the recital. I must, however, mention one circumstance, as it illustrates the deeply religious character of the Orientals even when wallowing in the grossest immorality. The last candidate for one of the dusky beauties was an old Muslim, whose snowy beard and tottering gait showed that he should be in the mosque, preparing for his last account, instead of "making provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof;" and after going through with the usual examination, which was disgusting enough, he suddenly turned upon the girl, and said, "Ya bint tasallah (O girl, do you pray)?" to which she only answered with a titter; but her salesman broke in and answered, very emphatically, "Oh yes, she prays—she is a very religious girl." The old Muslim left soon after, and as he was leaving the girl's piety did not prevent her sending after him a volley of not very choice curses; at which her owner, fearing she would be overheard, cursed her in terms not less choice, and told her ("daughter of a pig") to shut up or he would break her face with his cane.

9*th.* Awid having dispatched the books and returned, we took animals and a box of books and set out for Radaniyeh and Selamon, two villages about two and a half hours back in the country. At the former place we found a fine church, which also gave evidence corroborating the tradition of the place—that it is very ancient. This church was formerly worshiped in by the people of Selamon, but they have lately built a church for themselves, so that this one has now only a priest and two or three people. These we saw, and sold them a few books. They



THE SLAVE BOAT.

had in the church some fine manuscripts of the Fathers and Lives of the Saints, which we tried to purchase, but could not. They were all "devoted to the Church." When the priest appeared, decked in broadcloth and Damascene silk, and with a splendid silver-mounted amber rosary, Awid, surveying him with a very quizzical look from head to foot, took hold of the rosary, and said, "If the Saviour had had this he would not have needed to send Peter to catch a fish for money to pay the taxes. He would have sold his beads, which would have brought more than enough to pay for both of them." The Copts seldom pray by the bead. The rosary is not with them, as with the Catholics, a necessity so much as a luxury—a plaything to be taken up when they have nothing more important to do, or think of, or enjoy; and they may often be seen sitting or reclining by the hour, dreamily counting over its invariable "ninety-nine," and apparently much enjoying the pleasant sensation of the smooth beads passing over the nerves of the finger-ends. It also seems to give an air of quiet, complaisant dignity to the man.

We next proceeded to Selamon, which is about twenty minutes farther on and across a deep canal, which is navigable for good-sized craft. This canal leaves the Nile only a short distance this side of Cairo, and flows to the sea. It has on its banks many villages, and must, as soon as may be, be threaded by the *Morning Star*.

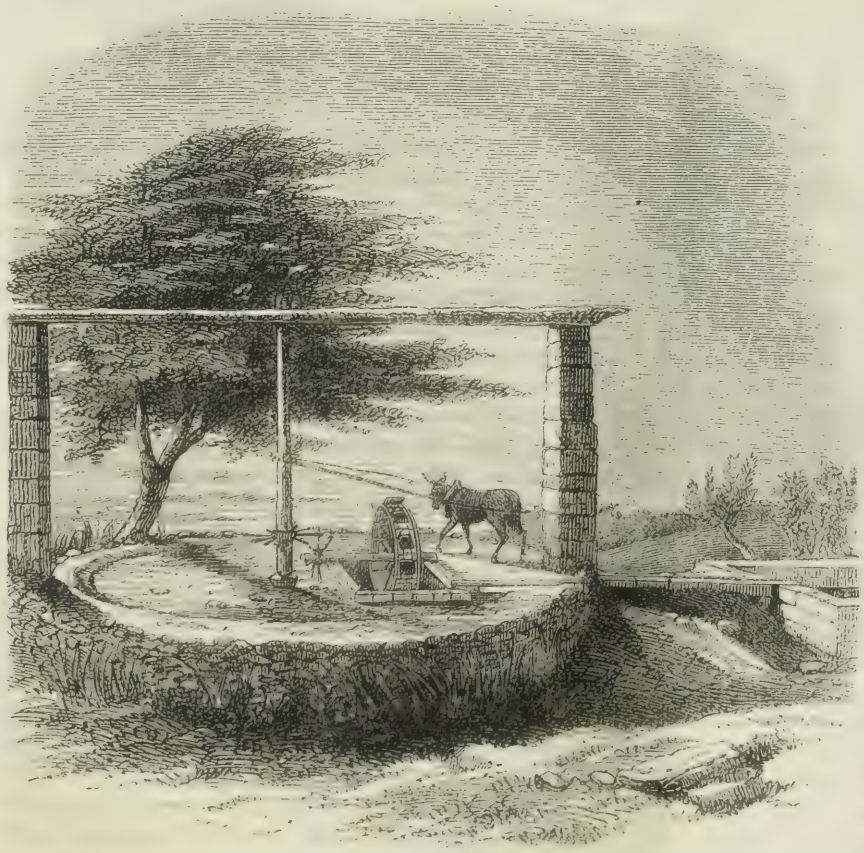
When we reached the village we went to the church and asked for the priest. We found him in a small upper room connected with the church, very busily engaged correcting a manuscript copy of the memoir of St. George. We told him that we had Bibles and books for sale, and asked if any of his people needed any. He said he thought not, as they already had many books, and asked us if we had the book upon which he was laboring. We took a cup of coffee with him, and then went out with our box into the town to the Christian quarter, and seeking a shady street we sat down and exposed our wares, at the same time sending off the boys, who by this time had collected around us, to inform the people. They soon came in good numbers, and we were happy to find that they were of a different mind from their priest as to their need of books. We spent the day selling and talking to them, and sold them to the amount of 210 piastres. Once our business came to a dead-lock in this wise: A boy who had bought a book brought it back, and quietly showed a passage in it to an old man—evidently the oracle of the village—who dubiously shook his head, and whispered something. Others then drew up and read over their shoulders, when, without saying any thing, the boy brought the book back and demanded his money. The rest dropped the books which they were examining, and the sale was stopped. I saw that a crisis had come, and asked the boy what was the matter with the book? After some reluctance he showed me the passage, which was to the effect that the Virgin Mary, like the rest of mankind, was a sinner, and in strong terms he reprobated so heretical a doctrine. I turned, in the Testament which I held in my hand, to Luke i. 46, and had him read it aloud to all: "And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God *my Saviour;*" and then asked him

from what he was her Saviour if not from sin, and how, at his age, he came to be so wise above what is written? All, even the oracle, bowed with a submission which is peculiarly Coptic to the authority of the Word of God, and the work went on again. This is only an example of the manner in which in these book-selling and street-preaching excursions we are called upon to meet opinions of all shades and hues. The whole debatable ground lying between them and us must usually be gone over, and a full account of one such day's work would fill a volume.



THE SHADOOF.

Our evening ride back over the open plain was delightful after our long day's work in the hot, dusty street. The country here is more beautiful than in Upper Egypt. Though the picture here lacks the frame-work of the Lybian and Arabian hills, which there so heightens the effect, we have here the sublimity of apparently endless expansion, and the eye is relieved by shade-trees much more thickly scattered over the surface. Here, too, is wanting the "shadoof" with its saddening idea of crushing toil, and the sakias are in groups on the shady banks of the canal; and their concert of creaking wheels and flowing waters, enlivened by the cheerful crack of the whips of the drivers, and their lively songs, inspiriting the laboring beasts, is much better than their solitary groan in the Said. Camels, with towering sacks of the precious cotton balancing on each side, were wending their way with stately, measured step to the market, while all around the new cotton crop was just sprouting from the carefully-leveled and ridged fields. Happy Egypt in these days of America's distress!



THE SAKIA, OR PERSIAN WHEEL.

10*th*, Sabbath. Fearing that, notwithstanding our friend the priest's platitudes about "one Father, one mother church, and one spiritual food," he would yet not invite me to preach in his church; and feeling, moreover, after yesterday's labor, more like enjoying a Sabbath of rest than going to stand by and witness the tedious service of the mass, we remained in the boat. A number of people came to us, and we preached to them the Word.

11*th*. In the night we dropped down to the landing-place opposite Damiane; and in the morning, before it was yet light, were awakened by the vociferous screams and quarrels of the pilgrims who, the day before, and during

the night, had reached this stage of the journey, and were now preparing for the land-journey of three hours to the convent. Such a scene of noise and confusion as is the first morning of starting of an eastern caravan, when all the bargains are to be made and the loads proportioned and arranged, can not be described nor imagined: it must be seen. We, too, secured our animals, and a little after sunrise were all in motion—and a picturesque cavalcade we were—camels, horses, mules, and asses, about sixty in number, and laden with towering loads of tents, boxes, beds, and all the paraphernalia of kitchen furniture, and surmounted by a motley crowd, men and women, boys and girls, and tender infants—white, black, and copper-colored, and all, released from the toils and confinement of the town, and, with the great feast in prospect, in high and exuberant spirits. Here first I noticed that the women, who at home would never appear even to near relatives uncovered, were unveiled; and the strange phenomenon was explained to me by the popular belief that in this region, which is under the special protection of "Our Lady Damiane," and during the week of her Mulid, the wanton glance is inevitably punished with blindness, and the illicit embrace with even heavier inflictions. So we "made a covenant with our eyes" and bade them look straight before them, while we said in our hearts, Would that "Our Lady's dominion extended over all the land of Egypt, and that her Mulid embraced all the weeks of the year!"



HEAD-DRESS OF EGYPTIAN LADY.



DRESS OF EGYPTIAN LADY.

When we came to a treacherous ditch or steep dyke the ejaculations to God, "the overshadowing One," and to Our Lady Damiane, "the defender of the two seas and the two lands," were frequent and earnest. About half-way on our journey we were stopped by a wide canal, which we all had to cross in an old scow—a process which was only second in difficulty to our outsetting, and an hour and a half was consumed in it. This time, however, was not lost, as in it we learned to sympathize with the Army of the Potomac in its numerous crossings and recrossings. The sun had now become high and hot, and, with the exception of the shouts of the drivers urging on their fly-maddened beasts and the crying of infants, silence reigned. It seemed as if the festive and boisterous morning-time of youth had been succeeded by life's soberer journey of riper years. We found, too, that the reason which had been given for so early an attempt at starting was a good one; for the gnats and mosquitoes now so swarmed about our heads, and filled our ears and eyes, that we

were glad closely to wrap them up in our handkerchiefs. These are produced by the surrounding marshes, which here cover thousands of acres of land. All this section as far as eye can reach is uncultivated, much of it being covered with these marshes, and the rest without present arrangements for irrigation. This would be just the section for a colony of our freedmen. If managed by enterprising men, who could bring our Western intelligence and machinery into operation in draining and irrigating these wastes, and with sufficient government protection, it would become a splendid rice and cotton country, and be a great success.

The convent soon loomed up before us, yet eight or ten miles distant, appearing with its white walls like a marble castle standing in the midst of a wide-spread lake formed by the deceitful waters of the mirage. I have never seen this phenomenon so perfect as during those few days on this plain. It seemed quite impossible to believe it a pure illusion, and I often found myself half determined to start off for a bath and a sail. We tried to stir up our weary animals, but neither they nor their drivers had a mind to leave the caravan. Finally we reached our destination, and found our man with the tent and boxes of books awaiting us. We immediately commenced setting up the former, but were much vexed to find that, notwithstanding our strict charges to our friends at Alexandria to send it to us all right, one of its sides was wanting, and so we were left to broil by day and freeze by night, like Jacob with the flocks of Laban—a process which, after three days, made it necessary for me to leave in the midst of the feast.

After arranging as well as we could our temporary habitation, we went up to see the Sitt and the Reis, or head of the convent, our old friend, Father Makar. This Makar I had met a year previous at the convent of the saint whose name he bears, in the Nitron Lakes. But how changed! Then he was a poor monk barefooted, and with a homespun zaboot. Now he has shoes and stockings, and dons an expansive cloth cloak over a silk tunic, and flourishes a long staff. Then he was glad to walk with me six hours over the desert to the other convent for a few piastres; now he has come here to swallow his thousands. Then I found him in our long walk a very attentive and interested listener to the doctrines of Protestantism, and especially to the gospel of matrimony, which is usually the only gospel which brings glad tidings to the monks. Now he is cold and stiff and distant. But Father Makhiel, who was then the Abbot of his convent, and he his factotum, has since been made Patriarch and occupies the throne of St. Mark, and as his most tried and trusty man has sent him here as Reis of the convent to work this rich mine of wealth.

The convent is a high inclosure about one hundred paces square, surmounted by numerous small domes which form the roof; and it is accounted one of the wonders of the Sitt that no man can count them—that is to say, no two men can agree as to the number; one making them one hundred and fifty, and another more or less. In this inclosure is, first, a small open court, then a good-sized church with numerous other smaller chapels, and the rooms of the monks, of whom only three now remain here. Every thing is dirty and untidy and out of repair, as it must needs be to be Coptic.

To the left of the dark passage leading into the church is a small room about twelve feet square, surmounted by a dome, and lighted by two apertures about a foot square, one opening to the north and the other to the east. Here are witnessed those miracles of the Sitt, which draw together these crowds of people from all parts of Egypt. The northern aperture opens upon a low roof several feet below it, and ten or fifteen feet wide, and in front of this are several upper rooms which, during the feast, are let to visitors. These, passing to and fro, cast their inverted shadows upon the sides of the dome within on the principle of the *camera obscura*, while the expectant worshipers within, who constantly crowd the room almost to suffocation, invoke, with loud cries and upstretched hands, at each appearance of the apparitions, their favorite saints: "O Sitt Damiane, defender of the two seas and the two lands, preserve the children and save them!" "O Mary, most blessed Mother of God, regard us!" "O Saint George, thou mighty warrior, help!" "O Father of the two swords, heal us!" and so on to the end of the calendar. (I may remark in passing that the "Father of the two swords" is the saint who has under his special care the votaries of Venus.) Such a scene of blind superstition as that room constantly presented I never before witnessed.

When we reached the convent we found only thirty or forty tents. They mostly belonged to tradesmen, who, like ourselves, had come early to secure a position. The number of those who had brought their barrels of wine and great demijohns of arrack, and had already so temptingly arranged their many-colored bottles in their booths, gave promise of lively times. Within the court of the convent were a few choice shops, and we found we were in time for just the one we wished beside the church door, the price of which had been too high for those who preceded us. Awid, however, with his usual business tact, secured possession for four dollars, which he insisted was sufficient hire for the week, though our friend Makar insisted as stoutly that it was only the pledge to nail the bargain, and that the full rent must be forthcoming at the end of the week. Awid, however, carried his point; for he maintained that, in selling Bibles and religious books, we were doing the work of the Church which they should do, and therefore they should give us the shop free. And truly four dollars seemed enough for a little open stall three feet by four, which could boast of nothing but its position; for there every person who visited the Sitt or entered the

church must pass, and almost step over us and our books. But this bargain was only a specimen of the system of gouging which was there carried on. Six piastres for a water-jar, and eleven for a small tent mat, of which hundreds were needed by the visitors, and other things in proportion; the full price of the article charged for its hire for a week, and this year after year! One would think they would be satisfied with the thousands which come in as regular fees for priestly services done, and votive offerings, and that they would exercise the famous Egyptian hospitality in these smaller matters. But this is a great money-making institution, and it must be worked to the utmost.

This piece of business finished, we returned to our tent for the evening, where we found Barsum, a friend of Awid, from Mansoura, who had at last year's Mulid bravely stood by Awid in a hard-fought battle about the truth of the phantoms in the chamber of imagery, in which Awid's infidelity cost him a sound beating. Barsum is a noble, intelligent, and pious man —one of the princes who should "come out of Egypt." He stuck to us through our three days' battle, and each evening he invited us to dine and spend the evening with him, where we enjoyed the opportunity of speaking the Word to many of his circle of acquaintance.

The next morning we commenced work in our little shop, and as the crowds were now coming in we were kept busy enough. As I usually find that the more I have to work the less I write, my notes of these three days of hard work are very scanty, and I must fill up the brief outline chiefly from memory. My plan was to spend the forenoon and part of the afternoon at the shop, helping Awid. Then, when the reclining sun gave me a shady spot beside our tent, I went down, and, spreading our mats, a small audience of passers-by, of whom Barsum and his friends usually formed the nucleus, gathered together, and I spent an hour reading and talking to them, and then in the evening in Barsum's large tent. Occasionally, too, I would retire from the sultry heat and exciting discussions of the shop to the seething suffocation of the phantom-room to witness what was going on there, and then to the church, whose high arches furnished a delightfully cool retreat, where I would sit a while on a mat and refresh myself while viewing the doings of those who came there to pay their vows and offer their devotions to the Sitt. I will try to convey some idea of what was going on at each of these places.

First, at the book-shop. We were almost constantly surrounded by a circle, who were purchasing or reading our books. The Copts, before buying, usually wish to dip here and there pretty deeply into a book to see if it is orthodox doctrine. This, when one is in a hurry, is a great vexation; for they are never in a hurry, and will not be pressed. When one has time enough it is profitable; for these readings often bring up passages which call for explanation and lead to discussions, and thus there is never any lack of a text and a subject. One never need come to these encounters with any set speech, for it can not be foreseen what direction the discussion will take. A warm heart, a ready tongue, an intimate acquaintance with the prejudices and notions of those addressed, and a fund of Scripture proofs always at hand—these are the requisites for success in this work. We had two of our men from the boat with us. One of these we left at the tent to guard the stuff and make provision for our bodily wants, and the other we sent around among the tents with a bag of books, and he had good success in selling to those who did not come up to the church, or did not wish to purchase there.

Early Wednesday morning the great event of the Mulid, which had been looked forward to with great interest by all, took place, viz., the arrival, in great pomp and circumstance, of the Patriarch, accompanied with Botros, the Bishop or Metropolitan of Cairo. (He alone of the thirteen bishops of the Coptic Church enjoys the title "Metropolitan.") He is an able man, and last year made a strenuous attempt for the Patriarchate; but two objections were found to him. First, he had lost two joints of one of his fingers; and, second, his father was his mother's second husband—that is, he was not the son of a virgin mother. The Patriarch retired to the reception-room above, where he received the respects of those who chose to call upon him. I was urged by all to do so, but felt no inclination, and so excused myself till the morrow, saying that his Holiness must be weary from his long journey and needed rest. On the morrow I found it necessary to leave, and so did not see him at all. Awid, however, in the afternoon, when I was down at the tent, went up to call upon him. After the salutations, in which Awid only offered him the respect due to a man, not the adoration of a God, as was the custom with the others, he asked Awid, "What are you now—a Copt or what?" Awid answered him, "I am a Christian, I hope." He asked, "And were you not a Christian before you turned Protestant?" "No," Awid answered, "I was then a heathen." This sharp answer his Holiness received in good part, and laughed heartily; and after asking the same question and receiving the same answer as to Awid's wife, and some more sparring, he left. The Bishop was more condescending. During the forenoon he came down and sat a long time with Awid and me at the book-shop. He looked over our books, and asked if we had any thing new; and then he said aside to us, so that the bystanders could not hear, "You have the truth in these books." Awid, with his usual readiness, answered him, "Then oh, our Father, why don't you follow the truth?" He raised his hand, closed his fingers, and emphatically moving it, as the Arabs usually do when about to say something important, he answered, "My son, *this is an office*"—plainly implying that he too was a Protestant in sentiment, and would be one in open profession but for his office. At

Cairo he had obtained from Awid and clandestinely read most of our books; and how, knowing as he did that those books so effectually set aside the Coptic faith, he could yet allow us to go on selling them there, when one word or a bare hint from him would have been sufficient to put an end at once to our work, seemed passing strange. "It is the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes." Formerly he was not so tolerant. When, several years ago, our good Father Makhiel first professed Protestantism, he had him inveigled into a house one dark night, where he was thrown upon his face in the mud, and beaten almost to death; but he would not recant.

Before leaving he told Awid aside one thing which filled our hearts with sadness. He said, "Since you Protestants hold to the purity of the Gospel, and have done so much good, and are in general such good men, why do you allow in your ranks that man Beshetly? He has a female slave with whom he is notoriously living on terms of too great intimacy, and I am informed that in a couple of months fruits are expected from this intimacy." Now we knew that Beshetly was an able man and a bold witness against the errors of the Church, and was therefore the object of the deadly hate of the priesthood. The report therefore we thought might be true or not. It at least seemed evident that he believed it, and the bare suspicion of its truth put a burning coal in our hearts. But more of this in the sequel.

Connected with our labors in the book-shop, I must give some account of our friend Makar's doings. Poor man! it seemed he had to be every where, and with that one eye of his see and attend to every thing. He is a tall, raw-boned man, with a good deal of executive capacity, which seemed tasked to the utmost. Wherever there was a row or quarrel, a case to be settled, a bargain to be made, or money to be received, there his towering form was conspicuous among the sea of heads. When he could find time, or needed to rest a while, he came and sat down beside us on the church steps, and here causes were brought to him for judgment, and votive offerings to be received, and thus we had an opportunity of observing many cases of sharp practice as well as of monkish jurisprudence. At former Mulids it has been usual for several policemen to be present. This year there were none, and so, besides his other onerous duties, he had to perform all the police duty of this whole encampment of feasting and carousing pilgrims. I may here state that, when I left on Thursday morning, it was estimated that there were over three hundred tents on the ground, and yet they were coming. On my ride of two hours down to the river that morning I met 240 pilgrims still on their way thither, and that by this one road, besides those who came from other directions. He seemed often quite confused and distracted with the multiplicity of calls upon him, and I heartily pitied him. I will give a few examples of what I saw.

Word came to him that there had been a great quarrel and fight in the church between two of the blind Areefs (or schoolmasters) about the division of some of the spoils. He immediately sent for the culprits, and when they came one of them had his finger badly bitten by the other, who, he loudly complained, had first "eaten" some of his perquisites and then fell upon his finger. Without stopping to hear the other side of the story he ordered the other one to be held, and called for a "Korbaj" (a heavy whip of hippopotamus), when he administered to him several very heavy blows.

Again word came from the encampment without that some one had violated the renowned chastity of the Mulid by bringing dancing-girls to it to ply their trade. The girls were immediately sent away, and the man who had brought them was incarcerated in the convent lock-up. I did not see the propriety of the latter clause of this sentence, unless it was from a fear that, if he sent the man away with them, he might only remove his tent to a more distant part of the surrounding plain and get up a party in his favor, and thus bid him defiance.

Also that another had brought, with his barrels of wine and arrack, musicians with their instruments of music. The Arabs, when they drink, want the accompaniments, viz., music and the dance. To those who are acquainted with the Oriental music and dancing in vogue on these occasions I need not describe how obscene they are. Makar gave judgment that the musicians must pack off with their instruments; but this time he was a little too fast. As the phrase is, "he put his foot into it." The man who had hired and brought them was a Greek, and he soon appeared strongly backed by a company of his brother Greek grog-sellers. (Most of this trade, I am happy to say to the credit of the Copts, is in the hands of the Greeks.) He loudly protested against the judgment; said he did not know that the Mulid had any such rule; that all drank, and music was a necessary accompaniment of drinking; that he had been at great expense in bringing the musicians, and that if sent away he would demand damages; and he clenched all by drawing from his bosom a long passport showing that he was a European protégé; and said that on his return he would enter complaint at his consulate. This staggered poor Makar, and he handed me the paper and asked if it was a true passport. I told him it seemed to have all the necessary signatures and seals, and that the only question could be as to whether the name mentioned in it was that of the man holding it. But, though staggered, still Makar held strongly to his decision; and for a time matters looked very warlike; but finally he began to conclude that prudence was the better part of valor, and asked me what he had better do. I told him that the man on his return to Damietta would doubtless institute against him a troublesome and expensive lawsuit; and that, after all, there was not much use in straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel; and that

if the people were suffered to drink they might about as well have the music. I never played the lawyer in so bad a cause, and my client triumphed.

This system of giving European passports to natives whose circumstances make it worth their while to purchase them is a great nuisance. One day, as I was walking down to the tent, I saw a native who evidently had a heavy cargo of arrack aboard, and who, as he flourished his arms all a-kimbo, to steady his navigation, cried out, "I am a French protégé for seven hundred piastres!" The consular agent who sold him the passport did not, I apprehend, anticipate its being noised abroad so publicly.

But the above was not the only instance in which Makar was forced to eat his own words. While sitting beside us a man came to him saying that —— had a shop (viz. a little square of ground) just without the convent gate for *so much*—mentioning the sum—and that he (the speaker) would give so much, mentioning a much larger sum. Makar immediately gave judgment that the other man should be turned out and this man take the shop. This brought forward the other man, who bitterly complained, but without avail, until some one came and whispered in Makar's ear that this man came every year and brought a large votive offering to the Sitt, when judgment was reversed and the man was allowed to keep his shop.

Another man, who had hired a bit of ground within the inclosure just in front of our shop, on which he exposed his trinkets for sale, managed to take under his wing a friend who had a box of soap to sell. Makar's quick eye detected the artifice, and nearly an hour's angry altercation was the result; and finally the man had to pay an extra dollar for the privilege of selling his soap in his friend's shop.

Word came from the church that a Muslim was within, paying his devotions to the Sitt. The sentence was immediately issued, "Put him out!" and out he came, though it cost quite a tussle. I may here remark that the Muslims also believe in Sitt Damiane. They say she was a Muslim saintess, and that the Copts stole her from them. I am inclined to believe they are right; for in all my reading in Coptic church history I have not been able to find her name. On my return to the river I asked a Muslim boatman whether he had not been up to pay his respects to the Sitt? "No," he said, "but I read to her a fatahah (opening chapter of the Kuran), and it has reached her"—a pretty long journey for a fatahah.

Another case aroused my sympathies even more than that of the Muslim who was dragged out. Word came to Makar that there were within some beggars who were receiving pretty large contributions from the people. It seemed too bad that all should not go into the pocket of Damiane. Makar's only eye was single in its regards to her interests, and the beggars were ordered out. They came, a motley group, blind and halt and maimed, and raised a vociferous chorus of complaint against his act. He was firm, however, and forbade their re-entering the church during the feast. One of them, an old shriveled woman, shrieked out, "Can't we go into the church to worship?" This was a poser. Makar hesitated a moment; but the interests of Damiane triumphed, and he thundered out, "No, you pigs—did *you* come here to worship? Away to your homes, and cursed be ye and he that brought you." I was left in doubt, and I think most present were, whether by the last expression he meant God, or only meant to intimate that some one had brought them there as a speculation. At any rate the remark was received with no favor. The by-standers shook their heads and exchanged significant glances. But Makar was now on the high horse, and he went on to reform another abuse. "And," he said, "any priest from any other place who baptizes a child, or says prayers, or hears confessions, or performs any other priestly service in the tents or in the church, cursed and anathema be he from the Saviour and his holy Apostles, from the saints and martyrs and the poor servant" (meaning himself). A couple of priests stood by, and their heads immediately dropped. Whether they had been guilty in this point I know not; their hopes, however, of doing any further business there were cut off. Thus the banks of the stream of gold which was pouring in were raised high and strong. It all emptied itself into the lap of Damiane—at least what did not go to the Greeks. And now I will leave Makar sitting on the church steps and receiving the votive offerings and dues of the Sitt as they are handed to him by those who enter, or brought out by his faithful coadjutors, the three priests belonging to the convent, who are at the same work within the church, and laying his hand, after it has been kissed by them, upon the heads of those who come to him, and giving them the Apostolic benediction.

Let us go in for a while to see what is doing there. And, first, let us step into the chamber of imagery, the camera obscura, where the miraculous phantoms pass and repass on the wall. It is crowded, and the close air and stench from so many dirty, sweaty bodies is almost insufferable. During the intervals of the apparitions a man, who seemed to have this department in charge, chanted in a low and not unmusical voice the praises of the Virgin and the Sitt; and then, when the shadow comes, he and all, with uplifted hands or outstretched necks, scream out the ejaculations and prayers of which I have already given a specimen. When these shadows flitted over the wall the people below put me in mind of a nest of young birds, with outstretched necks, open bills, and chattering throats, awaiting the mother bird hovering over them. Once, when the interval was longer than usual, the man who chanted entertained the astonished group by relating how, early that morning, he came there alone, and the Virgin and St. George came and stood there more than an hour. He said they looked down upon him as if they would

speak to him, but they did not, and he did not dare to speak to them, but stood fixed in his place and affrighted.

Several times, when the people saw that I had no petitions to offer, and made no demonstrations when the shadows passed (there may, too, have been something of incredulity, perhaps of sarcasm, in my countenance), they came to me and privately asked what I had to say of this. I plainly told them that the shadows were produced by people walking on the roof before the aperture, and I also constantly told the truth to the people whom we met, especially in the tent of Barsum; but Awid and I had agreed that we would reserve our full exposure upon the house tops of this great imposture till the last great day of the feast, when our books should all have been sold. Otherwise we knew our work would be stopped in the very midst, and we thought a little of the wisdom of the serpent in place here.

One day a deranged girl was brought in to have the devil cast out of her. Poor thing! There she sat in the midst of the crowd sweating and gasping for breath, while those around her were constantly vexing her by asking if she felt no better nor different; if the devil was not yet coming out of her, and the like. I am sure if she had had seven devils, or even a legion in her, they would, under such a discipline, have taken their flight for more comfortable quarters. I do not think she was deranged; but whatever may have been her state, this course of treatment must produce some effect. If mad, it might possibly make her sane; if sane, it was enough to craze her. They say that in such cases, when the demon comes out, he leaves a spot of blood on the garment above the place where he makes his exodus. I have heard many strange stories on this subject, but have not yet sufficiently sifted them to expose the cheat.

They said that not only did the shadows appear by day, but forms of light passed over the wall by night. These, I suppose, were from persons carrying lanterns on the roof. I went up two different evenings, and though the room was crowded with people as by day, we saw nothing; all was darkness. One night some giggling and other demonstrations gave evidence that some Greek lads and lasses, or other interloping Infidels, were forgetting themselves, or rather were thinking too much of themselves and each other, and forgetting the sanctity of the place, when an old Coptess fell upon them and gave them such a sound cursing that they were glad to retreat.

But we have breathed this stifling atmosphere long enough. Let us go into the church and sit down upon the cool floor a while, and see what is going on there. The mats are new and clean. The silk curtains before the altars are the gayest and newest of the large store which devotees have brought as votive offerings to the Sitt, and all is in holiday dress, for on the last great day of the feast the Patriarch himself is to perform high mass here; and the picture of the Sitt, surrounded by her forty Virgins, looks less stiff and formal and staring than the stereotype pattern which may be seen in all the Coptic churches throughout the land. Indeed she seems almost smiling upon the worshipers who file along as each of them stops to pay her his devotions. The walls are disfigured by charcoal remembrancers—"O Lord remember thy servant Abdallah!" "O Sitt Damiane, help!" etc.—as well as snatches from the Gospel and Psalms.

But here are our friends the priests, plying their money-making trade. Two of them are now sitting before a woman, holding their hands and a beautifully jeweled cross upon her head, while one of them is repeating prayers to cure her of headache. She must be well attended to and thoroughly cured, for she has brought to the Sitt a candle four feet long and two inches thick, which is now burning before her picture. (As soon as the lady left, the candle was put out and set aside; doubtless to be sold to some other devotee of the Sitt wishing to do a nice thing for her, or to be used on some great occasion when all the congregation would say, "See how liberally the priests have provided for their patroness!")

The third priest has a stout young man in hand who has been troubled with a pain in the side. His doting mother stands by, as his side is bared and anointed with holy oil "in the name of the Lord Jesus, and all the saints and Sittna Damiane," and hereafter it will doubtless be well. He has done with him now, and received the fee in cash, and next, pulling down a little open lamp which is burning before the picture, he dips his finger into the oil and addresses himself to the task of crossing with it, upon their foreheads and between their breasts, some ladies who have come to him for the purpose. I trust his heart is in the prayer which in the mean time he is mumbling; but the Copts generally are beginning to whisper among themselves that this is not the business for monks who are under the vow.

This done, he turns to a man who wishes to buy and devote to the Sitt an oke (2¾ pounds) of candles. The price is 20 piastres (a double charge of course), and the man objects to the imposition, and an angry dispute is the consequence. Finally, the matter is referred to Makar without, who also says 20 piastres is the price, and the man submits. He takes the candles and arranges them on the little pierced board before the Sitt, insists on lighting them himself, though the priest protests it is not necessary for him thus to trouble himself, as he will attend to it after a little. The man, however, does it and then leaves, when the priest goes and extinguishes them, and puts them aside (of course to be sold to some one else); but in a little while the man happens in again, and asks where his candles are, and relights them.

This will suffice for a specimen of the doings of the priests. The people are constantly going and coming; and many, tempted like ourselves by the cool shade of these high arches, sit down and smoke and talk. The boys are around play-

ing and fighting and enjoying themselves generally; and to fill out the picture, myself sitting cross-legged upon the mat with my back supported by the reading-desk, and pencil and paper in hand, "A chiel amang them taking notes, and faith he'll prent 'em." On entering, most of the people do the round of the altars and pictures, performing their genuflections and crossings, and blessing themselves by rubbing their faces with the curtains, and touching or kissing the frames of the pictures. One I saw who had a sore eye. He touched the picture repeatedly with his fingers, and then passed it over his eye. I have not heard whether he afterward found that virtue had gone out of the sightless wood to make him see.

I also peeped in in the evenings, when I came to see the bright shadows upon the wall. I found that at night also the church was a favorite resort, as it was not only cool by day but warmer than the open air by night; small parties were seated here and there upon the floor, some of them smoking and drinking and playing cards. I witnessed one act there which was the most Christian one I saw in all the Mulid. One of these parties had become rather boisterous, and an old woman in the outer department of the church began to curse them, and ask them if they were Jews that they were thus drinking and going on in church? I think, from her voice, that it was she who cursed the Greeks for "cutting up" the night before in the Sitt's room. When she spoke she did not see who they were; but she soon learned who one of them was, to her sorrow; for a young man who, through the Mulid, had made himself conspicuous by his silver-wrought girdle and fine horse and swaggering gait, sprang out before her like a wild beast, and asked her what she meant to call the son of —— a Jew, and dealt her a sounding slap upon the cheek. Her feathers dropped. She humbly apologized that she did not know that the son of —— was there; but she added, "Should you strike an old woman thus?" and turning her other cheek, she said, "Strike this one also: the Gospel says we must do so."

Before taking you down to the tents we will go up stairs and call upon Gurgis, the old abbot of the convent, who has just been deposed by the new Patriarch to make place for his trusty favorite, Makar. He stays in a little upper room in the northwest corner of the convent. He never goes down nor mingles with the crowds below, but may often be seen disconsolately enough walking the roof in front of his door, usually alone, sometimes with a few of those who still cling to him in his fallen fortunes. These made interest with me to call upon him, and I did so. After they got me up there, and over the pipes and coffee, when all was pleasant and sociable and the old man most profuse in his professions of resignation and gratitude to God, they brought it about, very neatly, as Arabs always do such things, that the object was to have me intercede with the Patriarch for his reinstatement. But I have lived long enough to know that there is no use talking against a "foregone conclusion," nor a "fait accompli," nor yet in interfering with an Eastern potentate's favorite; and so I had conscientious scruples on the subject, doubts as to whether the Patriarch would receive my intercessions; at least "we will see." The appearance of the man was strongly against his suit. I have seldom seen a man in the East who looked so much like a Western sot, and I subsequently heard enough of his past rule and doings for nearly twenty years to assure me that I was right in not wasting sympathy upon him. I was told that for years, under the easy rule of the last Patriarch, his capacious stomach had engulfed all or nearly all the revenues of the Sitt, and a large part of them in the form of arrack and fat sheep. Indeed the Greeks used to have a fine time of it during his administration. Their trade was not an uncertain one, for the stores which they had left at the end of the Mulid he took in the barrel, and the sheep of the Arabs who supply the Mulid in the flock, and then keeping some of his choice friends with him, they kept a second high feast, offering meat-offerings and pouring out libations in praise of the Sitt for weeks. I may give the following specimen of his rule, which was subsequently related to me by our friend Barsum. Several years ago, his (Barsum's) son George, being in the church at the Mulid, witnessed some improper conduct on the part of some young men from the Said, which he openly rebuked. The young men seized their opportunity when he was outside the convent to fall upon him and beat him terribly. As soon as the young man recovered sufficiently he went into the convent and complained to Father Gurgis, who, without taking the trouble to inquire into the case, ordered him thrown and had a severe bastinadoing administered to him. Word was now brought to Barsum in his tent that his son George had been killed. He immediately started for the convent, and on his way the story was told him. When he appeared before the dignitary of the place he could obtain no hearing, but was ordered away into a dark room, where he was put into irons and shut up, and was struck a severe blow on the head, which caused him to faint. The people without, hearing what had happened, grasped their guns and clubs and fell upon the convent, determined to deliver him and have revenge on Father Gurgis, who was forced to retire to his room and barricade the door, and finally to send out peace-makers to compose the quarrel.

And now let us take a stroll among the tents. They are pitched very closely together and at random, without plan or regularity, so that one has to be constantly on his guard lest he be tripped up by the ropes. By day the men are mostly quiet, sleeping off the effects of last night's debauch. The women and female slaves (and I never before realized that so many of the Copts possessed them) are about, attending to the duties of the kitchen or gossiping from tent to tent. The Bedouins are in the outskirts of the encampment with their flocks of sheep, and,

like Israel on the night of the Passover, almost each house, "according to the eating thereof," must daily have its lamb. The servants of the Sitt are carrying up to the convent back-loads of pelts; for the law of Moses here reigns, and the skins are the perquisite of the priests. Often, too, a choice quarter with the "rump (tail), and the fat thereof," are sent up with the pelts. By night, feasting and drinking are the order of the programme. I have already intimated that Venus is no favorite with the Sitt; and it is well, or this would be a hell. But surely Bacchus must have been her brother-in-law, or some other very near relative, for in all my residence in the East I have not seen so much drinking as during those few days. The Orientals have some peculiarities in their drinking. First, almost without exception, "they that are drunken are drunken in the night." Second, they do all their drinking upon an empty stomach, before touching their late dinner. This will often be delayed till late in the night, and a guest who is intent on deep potations will often be offended at the man of the house for ordering dinner too early, as it is understood that after eating there is to be no more drinking. The beverage mostly used is "arrack," which is a spirit distilled from wine, or dates, or raisins, and is as sharp and pungent but not quite so heavy as our brandy. A green-headed barrel of New England rum, from a cargo on which some missionary has probably gone out to Smyrna in one of the fruit vessels which ply between Boston and that place, may also occasionally be seen. The effects of all this spirit upon empty stomachs may be imagined. I shall not attempt to describe the orgies of those maddened crowds, yelling, fighting, singing, dancing, gambling, and then, finally, gorging themselves with their heavy suppers and tumbling over to sleep.

But my stay here must be brought abruptly to a close. I undertook this journey, fleeing from the sentence of the doctors that I must go home, and hoping by it to secure a stock of health which would carry me through the hot summer at Cairo. But the labors by day, and the cold bed upon the ground in the open tent by night, were too much for me, and Wednesday afternoon I concluded to leave the next morning. That night the hospitality of our new-made friends made it necessary for me to feign to eat three dinners, and give offense by declining a fourth. The last of the three was at our friend Barsum's. It was late in the evening, and I was sorry to find him and his friends squatting in a circle in the midst of the tent around the arrack cups. I read him a lecture on temperance, or rather total abstinence, as he had never been free in the use of the article—to all of which he heartily assented. When rising, and extending my hand, I told him that I too was a priest, and had the power of binding and loosing as well as he who had that day prohibited his brother priest from praying or baptizing, he took my hand, and solemnly pledged his faith that he would not again touch the cup which was working such havoc around. He had evidently long felt it his duty to take this step; and, once taken, he felt so joyful over it that he wished at once to go into the other tent to tell his wife and children.

After dinner Awid, weary with the labors of the day, went to our tent to sleep, and I went up with Barsum and two or three of his friends for a final visit to the convent. We found Makar, with his three trusty priests and a few friends, sitting on the seat without the convent gate, eating a late supper, after the long toils of the day. As Barsum, although apparently convinced of the truth of my explanation of the day shadows, seemed yet to be staggered with the report of the night apparitions, I took him within to the Sitt's room, and we remained some time, but saw nothing. It was crowded as usual; and while there my spirit was so stirred within me that, notwithstanding the compact Awid and I had made not to disturb the shadows until the books were sold, I felt that I could not leave without at least making an attempt with Makar and the priests who had been so kind to us during our stay. On our return we found that they had finished discussing their dinner and the day's toils and gains, and were quietly enjoying their post-prandial pipes and coffee. They bade us be seated, when, as kindly as I could (and it was not a put-on kindness, for my heart yearned over those deluded ones within), I opened the subject. I told him that he should shut that orifice in the Sitt's room; that, as he had come there so recently, we could not yet suppose him a willing party in the cheat; but that it was lamentable to see Christ's servants, purchased with his precious blood, thus worshiping shadows, etc. At first he was much confused, and pretended not to understand to what I referred; but he soon recovered himself, and insisted that the shadows were true miracles, and started off in the praise of the many virtues and wonders of the Sitt. I told him, "Very well: if the miracle be true, let us stop up the aperture, and the shadows will still appear—that the east one would still be open, and was enough for light and ventilation." He said, "Do so; stop it up if you wish;" but at the same time told a story of a man who one year undertook to stop it with his coat, and the Sitt burned his coat. I told him I would risk my coat; and, acting on his permission, I started for the gate, but he called me back; and then he threw aside the veil, and stood forth the bold deceiver. He used language which implied that he knew it was a cheat; but that it would not answer to stop it up—that the people would not endure it, etc. In this latter I have no doubt he was right; that the next day, had the people found that their shadowy gods had disappeared, there would have been found a crowd, like that of Ephesus, to cry by the hour, "Great is Damiane, protectress of the two seas and the two lands!" and that, were it known that he and I had spirited away the shadows, they would have been ready to tear us in pieces. I told him that I had to leave the next morn-

ing; that I had now done my duty in warning him of this imposture; and that, if he did not put a stop to it, I could not be held responsible if I exposed the cheat to the public, and made his name and that of the Sitt stink in all the land of Egypt. He said I should not be responsible, and so I left him.

When I got down to the tent, and awaked Awid and told him what I had done, he was much concerned as to the reception he and his books would meet with the next day; but I knew he was, as the Arabs say, "as big as his position," which, being interpreted, means equal to any emergency, and that in case of trouble he would have a strong party with him.

Next morning I arose early for the journey, and found that Barsum had provided a very fine horse for me. As I was leaving I saw that Makar was already up and without the convent gate. I rode up to him, and bade him farewell; but there was an evident coolness in his manner, and he barely touched with the tips of his fingers my cordially extended hand, while he formally wished me a safe journey and a happy return of my visit to the Sitt. I turned from him, vowing vengeance in my heart against him and his Sitt, and planning how I might best execute it—whether by writing and publishing an exposure of the imposture, or by arranging one of the rooms in our mission-house at Cairo as a camera obscura, and inviting the pilgrims, on their return by way of Cairo, to come up and witness greater miracles than those they had gone so far to see. (This I did one year at Alexandria, when the pilgrims returned there from the Mulid, loud in the praise of the Sitt and her miracles.) But what took place there that day, and the course pursued by the Patriarch and Bishop—the highest authorities in the Church—convinced me that the time for such open war had not yet arrived. That morning Awid went up to the shop with just apprehensions as to the reception he and his books would meet with from Makar and his friends. He opened and arranged his wares, but no one came to purchase. He waited—still no one came. He then shut his shop, and went up directly to the Patriarch and asked him why he had prohibited the people from buying books. The Patriarch called God to witness that he had done no such thing; but Awid insisted that he must have done so, as all the people had suddenly stopped buying. The Patriarch then called Makar up, and the matter was explained, and he said, "Why did not Mr. L—— speak to me about it, and I would have suffered him to shut the orifice?" He then went down and the Bishop with him, and each of them bought a Bible, and paid the price before all the people, and then, holding them up, said, "See, we have bought books: come now, all of you, and buy." There was then a rush for the book-shop, and all its Bibles and Testaments, and most of the other books, were soon sold.

During this conference the Patriarch said to Awid, "Shall I tell you something?" "Yes," said Awid, "if your Holiness pleases." When he said, "I love Mr. L——." To which Awid answered, "And I also will tell your Holiness something. Mr. L—— used to love you before you were Patriarch, but I don't know how it is with him now." I have not told this story to insinuate that Mr. L—— must be a very amiable man to be so beloved by this successor of St. Mark, but as a nail upon which to hang a story illustrative of the manner in which, in many cases, these old saints and saintesses acquired their influence among an ignorant and superstitious people. Last year I went with Mr. THAYER, our consul-general, to the Convent of Makar and the other convents of Nitria. The Patriarch was then Abbot of Makar, and we found him down at the Nile near Wordan, amidst the flocks and herds belonging to the convent. He received us very kindly; and when we told him that we wished to visit the convents he furnished us a guide and a monk to go with us, and other necessaries for the journey. On the third day we returned—a journey of thirteen hours—over a howling, barren desert, all intersected with paths, and in a burning sirocco day. When we reached him his first question was, "Where are your guides and men?" And when we told him we had left them early in the morning he held up his hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Thirty years have I journeyed back and forth over that desert, and to this day I dare not venture it without a guide. The Lord Jesus and his angels have brought you." He immediately refreshed us with milk and coffee, the most grateful we had ever tasted, almost dying as we were from weariness and thirst, when he gave orders for the slaying of the fatted lamb. But we could not stay; so we went down to the boat, and he accompanied us. When we reached the boat I said to him, "You see we have a nice, comfortable boat. Come, now, and go with us to Cairo." He said, "Why should I go to Cairo?" I said, "That we may make you Patriarch. No one is to be made Patriarch of the Coptic Church but you." He laughed, and said, "No, that can not happen." I insisted that it must happen, and that he was just the man they were looking for. They were looking for just such a man, tall and of commanding person, with a good beard, and, withal, without brains; for the old fogy party had had enough of enlightenment—Protestantism as they called it—in the last Patriarch, who was an able man, partially enlightened, and disposed to reform the Church, but crazy; and they were determined to have this time, as they plainly said, a donkey—that is, a man of the old school, and I saw he was just the man for them. Still, there was not then the most distant prospect of the fulfillment of my prophecy. The bishops had then been for months in Cairo quarreling over the matter, and each one striving to obtain the office for himself. Besides, there was no precedent for electing a Patriarch from any other convent than Antonius, near the Red Sea. I merely said the thing to rally and flatter him a little after all his kindness to us. But, by

one of those queer movements which our American politicians understand so well, it was hardly a month after that before all parties saw the necessity of uniting upon some unknown man; and they did so upon him, and, according to the old custom of "Nolo episcopari," they got Government soldiers to go and bring him from the mountains in chains. He was ordained Patriarch of the Coptic Church under the name Demetrius; and he had hardly squared himself upon the throne before he said, "Mr. L—— said it, that I should be Patriarch. He is a true prophet." Other things have since shown that that circumstance had a great influence on his mind; and if posterity makes Demetrius a saint, and honors him, like St. George, with a "meimer" (a word which, in our English, has become memoir) and a picture, I expect to figure in them, like little Athanasius of old, as the dragon.

I have told the above story to illustrate how common sinners have often been made saints by a superstitious people. No one can read the life of Athanasius himself without concluding that it was thus in a great measure that he became the great St. Athanasius of the orthodox, and the great wizard and magician of the age with the heretics.

Barsum's horse took me down to the river before the sun became hot; and well it was, for I was hardly in the boat and started before it turned to be the hottest day I have ever experienced in Egypt. Indeed, the oldest resident tells nothing of any such day, and had we many such Egypt would deserve the epithet usually applied to it by the Syrians, Gehennem. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The air was as hot as the blast of a furnace. A dark, misty haze hung over the dead waters of the river in which the cattle and buffaloes were lying, the latter with only their eyes and nostrils out of water, which also they occasionally plunged under by way of driving away the flies, and among them the men and boys of the villages, the latter by their joyous shouts and gambols furnishing the only exhibition of life that could be seen, the cool water counterbalancing with them the effects of the hot air. The women, too, as they came down with their water-jars threw them down, and stripping off their loose robes plunged in with the rest; and the swallows, quitting their gay gyrations in the air, were sitting disconsolately on the beach wondering why they, too, might not bathe. I followed the example of the rest, and retired to the bath-room and sat in the cold water as long as I dared; and then, when I came out, it was but a few minutes until my mouth and nostrils were again parched, and my brains as if bursting from heat. The covers of the books around were twisting and writhing as if in agony; and the flies, attracted by the shade and the scent of the lunch I had brought with me, came in by thousands to vex me with that pertinacious clinging to one which is the peculiarity of the Egyptian fly. The deck was so hot that I could not stand upon it in my stockings; and to crown all, when evening came and I unrolled the lunch which they had given me at the tents—a cooked chicken and some meat and bread—I found it a mass of putridity, and I supped and breakfasted the next morning on a cup of tea without milk or sugar, and a piece of hard tack begged from the sailors, and hard and black enough it was. So much for an Egyptian sirocco. Home and its comforts were eventually reached, and were most welcome, and the sentence was renewed that a more distant home must be sought.

I must now finish the story of Beshetly, and then I am done. Beshetly is one of our elders, and the report of the Bishop concerning him, if true, was a sad one. We could not bear the thought of a wolf so soon turning up in our little flock. We found, too, that the report had begun to be whispered in Cairo. So, after consultation, we concluded, in the first instance, to send Salih, his brother elder, to him to see what he might say on the subject. Beshetly is the Peter, and Salih the John, of our band. The latter went to him: "Brother Beshetly, we have heard so and so about you. Is it true?" (He had instructions not to say that it was from us that he had heard it.) "It is all true," said the other. Salih, who is so modest a man that he seldom looks up when addressing one, did not look up to the face of the other, and, consequently, did not see the twinkle in his eye, nor the look of sarcasm with which he made his confession. He made his report to us, and we could only conclude, painful as it was, that the pruning-knife must already be applied to our Gospel tree. It was concluded that Salih and I should first see him alone, and try the effect upon him of plain Christian talk. So the two were sent for, and soon we were closeted in the study. "Beshetly, we have heard such and such reports about you." "*And not a word of them are true*," he answered, with great emphasis. "But—but—" we answered, quite staggered by this sudden turn of the affair, "whence those reports, and why did you yourself confess that they were true?" He then went on to explain; and to make a long story short, the reports were the inventions of his enemies the priests, provoked by his constant and bold attacks upon their superstitions; and he, original as he is able, weary with denying them, finally took the other tack, and to every one who said any thing to him on the subject, he said, "Yes, it is all so, and whose business is it but my own?" After reproving him for thus thoughtlessly bringing upon, or at least suffering others to bring upon, our Protestant Church such a reproach, we told him: "Go to the Bishop and confront him with his story, and the more people that may chance to be in the Patriarchate at the time the better; and you may incidentally inform his Holiness that we have an American consul, and an importation of American law and justice even here in Egypt, and that, according to American law, libel is a crime to be punished by the judges. Beshetly immediately sent his son, who was below in the school, to his house

to tell the maid to get herself ready, as he wished to take her out; and soon the two left, and, taking the maid with them, appeared in the Patriarchate, where they found the Bishop sitting in state, surrounded as usual by the council of the "pillars of the Church." Salih, now as bold as a lion, opened upon him with: "Your Holiness has reported so and so about our brother Beshetly here. We wish the truth of this matter to be known. Here is the maid. Call now your cunning women, and let them take her aside, and let an investigation be made into the truth of the report which your Holiness has seen fit to circulate." Thus the Bishop was transfixed and put to the wall by his lie; but in the Orient, even more readily than here, one lie begets another, and so he soon recovered himself, and said, "I never circulated such a report, nor have I heard it till this moment."

They had accomplished their purpose; and so they turned and came home, and reported what had occurred. Some of my readers will say, "What did you do next? He gave you the lie. Did you not pursue the matter?" No. We do not pursue falsehoods in the East; they fly too thick for that. We, however, did another thing. Taking Beshetly aside, we talked to him of the sin of slavery, and the occasion which thus, unknown to us, he had given the adversaries to reproach, and of the temptation which he had thus brought into his house; and told him that, as on the morrow we were to depart for America, we could only go with a light heart on condition that he would put away this slave. He is a poor man, with a large family, and we have already spoken of the difficulty of procuring female domestic help except in this way. It was therefore a great sacrifice to ask; but he only hesitated a moment, when the tears started, and he said, "You shall go with a light heart. I will do it." And subsequent accounts show that it has been done.

P.S.—The reader will notice in the preceding narrative some guesses at the identity of Sitt Damiane. After writing the article, in thinking over the doings of the pilgrims in going and returning in their boats, a passage which I had long since read in Herodotus was suggested. Starting immediately for the book, I found in it the following passages (Book II., chapters LIX. and LX.):

"LIX. In the course of the year the Egyptians celebrate various public festivals; but the festival in honor of Diana at the city of Bubastis is the first in dignity and importance. The second is held in honor of Isis at the city Busiris, which is situated in the middle of the Delta, and contains the largest temple of that goddess. Isis is called in the Greek tongue Demeter, or Ceres. The solemnities of Minerva observed at Sais are the third in consequence. The fourth are at Heliopolis, and sacred to the sun. The fifth are those of Latona at Butos. The next those of Mars, solemnized at Papremis.

"LX. They who meet to celebrate the festival at Bubastis embark in vessels, a great number of men and women promiscuously mixed. During the passage some of the women strike their tabors, accompanied by the men playing on flutes. The rest of both sexes clap their hands and join in chorus. Whatever city they approach the vessels are brought to shore. Of the women some continue their instrumental music. Others call aloud to the females of the place, provoke them by injurious language, dance about, and indecently throw aside their garments. This they do at every place near which they pass. On their arrival at Bubastis the feast commences by the sacrifice of many victims, and on this occasion a greater quantity of wine is consumed than in all the rest of the year. The natives report that at this solemnity seven hundred thousand men and women assemble, not to mention children."

In chapter CLV. we also find this passage:

"The Egyptian oracle * * * is a temple of Latona, situated in the midst of a great city on the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, at some distance up the river from the sea. The name of the city, as I have before observed, is Buto, and in it are two other temples also, one of Apollo and one of Diana."

In these extracts we doubtless have the truth as to the genealogy of Sitt Damiane. The description is exact in all its particulars. The position upon the Sebennytic branch of the Nile, near Lake Buto, now Boorlos, the actions of the pilgrims, singing and dancing, with instrumental music, and the women uncovering or unveiling themselves, the "abundant sacrifices," and the heavy consumption of wine—all are exact.

I am not, however, so sure whether the goddess who is now worshiped as Damiane was Diana, or Isis, or Latona. Taking Herodotus in these and other passages as our guide, much might be said in favor of each of them; and here is an opportunity for a learned disquisition. But this is not my department. And having given the text, I will leave the Egyptologers to their learned wranglings on the subject; and while they are on the subject they may also settle it why Herodotus, chapter CLVI., says that Apollo and Diana are the children of Bacchus (Osiris) and Isis, while they all say that Osiris and Isis had but one child, whose name was Horus. For my part, I hold to Herodotus, the father of history. His simple, straightforward narrative gives evidence that he was, at least, as honest an inquirer as our modern savans; and as he visited Egypt over 2300 years ago, he must have enjoyed as good opportunities of learning the truth as they do in these days.

There is now too much to do to leave time for these learned investigations. When the millennium comes we will have ample time to study Egyptian antiquities, and to praise God that his Gospel has triumphed in spite of the Egyptologers.

THE COOL CAPTAIN.

IT was the September of '62. "The Cliffs" had not been so gay as usual, but perhaps had seldom been pleasanter; and all our party had resolved to stay until the September storms were over. The very last day of summer an addition had been made to our number—Captain Saltonstall of the Thirty-fourth, on furlough. Of course a live hero, with an actual scar on his forehead, was worth making an idol of; and the way all the girls followed, and petted, and crowd-

ed round him was something to see. Marcia called him "Dagon," and laughed a good deal about the fashion in which he was worshiped. He had been there a week when, one morning, we sat in the bay-window of the long, low parlor, she and I, both watching him, with his usual circle of admirers clustering round him, "like a bee round a flower," I happened to say. Marcia laughed.

"Rather a tough flower, Ruthie. I'm not going to call him 'Dagon' any more. He's such an ungracious idol. Just see how cavalierly he takes all their homage. I'll tell you who he makes me think of—the 'Cool Captain,' in 'Sword and Gown.'"

I looked at Marcia, and saw a gleam of interest I did not like in the violet eyes which were watching Captain Saltonstall.

"I wish he had never come," I said, petulantly. "I should not care to see you playing Cecil to his Royston."

Just then he got away from his admirers and came up to us.

"Isn't it a fine day?" with that curl of his mustached lip which always vexed me into spitefulness, because it made me think he was laughing at me.

"No," I said, "it is a wretched day. The sky is gloomy, and the wind wails, and there is a damp clinging mist in the air worse than rain."

"But I think I like it," Marcia said, perversely. "There is a sad sort of music in the wind, a complaining melody, like the lament of a bereaved Siren, and the mist is salt and suggestive like the sea."

Captain Saltonstall's gray eyes flashed out one spark of triumph, then, with a bow,

"I am glad you like it, Miss Marcia. I wish, if you do not fear the damp, you would go to walk with me. But I suppose you dare not venture off the piazza. Thin boots, of course!"

Marcia laughed lightly, holding out for inspection a foot cased in dainty little brodekins, with clicking heels, and soles half an inch thick.

"*Vive la* common sense! You see you do not keep advised of the changes of fashion. I will walk as fast and as far as you like."

I followed her as she went for her hat and shawl, and asked her how she thought Charley Cahill would like her going out with another escort. She turned upon me with a gesture of vexation and disdain.

"He has no right to like or dislike it. I am not engaged to Charley Cahill; and if he should attempt to dictate my movements, he would play a losing game."

I retreated discomfited, and wishing more than ever that Captain Saltonstall had never come to "The Cliffs."

I had loved Charley Cahill like a brother from my childhood. He was my cousin, but not Marcia's. Marcia was only my adopted sister—a legacy in her babyhood to my mother from a dying friend. I do not think, though, that if she had been of our own blood any of us could have loved her more dearly. Yet I did not understand her very well. I had been thinking that she was learning to love Charley. She had certainly seemed pleased with his attentions since we had been at "The Cliffs." We had seen a good deal of him, for we were there under his mother's care, and he had been our constant escort. I knew that he loved Marcia from the depths of his strong, true heart, and I longed to have him win her. They were both so dear to me, I thought my happiness would be complete if I could see them made one.

I roamed around like a restless ghost while Marcia was away on her walk. Once I came upon Charley, perambulating in a similarly restless manner. He seized upon me at once.

"Where's Marcia? Where have you kept yourselves? Such a dull morning!"

"Gone to walk with Captain Saltonstall; and it vexes me. I don't like him."

Charley sighed.

"Don't be unjust, Ruth. They say he's a splendid soldier. His men worshiped him. They would follow him to the jaws of Death. He got that scar on his forehead leading a forlorn hope, after which half his men never saw daylight again."

"All the worse," I said. "I don't like him. I see something cold and cruel in that cool gray eye of his. It may make him a good soldier, but it wouldn't make him a good husband."

"You are exceptional in your opinion. You see how the women worship him. Ruth, I love Marcia."

"Did you ever tell her so?"

"No, she never would let me get near enough to her to talk about it. But she knows it, I think. Yet I don't want her if I can't make her happy."

"It isn't that. You could make her happy, but she don't see it. She is mad, like all the rest of them, after a hero. If you could only go to war!"

Charley smiled.

"Yes, if I could! But how can I with my mother opposing it as she does? Have I a right, when I am all she has in the world? Besides, that would never win me Marcia. If she can not love me now she would not then. Perhaps this Captain Saltonstall is the right one for her."

I went away from him. I felt cross. I was provoked with him for speaking so submissively of giving up the one hope of his life. I was provoked with the Captain. Most of all I was provoked with Marcia. Why could not she see as I saw?

She was gone nearly two hours. When she came back she was in one of her radiant moods. I stood on the piazza as she came up the walk, and thought again of "The Tresilyan." There was more than one point of resemblance. Marcia had the proud, buoyant step, the faultless figure, the violet eyes, the long, rippling chestnut hair, and the little red mouth. She looked like a picture in her short scarlet cloak, and her Tudor

hat with the black cock's feather nodding over its upturned brim. Her cheeks were as bright as her lips. Her eyes were sparkling, and her whole face was glowing with interest. I did not wonder at the admiring gaze of Captain Saltonstall.

It was hard after that for Charley or I to get many words out of her. The cool Captain maintained his post. Through the day he was constantly at her side. At night, when I had her to myself, she was always either too sleepy or too tired to talk. At least she said so. And yet I knew by her restless motions that she lay awake long after her head pressed the pillow.

Sometimes, when she thought I was asleep, she would get up very softly, fold a shawl about her, and sit for a long time at the open window looking out toward the sea. I knew not what dreams came to her with the salt sea breath. My sister had shut me out of her confidence. I believed that she was growing deeply interested in Captain Saltonstall; but I could not make up my mind whether he was in earnest or only trifling with her. I felt utterly at a loss what to do. I longed for the time to come for us to go away. Indeed, I suggested once to Charley Cahill that we had better go—I knew he could easily persuade his mother that we had best leave, and of course her decision would settle the matter for us all. He looked at me with kind, honest eyes.

"I know what you mean, Ruth, and why you want to go; but believe me it would not be best. It is better to let her stay and see it out. Let her understand herself and him; and then, if he can make her happy, God bless them."

I knew how keen a pang rent his honest heart at the thought of Marcia made happy by some one else; and I honored him for his unselfish wish, that she should have time and opportunity to choose her own fate. On the whole, I was convinced that he was right, and yet I waited very anxiously.

One night I was sitting alone on a rock by the shore, looking at the sea. A cliff jutting up behind me just screened me from sight, and they paced along a narrow path just back of where I was sitting—my sister and Captain Saltonstall. I heard only a single sentence of their talk. It was the Captain who spoke.

"I ought to have told you before, Marcia. I should, if I had dreamed of the possibility of our loving each other."

It was just enough to set me thinking. What was this which he ought to have told her? Was it some secret which would interfere with their love? I don't know, but I hope so; and yet I could not have borne to see her suffer. I think I would almost have laid down my life for hers.

That evening they were both in the parlor as usual. No one save myself, probably, noticed any change in the manner of either. *I* could see, my observation stimulated by the sentence I had heard, that he was ill at ease, and that Marcia was half wild with some strange excitement. Pain, I felt sure it was, rather than pleasure; and yet she had never been so brilliant. Her cheeks glowed with a scarlet flush, her eyes were full of light, her lips seemed "double-dyed." She wore a white dress, with cardinal flowers, whose bright hue scarcely rivaled her lips and cheeks on her breast and in her hair. She talked and danced and sang, and still I wondered whether her heart was not aching—whether all her gayety was not a mask. She seemed in no hurry to retire. She waited, indeed, until the parlor was half cleared, and then as she was about to go her feet were stayed. Captain Saltonstall was at the piano, and beginning to sing. He had a deep, rich voice, and it seemed full of tears, threading its pathway through the tender, tremulous minor chords, as he sang:

"All the dreaming is broken through;
Both what is done and undone I rue;
Nothing is steadfast and nothing true
But your love for me, and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

"When the wild waves ebb, when the wild waves flow,
When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling, is all I know,
My dearest, dear little heart.

"The time is weary, the year is old;
The light of the lily burns close to the mould;
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold,
My dearest, dear little heart."

When he was through he got up and came to me, where I was standing beside Marcia.

"Good-by, Miss Armstrong," he said. "I shall be gone when you come down stairs in the morning. I do not think you have ever liked me very well, and I fear when you know all you will like me less. But do me the justice to believe that I meant no wrong, and I would lay down my life any moment to save your sister one pang."

He had spoken very low—so low that no one else heard him, unless possibly Marcia. There was a despairing gloom in his eyes that moved me to pity in spite of my prejudices. I could not refuse the hand he offered. As he turned away from me Marcia said something to him, almost in a whisper, which I did not hear. I just caught the words of his answer—

"I believe it. God bless you, and forgive me."

I did not say any thing to Marcia when we were at last alone in our own room. I thought I would wait for her confidence. But she did not seem inclined to bestow it. She undressed quietly and mechanically, folding up every article, and putting it away with unwonted care and precision, as if she wanted to prolong the occupation. When all was done she crept into bed, still silently. It was an hour, perhaps, that we lay there without speaking. At length I suppose she thought I was asleep, for she got up cautiously, and went and sat down at the window. There, presently, I heard her crying, very quietly, so as not to disturb me, but I could see how the sobs she strove to suppress shook her.

I could bear it no longer. I got out of bed and knelt down on the floor by her side, and put my arms around her.

"I love you," I cried. "Don't you know I love you, Marcia? Why do you grieve alone, and shut me out of your heart?"

She turned and looked at me as she answered:

"But you do not like Captain Saltonstall, Ruth, and you will not judge him fairly. You did not like him from the first, and you wanted me to marry Charley Cahill."

"I wanted you to be happy, Marcia; I *only* wanted you to be happy; not to marry Charley Cahill, or any one else, unless he could make you so."

At these words she was crying again, but this time with her head on my bosom, her bright, bonny head.

"That is past, Ruth. I shall never be happy again. I have had my dream, and it is over. My day is dead."

Then I told her what I had heard Saltonstall say as they passed by me on the shore, and asked her if she was willing to tell me what it meant. She considered a moment, and then she answered me.

"Yes, your care and tenderness for me give you a right to know all. I do not think Captain Saltonstall ever meant to tell me that he loved me. Perhaps he never realized that he did until to-night. He just thought we were friends, and forgot how dangerous such a friendship was. To-night he said something about going away, and the chance there was that he should never see me again; and somehow, I don't know how, he saw that I loved him. He did not kiss me, Ruth, or talk to me like a lover. He only told me once, in such words as I can never forget, what he felt for me; and then he told me that it was no use. He was married eight years ago."

"And his wife lives yet?" I cried.

"Yes; in a lunatic asylum. There was insanity in the family, and they concealed it from him. He married her, liking her well enough; not specially in love. It just *happened*, as half the marriages in this world do. In a year she was insane. Of course he is bound to her for life."

"And, of course, he is a villain to come among women with free hearts, and leave such a story untold."

"Do not be unjust, Ruth. He could hardly be required to parade such a story every where; and he never expected to love me, or that I should love him. Like his marriage, it just happened. Do not blame him. I think he has enough to suffer. You may pity us both, if you will, for we shall never see each other's faces again."

"And will it kill you, my poor, broken-hearted darling?"

"No, I shall live;" and she sighed drearily, as if not to live were a blessing beyond her hopes.

I could not comfort her. There was nothing I could say, no hope, no promise for her future. None, except one that I cherished secretly—that some time, a long way off perhaps, but some time, she might learn how true and fond Charley Cahill's heart was, and find her happiness again with him. But I dared not whisper this secret hope of mine to her. She would not let me blame Captain Saltonstall, and I could do nothing but hold her in my arms, and tell her how well I loved her.

The next morning I went down stairs before her, and Charley Cahill met me. I thought he had a claim to know the truth. I was sure I could trust him, and I did not think Marcia would be unwilling he should know. So I told him.

"Poor fellow!" he said, slowly, when I was through.

It angered me. I had expected all his sympathy would be for Marcia, and his curses, deep if not loud, for the "Cool Captain."

"Poor fellow!" I cried, irefully. "Don't you think he was a villain?"

"No; a villain would not have told her at all. You forget how easy that would have been. I can understand just how he could drift into love, and never dream of danger. I pity him as much as I do her. He will have to bear all the pain she bears, and a weary load of self-blame besides."

Then I suggested my own trembling hope that this disappointment might some day be the means of turning her to him. He shook his head sadly as he said:

"I shall never love her any less than I do now; but girls like Marcia do not change easily"

Just then we saw her coming, and separated. I knew how the thought of a new love would shock her now, and what I had been saying to Charley made me feel like a conspirator.

We staid nearly a week longer at "The Cliffs." I would have proposed to go at once, but Marcia preferred that we should stay our time out, and would hear of no change in our plans. How proud that girl was! The acutest observer could hardly have guessed at her pain I fancy most would have pronounced her gayer than ever. Who could tell how much those careful toilets, those merry jests, glad songs, and gay dances all cost her? They were the price she paid for secrecy—that no one might guess her heartache. In her own room only she put off all disguises, and night after night I held her shivering and moaning in my arms—my poor flower, broken by the blast all too soon!

At last we went home. The change in her could not be concealed from the watchful eyes there; but she would not go, as I should have done, to my mother with her sorrow. For the first time in her life, I think, she missed the tie of blood. She told me I might tell them what I chose, if I would only keep them from talking to her or asking her any questions. I am sure that she had never been less dear to them than I, and I know her reserve pained them; but

they did not force her confidence, and were tender and gentle to her beyond words.

After a while she settled into a sort of calm. She spoke no more of the past, even to me. She tried to interest herself in her old pleasures and duties; but it was easy enough to see that the old buoyancy of spirit, the old power to hope and enjoy, were all gone. Only twenty, and she said she was growing old.

Charley Cahill was most kind while those slow months passed on. Marcia was very gentle to him, perhaps because she knew his heart was suffering the pangs of a sorrow akin to her own—so gentle that I almost thought she would care for him in time, though I am sure I had far more hope for him than he had for himself. I thought such simple, sincere, unselfish devotion could not fail, after a time, to win its reward.

My hopes received a shock now and then when she came upon the name of Guy Saltonstall in a paper, and I saw how it had power to move her. She read of his brave deeds and his promotions, for he was Colonel Saltonstall before spring. But from him directly she never heard one word. Silence and severance as complete as death had fallen between them.

She never talked of him now even to me. But there were not wanting indications how closely she held him in her memory. She would never sing the songs she had sung to him; never wear such flowers as he had given her, or even the dresses he had praised. The little scarlet cloak she had worn in her rambles by his side was folded carefully away, and she never put on the Tudor hat with its long, drooping feather.

Still, when the spring came she grew more cheerful. She had changed a good deal. The violet eyes were sad with an unspoken longing. The cheeks were paler, and even the bright lips had grown a little dim. The perfect figure was a thought too thin. And yet to me, and I believe to Charley Cahill also, she looked lovelier than before. Sorrow had imparted to her a more subtle charm. If she had dazzled you once she won you now—found her way to your heart like plaintive music. I thought it could not be so always—that time, which makes roses grow even out of grave mould, would have power at last to soothe a sad woman's heart.

There came, at length, an afternoon in June. How well I remember its brightness! Through open doors and windows came the wind freighted with the fragrance of summer blossoms. The sky was blue—that deep, lustrous blue which seems only to arch over the perfect days of June. Hills and fields slept green and bright in the lavish sunshine. I tried to persuade Marcia to go out and enjoy it. She made a few excuses, and at last, when I urged the point, she turned to me with a look I can never forget, and said, in a low, strange tone,

"Do you know what a mockery it seems to me to talk of enjoyment? People enjoy with their hearts, don't they? My heart is dead."

She got up and took a scrap of paper from her desk, and put it in my hand. It was the account of a desperate charge in which Colonel Saltonstall had been dangerously wounded while leading on his men. There was very little probability, so the item said, of his ever recovering.

"How long ago was this?" I asked, turning to her.

"Six weeks."

"And you never told me?"

"Why should I?"—in those slow, dreary, inexpressibly mournful tones—"you never liked him. It was *my* sorrow."

While she was speaking the door opened, and I saw a figure standing in it—a wan, strange figure, with pallid, ghastly face—and yet, through all the change wrought by sickness and anguish, I knew Captain Saltonstall. With a low cry Marcia rose and stretched out her arms. He came toward her.

"Your wife!" I cried, meaning to stop him.

He turned toward me for an instant, and answered me,

"She is dead—died in the asylum, two months ago. Do you not see that I am dying too? I have come here only to die with Marcia beside me. In Heaven's name let us alone."

I did not wait to see their meeting. As I shut the door upon them and went into the hall I saw Charley Cahill coming in. I went up to him, and said, without considering enough, perhaps, the pain I was giving,

"Guy Saltonstall has come back. He is in there with Marcia. His wife is dead, and I think he will soon follow her; but he and death are stronger than you and life."

A patient smile, cold and pale as moonlight, crossed his lips, and he took my hand.

"You have been more hopeful for me, all along, than I have for myself. It is best as it is."

But I did not believe it could be best. I was not satisfied. After Charley went away I sat alone in the hall, and thought about it with feelings not altogether right, I am afraid.

After a while, an hour perhaps, Marcia came out to me. Her face was kindled with a glorious light. If her heart were dead before, I could see its resurrection in her eyes.

"Ruth," she said, "we must be married to-night. The circumstances will make such haste pardonable. I know that nothing but the closest care can save his life. I must be able to nurse him as only his wife can. I would not willingly be away from him a moment."

"Is he selfish enough," I asked, a little bitterly, "to want you to marry him now?"

"Will you always be unjust to him, Ruth? He does not want me to marry him; but I will. It is my proposal. He loves me, and he needs me; and there is no shame in making him let me devote myself to him. Will you, for my sake, undertake to convince father and mother that it is best and necessary? I want to have their approval; but whatever they may say, I am resolved."

She went back to her lover. I went to my

parents and told them all. They were sorry, but they recognized the uselessness of opposition; and since they could not help the matter, resolved to make the best of it.

Marcia's strong will conquered all obstacles. Just at sunset of the glad June day she stood by Guy Saltonstall's side while her brief marriage vows were spoken. With what tender pride she looked on her wan, ghostly bridegroom! In his glory of manly strength and lofty courage he could never have seemed to her nobler or more worthy. She had never been more beautiful. Her violet eyes full of light and love, pink flushes on her cheeks, rays of sunset in her rippling chestnut hair, and on her simple white muslin dress, she looked a bride for any man's worship. But it seemed pitiful to see such youth and grace, such beauty and such tender truth given to the clasp of death. How soon would the earth, and not that bright head, lie on his bosom? I know I wasted pity. If ever woman spoke her marriage vows with full and joyful surrender, Marcia so spoke them.

That was June, and now it is October. The "Cool Captain" is not dead, thanks to Marcia's nursing. He will never have his old strength back—never again lead on his men where muskets rattled and bugles call; but he is well enough to enjoy the pomp of the autumn days, and reflect back in his smile the deep contentment of Marcia's eyes. And when I see her so happy, I think she understood her own needs best after all.

HOW I OVERCAME MY GRAVITY.

I HAVE all my life been dallying with science. I have coquetted with electricity, and had a serious flirtation with pneumatics. I have never discovered any thing, nevertheless I am continually experimentalizing. My chambers are like the Hall of Physics in a University. Air-pumps, pendulums, prisms, galvanic batteries, horse-shoe magnets with big weights continually suspended to them: in short, all the paraphernalia of a modern man of science are strewn here and there, or stowed away on shelves, much to the disgust of the maid-servant, who on cleaning-day longs to enter the sanctuary, yet dare not trust her broom amidst such brittle furniture. To survey my rooms, you would infallibly set me down as a cross between Faraday and Professor Morse. I dabble in all branches of Natural Philosophy. I am continually decomposing water with electricity, and combining gases until they emit the most horrible odors. I have had four serious explosions in my laboratory, and have received various warnings from the Fire Marshal. The last was occasioned by the obstinacy of an Irish maid-servant, who, happening to behold a large mass of phosphorus in the dark, would insist on "putting it out" with a pail of water. The consequence was, of course, a conflagration that was near destroying the entire establishment. My friends visit me with fear and trembling. They are never certain that the bell-pull may not be the pole of an electro-magnetic battery, and when they seat themselves in a chair seem to expect some unwonted phenomenon to exhibit itself. You will at once perceive, therefore, that I am an enthusiast. People when they pass me in the street point me out to their friends, and whisper, "Very clever man, but *so* eccentric!" I have gotten an immense reputation for ability, yet I don't believe that my best friend would trust me with the management of the most trivial business matter. Nor am I so much surprised at this. I will confess that I am continually suffering losses on my own little property, and it would seem my fate to form relations with all the bankrupts and swindlers in the United States. These drains on my estate I always hoped to make good by an invention. I am a very worldly fellow at bottom, let me tell you, notwithstanding all my scientific pranks. I keep an eye out for the main chance; and I always held the hope that even when my affairs were going most to ruin I would eventually light upon some lucky discovery which would make every thing right again. There's Professor Morse. He lit upon an invention, and see what's the result. Why, he's asked over to Moscow by the Emperor of Russia to be present at his coronation, and is given a palace to live in, with a whole Ukraine of horses and Cossacks at his disposal!

For a long time I had turned my attention to solving the problem of aerial locomotion. I fancy even now that I hit the white when I enunciated my grand principle of progression by means of atmospheric inclined planes; and at the time I made a model of a machine which illustrated my theory very fairly, but I had not capital enough for experiments on a large scale; and so great was the prejudice against all kinds of ballooning among moneyed men that I could not find the means to exploit what is incontestably a great physical truth.

One day as I was walking down Mercer Street, in the neighborhood of Bleecker, I came opposite to the establishment of Chilton, the chemist, which stood on the corner. Revolving a thousand formless projects in my brain, my eyes, wandering like my mind, happened to light on the open door of the chemist's store. There, on a table placed a little way inside the entrance, I beheld a number of brass instruments lying, the shape and construction of which I was unfamiliar with. Idly and half-mechanically I crossed over and entered the store for the purpose of examining them. The young man in attendance advanced to meet me—for I am known as a sort of amateur *savant*—and asked how he could serve me.

"What is this?" I asked, taking one of the instruments that had attracted my attention from the table. "It seems to me to be some novelty."

"It is truly a novelty," said my friend, the budding chemist. "It is a trifle—an ingenious trifle, certainly—discovered by a Connecticut

genius, and its operations have as yet been entirely unaccounted for."

"Ah!" I cried, becoming suddenly interested, "let us look."

The machine which I held in my hand may be thus briefly described. Imagine a brass globe, some three inches in diameter, having its axis playing in a narrow but tolerably thick rim of brass, just as a terrestrial globe revolves in its horizon. The only difference being that the globe was not central in the rim, or horizon; one of its poles being nearer to the end of its axis than the other. This peculiarity, I afterward discovered, was not essential to its working, being merely a matter of convenience. The remainder of the apparatus consisted of an upright steel rod, fixed in a heavy wooden platform, candlestick fashion, and pointed like an electrical conductor.

"How does it work," I asked, after examining it attentively, "and what principle does it illustrate?"

"It overthrows an established principle," answered my young friend, "and I am not clear as to what one it gives in place of it."

"Let us see it."

"Willingly."

So saying the young man took the globe, which revolved with little friction in its brass horizon, and winding a string round that portion of the axis which occupied the greatest space between the globe and ring, held the latter against his breast, and pulling the string violently, as boys pull the string of a humming-top, caused the globe to revolve with marvelous swiftness on its axis. The globe being thus in a rapid state of revolution in its horizon, he now showed me on the under surface of the last, and in a right line with the poles of the axis, a small cavity drilled, which admitted of the machine being placed on the upright pointed steel rod, without any chance of slipping. This cavity was *not a hole*, only an indentation in which the point of the upright rod fitted, just as the axle of a watch wheel is received into the jewel. When this pivot, so to speak, was placed by the young chemist on the steel-pointed rod, the globe and its horizon, to my utter astonishment, proceeded to revolve in a plane at right angles to the revolution of the globe! There was a weight of some six pounds supporting itself in the air, and revolving with a regular motion! If my reader will take a long wedge of iron, heavier at one end than the other, and place the light end on the point of a rod stuck into the earth, and at right angles with it, and then conceive that wedge of iron revolving around the point where it touches the upright rod, he will have a pretty clear idea of the marvel which I witnessed at Mr. Chilton's.

The attraction of gravitation then was overcome! In the same position in which I saw it maintaining itself, if the revolution of the brass globe was checked the whole apparatus would instantly tumble to the earth. Why, then, did the simple centrifugal force of the globe enable it to thus marvelously poise itself in air? I was bewildered, and though my brain, from habit of dealing with problems, instantly groped for a reason, it could find none satisfactory.

"Has no explanation been offered of this wonder?" I asked the chemist.

"None, Sir," was the reply; "at least none that were in the least logical or conclusive. Several people have sent us elaborate explanations, but when all have been divested of their scientific phraseology, they amount but to one arbitrary assertion of the fact that it revolves contradictorily to the laws of gravitation."

I bought one of the toys and went home. I was lost in wonder. What became of Newton's famous apple now? It was rotten to its core. Had the wind or some other subtle power impressed upon it such a force as to cause it to revolve with immense rapidity it would never have fallen, and Newton would never have discovered the so-called principle of the attraction of gravitation.

The more I pondered the more the marvel grew upon me. I spun the toy for hours, and was never weary of beholding it move in its appointed circle, self-sustaining and mysterious. After all, I considered it as only wonderful to me, because I have been so long in the habit of accepting the theory of gravitation as an established fact. This new force, whatever it is that supports this toy in air, is not a whit more mysterious than the assumed force which is said to draw all things toward the centre of the earth, and keep the planets in their places. Ask what it is, and people tell you "the attraction of gravitation." Ask them what "the attraction of gravitation" is, and they will tell you "the force which draws matter to the centre of the earth," and so the game of science runs. Arbitrary names are forced on you as facts. From battledore to battledore the shuttlecock is sent flying. The result becomes the definition and the explanation.

It was in one of those moods of mind in which a man sometimes finds himself, groping for day through a horrible and oppressive darkness, yet certain that the chink through which it will flow lies somewhere within reach, that I suddenly lit upon the conviction that in this new discovery I held the secret of aerial locomotion!

I argued in this way: If a violent rotary motion is sufficient to overcome the gravitating tendency of brass, it surely is that of human flesh. Neither is it at all necessary that the body of the person wishing to soar aloft should itself revolve. That would be fatal to life. But here, in this toy, I see the revolution of a brass globe supporting a heavy brass horizon, and if I were to put another weight, say a cent, on that brass horizon, it would still be supported; therefore if a machine on the same principle, and proportionately large, be constructed, it will support a man as this supports a cent. I had lit upon the truth that "a body revolving on its own axis with sufficient velocity becomes self-

supporting, and can be impressed with a force that shall impel it in any given direction!"

With all the fever of a man of science and an enthusiast I set to work. My machine cost me long nights of labor and brain-work. I will endeavor to describe it.

It was a copper globe of vast dimensions, hollow inside, and traversed by a huge axis, which buried its poles into an enormous horizon of iron. In the interior of this globe, parallel with the axis and a little above it, ran a false axis, also of iron, but playing loosely in holes bored in the globe itself, so that when the globe revolved this axis did not turn. On this bar of iron was placed a seat, which was intended for my own accommodation. This arrangement, it will be perceived, insured to any person placed on the seat an equilibrium, no matter how quickly the globe by which he was surrounded revolved. It was, in fact, the same principle on which ships' lamps are suspended. There the lamp always remains horizontal, no matter how heavily the vessel rolls.

The machinery by which the globe was caused to revolve on its axis is much too complicated to admit of any description unaccompanied with diagrams; suffice it to say, that it was so powerful as to insure a revolution of this enormous copper sphere at the rate of sixty times in a second. A vast iron pillar, answering to the upright steel rod of the toy, I had also constructed. This was destined to receive and sustain the brass horizon. A machine constructed after the manner of the ancient catapult was also arranged for the purpose of launching the globe into air so soon as it had attained the necessary revolutionary velocity. The power of this catapult was cunningly graduated to certain distances. Assuming that the globe while revolving possessed no weight, it would with a slight push travel forever through space unless the resistance of the atmosphere lessened and conquered its motion. But the globe would only revolve for a certain time, and in proportion as the velocity of revolution decreased so would its tendencies to the earth return; thus knowing precisely how long this velocity would last, and in what ratio it would decrease, I was enabled to calculate to a pound what force to impress upon it by the aid of the catapult, in order to send it any given distance.

Every thing being complete, and having invited a few friends to witness the experiment, I took my seat on the false axis with a beating heart, and gave the signal by which the attendants were to set the globe in motion. In an instant the copper sphere was whirling around me with a velocity that I could not measure, but could only guess at from the humming noise that to me in the interior sounded like the thunder of a thousand skies. The interior of the globe was lit by pieces of massive flint glass set firmly in a belt form round the centre. These windows, from the rapidity of motion, blended together in a zone of light that flashed continually before my sight. My seat on the axis, poised in the midst of this terrible whirl, remained steady and unaltered. Suddenly I felt a jerk, a singular sensation quivered through my frame, and, rather by instinct than sensation, I knew that the catapult had launched me into space.

I had calculated my distance for St. Paul's, Minnesota, and had accordingly set the catapult to the scale of force necessary to cast the globe that distance, making the proper allowance for the decrease of velocity. Would I succeed? I confess at this moment I felt grave doubts. A thousand things might happen. The theory was perfect, but how many perfect theories had failed in practice! My elevation might be improperly calculated, and the machine be dashed to pieces against some intervening mountain. A few seconds would, however, decide all, as I had calculated that the journey would not consume more than four minutes and a half.

While occupied with these considerations I chanced to glance at the belt of light formed by the quickly-revolving windows. It seemed to me to have changed its shape strangely. Instead of its previous regularity of form, it had become, as it were, ragged and uneven. On looking closer, and examining it as narrowly as I could examine any thing passing in such rapid revolution, I fancied that I saw it widen gradually before my eyes. And, as if to confirm my suspicions, a blast of cold air fell on my cheek, and immediately after a hollow roaring filled the globe.

The horrid truth burst upon me. I had forgotten to make the solidity of the copper globe more than equal to the centrifugal force, and the machine was bursting to pieces when I was at my highest elevation.

My brain seemed to whirl with the globe on making this discovery, and with staring eyes I glared at the awful rent that was so rapidly increasing. A hurly-burly like that of the infernal regions filled my ears. It was the air rushing into the globe. Then came a crash and a horrid splitting sound. Instinctively I grasped the immovable axis on which I was seated. Another crash, and I saw dimly the huge mass of copper surrounding me fly into a thousand vast fragments, and I knew that I was falling. I gave one wild shriek, and—

"Mr. Wisp! Mr. Wisp! What are you doing? Let the tea-urn alone, Mr. Wisp!"

I looked up from the carpet on which I was lying, and saw my wife, Mrs. William Wisp, extricating the silver tea-urn—fortunately not filled—from my embraces. I was never able to explain to the good woman why I abstracted that article of plate from the side-table during my dream; and for the first time in the history of science an inventor was to be found congratulating himself that his invention had not succeeded.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER LV.

NOT VERY FIE FIE AFTER ALL.

IT will perhaps be remembered that terrible things had been foretold as about to happen between the Hartletop and Omnium families. Lady Dumbello had smiled whenever Mr. Plantagenet Palliser had spoken to her. Mr. Palliser had confessed to himself that politics were not enough for him, and that Love was necessary to make up the full complement of his happiness. Lord Dumbello had frowned latterly when his eyes fell on the tall figure of the duke's heir; and the duke himself—that potentate, generally so mighty in his silence—the duke himself had spoken. Lady De Courcy and Lady Clandidlem were, both of them, absolutely certain that the thing had been fully arranged. I am, therefore, perfectly justified in stating that the world was talking about the loves—the illicit loves—of Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello.

And the talking of the world found its way down to that respectable country parsonage in which Lady Dumbello had been born, and from which she had been taken away to those noble halls which she now graced by her presence. The talking of the world was heard at Plumstead Episcopi, where still lived Archdeacon Grantly, the lady's father; and was heard also at the deanery of Barchester, where lived the lady's aunt and grandfather. By whose ill-mannered tongue the rumor was spread in these ecclesiastical regions it boots not now to tell. But it may be remembered that Courcy Castle was not far from Barchester, and that Lady De Courcy was not given to hide her lights under a bushel.

It was a terrible rumor. To what mother must not such a rumor respecting her daughter be very terrible? In no mother's ears could it have sounded more frightfully than it did in those of Mrs. Grantly. Lady Dumbello, the daughter, might be altogether worldly; but Mrs. Grantly had never been more than half worldly. In one moiety of her character, her habits, and her desires, she had been wedded to things good in themselves—to religion, to charity, and to honest-hearted uprightness. It is true that the circumstances of her life had induced her to serve both God and Mammon, and that, therefore, she had gloried greatly in the marriage of her daughter with the heir of a marquis. She had reveled in the aristocratic elevation of her child, though she continued to dispense books and catechisms with her own hands to the children of the laborers of Plumstead Episcopi. When Griselda had first become Lady Dumbello the mother feared somewhat lest her child should find herself unequal to the exigencies of her new position. But the child had proved herself more than equal to them, and had mounted up to a dizzy height of success, which brought to the mother great glory and great fear also. She delighted to think that her Griselda was great even among the daughters of marquises; but she trembled as she reflected how deadly would be the fall from such a height—should there ever be a fall!

But she had never drēamed of such a fall as this! She would have said—indeed, she often had said—to the archdeacon that Griselda's religious principles were too firmly fixed to be moved by outward worldly matters; signifying, it may be, her conviction that that teaching of Plumstead Episcopi had so fastened her daughter into a grōove that all the future teaching of Hartlebury would not suffice to undo the fastenings. When she had thus boasted no such idea as that of her daughter running from her husband's house had ever come upon her; but she had alluded to vices of a nature kindred to that vice—to vices into which other aristocratic ladies sometimes fell, who had been less firmly grooved; and her boasting had amounted to this, that she herself had so successfully served God and Mammon together, that her child might go forth and enjoy all worldly things without risk of damage to things heavenly. Then came upon her this rumor. The archdeacon told her in a hoarse whisper that he had been recommended to look to it, that it was current through the world that Griselda was about to leave her husband.

"Nothing on earth shall make me believe it," said Mrs. Grantly. But she sat alone in her drawing-room afterward and trembled. Then came her sister, Mrs. Arabin, the dean's wife, over to the parsonage, and in half-hidden words told the same story. She had heard it from Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's wife. "That woman is as false as the father of falsehoods," said Mrs. Grantly. But she trembled the more; and as she prepared her parish work, could think of nothing but her child. What would be all her life to come, what would have been all that was past of her life, if this thing should happen to her? She would not believe it; but yet she trembled the more as she thought of her daughter's exaltation, and remembered that such things had been done in that world to which Griselda now belonged. Ah! would it not have been better for them if they had not raised their heads so high! And she walked out alone among the tombs of the neighboring church-yard, and stood over the grave in which had been laid the body of her other daughter. Could it be that the fate of that one had been the happier?

Very few words were spoken on the subject between her and the archdeacon, and yet it seemed agreed among them that something should be done. He went up to London, and saw his daughter—not daring, however, to mention such a subject. Lord Dumbello was cross with him, and very uncommunicative. Indeed

both the archdeacon and Mrs. Grantly had found that their daughter's house was not comfortable to them, and as they were sufficiently proud among their own class they had not cared to press themselves on the hospitality of their son-in-law. But he had been able to perceive that all was not right in the house in Carlton Gardens. Lord Dumbello was not gracious with his wife, and there was something in the silence, rather than in the speech, of men, which seemed to justify the report which had reached him.

"He is there oftener than he should be," said the archdeacon. "And I am sure of this, at least, that Dumbello does not like it."

"I will write to her," said Mrs. Grantly at last. "I am still her mother—I will write to her. It may be that she does not know what people say of her."

And Mrs. Grantly did write.

"PLUMSTEAD, *April*, 186—

"DEAREST GRISELDA,—It seems sometimes that you have been moved so far away from me that I have hardly a right to concern myself more in the affairs of your daily life, and I know that it is impossible that you should refer to me for advice or sympathy, as you would have done had you married some gentleman of our own standing. But I am quite sure that my child does not forget her mother, or fail to look back upon her mother's love; and that she will allow me to speak to her if she be in trouble, as I would to any other child whom I had loved and cherished. I pray God that I may be wrong in supposing that such trouble is near you. If I am so you will forgive me my solicitude.

"Rumors have reached us from more than one quarter that—Oh! Griselda, I hardly know in what words to conceal and yet to declare that which I have to write. They say that you are intimate with Mr. Palliser, the nephew of the duke, and that your husband is much offended. Perhaps I had better tell you all, openly, cautioning you not to suppose that I have believed it. They say that it is thought that you are going to put yourself under Mr. Palliser's protection. My dearest child, I think you can imagine with what an agony I write these words—with what terrible grief I must have been oppressed before I could have allowed myself to entertain the thoughts which have produced them. Such things are said openly in Barchester, and your father, who has been in town and has seen you, feels himself unable to tell me that my mind may be at rest.

"I will not say to you a word as to the injury in a worldly point of view which would come to you from any rupture with your husband. I believe that you can see what would be the effect of so terrible a step quite as plainly as I can show it you. You would break the heart of your father, and send your mother to her grave; but it is not even on that that I may most insist. It is this—that you would offend your God by the worst sin that a woman can commit, and cast yourself into a depth of infamy in which repentance before God is almost impossible, and from which escape before man is not permitted.

"I do not believe it, my dearest, dearest child—my only living daughter; I do not believe what they have said to me. But as a mother I have not dared to leave the slander unnoticed. If you will write to me and say that it is not so, you will make me happy again, even though you should rebuke me for my suspicion.

"Believe that at all times and under all circumstances I am still your loving mother, as I was in other days.

"SUSAN GRANTLY."

We will now go back to Mr. Palliser as he sat in his chambers at the Albany, thinking of his love. The duke had cautioned him, and the duke's agent had cautioned him; and he, in spite of his high feeling of independence, had almost been made to tremble. All his thousands a year were in the balance, and perhaps also every thing on which depended his position before the world. But, nevertheless, though he did tremble, he resolved to persevere. Statistics were becoming dry to him, and love was very sweet. Statistics, he thought, might be made as enchanting as ever, if only they could be mingled with love. The mere idea of loving Lady Dumbello had seemed to give a salt to his life of which he did not now know how to rob himself. It is true that he had not as yet enjoyed many of the absolute blessings of love, seeing that his conversations with Lady Dumbello had never been warmer than those which have been repeated in these pages; but his imagination had been at work; and now that Lady Dumbello was fully established at her house in Carlton Gardens, he was determined to declare his passion on the first convenient opportunity. It was sufficiently manifest to him that the world expected him to do so, and that the world was already a little disposed to find fault with the slowness of his proceedings.

He had been once at the Carlton Gardens since the season had commenced, and the lady had favored him with her sweetest smile. But he had only been half a minute alone with her; and during that half-minute had only time to remark that he supposed she would now remain in London for the season.

"Oh yes," she had answered, "we shall not leave till July." Nor could he leave till July, because of the exigencies of his statistics. He therefore had before him two, if not three, clear months in which to manœuvre, to declare his purposes, and prepare for the future events of his life. As he resolved on a certain morning that he would say his first tender word to Lady Dumbello that very night, in the drawing-room of Lady De Courcy, where he knew that he should meet her, a letter came to him by the post. He well knew the hand and the intimation which it would contain. It was from the duke's agent, Mr. Fothergill, and informed him that a certain sum of money had been placed to his credit at his banker's. But the letter went further, and informed him also that the duke had given his agent to understand that special instructions would be necessary before the next quarterly payment could be made. Mr. Fothergill said nothing further, but Mr. Palliser understood it all. He felt his blood run cold round his heart; but, nevertheless, he determined that he would not break his word to Lady De Courcy that night.

And Lady Dumbello received her letter also on the same morning. She was being dressed as she read it, and the maidens who attended her found no cause to suspect that any thing in the letter had excited her ladyship. Her ladyship was not often excited, though she was vigilant in exacting from them their utmost cares. She read her letter, however, very carefully, and as she sat beneath the toilet implements of her maidens, thought deeply of the tidings which had been brought to her. She was angry with

no one; she was thankful to no one. She felt no special love for any person concerned in the matter. Her heart did not say, "Oh, my lord and husband!" or, "Oh, my lover!" or, "Oh, my mother, the friend of my childhood!" But she became aware that matter for thought had been brought before her, and she did think. "Send my love to Lord Dumbello," she said, when the operations were nearly completed, "and tell him that I shall be so glad to see him if he will come to me while I am at breakfast."

"Yes, my lady." And then the message came back: "His lordship would be with her ladyship certainly."

"Gustavus," she said, as soon as she had seated herself discreetly in her chair, "I have had a letter from my mother, which you had better read;" and she handed to him the document. "I do not know what I have done to deserve such suspicions from her; but she lives in the country, and has probably been deceived by ill-natured people. At any rate you must read it, and tell me what I should do."

We may predicate from this that Mr. Palliser's chance of being able to shipwreck himself upon that rock was but small, and that he would, in spite of himself, be saved from his uncle's anger. Lord Dumbello took the letter and read it very slowly, standing, as he did so, with his back to the fire. He read it very slowly, and his wife, though she never turned her face directly upon his, could perceive that he became very red, that he was fluttered and put beyond himself, and that his answer was not ready. She was well aware that his conduct to her during the last three months had been much altered from his former usages; that he had been rougher with her in his speech when alone, and less courteous in his attention when in society; but she had made no complaint or spoken a word to show him that she had marked the change. She had known, moreover, the cause of his altered manner, and having considered much, had resolved that she would live it down. She had declared to herself that she had done no deed and spoken no word that justified suspicion, and therefore she would make no change in her ways, or show herself to be conscious that she was suspected. But now—having her mother's letter in her hand—she could bring him to an explanation without making him aware that she had ever thought that he had been jealous of her. To her her mother's letter was a great assistance. It justified a scene like this, and enabled her to fight her battle after her own fashion. As for eloping with any Mr. Palliser, and giving up the position which she had won—no, indeed! She had been fastened in her grooves too well for that! Her mother, in entertaining any fear on such a subject, had shown herself to be ignorant of the solidity of her daughter's character.

"Well, Gustavus," she said, at last. "You must say what answer I shall make, or whether I shall make any answer." But he was not even yet ready to instruct her. So he unfolded the letter and read it again, and she poured out for herself a cup of tea.

"It's a very serious matter," said he.

"Yes, it is serious; I could not but think such a letter from my mother to be serious. Had it come from any one else I doubt whether I should have troubled you; unless, indeed, it had been from any as near to you as she is to me. As it is, you can not but feel that I am right."

"Right! Oh yes, you are right—quite right to tell me; you should tell me every thing. D—— them!" But whom he meant to condemn he did not explain.

"I am above all things averse to cause you trouble," she said. "I have seen some little things of late—"

"Has he ever said any thing to you?"

"Who—Mr. Palliser? Never a word."

"He has hinted at nothing of this kind?"

"Never a word. Had he done so I must have made you understand that he could not have been allowed again into my drawing-room." Then again he read the letter, or pretended to do so.

"Your mother means well," he said.

"Oh yes, she means well. She has been foolish to believe the tittle-tattle that has reached her—very foolish to oblige me to give you this annoyance."

"Oh, as for that, I'm not annoyed. By Jove, no. Come, Griselda, let us have it all out; other people have said this, and I have been unhappy. Now you know it all."

"Have I made you unhappy?"

"Well, no; not you. Don't be hard upon me when I tell you the whole truth. Fools and brutes have whispered things that have vexed me. They may whisper till the devil fetches them, but they sha'n't annoy me again. Give me a kiss, my girl." And he absolutely put out his arms and embraced her. "Write a good-natured letter to your mother, and ask her to come up for a week in May. That'll be the best thing; and then she'll understand. By Jove, it's twelve o'clock! Good-by."

Lady Dumbello was well aware that she had triumphed, and that her mother's letter had been invaluable to her. But it had been used, and therefore she did not read it again. She ate her breakfast in quiet comfort, looking over a milliner's French circular as she did so; and then, when the time for such an operation had fully come, she got to her writing-table and answered her mother's letter:

"DEAR MAMMA"—she said—"I thought it best to show your letter at once to Lord Dumbello. He said that people would be ill-natured, and seemed to think that the telling of such stories could not be helped. As regards you, he was not a bit angry, but said that you and papa had better come to us for a week about the end of next month. Do come. We are to have rather a large dinner-party on the 23d. His Royal Highness is coming, and I think papa would like to meet him. Have you observed that those very high bonnets have all gone out? I never liked them; and as I had got a hint from Paris, I have been doing my best to put them down. I do hope nothing will prevent your coming. Your affectionate daughter,

"G. DUMBELLO.

"CARLTON GARDENS, *Wednesday.*"

Mrs. Grantly was aware, from the moment in which she received the letter, that she had wronged her daughter by her suspicions. It did not occur to her to disbelieve a word that was said in the letter, or an inference that was implied. She had been wrong, and rejoiced that it was so. But nevertheless there was that in the letter which annoyed and irritated her, though she could not explain to herself the cause of her annoyance. She had thrown all her heart into that which she had written, but in the words which her child had written not a vestige of heart was to be found. In that reconciling of God and Mammon which Mrs. Grantly had carried on so successfully in the education of her daughter the organ had not been required, and had become withered, if not defunct, through want of use.

"We will not go there, I think," said Mrs. Grantly, speaking to her husband.

"Oh dear, no; certainly not. If you want to go to town at all, I will take rooms for you. And as for his Royal Highness—! I have a great respect for his Royal Highness, but I do not in the least desire to meet him at Dumbello's table."

And so that matter was settled, as regarded the inhabitants of Plumstead Episcopi.

And whither did Lord Dumbello betake himself when he left his wife's room in so great a hurry at twelve o'clock? Not to the Park, nor to Tattersall's, nor to a committee-room of the House of Commons, nor yet to the bow-window of his club. But he went straight to a great jeweler's in Ludgate Hill, and there purchased a wonderful green necklace, very rare and curious, heavy with green sparkling drops, with three rows of shining green stones embedded in chaste gold—a necklace amounting almost to a jeweled cuirass in weight and extent. It had been in all the exhibitions, and was very costly and magnificent. While Lady Dumbello was still dressing in the evening this was brought to her with her lord's love, as his token of renewed confidence; and Lady Dumbello, as she counted the sparkles, triumphed inwardly, telling herself that she had played her cards well.

But while she counted the sparkles produced by her full reconciliation with her lord, poor Plantagenet Palliser was still trembling in his ignorance. If only he could have been allowed to see Mrs. Grantly's letter, and the lady's answer, and the lord's present! But no such seeing was vouchsafed to him, and he was carried off in his brougham to Lady De Courcy's house, twittering with expectant love, and trembling with expectant ruin. To this conclusion he had come at any rate, that if any thing was to be done, it should be done now. He would speak a word of love, and prepare his future in accordance with the acceptance it might receive.

Lady De Courcy's rooms were very crowded when he arrived there. It was the first great crushing party of the season, and all the world had been collected into Portman Square. Lady De Courcy was smiling as though her lord had no teeth, as though her eldest son's condition was quite happy, and all things were going well with the De Courcy interests. Lady Margaretta was there behind her, bland without and bitter within; and Lady Rosina also, at some further distance, reconciled to this world's vanity and finery because there was to be no dancing. And the married daughters of the house were there also, striving to maintain their positions on the strength of their undoubted birth, but subjected to some snubbing by the lowness of their absolute circumstances. Gazebee was there, happy in the absolute fact of his connection with an earl, and blessed with the consideration that was extended to him as an earl's son-in-law. And Crosbie, also, was in the rooms—was present there, though he had sworn to himself that he would no longer dance attendance on the countess, and that he would sever himself away from the wretchedness of the family. But if he gave up them and their ways, what else would then be left to him? He had come, therefore, and now stood alone, sullen, in a corner, telling himself that all was vanity. Yes; to the vain all will be vanity, and to the poor of heart all will be poor.

Lady Dumbello was there in a small inner room, seated on a couch to which she had been brought on her first arrival at the house, and on which she would remain till she departed. From time to time some very noble or very elevated personage would come before her and say a word, and she would answer that elevated personage with another word; but nobody had attempted with her the task of conversation. It was understood that Lady Dumbello did not converse — unless it were occasionally with Mr. Palliser.

She knew well that Mr. Palliser was to meet her there. He had told her expressly that he should do so, having inquired, with much solicitude, whether she intended to obey the invitation of the countess. "I shall probably be there," she had said, and now had determined that her mother's letter and her husband's conduct to her should not cause her to break her word. Should Mr. Palliser "forget" himself, she would know how to say a word to him as she had known how to say a word to her husband. Forget himself? She was very sure that Mr. Palliser had been making up his mind to forget himself for some months past.

He did come to her, and stood over her looking unutterable things. His unutterable things, however, were so looked, that they did not absolutely demand notice from the lady. He did not sigh like a furnace, nor open his eyes upon her as though there were two suns in the firmament above her head, nor did he beat his breast or tear his hair. Mr. Palliser had been brought up in a school which delights in tranquillity, and never allows its pupils to commit themselves either to the sublime or to the ridiculous. He did look an unutterable thing or two; but he did it with so decorous an eye that the lady, who was measuring it all with great accuracy,

could not, as yet, declare that Mr. Palliser had "forgotten himself."

There was room by her on the couch, and once or twice, at Hartlebury, he had ventured so to seat himself. On the present occasion, however, he could not do so without placing himself manifestly on her dress. She would have known how to fill a larger couch even than that—as she would have known, also, how to make room—had it been her mind to do so. So he stood still over her and she smiled at him. Such a smile! It was cold as death, flattering no one, saying nothing, hideous in its unmeaning, unreal grace. Ah! how I hate the smile of a woman who smiles by rote! It made Mr. Palliser feel very uncomfortable; but he did not analyze it, and persevered.

"Lady Dumbello," he said, and his voice was very low, "I have been looking forward to meeting you here."

"Have you, Mr. Palliser? Yes; I remember that you asked me whether I was coming."

"I did. Hm— Lady Dumbello!" and he almost trenched upon the outside verge of that schooling which had taught him to avoid both the sublime and the ridiculous. But he had not forgotten himself as yet, and so she smiled again.

"Lady Dumbello, in this world in which we live it is so hard to get a moment in which we can speak." He had thought that she would move her dress, but she did not.

"Oh, I don't know," she said; "one doesn't often want to say very much, I think."

"Ah, no; not often, perhaps. But when one does want! How I do hate these crowded rooms!" Yet when he had been at Hartlebury he had resolved that the only ground for him would be the crowded drawing-room of some large London house. "I wonder whether you ever desire any thing beyond them?"

"Oh yes," said she; "but I confess that I am fond of parties."

Mr. Palliser looked around and thought that he saw that he was unobserved. He had made up his mind as to what he would do, and he was determined to do it. He had in him none of that readiness which enables some men to make love and carry off their Dulcineas at a moment's notice, but he had that pluck which would have made himself disgraceful in his own eyes if he omitted to do that as to the doing of which he had made a solemn resolution. He would have preferred to do it sitting, but, faute de mieux, seeing that a seat was denied to him, he would do it standing.

"Griselda," he said—and it must be admitted that his tone was not bad. The word sank softly into her ear, like small rain upon moss, and it sank into no other ear. "Griselda!"

"Mr. Palliser!" said she; and though she made no scene, though she merely glanced upon him once, he could see that he was wrong.

"May I not call you so?"

"Certainly not. Shall I ask you to see if my people are there?" He stood a moment before her hesitating. "My carriage, I mean." As she gave the command she glanced at him again, and then he obeyed her orders.

When he returned she had left her seat; but he heard her name announced on the stairs, and caught a glance of the back of her head as she made her way gracefully down through the crowd. He never attempted to make love to her again, utterly disappointing the hopes of Lady De Courcy, Mrs. Proudie, and Lady Clandidlem.

As I would wish those who are interested in Mr. Palliser's fortunes to know the ultimate result of this adventure, and as we shall not have space to return to his affairs in this little history, I may, perhaps, be allowed to press somewhat forward, and tell what Fortune did for him before the close of that London season. Every body knows that in that spring Lady Glencora MacCluskie was brought out before the world, and it is equally well known that she, as the only child of the late Lord of the Isles, was the great heiress of the day. It is true that the hereditary possession of Skye, Staffa, Mull, Arran, and Bute went, with the title, to the Marquis of Auldreekie, together with the counties of Caithness and Ross-shire. But the property in Fife, Aberdeen, Perth, and Kincardineshire, comprising the greater part of those counties, and the coal-mines in Lanark, as well as the enormous estate within the city of Glasgow, were unentailed, and went to the Lady Glencora. She was a fair girl, with bright blue eyes and short wavy flaxen hair, very soft to the eye. The Lady Glencora was small in stature, and her happy round face lacked, perhaps, the highest grace of female beauty. But there was ever a smile upon it, at which it was very pleasant to look; and the intense interest with which she would dance, and talk, and follow up every amusement that was offered her, was very charming. The horse she rode was the dearest love; oh! she loved him so dearly! And she had a little dog that was almost as dear as the horse. The friend of her youth, Sabrina Scott, was—oh, such a girl! And her cousin, the little Lord of the Isles, the heir of the marquis, was so gracious and beautiful that she was always covering him with kisses. Unfortunately he was only six, so that there was hardly a possibility that the properties should be brought together.

But Lady Glencora, though she was so charming, had even in this, her first outset upon the world, given great uneasiness to her friends, and caused the Marquis of Auldreekie to be almost wild with dismay. There was a terribly handsome man about town, who had spent every shilling that any body would give him, who was very fond of brandy, who was known, but not trusted, at Newmarket, who was said to be deep in every vice, whose father would not speak to him; and with him the Lady Glencora was never tired of dancing. One morning she had told her cousin the marquis, with a flashing eye —for the round blue eye could flash—that Burgo

Fitzgerald was more sinned against than sinning. Ah me! what was a guardian marquis, anxious for the fate of the family property, to do under such circumstances as that?

But before the end of the season the marquis and the duke were both happy men, and we will hope that Lady Glencora also was satisfied. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser had danced with her twice, and had spoken his mind. He had an interview with the marquis, which was pre-eminently satisfactory, and every thing was settled. Glencora no doubt told him how she had accepted that plain gold ring from Burgo Fitzgerald, and how she had restored it; but I doubt whether she ever told him of that wavy lock of golden hair which Burgo still keeps in his receptacle for such treasures.

"Plantagenet," said the duke, with quite unaccustomed warmth, "in this, as in all things, you have shown yourself to be every thing that I could desire. I have told the marquis that Matching Priory, with the whole estate, should be given over to you at once. It is the most comfortable country-house I know. Glencora shall have The Horns as her wedding present."

But the genial, frank delight of Mr. Fothergill pleased Mr. Palliser the most. The heir of the Pallisers had done his duty, and Mr. Fothergill was unfeignedly a happy man.

CHAPTER LVI.

SHOWING HOW MR. CROSBIE BECAME AGAIN A HAPPY MAN.

It has been told in the last chapter how Lady De Courcy gave a great party in London in the latter days of April, and it may therefore be thought that things were going well with the De Courcys; but I fear the inference would be untrue. At any rate, things were not going well with Lady Alexandrina, for she, on her mother's first arrival in town, had rushed to Portman Square with a long tale of her sufferings.

"Oh, mamma! you would not believe it, but he hardly ever speaks to me."

"My dear, there are worse faults in a man than that."

"I am alone there all the day. I never get out. He never offers to get me a carriage. He asked me to walk with him once last week, when it was raining. I saw that he waited till the rain began. Only think, I have not been out three evenings this month, except to Amelia's; and now he says he won't go there any more, because a fly is so expensive. You can't believe how uncomfortable the house is."

"I thought you chose it, my dear."

"I looked at it, but, of course, I didn't know what a house ought to be. Amelia said it wasn't nice, but he would have it. He hates Amelia. I'm sure of that, for he says every thing he can to snub her and Mr. Gazebee. Mr. Gazebee is as good as he, at any rate. What do you think? He has given Richard warning to go. You never saw him, but he was a very good servant. He has given him warning, and he is not talking of getting another man. I won't live with him without somebody to wait upon me."

"My dearest girl, do not think of such a thing as leaving him."

"But I will think of it, mamma. You do not know what my life is in that house. He never speaks to me—never. He comes home before dinner at half past six, and when he has just shown himself he goes to his dressing-room. He is always silent at dinner-time, and after dinner he goes to sleep. He breakfasts always at nine, and goes away at half past nine, though I know he does not get to his office till eleven. If I want any thing, he says that it can not be afforded. I never thought before that he was stingy, but I am sure now that he must be a miser at heart."

"It is better so than a spendthrift, Alexandrina."

"I don't know that it is better. He could not make me more unhappy than I am. Unhappy is no word for it. What can I do shut up in such a house as that by myself from nine o'clock in the morning till six in the evening? Every body knows what he is, so that nobody will come to see me. I tell you fairly, mamma, I will not stand it. If you can not help me, I will look for help elsewhere."

It may, at any rate, be said that things were not going well with that branch of the De Courcy family. Nor, indeed, was it going well with some other branches. Lord Porlock had married, not having selected his partner for life from the choicest cream of the aristocratic circles, and his mother, while endeavoring to say a word in his favor, had been so abused by the earl that she had been driven to declare that she could no longer endure such usage. She had come up to London in direct opposition to his commands, while he was fastened to his room by gout; and had given her party in defiance of him, so that people should not say, when her back was turned, that she had slunk away in despair.

"I have borne it," she said to Margaretta, "longer than any other woman in England would have done. While I thought that any of you would marry—"

"Oh, don't talk of that, mamma," said Margaretta, putting a little scorn into her voice. She had not been quite pleased that even her mother should intimate that all her chance was over, and yet she herself had often told her mother that she had given up all thought of marrying.

"Rosina will go to Amelia's," the countess continued; "Mr. Gazebee is quite satisfied that it should be so, and he will take care that she shall have enough to cover her own expenses. I propose that you and I, dear, shall go to Baden-Baden."

"And about money, mamma?"

"Mr. Gazebee must manage it. In spite of all that your father says, I know that there must

be money. The expense will be much less so than in our present way."

"And what will papa do himself?"

"I can not help it, my dear. No one knows what I have had to bear. Another year of it would kill me. His language has become worse and worse, and I fear every day that he is going to strike me with his crutch."

Under all these circumstances it can not be said that the De Courcy interests were prospering.

But Lady De Courcy, when she had made up her mind to go to Baden-Baden, had by no means intended to take her youngest daughter with her. She had endured for years, and now Alexandrina was unable to endure for six months. Her chief grievance, moreover, was this—that her husband was silent. The mother felt that no woman had a right to complain much of any such sorrow as that. If her earl had sinned only in that way, she would have been content to have remained by him till the last!

And yet I do not know whether Alexandrina's life was not quite as hard as that of her mother. She barely exceeded the truth when she said that he never spoke to her. The hours with her in her new comfortless house were very long—very long and very tedious. Marriage with her had by no means been the thing that she had expected. At home, with her mother, there had always been people around her, but they had not always been such as she herself would have chosen for her companions. She had thought that, when married, she could choose and have those about her who were congenial to her; but she found that none came to her. Her sister, who was a wiser woman than she, had begun her married life with a definite idea, and had carried it out; but this poor creature found herself, as it were, stranded. When once she had conceived it in her heart to feel anger against her husband—and she had done so before they had been a week together—there was no love to bring her back to him again. She did not know that it behooved her to look pleased when he entered the room, and to make him at any rate think that his presence gave her happiness. She became gloomy before she reached her new house, and never laid her gloom aside. He would have made a struggle for some domestic comfort had any seemed to be within his reach. As it was, he struggled for domestic propriety, believing that he might so best bolster up his present lot in life. But the task became harder and harder to him, and the gloom became denser and more dense. He did not think of her unhappiness, but of his own; as she did not think of his tedium, but of hers. "If this be domestic felicity!" he would say to himself, as he sat in his arm-chair, striving to fix his attention upon a book.

"If this be the happiness of married life!" she thought, as she remained listless, without even the pretense of a book, behind her tea-cups. In truth she would not walk with him, not caring for such exercise round the pavement of a London square; and he had resolutely determined that she should not run him into debt for carriage hire. He was not a curmudgeon with his money; he was no miser. But he had found that in marrying an earl's daughter he had made himself a poor man, and he was resolved that he would not also be an embarrassed man.

When the bride heard that her mother and sister were about to escape to Baden-Baden, there rushed upon her a sudden hope that she might be able to accompany the flight. She would not be parted from her husband, or at least not so parted that the world should suppose that they had quarreled. She would simply go away and make a long visit a very long visit. Two years ago a sojourn with her mother and Margaretta at Baden-Baden would not have offered to her much that was attractive; but now, in her eyes, such a life seemed to be a life in Paradise. In truth, the tedium of those hours in Princess Royal Crescent had been very heavy.

But how could she contrive that it should be so? That conversation with her mother had taken place on the day preceding the party, and Lady De Courcy had repeated it with dismay to Margaretta.

"Of course he would allow her an income," Margaretta had coolly said.

"But, my dear, they have been married only ten weeks."

"I don't see why any body is to be made absolutely wretched because they are married," Margaretta answered. "I don't want to persuade her to leave him, but if what she says is true it must be very uncomfortable."

Crosbie had consented to go to the party in Portman Square, but had not greatly enjoyed himself on that festive occasion. He had stood about moodily, speaking hardly a word to any one. His whole aspect of life seemed to have been altered during the last few months. It was here, in such spots as this that he had been used to find his glory. On such occasions he had shone with a peculiar light, making envious the hearts of many who watched the brilliance of his career as they stood around in dull quiescence. But now no one in those rooms had been more dull, more silent, or less courted than he; and yet he was established there as the son-in-law of that noble house. "Rather slow work; isn't it?" Gazebee had said to him, having, after many efforts, succeeded in reaching his brother-in-law in a corner. In answer to this Crosbie had only grunted. "As for myself," continued Gazebee, "I would a deal sooner be at home with my paper and slippers. It seems to me these sort of gatherings don't suit married men." Crosbie had again grunted, and had then escaped into another corner.

Crosbie and his wife went home together in a cab—speechless both of them. Alexandrina hated cabs—but she had been plainly told that in such vehicles, and in such vehicles only, could she be allowed to travel. On the following morning he was at the breakfast-table punctually by

nine, but she did not make her appearance till after he had gone to his office. Soon after that, however, she was away to her mother and her sister; but she was seated grimly in her drawing-room when he came in to see her, on his return to his house. Having said some word which might be taken for a greeting, he was about to retire; but she stopped him with a request that he would speak to her.

"Certainly," said he. "I was only going to dress. It is nearly the half hour."

"I won't keep you very long, and if dinner is a few minutes late it won't signify. Mamma and Margaretta are going to Baden-Baden."

"To Baden-Baden, are they?"

"Yes; and they intend to remain there—for a considerable time." There was a little pause, and Alexandrina found it necessary to clear her voice and to prepare herself for further speech by a little cough. She was determined to make her proposition, but was rather afraid of the manner in which it might be first received.

"Has any thing happened at Courcy Castle?" Crosbie asked.

"No; that is, yes; there may have been some words between papa and mamma; but I don't quite know. That, however, does not matter now. Mamma is going, and purposes to remain there for the rest of the year."

"And the house in town will be given up."

"I suppose so, but that will be as papa chooses. Have you any objection to my going with mamma?"

What a question to be asked by a bride of ten weeks' standing! She had hardly been above a month with her husband in her new house, and she was now asking permission to leave it, and to leave him also, for an indefinite number of months—perhaps forever. But she showed no excitement as she made her request. There was neither sorrow, nor regret, nor hope in her face. She had not put on half the animation which she had once assumed in asking for the use, twice a week, of a carriage done up to look as though it were her own private possession. Crosbie had then answered her with great sternness, and she had wept when his refusal was made certain to her. But there was to be no weeping now. She meant to go—with his permission if he would accord it, and without it if he should refuse it. The question of money was no doubt important, but Gazebee should manage that—as he managed all those things.

"Going with them to Baden-Baden?" said Crosbie. "For how long?"

"Well; it would be no use unless it were for some time."

"For how long a time do you mean, Alexandrina? Speak out what you really have to say. For a month?"

"Oh, more than that."

"For two months, or six, or as long as they may stay there?"

"We could settle that afterward, when I am there." During all this time she did not once look into his face, though he was looking hard at her throughout.

"You mean," said he, "that you wish to go away from me."

"In one sense it would be going away, certainly."

"But in the ordinary sense? is it not so? When you talk of going to Baden-Baden for an unlimited number of months, have you any idea of coming back again?"

"Back to London, you mean?"

"Back to me—to my house—to your duties as a wife! Why can not you say at once what it is you want? You wish to be separated from me?"

"I am not happy here—in this house."

"And who chose the house? Did I want to come here? But it is not that. If you are not happy here, what could you have in any other house to make you happy?"

"If you were left alone in this room for seven or eight hours at a time, without a soul to come to you, you would know what I mean. And even after that, it is not much better. You never speak to me when you are here."

"Is it my fault that nobody comes to you? The fact is, Alexandrina, that you will not reconcile yourself to the manner of life which is suitable to my income. You are wretched because you can not have yourself driven round the Park. I can not find you a carriage, and will not attempt to do so. You may go to Baden-Baden if you please; that is, if your mother is willing to take you."

"Of course I must pay my own expenses," said Alexandrina. But to this he made no answer on the moment. As soon as he had given his permission he had risen from his seat and was going, and her last words only caught him in the doorway. After all, would not this be the cheapest arrangement that he could make? As he went through his calculations he stood up with his elbow on the mantle-piece in his dressing-room. He had scolded his wife because she had been unhappy with him; but had he not been quite as unhappy with her? Would it not be better that they should part in this quiet, half-unnoticed way; that they should part and never again come together? He was lucky in this, that hitherto had come upon them no prospect of any little Crosbie to mar the advantages of such an arrangement. If he gave her four hundred a year, and allowed Gazebee two more toward the paying off of encumbrances, he would still have six on which to enjoy himself in London. Of course he could not live as he had lived in those happy days before his marriage, nor, independently of the cost, would such a mode of life be within his reach. But he might go to his club for his dinners; he might smoke his cigar in luxury; he would not be bound to that wooden home which, in spite of all his resolutions, had become almost unendurable to him. So he made his calculations, and found that it would be well that his bride should go. He would give over his house and furni-

ture to Gazebee, allowing Gazebee to do as he would about that. To be once more a bachelor, in lodgings, with six hundred a year to spend on himself, seemed to him now such a prospect of happiness that he almost became light-hearted as he dressed himself. He would let her go to Baden-Baden.

There was nothing said about it at dinner, nor did he mention the subject again till the servant had left the tea-things on the drawing-room table. "You can go with your mother if you like it," he then said.

"I think it will be best," she answered.

"Perhaps it will. At any rate you shall suit yourself."

"And about money?"

"You had better leave me to speak to Gazebee about that."

"Very well. Will you have some tea?" And then the whole thing was finished.

On the next day she went after lunch to her mother's house, and never came back again to Princess Royal Crescent. During that morning she packed up those things which she cared to pack herself, and sent her sisters there, with an old family servant, to bring away whatever else might be supposed to belong to her. "Dear, dear," said Amelia, "what trouble I had in getting these things together for them, and only the other day! I can't but think she's wrong to go away."

"I don't know," said Margaretta. "She has not been so lucky as you have in the man she has married. I always felt that she would find it difficult to manage him."

"But, my dear, she has not tried. She has given up at once. It isn't management that was wanting. The fact is that when Alexandrina began she didn't make up her mind to the kind of thing she was coming to. I did. I knew it wasn't to be all party-going and that sort of thing. But I must own that Crosbie isn't the same sort of man as Mortimer. I don't think I could have gone on with him. You might as well have those small books put up; he won't care about them." And in this way Crosbie's house was dismantled.

She saw him no more, for he made no farewell visit to the house in Portman Square. A note had been brought to him at his office. "I am here with mamma, and may as well say good-by now. We start on Tuesday. If you wish to write you can send your letters to the housekeeper here. I hope you will make yourself comfortable, and that you will be well. Yours affectionately, A. C." He made no answer to it, but went that day and dined at his club.

"I haven't seen you this age," said Montgomerie Dobbs.

"No. My wife is going abroad with her mother, and while she is away I shall come back here again."

There was nothing more said to him, and no one ever made any inquiry about his domestic affairs. It seemed to him now as though he had no friend sufficiently intimate with him to ask him after his wife or family. She was gone, and in a month's time he found himself again in Mount Street—beginning the world with five hundred a year, not six. For Mr. Gazebee, when the reckoning came, showed him that a larger income at the present moment was not possible for him. The countess had for a long time refused to let Lady Alexandrina go with her on so small a pittance as four hundred and fifty; and then were there not the insurances to be maintained?

But I think he would have consented to accept his liberty with three hundred a year—so great to him was the relief.

CHAPTER LVII.

LILIAN DALE VANQUISHES HER MOTHER.

Mrs. Dale had been present during the interview in which John Eames had made his prayer to her daughter, but she had said little or nothing on that occasion. All her wishes had been in favor of the suitor, but she had not dared to express them, neither had she dared to leave the room. It had been hard upon him to be thus forced to declare his love in the presence of a third person, but he had done it, and had gone away with his answer. Then, when the thing was over, Lily, without any communion with her mother, took herself off, and was no more seen till the evening hours had come on, in which it was natural that they should be together again. Mrs. Dale, when thus alone, had been able to think of nothing but this new suit for her daughter's hand. If only it might be accomplished! If any words from her to Lily might be efficacious to such an end! And yet, hitherto, she had been afraid almost to utter a word.

She knew that it was very difficult. She declared to herself over and over that he had come too soon—that the attempt had been made too quickly after that other shipwreck. How was it possible that the ship should put to sea again at once, with all her timbers so rudely strained? And yet, now that the attempt had been made, now that Eames had uttered his request and been sent away with an answer, she felt that she must at once speak to Lily on the subject, if ever she were to speak upon it. She thought that she understood her child and all her feelings. She recognized the violence of the shock which must be encountered before Lily could be brought to acknowledge such a change in her heart. But if the thing could be done Lily would be a happy woman. When once done it would be in all respects a blessing. And if it were not done, might not Lily's life be blank, lonely, and loveless to the end? Yet when Lily came down in the evening, with some light, half-joking word on her lips, as was usual to her, Mrs. Dale was still afraid to venture upon her task.

"I suppose, mamma, we may consider it as a settled thing that every thing must be again unpacked, and that the lodging scheme will be given up."

"I don't know that, my dear."

"Oh, but I do—after what you said just now. What geese every body will think us!"

"I shouldn't care a bit for that, if we didn't think ourselves geese, or if your uncle did not think us so."

"I believe he would think we were swans. If I had ever thought he would be so much in earnest about it, or that he would ever have cared about our being here, I would never have voted for going. But he is so strange. He is affectionate when he ought to be angry, and ill-natured when he ought to be gentle and kind."

"He has, at any rate, given us reason to feel sure of his affection."

"For us girls I never doubted it. But, mamma, I don't think I could face Mrs. Boyce. Mrs. Hearn and Mrs. Crump would be very bad, and Hopkins would come down upon us terribly when he found that we had given way. But Mrs. Boyce would be worse than any of them. Can't you fancy the tone of her congratulations?"

"I think I should survive Mrs. Boyce."

"Ah, yes; because we should have to go and tell her. I know your cowardice of old, mamma; don't I? And Bell wouldn't care a bit, because of her lover. Mrs. Boyce will be nothing to her. It is I that must bear it all. Well, I don't mind; I'll vote for staying if you will promise to be happy here. Oh, mamma, I'll vote for any thing if you will be happy."

"And will you be happy?"

"Yes; as happy as the day is long. Only I know we shall never see Bell. People never do see each other when they live just at that distance. It's too near for long visits, and too far for short visits. I'll tell you what; we might make arrangements each to walk half-way, and meet at the corner of Lord De Guest's wood. I wonder whether they'd let us put up a seat there. I think we might have a little house and carry sandwiches and a bottle of beer. Couldn't we see something of each other in that way?"

Thus it came to be the fixed idea of both of them that they would abandon their plan of migrating to Guestwick, and on this subject they continued to talk over their tea-table; but on that evening Mrs. Dale ventured to say nothing about John Eames.

But they did not even yet dare to commence the work of reconstructing their old home. Bell must come back before they would do that, and the express assent of the squire must be formally obtained. Mrs. Dale must, in a degree, acknowledge herself to have been wrong, and ask to be forgiven for her contumacy.

"I suppose the three of us had better go up in sackcloth, and throw ashes on our foreheads as we meet Hopkins in the garden," said Lily, "and then I know he'll heap coals of fire on our heads by sending us an early dish of pease. And Dingles would bring us in a pheasant, only that pheasants don't grow in May."

"If the sackcloth doesn't take an unpleasanter shape than that I sha'n't mind it."

"That's because you've got no delicate feelings. And then uncle Christopher's gratitude!"

"Ah! I shall feel that."

"But, mamma, we'll wait till Bell comes home. She shall decide. She is going away, and therefore she'll be free from prejudice. If uncle offers to paint the house—and I know he will—then I shall be humbled to the dust."

But yet Mrs. Dale had said nothing on the subject which was nearest to her heart. When Lily in pleasantry had accused her of cowardice her mind had instantly gone off to that other matter, and she had told herself that she was a coward. Why should she be afraid of offering her counsel to her own child? It seemed to her as though she had neglected some duty in allowing Crosbie's conduct to have passed away without hardly a word of comment on it between herself and Lily. Should she not have forced upon her daughter's conviction the fact that Crosbie had been a villain, and as such should be discarded from her heart? As it was, Lily had spoken the simple truth when she told John Eames that she was dealing more openly with him on that affair of her engagement than she had ever dealt, even with her mother. Thinking of this as she sat in her own room that night before she allowed herself to rest, Mrs. Dale resolved that on the next morning she would endeavor to make Lily see as she saw, and think as she thought.

She let breakfast pass by before she began her task, and even then she did not rush at it at once. Lily sat herself down to her work when the tea-cups were taken away, and Mrs. Dale went down to her kitchen as was her wont. It was nearly eleven before she seated herself in the parlor, and even then she got her work-box before her and took out her needle.

"I wonder how Bell gets on with Lady Julia," said Lily.

"Very well, I'm sure."

"Lady Julia won't bite her, I know, and I suppose her dismay at the tall footmen has passed off by this time."

"I don't know that they have any tall footmen."

"Short footmen then—you know what I mean; all the noble belongings. They must startle one at first, I'm sure, let one determine ever so much not to be startled. It's a very mean thing, no doubt, to be afraid of a lord merely because he is a lord; yet I'm sure I should be afraid at first, even of Lord De Guest, if I were staying in the house."

"It's well you didn't go, then."

"Yes, I think it is. Bell is of a firmer mind, and I dare say she'll get over it after the first day. But what on earth does she do there? I wonder whether they mend their stockings in such a house as that."

"Not in public, I should think."

"In very grand houses they throw them away at once, I suppose. I've often thought about it.

Do you believe the Prime Minister ever has his shoes sent to a cobbler?"

"Perhaps a regular shoemaker will condescend to mend a Prime Minister's shoes."

"You think they are mended, then? But who orders it? Does he see himself when there's a little hole coming, as I do? Does an archbishop allow himself so many pairs of gloves in a year?"

"Not very strictly, I should think."

"Then I suppose it comes to this, that he has a new pair whenever he wants them. But what constitutes the want? Does he ever say to himself that they'll do for another Sunday? I remember the bishop coming here once, and he had a hole at the end of his thumb. I was going to be confirmed, and I remember thinking that he ought to have been smarter."

"Why didn't you offer to mend it?"

"I shouldn't have dared for all the world."

The conversation had commenced itself in a manner that did not promise much assistance to Mrs. Dale's project. When Lily got upon any subject she was not easily induced to leave it, and when her mind had twisted itself in one direction it was difficult to untwist it. She was now bent on a consideration of the smaller social habits of the high and mighty among us, and was asking her mother whether she supposed that the royal children ever carried halfpence in their pockets, or descended so low as fourpenny bits.

"I suppose they have pockets like other children," said Lily.

But her mother stopped her suddenly:

"Lily, dear, I want to say something to you about John Eames."

"Mamma, I'd sooner talk about the Royal Family just at present."

"But, dear, you must forgive me if I persist. I have thought much about it, and I'm sure you will not oppose me when I am doing what I think to be my duty."

"No, mamma; I won't oppose you, certainly."

"Since Mr. Crosbie's conduct was made known to you I have mentioned his name in your hearing very seldom."

"No, mamma, you have not. And I have loved you so dearly for your goodness to me. Do not think that I have not understood and known how generous you have been. No other mother ever was so good as you have been. I have known it all and thought of it every day of my life, and thanked you in my heart for your trusting silence. Of course I understand your feelings. You think him bad, and you hate him for what he has done."

"I would not willingly hate any one, Lily."

"Ah, but you do hate him. If I were you I should hate him; but I am not you, and I love him. I pray for his happiness every night and morning, and for hers. I have forgiven him altogether, and I think that he was right. When I am old enough to do so without being wrong I will go to him and tell him so. I should like to hear of all his doings and all his success, if it were only possible. How, then, can you and I talk about him? It is impossible. You have been silent, and I have been silent; let us remain silent."

"It is not about Mr. Crosbie that I wish to speak. But I think you ought to understand that conduct such as his will be rebuked by all the world. You may forgive him, but you should acknowledge—"

"Mamma, I don't want to acknowledge any thing—not about him. There are things as to which a person can not argue." Mrs. Dale felt that this present matter was one as to which she could not argue. "Of course, mamma," continued Lily, "I don't want to oppose you in any thing, but I think we had better be silent about this."

"Of course I am thinking only of your future happiness."

"I know you are; but pray believe me that you need not be alarmed. I do not mean to be unhappy. Indeed, I think I may say I am not unhappy; of course I have been unhappy—very unhappy. I did think that my heart would break. But that has passed away, and I believe I can be as happy as my neighbors. We're all of us sure to have some troubles, as you used to tell us when we were children."

Mrs. Dale felt that she had begun wrong, and that she would have been able to make better progress had she omitted all mention of Crosbie's name. She knew exactly what it was that she wished to say—what were the arguments which she desired to expound before her daughter; but she did not know what language to use, or how she might best put her thoughts into words. She paused for a while, and Lily went on with her work as though the conversation was over. But the conversation was not over.

"It was about John Eames, and not about Mr. Crosbie, that I wished to speak to you."

"Oh, mamma!"

"My dear, you must not hinder me in doing what I think to be a duty. I heard what he said to you and what you replied, and of course I can not but have my mind full of the subject. Why should you set yourself against him in so fixed a manner?"

"Because I love another man." These words she spoke out loud, in a steady, almost dogged tone, with a certain show of audacity—as though aware that the declaration was unseemly, but resolved that, though unseemly, it must be made.

"But, Lily, that love, from its very nature, must cease; or, rather, such love is not the same as that you felt when you thought that you were to be his wife."

"Yes, it is. If she died, and he came to me in five years' time, I would still take him. I should think myself constrained to take him."

"But she is not dead, nor likely to die."

"That makes no difference. You don't understand me, mamma."

"I think I do, and I want you to understand

me also. I know how difficult is your position; I know what your feelings are; but I know this also, that if you could reason with yourself, and bring yourself in time to receive John Eames as a dear friend—"

"I did receive him as a dear friend. Why not? He is a dear friend. I love him heartily—as you do."

"You know what I mean?"

"Yes, I do; and I tell you it is impossible."

"If you would make the attempt, all this misery would soon be forgotten. If once you could bring yourself to regard him as a friend who might become your husband, all this would be changed, and I should see you happy."

"You are strangely anxious to be rid of me, mamma!"

"Yes, Lily; to be rid of you in that way. If I could see you put your hand in his as his promised wife, I think that I should be the happiest woman in the world."

"Mamma, I can not make you happy in that way. If you really understood my feelings, my doing as you propose would make you very unhappy. I should commit a great sin—the sin against which women should be more guarded than against any other. In my heart I am married to that other man. I gave myself to him, and loved him, and rejoiced in his love. When he kissed me I kissed him again, and I longed for his kisses. I seemed to live only that he might caress me. All that time I never felt myself to be wrong, because he was all in all to me. I was his own. That has been changed, to my great misfortune; but it can not be undone or forgotten. I can not be the girl I was before he came here. There are things that will not have themselves buried and put out of sight, as though they had never been. I am as you are, mamma, widowed. But you have your daughter, and I have my mother. If you will be contented, so will I." Then she got up and threw herself on her mother's neck.

Mrs. Dale's argument was over now. To such an appeal as that last made by Lily no rejoinder on her part was possible. After that she was driven to acknowledge to herself that she must be silent. Years as they rolled on might make a change, but no reasoning could be of avail. She embraced her daughter, weeping over her, whereas Lily's eyes were dry. "It shall be as you will," Mrs. Dale murmured.

"Yes, as I will. I shall have my own way; shall I not? That is all I want; to be a tyrant over you, and make you do my bidding in every thing, as a well-behaved mother should do. But I won't be stern in my orderings. If you will only be obedient, I will be so gracious to you! There's Hopkins again; I wonder whether he has come to knock us down and trample upon us with another speech."

Hopkins knew very well to which window he must come, as only one of the rooms was at the present time habitable. He came up to the dining-room, and almost flattened his nose against the glass.

"Well, Hopkins," said Lily, "here we are." Mrs. Dale had turned her face away, for she knew that the tears were still on her cheek.

"Yes, Miss, I see you. I want to speak to your mamma, Miss."

"Come round," said Lily, anxious to spare her mother the necessity of showing herself at once. "It's too cold to open the window; come round, and I'll open the door."

"Too cold!" muttered Hopkins, as he went. "They'll find it a deal colder in lodgings at Guestwick." However, he went round through the kitchen, and Lily met him in the hall.

"Well, Hopkins, what is it? Mamma has got a headache."

"Got a headache, has she? I won't make her headache no worse. It's my opinion that there's nothing for a headache so good as fresh air. Only some people can't abear to be blowed upon, not for a minute. If you don't let down the lights in a green-house more or less every day, you'll never get any plants—never; and it's just the same with the grapes. Is I to go back and say as how I couldn't see her?"

"You can come in if you like; only be quiet, you know."

"Ain't I ollays quiet, Miss? Did any body ever hear me rampage? If you please, ma'am, the squire's come home."

"What, home from Guestwick? Has he brought Miss Bell?"

"He ain't brought none but hisself, 'cause he come on horseback; and it's my belief he's going back almost immediate. But he wants you to come to him, Mrs. Dale."

"Oh yes, I'll come at once."

"He bade me say with his kind love. I don't know whether that makes any difference."

"At any rate I'll come, Hopkins."

"And I ain't to say nothing about the headache?"

"About what?" said Mrs. Dale.

"No, no, no," said Lily. "Mamma will be there at once. Go and tell my uncle—there's a good man," and she put up her hand and backed him out of the room.

"I don't believe she's got no headache at all," said Hopkins, grumbling, as he returned through the back premises. "What lies gentlefolks do tell! If I said I'd a headache when I ought to be out among the things what would they say to me? But a poor man mustn't never lie, nor yet drink, nor yet do nothing." And so he went back with his message.

"What can have brought your uncle home?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Just to look after the cattle, and to see that the pigs are not all dead. My wonder is that he should ever have gone away."

"I must go up to him at once."

"Oh yes, of course."

"And what shall I say about the house?"

"It's not about that, at least I think not. I don't think he'll speak about that again till you speak to him."

"But if he does?"

"You must put your trust in Providence. Declare you've got a bad headache, as I told Hopkins just now; only you would throw me over by not understanding. I'll walk with you down to the bridge." So they went off together across the lawn.

But Lily was soon left alone, and continued her walk, waiting for her mother's return. As she went round and round the gravel paths she thought of the words that she had said to her mother. She had declared that she also was widowed. "And so it should be," she said, debating the matter with herself. "What can a heart be worth if it can be transferred hither and thither as circumstances and convenience and comfort may require? When he held me here in his arms"—and, as the thoughts ran through her brain, she remembered the very spot on which they had stood—"oh, my love!" she had said to him then as she returned his kisses—"oh, my love, my love, my love!" "When he held me here in his arms, I told myself that it was right, because he was my husband. He has changed, but I have not. It might be that I should have ceased to love him, and then I should have told him so. I should have done as he did." But, as she came to this, she shuddered, thinking of the Lady Alexandrina. "It was very quick," she said, still speaking to herself; "very, very. But then men are not the same as women." And she walked on eagerly, hardly remembering where she was, thinking over it all, as she did daily; remembering every little thought and word of those few eventful months in which she had learned to regard Crosbie as her husband and master. She had declared that she had conquered her unhappiness; but there were moments in which she was almost wild with misery. "Tell me to forget him!" she said. "It is the one thing which will never be forgotten."

At last she heard her mother's step coming down across the squire's garden, and she took up her post at the bridge.

"Stand and deliver," she said, as her mother put her foot upon the plank. "That is, if you've got any thing worth delivering. Is any thing settled?"

"Come up to the house," said Mrs. Dale, "and I'll tell you all."

THE PRESCRIPTION.

THE Doctor said that change of air would do me good, and that the farther I went from home the better. It would be wise to go, he thought, beyond the reach of daily newspapers and Adams Express; an irregular mail would be advisable. "Choose a village," he added, "where there is no railroad, no telegraph wires, no barrack hotel, and no Gothic meeting-house."

"How long must she stay?" my husband asked.

The Doctor eyed him a moment, as if a reply was rising in his mind which he would like to give utterance to, but had a doubt whether it was best to do so. He answered presently, that I must stay out of the city till I was in a different condition from the one I was in at present.

When this conversation happened on a summer afternoon in my chamber, a torn Zouave jacket of white Marseilles was lying on the sofa where the Doctor sat. A few minutes before his arrival my husband, Gérard Fuller, entered the room and came to the table where I was drawing, and being very tall and very near-sighted bent his head over my shoulder; the gleam of the gilt buttons on the said jacket, which I had on, must have caught his eye, for he started back with the exclamation:

"Haven't I told you never to wear these things? Fast women only should wear them."

Before I could put my pencil down he cut the jacket open with his penknife, pulled it from my arms, tore it across and tossed it over on the sofa. I replaced it with a drab-colored barége, and seated myself at a distance from the table where Gérard stood contemplating my sketch, to await further demonstration from him, when a rap came on the door and the Doctor bustled in. It is possible that there might have been an unusual expression in our faces, for he only gave a queer "hem," and referred to his memorandum-book. After perusing it a while he remarked that he had been looking over, in his carriage, a clever little book by a Frenchman, who said, "that a woman may be loved for three things: for her superior intellect—a love serious but rare; for her beauty—a love vulgar and brief; for the qualities of her heart—a love lasting but monotonous." His eyes then dropped on the torn jacket, and without waiting for any comment on his quotation he asked me how I felt, and proposed change of air for me.

"Milk-and-water will be good for her, I suppose, in the out-of-the-way place you suggest," continued Gérard.

"Unless she finds the milk of human kindness there," the Doctor replied.

"Good, Doctor, but said by Grimaldi thirty years ago; and I believe he added something about the cream of the joke."

"I dare say. Mrs. Fuller," and the Doctor turned toward me, putting his fingers on my wrist, "when can you leave home?"

Gérard answered hastily that I could go any day, but he could not accompany me. Gérard is a cloth importer, and mid-summer is his busiest time; the Doctor knew this fact.

"I sent a patient," he said, "two years ago to a little town famous for its bad air, its disagreeable scenery, and the stupidity of its inhabitants. I wish you would allow your wife to go there" (here his eyes rested on the jacket again). "I am sure she can get in the same house where my patient boarded; and if you say so, I will write to my old friend, John Bowman, ancient mariner, who lives in it, and engage a room."

"Oh," said Gérard, in his roughest way, "I do not believe it is necessary to write your

friend; he will be glad to take a boarder, and Caroline can go to-morrow if she chooses."

"Just so," answered the Doctor, rising. "It is understood then, Mrs. Fuller, that you will follow my directions."

"You had better make them more explicit," I answered.

"I'll drop in to-morrow to see how you are, and give you my final say."

"Where is that happy village?" inquired Gérard.

"Eighteen miles from the small city of Berford, on the sea-coast; its name is Marlow. Good-day."

Gérard left me immediately, and, naturally, I looked in the glass as soon as I was alone. I saw no difference in my appearance, and could not account for the Doctor's penetration; for I was convinced that he knew Gérard had torn off the jacket from me. Upon second thought, I remembered that he had shown the same manner once before. It was when Gérard happened to come home one day, in the beginning of my illness, with a carriage, to take me out with him. The Doctor, perceiving that I did not wish to go, said that I had better stay at home that day. Gérard flung about in wrath, and finally rushed out of the room and went off with the carriage. The Doctor asked me, suddenly, if I was nervous before I was married. "No," I said.

"Your grandmother," he remarked, "must be an old muff."

As Gérard had said the same thing frequently of her, I supposed it must be true that she was; but I was impressed with an idea that the Doctor had a different reason for thinking so from what Gérard had. I was not left alone much, was I? the Doctor questioned. What individual tastes or employments had I? Did I ever feel hemmed in by circumstances? He had often noticed that dyspeptic people felt that way. These, with many more strange questions, he asked, and I believe I answered him coherently, though, while I think of it now, I wonder that I was not embarrassed.

He came the next day after the episode of the jacket, and told me that he had already written to Mr. Bowman, who would be ready to receive me as soon as the letter reached him. He also gave me a prescription in a sealed envelope, adding that I need not open it till I had arrived in Marlow, for there was an apothecary's shop there.

"The Doctor has left nothing for me to arrange, I conclude," said Gérard, when he returned home that evening.

"He has even provided for me after I get there, in giving me a sealed prescription."

"Give it to me at once."

I offered it to him in silence.

"Take it," he said, after looking at it a moment; "do you imagine I wish to break the seal?"

I did imagine it, but did not say so.

"You will obey him, of course?"

"Shall I not?"

He shrugged his shoulders for reply.

It was several days before my traveling-dress came home and I was ready to go. Gérard continually wondered why the Doctor did not come to pack my trunk and order a carriage. He also begged me not to indulge in any sentimental twaddle on his account; which was entirely satirical on his part—for I never indulged in any thing of the kind in regard to him—and endeavored to torment me after the old fashion. He remained at home the day of my departure, but said little. He appeared interested in a novel, but I noticed that he was not so absorbed in it as to prevent his following me over the house, pursuing me from room to room with his book in his hand. He filled my purse, and a new carpet-bag was silently presented to me with various useful nicknacks in it, for which I expressed my gratitude. He accompanied me to the boat, and we had the pleasure of looking out from the opposite windows of the carriage on the drive thither. Depositing my carpet-bag and shawl on the cabin floor, he obtained a chair for me, and then stood before me in a rigid attitude. I untied my bonnet, pinned it to a berth curtain, took off my gloves, and fanned myself. He stared at my hands, oblivious of the crowd of people who hurried to and fro past us, till a man cried out, "All ashore that's going!" He pushed away my fan then, and whispered,

"It's a pity we are married."

In lieu of a reply I fanned myself with violence, for I did not know what reply to make.

"I love you, and I am tired of you; you fatigue me."

I fanned on.

"I wish the devil had that fan."

I shut it up. "Do you think it would cool him, Gérard?"

"Placid wit!"

"I am afraid the boat will start."

"Of course you are. I am going. Won't you say any thing?—send a message to your grandmother?"

I put out my hand without a word; he grasped it till I nearly cried out with pain, and was gone.

Before I had time to start a train of reflection upon the novelty of my situation the boat started; the stewardess put a bit of paper in my hand marked "37," and informed me that it was my berth; the Captain, perambulating the cabin, stopped and asked me if I would go down to supper; and a lady, with a cushion in a leather strap, asked me to exchange berths with her, as she preferred mine to hers. By this time the boat was rocking unpleasantly, my head ached, and I was glad to retire to "35," having at once given up 37 to the lady of the cushion. At sunrise we arrived in port. A train was waiting to convey passengers to different towns by a circuitous route. At the Berford station I alighted, and discovering there the Marlow mail wagon took passage therein.

"Mr. Bowman told me to look out for a lady,"

said the driver, "and I expect you are the invalid, or convalescent, or something of that sort boarder, ain't you?"

Somehow I felt that I had suddenly lost the claim to invalidism, and so I said that I was a convalescent.

"The air is strong in Marlow," he continued, "and no mistake; it kills or cures strangers. Mostly kills the folks that live there, too, before they get to old age. Old Bowman, though, is seventy; he's tough. Ever introduced to him? He is a first-rate man, and no mistake; he'll do what's right by you. As for myself, speaking of health, I am twenty-four, and I have had typhus fever, dysentery, inflammatory rheumatism, and no end of stoppages; but I calculate to enjoy myself for all that."

His loquacity continued and amused me till we reached John Bowman's house.

"There he is," said the driver, "awalking up and down in the sun."

"Hi yi!" said the old man, when the driver stopped; "have you brought somebody here, Ike?"

"That ere boarder, you know."

He approached the wagon, and lifting a white beaver hat, said:

"Your servant, marm."

"Bear a hand, will you," said the driver, "and unlash the trunk?"

Mr. Bowman propped his gold-headed cane against the paling, turned up the cuffs of his blue cloth jacket, and proceeded to unfasten the trunk. I observed that, in spite of his handsome beaver hat and gold-headed cane, he wore coarse gray trowsers, patched at the knees, and cow-hide shoes; and that he had a noble head, pale, dignified features, long gray hair rising from his forehead like a crown, and a diminutive figure. He interested me, and I felt no surprise at the fact of his being a friend of Doctor Brown's. I looked at the house before I entered it. It had been long built, and never painted; the martins were flying round the squat chimneys; and on the ridge-pole of the low porch several pigeons were daintily stepping to and fro. There was an iron knocker on the door, and before it a brick pavement, in the cracks of which tufts and seams of grass grew. The house interested me also.

"Now, then," said Mr. Bowman, smiting the dust from his hands, "we are ready, marm. Will you walk in? Mrs. Bowman's dinner is ready."

He opened the door softly, and preceding me, entered a room, where a tall, Roman-nosed old lady sat reading a green flannel-covered book, which I found afterward was Baxter's "Saint's Rest." Mr. Bowman waved his hand and said, "This is she;" and Mrs. Bowman rose, addressing me with a few precise words.

"Dinner, mother," he interrupted her with.

"Don't be impatient, father; let her get her things off."

He took my bonnet and shawl away, and placed me at the table. Mrs. Bowman went out, and returned with two covered dishes and a tea-pot, and we began dinner. She conversed during the meal; but her husband was silent for the most part, with the exception of a few "yi-hi's" and "pooh-pooh's," which did not seem to produce much effect upon her.

"What is the nature of your complaint?" she asked.

"Her complaint is going so fast she can't recall its name," he said.

"Father is so confident always," she remarked, with a smile of pity.

"Pooh! nonsense, mother."

"You remember what the Psalmist says, father?"

For answer he buried his face in a large mug which contained cold coffee, his constant drink, and draining it, rose from the table with twinkling eyes and went out. She gave a smiling sigh of superiority as he disappeared, and proceeded in a deliberate way to clear the table. I became interested in her performances, and declined her proposal that I should go to bed till tea-time. The remains of the dinner she disposed of in various bowls, and carried to the "cellar-way" to keep cool. She also prepared a hash for supper, and washed the dishes. I followed her into the kitchen to witness the final touch at her mid-day work, which was to scour the hooks and trammels which were already hanging on the crane as bright as steel. All this made me unmindful of the lapse of time, and I was surprised when Mr. Bowman came back with the announcement that it was going on for five o'clock.

"Hasn't she been up stairs yet, mother?" he exclaimed.

"No," she answered; "she said she was not tired."

"I will go now, Mr. Bowman, if you will show me the way," I said.

"I hope you won't mind the smell of the sea-weed when the tide is out," Mrs. Bowman remarked.

The tide! What could that have to do with my going up stairs? I remembered catching a glimpse of a bay as we turned into the street where the house was situated, but there was no view of it in front.

"Nothing would tempt me," she continued, "to do my work or to stay in the back part of this house; but it is father's whim to stay here, with the butment all crumbled away, and he will stay till the underpinning goes."

He thumped the floor gently with his cane to attract my attention, and said:

"She's here for sea-weed, and the creek, and all. Don't Doctor Brown know what he is about, mother?"

He opened the door before she could reply, and I followed him. The stairs dividing on a platform about midway, we turned to the left, went up a few steps into a narrow passage, at the end of which was a door painted light blue. It was the door of my room.

"You'll like it," he said, as we entered, "be-

cause there is such a prospect from the window. It will do you good. *I* look out of it at odd times, and my mind goes out on my old voyages to Amsterdam, Leghorn, and Liverpool. I think you will like the prospect, I say."

I looked from the open window.

"Why, Mr. Bowman," I exclaimed, "your house is built on the sand!"

"Isn't it?" he chuckled, "and the floods don't wash it away either. Put your head out; streets in front of the house, seas behind; was there ever such a situation besides?"

I put my head out, and obtained a novel view. The house stood on the upper end of a marsh, half of its foundation on the border of it, and half on the solid ground of the street. A wide creek flowed past the underpinning of piles, whose channel had been divested by the "butment" now crumbling apart, but which still kept the creek from making further inroads into the spongy yards of the neighbors who lived higher up the street. Below the creek stretched the beautiful bay of Marlow, and beyond that rolled the ocean, over which Mr. Bowman's mind went on his old voyages.

"This is almost Venetian, Mr. Bowman; colorless Venice without architecture."

"I never went there; they have strange craft in that place I am told; the natives paddle their boats under the girls' windows. I went to St. Petersburg once, in the time of the Emperor Paul. Nothing will disturb you here, unless Gil Jones comes up in his punt at high tide to steal oysters. You'll hear the water splash sometimes; that's pleasant."

I must have looked tired or abstracted, for he made a hasty exit on tip-toe, without another word. I was weary; the sight of my unpacked trunk was discouraging. How could Gérard have allowed me to leave home alone? What occupation was I to find in this queer, lonely house with these strange, lonely old people?

After tea I unlocked my trunk, shook out my dresses, and looked over my stock of fineries. All at once I felt in better spirits; my clothes seemed to belong to me more than they had for a long time, and a strange sense of freedom stole over me when I recollected that I could keep the candle burning as long as I pleased, and sit up all night if I saw fit.

A sheet of dull, unbroken light hung before the shutterless window when I woke next morning. A mild silvery mist hid land and sea; immediately beneath the window I could see little pools of black water, and a bed of stones covered with a web of green viscous weeds. The tide was out. A faint breeze touched my face with dampness when I raised the sash, and a cloud of delicate mist edged itself into the room.

How different it was at noon!

Mr. Bowman was going across the bay to fish and so we dined early; by twelve o'clock he was hoisting sail at the one wharf Marlow could boast of. Mrs. Bowman went to a funeral several miles distant, and the house was left to me. I shut the windows below, bolted the outside doors, and betook myself to my room. Outside there was no shade, the pale marsh grass scorched in the sun, and the beach glittered as if every pebble was a precious stone. The water along the shore and at the mouth of the creek lay still and white, untouched by the breeze which ruffled the waters of the bay; its outlet spreading under the horizon was smooth and white also. It allured me like a magic mirror. If I should look steadfastly at it some strange mystery would be revealed to me.

It occurred to me while I stood gazing seaward to get the doctor's prescription. I opened the envelope and found on a bit of paper the following words:

"Comprehend yourself, then you will be able to comprehend others; to do this is necessary in your case."

My case! Was it pictured in yonder magic mirror and so reflected upon my mind, or were my mental eyes opening at last?

I passed several days in thinking that I was deep in thought, but I was simply in a chaos of feeling which made my brain turbid. I sat much by my window, and continually dropped into vague emotional dreams which produced as apparently a purposeless and futile agitation in my mind as the wind produces on the sea, stirring it up within its limits, but not able to move it an inch beyond. But the chaos was a process I was unaware of till it was completed by slight influences independent of my own will. One evening a tempest came up from the north, and I staid down stairs with the old people. For the most part we were silent, but as its lulls grew longer Mr. Bowman raised his voice, and his wife removed her finger from the place in the green flannel-covered book. When the tempest ceased, and all sounds had died away in the darkness of night, she remarked that she must take in the tubs she had put out to catch rain-water, and go round the house to wipe up the puddles that had leaked in.

"You are gaining, my dear," said Mr. Bowman, when she had gone.

"What am I gaining?"

"That is the secret of the sea. I knew you would go on just so, if you had the chance. I hadn't when I was young. I went hither and thither, on this voyage and that, doing the business of other men; do you think I minded what *I* was doing, hi yi? No, I didn't look into the sea, and the sea didn't look into me; but when the time of action was past, when my owners wanted younger captains and I sat me down here, my ships gone, my crews gone, then I looked into the sea, and the sea looked into me, and I learned what it is to live—late to be sure. You are alone for the first time in your life, I take it, for you are a young thing, and you are gaining. I knew you would like the prospect. Mother can't abear it; there's nothing of Baxter in it."

He laughed so loud that she was drawn back to the room to inquire if he had hysterics. I went to my room smiling too, but I felt as if

there were tears in his eyes, for they were rising in mine. A band of moonlight crossed the floor, a portion of that which crossed the sea, and shimmered in long lines to the verge of the horizon.

"It is true," I reflected, "that I have been living and not thinking; nineteen years of unconscious doing what I have been directed to do. My biography is short, comprised in two facts. I lived with grandmother, and married Gérard Fuller; there is little need to look into the sea in order to expatiate on these topics. But the sea looks into me, and reminds me of my eight months of married life. There is little to account for before that. We have always known Gérard; he is thirty years old; I remember him a grown man when I was a little girl—I always had to mind him. Grandmother wished me to marry him because he is the son of her old friend, for whom she still wears a mourning ring. Gérard was the only man ever intimate at our house. He was devoted to her, though she sometimes quarreled with him. He worried her into a consent to our marriage against her judgment, for she had a theory that a woman should not be married till she was twenty-five. We had not been married a month before he told me that he wished I had her character, and wondered if my marriage had really arrested my development. From that moment I felt myself the automaton he believed me to be. He began a series of experiments with me, ranging from the lively to the severe, always ending in the severe. I never retaliated, never showed anger, never remonstrated; I have more than once endeavored to pacify him, and have shaped my course entirely by his demands. His first experiment was melodramatic. His own friend, Ned Conover, happened to admire the way my hair was arranged one day. He had hardly left us when Gérard took my comb out, and pulled out the hair-pins, saying that he could not bear the way my hair was dressed. I remarked that he was hurting me; he replied that, as I was not thin-skinned, he did not believe it. But when he came home the next evening and saw that I had dressed my hair another way, he scowled and did not address a word to me for twenty-four hours. We were living with grandmother then, and I mentioned the incident to her; she looked aghast, but said nothing. Soon afterward he bought a house, and furnished it without consulting me: he supposed, he observed, that my tastes were the same as his, and that he need not trouble me. Grandmother was disappointed at our leaving her; but Gérard said that young people had better be by themselves, and she made no objection. She had several skirmishes with him, however, before we moved, and I was glad when the time came for us to go. He did not alter his behavior toward me when we lived alone. He was away from home more than formerly. Sometimes when he returned there was an inquiring expression in his face; he always went away again immediately when he wore that expression. There were times more pleasant, rare times though, when he asked me to read to him while he smoked in my chamber; I never took my eyes from my book that I did not find him perusing my face with a strange intentness. When he took me to the opera, and forgot almost that I was his wife, or to the theatre, where we could not fail to have the same chord of appreciation struck. Two months ago my health began to decline. Gérard said it was the coffee, and ordered tea for breakfast; but I did not improve. Then he said it was because I read too much, and I stopped reading. It must be sewing, he concluded, want of exercise, air, and fifty other things. But I grew worse, and Doctor Brown was called. He said little at first, and the medicine he gave was so mild that I am inclined to think it was sweetened water. Gérard stormed at him, maligned him, but succumbed to all he proposed; indeed, he carried out his directions with nervous haste. He watched me more closely than ever; how many times have I opened my eyes to see his face close to mine, full of eager anxiety! But how sullen he was if I spoke to him! At last I kept my eyes shut when I knew he bent over my pillow. It was irksome to suffer this espionage. Was it wise?"

The moon was setting behind the light-house across the bay, and the sea darkened. Whether I had been wise or foolish, it was time to go to bed.

The day after the tempest Mr. Bowman handed me a letter from Gérard.

"What has Brown's prescription done for you?" it abruptly opened with. "You are impatient to return, I know; but why should you be? you have the society that always suffices you —yourself."

I laid the letter aside without finishing it. "He is a brute," I said; "let me be free of him. I am free."

"Mr. Bowman," I said, when I went down stairs, "men are brutes."

"Yes, my dear, except when women tyrannize over them."

"What are they then, father?" his wife asked.

"Transformed into meek angels and saints. But why do you say so now particularly, my dear; did you hear me swearing at mother?"

"The old story-books on the shelves in the passage say so."

"So they do, my dear; hi yi, those stories went on more than one voyage with me."

"Poor kind of bread to cast on the waters, father," Mrs. Bowman observed.

"It returned though."

I left them arguing the point. It was evident that she did not consider Mr. Bowman one of the saved; but I knew that she thought him one of the wisest of men, and was happy with him.

I determined not to answer Gérard.

Within a week after the arrival of the letter I received one from Doctor Brown, which was more pithy even than Gérard's. It contained the following advice:

"Pursue your studies; I am inclined to believe that my prescription was a happy one. Let me know how you are. Physicians love intricate cases; besides, an account of the Bowmans will not come amiss. Is Bowman satisfied with your progress? If he is, I shall be. Be sure to stay till the September rains come on."

I divined that Gérard had applied to the Doctor to write me, and decided not to answer the second letter also. But the two letters stirred my impulses: I began to wish the monotony of my life broken into by something tangible. I opened my port-folio, desiring to write to somebody, but what correspondent could I appeal to? I must write to myself—I would start a Diary. I commenced at once, with a motto, of course:

"Seldom should the morning's gold
On the waters be unrolled;
Or the troubled queen of night
Lift her misty veil of light.
Neither wholly dark nor bright,
Gray by day and gray by night,
That's the light, the sky for me,
By the margent of the sea."

(Page first.)

The above motto is singularly inappropriate. It was in the vivid sunshine and clear moonlight which reigned over the sea that I tried to render the thoughts to the sea which it gave. In its light I saw images—not fantastic, airy shapes—but those of a plain man and woman named Gérard and Caroline. When will——

(Interruption.)

(Resume.)

Mr. Bowman came in to ask me to walk in the best street of Marlow, which has two rows of linden trees, short, thick, and vigorous in growth, in spite of the sea-wind, which gives them in infancy a slight slant to the northwest. Was glad to get back to my beloved Diary. How delightful it is to be able to express one's thoughts freely!

(Third page.)

I choose a new leaf each time I return to my Diary, because I do not feel that I have made a right beginning. I long to say something which is really important, and should never be seen by human eye. Some days have passed since I last wrote here. We have had rainy, dull weather. I staid down stairs, and sewed on Mrs. Bowman's patch-work, of the "Job's trouble" pattern, in red, yellow, and white calico. She has promised it for my bed next summer. Next summer! Shall I revisit these haunts again?

To-day it is clear, and Mr. Bowman is going to take me across the harbor in the *Polly*. What if I should be drowned? I think Gérard——

When we came back from our sail who should I see walking up and down the wharf but Gérard?

"Who upon 'arth is that?" queried Mr. Bowman.

"It looks like my husband."

"We are going to have a rush of strangers in Marlow," he said, embarrassed at his own surprise at the unexpected appearance of my husband. As the boat grated against the side of the wharf he stepped on the cap log, and extended his hand for the rope, which Mr. Bowman tossed toward him with, "Your servant, Sir; we are all right."

As Gérard turned it round a post he looked down at me with a curious expression, which indicated that he would wait for me to make a move, although he doubted whether I could do any thing original under his eye. Outwardly I was as calm as the water round the wharf, inwardly in a whirl. I contrived, however, by the time I put my foot on the gunwale to disentangle one idea, and that was, to take no pains to conceal the character of the relation between us; just as he was should he appear, as far as it lay in me to allow the truth to become apparent. I therefore took his hand to assist myself ashore, and dropped it immediately to walk in advance of him. Half-way up the wharf Mr. Bowman overtook me, and walked nimbly beside me with his basket of fish, while Gérard lingered behind, looking to the right and the left in admiration of the landscape.

"Does he read the 'Saint's Rest?'" Mr. Bowman slyly whispered. I shook my head, and the old man looked puzzled.

"For form's sake, Caroline," growled Gérard, on the other side, "you had better introduce me to your fisherman."

"For form's sake, Mr. Bowman, I introduce you to Mr. Fuller, but you already know him."

Gérard looked suspiciously at me.

"No occasion for an introduction," Mr. Bowman answered; "I knew him from his resemblance to you."

"Is it so striking?" I laughed, scanning Gérard with a nonchalant air, and meeting his eyes, which were filled with astonishment and a certain expression which disturbed me, for it denoted approbation! He started a lively conversation on fish, which lasted till we reached our door. A large valise on the step met my view, and led my thoughts to speculate on the length of his stay. He must have come with an intention to remain. He seemed to understand my thoughts; for as we went in he said, with a meaning smile,

"You know how fond I am of fishing."

"It is too late in the season for that," I answered.

"Walk in, Sir," said Mr. Bowman. "This is my wife. Supper, mother."

For a wonder Mrs. Bowman was reading a pictorial newspaper, which served Gérard for a topic of talk with her. She grew lively in his presence. I saw at once that she would side with him if any contention should appear. I looked at Mr. Bowman, and detected a shade of sadness in his face. That he would sympathize with me I was sure. I put my hand on his brown fist as it lay beside his plate like a lump of brown bread. "My dear," he answered, with vivacity, "you are not well enough to go home yet."

"I am not going home."

Gérard raised his eyebrows.

"Father not having any children of his own

alive is fond of young folks," Mrs. Bowman remarked.

"Yes," he replied, simply, "I love Mrs. Fuller."

"Don't you love children, ma'am?" Gérard asked, with some sharpness.

"I have been a mother."

"Do you love them, Gérard?" I asked, under my breath.

"Yes, but not the childish."

Had the sea told me all it might have told me? Or had it revealed but a one-sided story?

I slipped up stairs while he was engaged with the subject of the herring-fishery, and in my room saw the large valise again—the precursor of the coming of my lord and master. I took up my Diary and wrote in large letters the date of Gérard's arrival and these words—

"*End of my Diary.*"

I then seated myself by the window. A breeze had sprung up since sunset, and the waves were lifting up their many voices in a melancholy dirge. The moon was not up, the stars were few, and the bay was hemmed in with darkness.

I heard Gérard's quick step along the passage; he opened my door.

"Shut that window," were his first words.

For reply I put my head tolerably far outside of it. After a moment's silence he began to unpack his valise, and laid out on the chairs a stock of shirts, handkerchiefs, and collars. He also approached my little table with an apparatus for shaving. The Diary caught his eye, and he deliberately read it.

"Equal to Miss Julia Mills's Diary," he commented. "But why do you end it?"

"Because you have come and would read whatever I might write."

He came toward me and offered his hand.

"Pooh, Gérard! what nonsense it is for me to take your hand."

He was silent again for a moment, and then ordered me once more to shut the window. It was damp, but I rose and left it open. As I walked across the room the impulse seized me to leave it to him; but he anticipated my thought, and caught me just as I put my hand on the latch.

"I dare say you will keep me here," I said, "but what will my staying avail you?"

"You are my wife; why shouldn't I compel you to stay?" and he favored me with Petruchio's opinion:

> "She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
> My household stuff, my field, my barn,
> My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing."

"He forgot to say aught about the *soul* of the shrew, didn't he?"

Cool enough to quote Shakspeare as he was, I saw that he was deeply agitated. I went on:

"Do you know that facts are no longer stubborn to me? I shall fight them, and conquer."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there shall be something ideal in my life to live for—an ideal man, maybe."

"Where will you find him?"

"Yonder," I answered vaguely, looking toward the window.

"Did you ever have an ideal, Caroline, that you were disappointed in utterly?"

I never had, I said, but his question disturbed me. What if I were in fault somehow?

"Madam, I will leave you. There seems to be a lack of sofas in the house for one to sleep on, but I think I can manage the night."

"Before you go, let me give you a text to discourse upon. Doctor Brown sent me from under your tyranny."

"The tyranny of love," he said to himself.

"You nearly extinguished me."

"Did I?"

"I can't love you in your way."

"No?"

"And you wouldn't let me love in my way."

"Had you any way?"

"I might have had."

He darted out like an arrow, and I fell to crying.

When I opened my door the next morning he was beside it, leaning against the wall, very pale. My impulse was to stop; but I did not follow it, and walked down stairs. We entered the room, however, at the same time. Mr. Bowman looked at me over his spectacles till I felt uncomfortable; but he was uncommonly "chipper," to use his own expression, during breakfast.

The day ended as it began. Several days passed like it. I watched Gérard, and he watched me. It was strange, but I was obliged to acknowledge that I was making his acquaintance in this silent way. He was not the man I had known as my husband. His eyes often sought mine; perhaps he was making the same mental comments.

Mr. Bowman informed us one day that he was on the point of being very sick, and begged us to take care of him. I asked him what the matter was. He replied that the foolishness of two young people of his acquaintance was killing him by inches.

I believe I turned pale and looked weak; for Gérard dropped the book he was reading, and rushed toward me, exclaiming:

"It is not you who are foolish, Caroline; it is I!"

"No, it is not you, Gérard; it is me."

"Can you love a brute?"

"Brute!" Mr. Bowman exclaimed. "She knows the universal truth that Nature did not turn us out handsomely; reptile and four-legged rudiments cling to us yet."

"Caroline!"

"Gérard!"

"Now isn't this enough to make me down sick?" cried the old man. "Kiss each other and do better, and give my love to Brown."

Gérard told me afterward, with a queer smile, that his first night in Marlow was spent in looking for my "ideal man."

"And you found him," I answered.



POLLY.

Brown eyes,
  Little nose;
Dirt pies,
  Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
  Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
  Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
  Obvious arts;
(Three her age is;)
  Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
  Off chairs;
Breaking crown
  Down stairs;

Bribing you
  With kisses
For a few
  Farthing blisses;

Wide awake,
  As you hear,
"Mercy's sake,
  Quiet, dear!"

New shoes,
  New frock;
Vague views
  Of what's o'clock,

When it's time
  To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
  For what is said;

Folded hands,
  Saying prayers,
Understands
  Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
  Smiles away;
Yet may God
  Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
  Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
  That's Polly,

Fast asleep,
  As you see;
Heaven keep
  My girl for me!

HOW MR. PENRYN GOT THE DYKEDALE LIVING.

I—THE GREAT WHITE FLOOD.

"THEO," said the Vicar, "read this."

He put his head into the room where his daughter sat at work; he dropped a note into her hand as she came forward to receive it, pulling back his own hand hastily because it was not quite steady. He did not look at her, nor wait for either question or answer, but shut the door, and went down stairs again into the dining-room, where another daughter sat by the fire reading, and a little boy lay at full length on the rug with a cat in his arms.

"Can't you go and play somewhere else, Charlie?" said his father. "I want to be quiet a bit."

The boy cleared off, and the Vicar put his slippered feet on the fender with a great sigh. He had had a hard day of it, and was tired; but the sigh did not spring altogether from that source. It broke from him when he thought of the young girl up stairs, the note he had taken to her, and another letter to himself in which hers had been inclosed. He put his elbows on his knees, and leaned down toward the fire; and there rose before him nearly thirty years of incessant work and poverty. He did not look at the picture to complain about it; on the contrary, something had brought to his recollection a spot in those thirty years which was very bright to him still, in spite of the tongues that raised around it a clamor of imprudence. Well, so he had been imprudent. He, possessing no private property, had dared to marry upon his curacy. He did not think he had ever repented it, however. Imprudent as it was, he might have waited until now, and things would have been but little better in a worldly point of view. It was true that he had been for some few years a vicar, but it was also true that, out of his two hundred per annum, he had to pay a curate, since it was impossible for him single-handed to work a parish so large and scattered as his present one.

"And there are the boys," sighed the Vicar. "Fred is getting toward manhood, and Charlie—I'm sure I don't know what I shall do with them."

But these desultory thoughts were all outside the subject which in reality had stirred up in him a strange commotion of hope, anxiety, and wonder. He took the letter received but a few minutes ago from his pocket and read it again. It was signed Julian Guest, and contained a proposal for the hand of Mr. Penryn's eldest daughter, Theodora.

"I can't make it out at all," commented the Vicar. "A man like Julian Guest, a great estated squire who might be in Parliament, probably will be some day, to think about my Theo! It's the most wonderful thing I ever knew."

He remembered, also, that this Julian Guest had in his gift the living of Dykedale, and that by what seemed to him a peculiar chance, the present incumbent was not at all likely to live another twelvemonth. This recollection it was which had made his hand tremble as he gave the note to his daughter. Mr. Guest had no near relative that he knew of in holy orders, and he could not prevent a little feeble hope from springing up in his heart. What more likely than that Theo's husband should think of her father when the Dykedale living was vacant? But would Julian ever be Theo's husband? That was the point. His heart sank a little again as he asked the question. Only a day or two ago she had said to him, "I wish that stupid Mr. Guest wouldn't come here so often, he makes me nervous."

For his own part, the Vicar was not ambitious nor eager after wealth; but to see his daughter so well provided for, and to be able to educate his boys and start them in life! To be able to give to the poor without the painful consciousness that his alms were in reality so much pinched out of a fund already insufficient for the needs of his family; to be able sometimes to take a little rest in this evening of his hard-worked life! If Theo offended Mr. Guest, or if there could be no marriage relations between them, then of course he, the Vicar, would have no more chance of Dykedale than any other stranger.

And then he began to wonder if Theo knew about this living, and what she thought of Julian's letter, and if the incumbent—

"God forgive me!" broke out the Vicar in his reverie. "What sort of a servant am I, to be counting the chances of another man's life for my own gain? I won't think about it. I'll put Theo out of my head for a while."

He got up and went to a book-case in the corner of the room; but Theo was not to be put aside so easily.

"Meg," said the Vicar, rummaging, "I want—where's that book I had last night?"

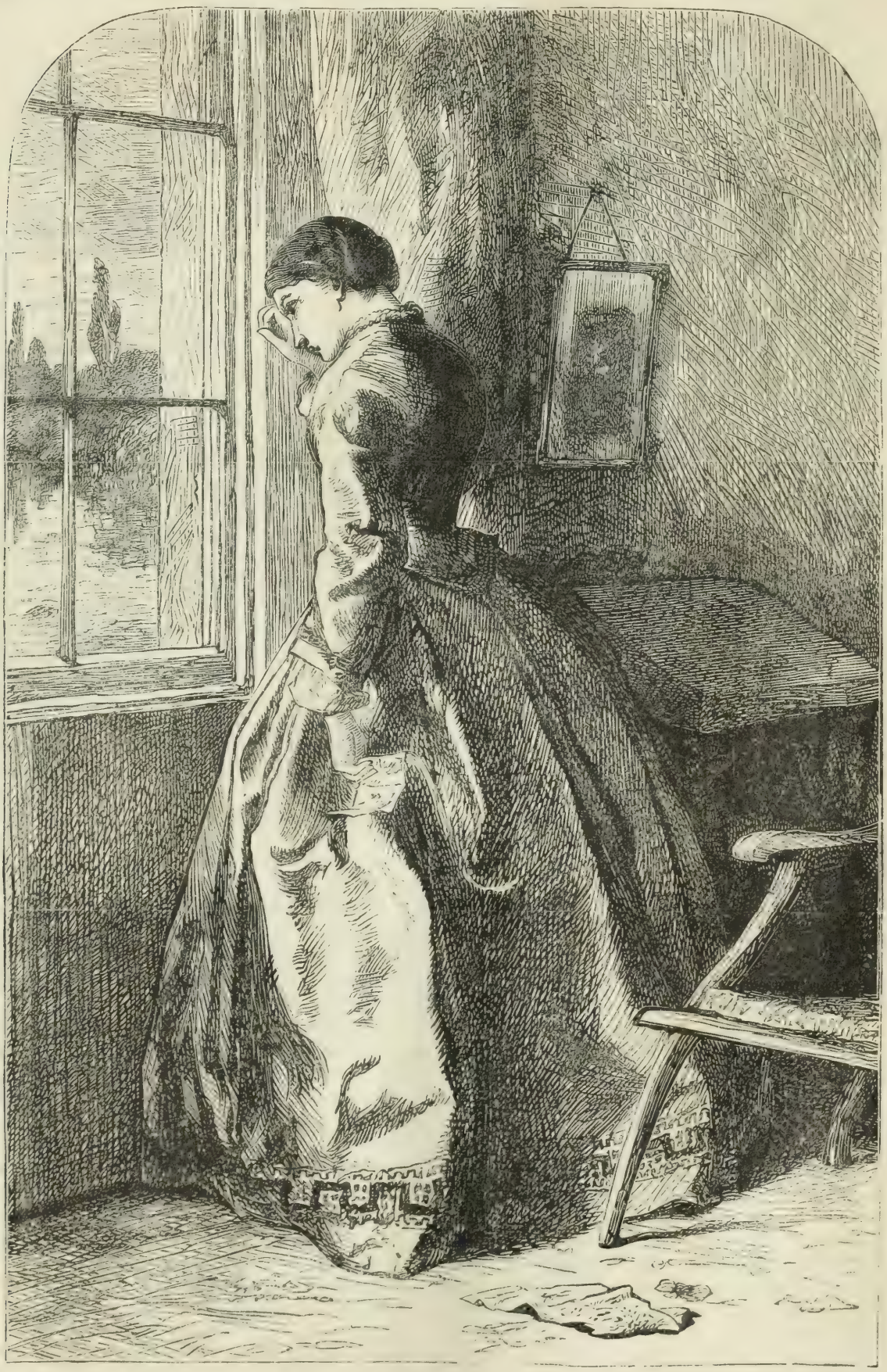
"Isn't it there, papa? I'll ask Theo."

She was going out of the room, but Mr. Penryn caught her arm, and drew her back.

"No; let Theo alone now. And you must learn to be a helpful little woman; we may not always have Theo with us. Go and ask for my boots if they're dry, for I have got to go out again to-night."

Meanwhile, Theo up stairs was standing at the window of her room, looking out upon the great white flood which lay along the valley, half swallowing the willows by the river bank, and rising high up the stem of the great ash, under which Fred had made a seat for her in holiday time long ago. Oh, if that time could only come back! Her work lay on the floor as it had dropped from her fingers. She was looking over the flood toward Dykedale, thinking about Julian Guest and wishing—wishing with all her heart that he had never written that letter.

Mr. Guest was a rich, great man; he lived in a very different sort of way from theirs; she



THINKING AND WISHING.

had nothing in common with him, knew and cared nothing at all about him. The first occasion of his visit to the Vicarage had been, she believed, business; since then he had come often, dropping in at about the hour for dinner at the Vicarage, which was, perhaps, almost the only hour when he had a chance of seeing Theo. Then he always got asked to stay for luncheon, and always accepted, to the occasional dismay of the young hostess, who was too much occu-

pied in her home cares to trouble herself about the meaning of his visits. She had spoken the extent of her thoughts concerning Julian when she said he made her nervous. He had some slight impediment in his speech, a sharp occasional catching, which she magnified into a stammer. He could talk to the Vicar fast enough; but if he spoke to her he was almost sure to stammer. What was she to do about this dreadful letter?

By-and-by she went down to the dining-room, half hoping, half fearing to find her father there waiting for her. He gave a sharp upward glance as she entered, and then began pulling on his boots hastily.

"You are not going out again this evening, papa?" says Theo.

"Yes, I am. There's Harrison ill up in Combe Lane."

"Combe Lane! why, it's miles away. Can't Mr. Trafford go?"

"It isn't Trafford's end of the parish," said Mr. Penryn, curtly. "I must go."

"And you haven't had any tea. Papa—"

The Vicar got up and silenced her with a quick, imperative gesture. They had both been keeping back from the one subject, he knowing intuitively and feeling in the knowledge a sting of disappointment, that his poor little castle was tottering, and she because she really did not know how to begin or what to say. She looked at him with a glance of mute appeal. What did he want her to do? What was he going to say?

Mr. Penryn himself was struggling with a momentary temptation. Theo was so good, so gentle, and loving, that if he were to say now, "For my sake, and for the good of your brothers and sister, accept this offer," he believed she would obey. And the advantages really did seem so great, seconded by an insidious voice which said, "It is for her own good too; you should urge it upon her," that he had to fight hard for victory. Finally, he bent down his gray head and kissed her.

"Don't be precipitate, Theo. Take time to consider; be certain of your answer, and then give it. When I come back to-night you shall tell me what it is. Only be honest and true, and remember we must not do evil that good may come. God bless you."

No one, perhaps, but Theo herself would have known what it cost the poor Vicar to say those words, which he felt were thrusting away his own hopes from before his eyes. He was human, and a father; and the thought of being able to provide for his own had risen up before him as a fair and excusable hope. Theo knew. Theo went back into her own room, put her head down on the window, and sobbed out a sudden passion of sorrow, and love, and anger.

Anger against Julian Guest for bringing this trouble upon them; sorrow and love for the gray-haired man who had just gone out to his tramp through the muddy lanes, striking away with his own hand the cup which offered him well-earned help and comfort in his age.

She should never love any body as she loved him; why, then, was this sacrifice impossible? Why not take Julian and leave the result to chance? What matter about her own happiness or—Julian's? Why did her whole heart go out against Mr. Guest, and his great house and wealth, with passionate rebellion and causeless dislike? And what was she to do? What *could* she do?

"Oh, must I do it—*must* I? I hate him. How wicked it is to say so. Julian! like some horrible old name out of a book! How I wish I had got yesterday back again!"

She turned back again to the window, and saw the rosy tints dropping upon the flood, as it lay spread out before her in the setting sun. She saw small bales of sticks and rubbish go drifting down madly on toward the sea, and a dreary thought suggested itself that she was like them, drifting on helplessly toward an unknown sea, unable to stop if she wished it.

"What matter if I do suffer, so that he—my father—is happy?"

Only remember, we must not do evil that good may come.

She recalled the words, but they did not seem to affect her much. She thought of them indifferently—a little impatiently—with a sort of blank wonder why it was so hard to be good. Then her thoughts went out to her father busy in his ministrations according to his habit; going from house to house wherever he was wanted; stinting himself miserably that the famished might be fed. How large the good that might, nay, must result from that one bit of evil, if she could only resolve to do it! *Was* it evil?

She thought it over a little longer, and then covered her face with her hands, and tears——not like the first rebellious outbreak, but gentle tears—fell through the clasped fingers.

"It *is* evil. God help me not to do it; not to want to do it for my father's sake; not to hate Julian Guest!"

Mr. Penryn reached Combe Lane, and a woman courtesied to him from the doorway of the house he was about to visit.

"He's very bad," she said. "I doubt he'll hardly know you, Sir."

Mr. Penryn stopped a moment at the door; he was trying to throw off those personal interests and thoughts, through which the woman's voice, her swollen eyes, and fingers restlessly pinching up patterns in her apron, fell upon him with a dull inconsequence.

"What does the doctor say?"

"Why, he won't say much good, Sir. He told me to get some wine, but—"

Mechanically Mr. Penryn's hand went to his pocket, searched there a minute, and came out again.

"I'll see when I go home," he said. "He shall have some to-night, if possible. Now I'll go in, please, for it's getting late."

He came out of the cottage with a grave face. If the lines worn in it were deeper and sadder

than before, the look of uncertain, unquiet expectation and wishfulness was gone from it.

"A little while," he thought, "these great, strong ships go boldly to and fro among the troubled waters; big waves buffet them, but they are unmoved. A sudden blast strikes them, and they swing round and reel, and stagger into port—the last port, from whence they shall issue no more till the great heart of the world itself has ceased to beat. Oh, Divine Hand that rules each tiny voyage, only for courage and a calm trust, to take its waves and buffets cheerfully, and covet only what Supreme Wisdom has seen fit to give!"

He passed on into the darkness of the lane between those overhanging hedges; he went down it feeling the way with his stick, and starting now and then as a single heavy drop from the black sky plashed upon his face. He saw light in an upper window of his own house, and the shadow of a curly head and laughing lips upon the blind. Then he went in, and found Theo waiting for him in the dining-room.

"I saw Charlie up stairs," he said. "I suppose he went without you. I am glad they spared you to-night."

He stood up before the fire, and looked at her in quiet wonder. She was young, and the impulses and passions of the young must be warm at her heart. But she was occupied as usual; and while he watched the needle fly about, shining in the fire-light, he wondered how it was that such a crisis as this had made no vehement stir and flutter in the monotony of the girl's life.

Suddenly she put down the work, and stood up also, a little behind him.

"Papa, I have thought of it all a great deal. I have been thinking about it ever since you went, and I—can't—"

The Vicar put out his hand, and drew her toward him.

"My little Theo, you are not afraid to tell me that you can not like Mr. Guest well enough to take him for a husband? It is all as it should be. What could we—what could I have done without you?"

Theo, looking up into his face, tried with all her might to read it, and to keep down the rising sob of sorrow for him.

"You are very good to me, papa. I suppose it was good of Mr. Guest too, but—"

"Good of him! Well, Theo, I don't know about that. At any rate it is the best compliment he could have offered you. Better write your answer to-night, and have done with it. And now, my dear, see if there's any port-wine in the house, will you? I must send some up to Harrison at once. I'm afraid he will hardly live through the night."

As he spoke, by the mechanical force of habit, he put down the tongs with which he had been about to break the dull lumps in the grate. There would be colder weather than this, and it would not do to be extravagant. And he smiled as he thought to himself that with the tongs he laid down the brief vision of the Dykedale living.

Mr. Julian Guest got his letter in the morning. He sat down to read it in a deep old-fashioned window-seat in his picture-gallery; and when he had read it he folded it back into the envelope, put it in his pocket, and looked out, as Theo had looked the evening before, at the flood.

He sat there a long time, stung to his finger ends with disappointment and mortification. A servant came to tell him his horse was ready, to which he replied, "Send him back again to the stable; I've changed my mind."

He could speak fluently enough to his servants and to those with whom he was on familiar terms; only before strangers this miserable stumbling remembered him, and made prey of him relentlessly.

"Well, it wasn't likely!" he said to himself at last. "I am such a great, stupid, silent log that I dare say she never dreamed of such a thing. Would there have been more chance if I had waited a bit, I wonder? But it's of no use to wonder about that now."

Then he began to ask himself if he really had not been guilty of a little worldly pride; if he had not cast a passing thought to his position and his wealth as being very much in his favor. At any rate they had not tempted Theo; and in spite of his disappointment, a spark of exultation came into his eyes at the thought. Then his glance fell upon the church tower and the chimneys of the rectory, and his momentary exultation died out. He had thought of Mr. Penryn in connection with that house; he thought of him again now, and his cheeks burned and his heart sank at the thought. They would be so near to him; and just at the moment he did feel as if he could never face Theo again.

"But it ought to make no difference," reflected Mr. Guest.

He got up and passed out of the silent company of people whose living feet had once echoed on those shining boards, whose living hearts had once been warm with hope and heavy with regret, as his was. He went into the drawing-room and thought of Theo. He had got into a habit of treating his house and its furniture in this speculative sort of association with her. He looked at a splendidly-covered modern chair standing beside one of the windows, below which lay a vast, undulating panorama, with a faint line of blue in the distance. She would never sit there and look out upon this, as he had fancied her doing. He turned out of that room quickly. It had been especially hers, and now he hated it.

"I shall never have a wife, and of what use are all these grand rooms to me? I have a great mind to lock them all up."

He went into his own study, and from thence he saw again the rectory house, and its green lawn stretching down to meet his own, with only the river between. Theo would walk there, and he should see her from the windows. A

poor thing to weigh against the gift of the living; but it did so.

"It ought to make no difference," repeated Julian. "He is a good man; he is one of the best men I have ever known. He shall have the living."

II.—THE "FAIRY."

Winter had passed, and spring and summer; the autumn god was at hand again.

Julian Guest stood on the lawn of the Dykedale Rectory with a bouquet of rare flowers in his hand. At a little distance from him Charlie Penryn and a big Newfoundland rolled over each other on the sunny slope, but Mr. Guest was not thinking about them. He was wondering as to the condition of his largest boat, the *Fairy*, in which he was to be permitted to row Theo, and her sister, and Charlie down the river to Dykedale Abbey the next day. Also, he had his flowers to think about, and to keep watch in the drive for Theo, chafing at the idea of having to go home without seeing her.

He went forward to meet her at the drive gate. He held the gate open for her, he saw in her face the sudden consciousness that he had been waiting for her; and he was dumb. When they reached the top of the drive he stopped, and held out his flowers.

"I—got them for you myself—out of the conservatory. Will you have them?"

Then he said good-by, and went off down the lawn; unfastened his boat, and punted himself across with a single paddle.

"I'll have the *Fairy's* rowlocks seen to. I'll have a carpet put down in her, and—some of those fine cushions lying useless about the drawing-room."

And Theo stood behind a small juniper looking after him till he reached the opposite side and sprang out. She went into the house, and her sister turned round from the drawing-room window, saying, "He's not so very ugly after all; is he, papa?"

"Ugly!" echoed Theo. "Who?"

"Mr. Guest, of course."

Then Theo felt that her father was looking at her, and she hid her flowers and went up stairs to her own room.

Julian ugly! A strange light came over her face as she repeated the words.

She turned back again into the room with the flowers in her hand. She thought she would keep those flowers and never part with them. She touched them tenderly; and unbound the paper case and the damp moss from round the stems as carefully as though they could have felt her touch.

"I'm afraid—I do like him to give me flowers. I'm afraid I like him—himself, Julian."

There was something wonderfully musical about the name which had been vilified twelve months ago as out of an old book. Perhaps she forgot all about that, or perhaps she began to have a profound contempt for the girlish judgment which had made so rash and headstrong a decision. She watched the sunlight over the trees till it was gone; then she went into the drawing-room and sat down to the piano. She could afford to do that now. It was no longer necessary for those busy fingers to be occupied in perpetual stitching, or the young brain in plans for economy. The new rector could have his fire, if he liked, unstinted; Charlie could go to school, and Fred to Oxford. The rector's work in his parish was no longer hindered, and his alms circumscribed by home cares, and a ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet. All this they owed to Julian.

Mr. Penryn came into the room, and stopped in passing the piano to look over her shoulder.

"A happy change, papa," said Theo; "very happy. We must not forget that it is possible to be too happy in such changes."

But Theo's sun would not cloud. It went on shining merrily. It shone over the water in the morning, and sent a thousand rainbow ripples along the path which the *Fairy* cut through the river. It shone out over the crumbling ruin which they went ostensibly to see; what did Theo know about it after all? And it tinged the purple western clouds with gold when they stood once more on the rectory lawn unwilling to acknowledge that the trip was over.

"Not many such days as this in a lifetime," said Julian. "Don't let us go in yet."

"And don't let us go in yet," echoed Charlie. "Meg can take the shawls in if she likes."

A dark figure came up the road from the village, looked at the group on the lawn, and then passed into the house.

"I should like to know what you are thinking of," said Julian, after a while.

"I was thinking," replied Theo, "how good it was of you to give him the living."

Mr. Guest suddenly flung his silver-mounted stick far away down the river, and sent the Newfoundland after it; Charlie running by the side.

"But you didn't think it good of me—" he began rapidly. "Tell me—what *did* you think of me when you got that letter?"

"What did I think?" repeated Theo, hesitating. "I believe I thought I hated you!"

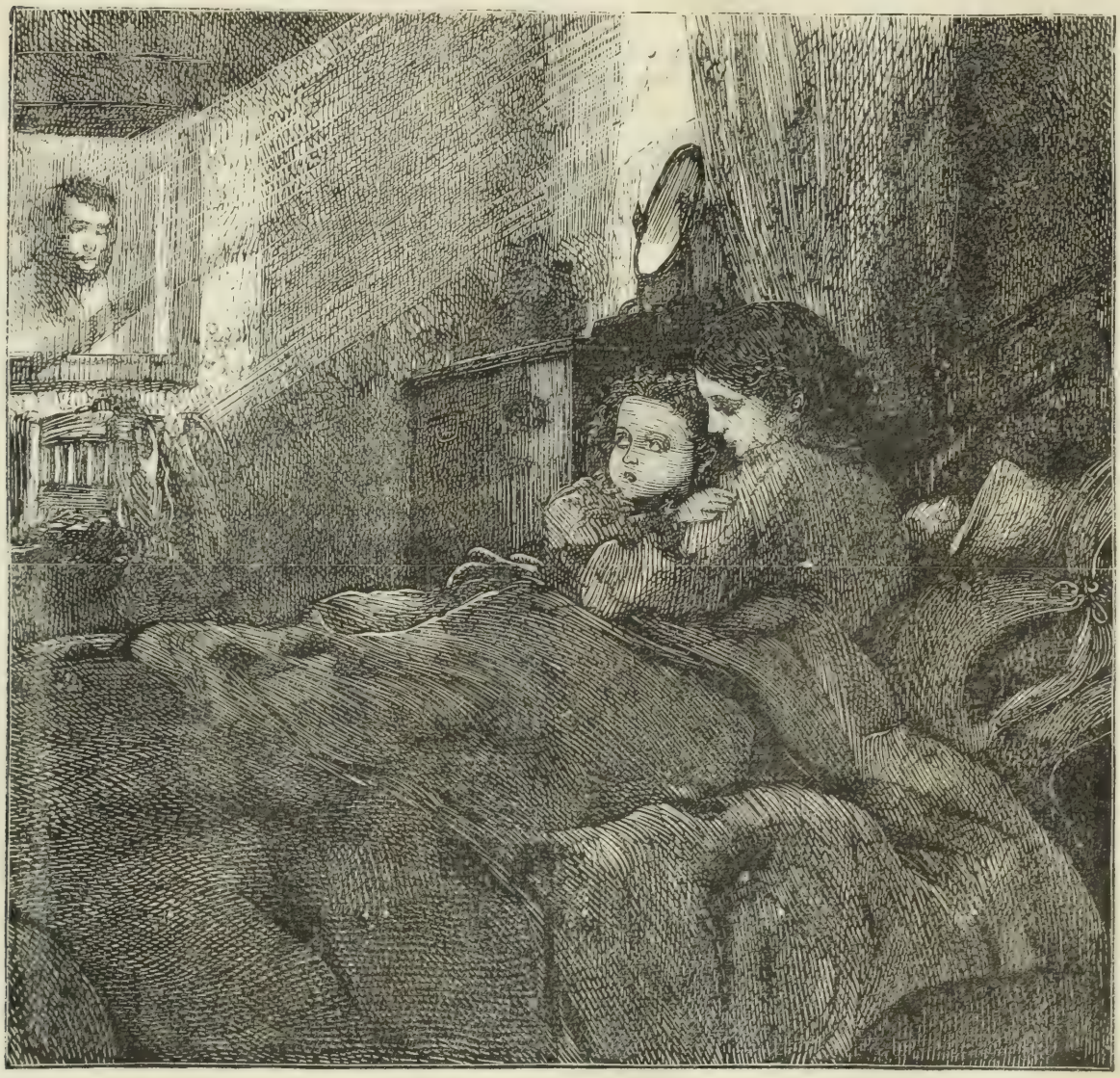
"But you don't hate me now, Theo? Dear Theo, I love you better than ever. Come and make that motley old pile the dearest place in all the world. I—can't look at you for fear you should be thinking the same as you did before."

"But I don't hate you," said Theo. "I am very sorry I ever did, *if* I did. I knew nothing of you then."

Mr. Guest stooped toward the Newfoundland, took the prize from his teeth, and threw it back again into the river.

The rector looked at them from the window, and a muddy lane, dark with overhanging hedges, came before him; a woman standing at a cottage door, and a death-bed.

"But for that," he thought, "I might have urged her then in my folly. I should have been here all the same; she would have been a miserable wife, and my conscience would have killed me. I thank that solemn death which kept me back from doing evil that good might come."



THE MOON'S WANDERINGS.

I.

"THE keeper is gone to the feast to-night,"
  Is the whispering poacher's call;
His wife and his child are sleeping: bright
  Shines the moon on the chamber wall.

II.

As she shone on the palely glimm'ring bed,
  The child grasp'd his mother's warm hand—
"O mother! why tarries father so long?
  I fear, for 'tis lone o'er the land."

III.

"Oh! look not into the moonlight, my child,
  Oh! close fast those little tired eyes;
The moon is bright, but the night it is long,
  Sleep on till to-morrow's sun rise."

IV.

Then the moon shone bright on the father's gun:
  "Ah! did you not hear that strange shot?
I fear me, and tremble, and can not rest,
  For my father's gun it was not."

V.

"Child!" cried the mother, "it is but a dream,
  Look not in the moonlight again;
When father returns with the morning's beam,
  You'll know that your dreams are all vain."

VI.

Then the moon shone clear on the father's head,
  As his picture hung in the light;
His child started up with a sudden cry,
  "Mother! why is his face so white?"

VII.

And ere the mother awoke from her sleep,
  Or ere she had left her lone bed,
And while she was wond'ring why he had stay'd,
  They had brought him home to her dead.

A STORMY NIGHT.

"AWFULLY hot to-night! close and sultry as an oven. I suspect the monsoon will set in before six hours are over. Yes, thank you, captain, I'll take a little brandy-pawnee, and light one of those capital cheroots of yours. Beg your pardon, Mr. Travis; I didn't see you, sitting there in the shadow of the purdah. This tent-life is new to you, isn't it?"

And Dr. Bates, the surgeon attached to the frontier corps of Irregulars which I had then the honor to command, took his seat on the rude ottoman, made of basket-work, and covered with felt, which was the principal piece of furniture in my bell-shaped canvas abode. He lit his cigar very deftly, laid a folded paper on the table, and informed me, officially, that he had come to make his report. Then he became conversational again.

"Not such a heavy sick-list, all things considered. I've put down two of the troopers as fit for duty. The havildar, Mummoo Khan, asks for his discharge. His right arm will never recover the effects of that gunshot wound; bone comes away in splinters, and the hurt is badly suppurated. Lall Singh and Motee Khan are worse. Errington, poor fellow—"

"Ah! doctor, what of him?" asked I, throwing down my newspaper.

"Won't live through the night. Quite rational now, and the delirium cleared away, but sinking fast. I've left some cordial with his bearer, with orders for him to have some every half hour; but all the College of Surgeons couldn't keep the lamp alight for another twenty-four hours. By-the-way, he would be glad, captain, if you could go and sit with him a bit. It would be a kindness, after all."

I got up at once, took my sabre, and sallied forth. The whole camp was bathed in a flood of the purest and whitest moonlight, in which the tents shimmered like silver. Close up to our encampment came the dark jungle, from which strange sounds, the cries of wild animals, the notes of night-birds, and the hum and whirr of insects, came in weird chorus. In one open space a great watch-fire was burning, red and smoky, and around it sat a number of our Sewars, cooking, eating grapes and other Punjab fruit, or gravely puffing at their everlasting chillums. A little way off, around a smaller fire, were grouped a number of camp-followers, like figures of bronze, scantily attired in white cotton cloth, and beyond the fires the picketed horses were feeding. I stood before Errington's tent, but I hesitated to enter, in spite of the distinct invitation I had received. Errington was a being apart from the rest of us, among whom good-fellowship and frankness were so much the rule that any exception was doubly notable. He was not what would usually be called a morose person, but he had constantly maintained a reserve and stiffness of bearing in all his dealings with his brother officers which repelled intimacy while avoiding actual offense. This was the more vexatious, because Lieutenant Errington was unmistakably a gentleman, well bred, well read, and of something more than average abilities. I know of no man in the service who would have been more popular had he not shrunk from popularity, and when he became my subaltern I had done my best to be on friendly terms with him, but in vain. He did his duty perfectly, even zealously, and was only too forward in the hour of danger, but nothing could thaw that icy reserve of his. He soon gave me to understand, by the cold politeness of every word and action, that our intercourse was to be limited to its official phase, and that intimacy was out of the question. Few commanding officers, perhaps, have had to put up with such a rebuff from a subordinate, and it speaks well for Errington's tact that he abstained from offending those whom he desired to keep at a distance. Offended, however, I was not, and the rather that I had long fancied that some overpowering sorrow, some memory that rankled in the heart, was the true cause of what appeared to many as unreasonable petulance.

And now the poor fellow was dying of wounds received in a skirmish with some rascally Afghan horse-robbers, aggravated by jungle fever, and I stood at the door of his tent, hesitating for a moment ere I entered. It was, as the doctor had said, unusually hot, even for that climate and season. The weight and sultriness of the atmosphere were oppressive and dispiriting, and I thought that the cries and Babel of nameless sounds that surged up from the dark forest had a peculiar accent of menace and boding. The fire-beetles and fire-flies, living jewels, flashed as they darted through the thickets near at hand. I saw the white turban and glittering carbine of the sentinel, now ruddy in the firelight, now wan and pale in the moonbeams, as he paced to and fro. Gently pushing aside the curtain, I entered the tent.

The dying man lay propped up with pillows in a half recumbent attitude. Beside the bed was a table, littered with medicine bottles and glasses, writing materials, and a bright lamp. The subaltern's sword and revolver lay there, too, and beside them was the poor fellow's watch, ticking as it marked off the fast waning moments of his ebbing life. The brown intelligent face, wiry mustache, and striped turban of the bearer were to be seen close at the bedhead. Quiet and attentive, he waited till the watch should mark the proper time for administering the cordial. Other faces were there none around that sad couch. The only Europeans with our little corps were the surgeon, myself, and the acting subaltern, Travis, who had been detailed from Peshawur to do duty in Errington's stead.

"Ah, captain, this is kind of you," said the sufferer, as his haggard eyes brightened at my appearance, and he held out his wasted hand, which was thin and burning hot. "I hardly hoped to see you, and my time is so short. Sit down, as close to the bed as you can, for my

voice is getting weak, and I have much to tell. Khoorshid Ali, the cordial."

He drank a few drops of the restorative, and then, cutting short my well-meant commonplaces about the propriety of his not exciting himself and the prospects of his recovery, said, earnestly:

"Excuse me; I have too much on my mind to die easily, and I do not know at what moment the delirium may return. I thought to carry the story untold with me to my grave, but since the fire of the fever has cooled away from my brain, and death's ice-cold fingers have begun to tighten their clutch upon my heart, I have formed a new resolve. I will tell all. As sure as you are sitting by my bedside, when I lay tossing last night in the very fangs of the fell disorder, I saw *her*, yonder, by the tent-door."

His voice failed him, and he made an impatient sign to his servant to give him some more of the cordial. To attempt to check him, under the circumstances, would, I felt, be cruel and useless, and I therefore patiently waited till he could muster fresh strength. I noticed that the poor fellow's eye, though glittering, was steady, and that his tone was that of intense, concentrated conviction. He spoke again:

"When first I joined the corps you were good enough to show me much kindness, and it is my own fault that we have not been friends. My churlishness appeared to you, I am sure, in the worst light, but, Thursby, I am equally sure that you are too good-hearted a fellow to harbor resentment against a dying man. Your presence here, after all my cold and haughty conduct, is a proof of that. And believe me that caprice has not been the true motive of my unsocial behavior. When the blight fell upon my life I turned away from human friendships forever. Companionship, the frank intercourse of my equals, galled my morbid soreness of heart. Alone, I brooded over the miserable past. That I was wrong in my theory of life is very probable, but the mistake is not now to be set right. My breath will hardly last me, I fear, until the tale is told.

"Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met *her*—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alicia Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan, and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country house called the Heathlands, seven miles from B——. It was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and blossomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more commonplace loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls last spoken of, rejoined them, and they all moved on.

"I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters, and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been aid-de-camp in the Peninsula to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The general was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterizes the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor at the house, and was always made welcome. There were fêtes of various sorts going on in that hospitable country-side, in the pleasant summer weather; and at archery meeting, cricket-match or race-ball, picnic or boating-party, I always joined the Murrays, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

"I have no wish, Thursby, to dwell upon what must seem to you the tame routine of mere commonplace love-making, and I see by your gesture of suppressed impatience that you think I am wasting my scanty store of breath in recounting trifles. I will, therefore, hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show I proposed for her hand, and was accepted. It all came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of the friends to whom the news had been imparted came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half frightened by my own good fortune.

"That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had wooed and won a not unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmities, testy of temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a 'managing woman.' She knew the world—the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's esteem, and there was little doubt but that their younger sisters would also draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even maternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well dowried, a fair estate in Wales having descended to her for lack of male heirs; but it was not until after I had made my proposals that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had no share in drawing me on.

"I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relative likely to encourage what are called romantic notions,

or to sympathize with a love-match, where the husband should be the poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found, to my chagrin, there would be no doubt. As a bachelor and a Guardsman I was well enough off. By the Belgravian standard, on the other hand, I was too poor to marry, unless my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir Thomas, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage until she should be of age.

"Nothing could exceed, I may say, the kindness of the family. My acquaintance with Alicia, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonable in such a stipulation. But no such stipulation was made. When I pressed, as lovers will, for an early day, Lady Murray good-humoredly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. 'Lawyers, milliners, confectioners, and coach-builders,' she said, 'must have time to play their part in a proper manner. At earliest, the wedding could not take place until the autumn.' But she never seemed to think that any opportunity ought to be afforded to Alicia and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagement that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

"Even the legal arrangements went on with what I was assured was most unwonted smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the General, may have written to the family solicitor, I can not tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to consider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he said in professional dudgeon, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles to the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pliancy of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an ensign. It was left for me to insist that Alicia's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honor.

"Autumn came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one, after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Thomas, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Alicia and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated. The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridemaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighboring county families whose members were intimate with the Murrays had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace-venders, jewelers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing forth of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honey-moon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a 'committee of the whole house.' It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

"It was come, at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, come weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the manor-house, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road, and to send back the horses, with Sam, to a small inn nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill-provided with houses of public entertainment; it led into a bleak hill country where the church towers were rare, and where a traveler might not be seen for miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man or beast short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the manor-house, and some rods distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank-bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford. At Heathlands my horses would of course have been cared for had there been the necessary accommodation. But the General's habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriage-horses, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that still kept a roof above it. I must tell you this, captain, that you may understand what followed.

"It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly about the bleak hillsides, fringed with black fir clumps, but the sun shone out, making the flooded meadows and wet roads glitter, as I rode up from B——, about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, for it was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook was nearly up to the girths as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

"My heart was heavy somehow, and I felt any thing but the blithe gayety of spirits that becomes a bridegroom starting joyously forth on a career of wedded happiness. I had never been a very thoughtful man. I was young, prosperous, and my own master, and my inducements to meditate had been few. But the great change

that was impending, the trust of another's happiness, the responsibilities that I was on the morrow to accept, had made me ponder and reflect in a way to which I was wholly unused. And I reflected, as I passed through the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of the holly flashed out from the dusky green of the leaves, and where the tall bare elms stood like skeleton giants overhead, how very, very little I knew of Alicia's mind and heart—what a stranger I was to the beautiful girl whom to-morrow I was to hail by the sacred name of wife.

"It was too true. Alicia and I were almost strangers. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially when they love, may learn to know each other's thoughts and feelings in less time than that which had elapsed since the day of the flower-show. But, I realized it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her whom I had chosen to be the help-meet of my life. As far as I could remember Alicia and I had seldom or never been alone, *really* alone, together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met, and even in the garden at Heathlands, on that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken, passionate words, and had told my love to Alicia's half-averted ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray, after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favor.

"Even since our engagement I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the sentiments expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, gracious, and calm, like a beautiful statue; but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which turns the veriest commonplace prattlings into daintiest music, could not treasure up many of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrays had hardly ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

"Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine, than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan manor-house. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half shyly put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed she was unusually animated. Her dark blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of blue eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble a handsome statue, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately-moulded features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

"I never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the fireside group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humor, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters, clever and well-educated women, were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh had an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her in some manner into a privileged being, from whom less was to be expected than from others. As I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the blither because of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as the groaning trees bowed to the fury of the gale."

So far in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will, but once or twice he had paused to beckon to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordial. But at this point he stopped, gasping and pressing his thin hand to his breast, as he sank back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his death-bed, glided actively to his side and supported his languid head. Just then the cries of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and fretful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, a solemn stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. This silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, and then came a low muttering sound like that of a rising tide.

In a weak but a resolute voice poor Errington went on:

"My usual custom was to leave Heathlands at ten o'clock. On this particular night the hour had passed unheeded, in the merry flow of conversation, when the old butler, a soldier once, like his master, came in to tell with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the bleak downs, had swollen every stream and runnel; the brook, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two



"SAY, HAVE I NOT DONE IT BRAVELY! BRAVELY!"

yards in depth, and had damaged the foot-bridge; while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horseshoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, with the horses, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and the darkness.

"'Pooh! pooh! nonsense!' said Sir Thomas, awaking from his nap. 'You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can't stumble through those muddy lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you'll be early enough afoot to get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon Church, I warrant you.'

"So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to my being 'trapped,' and immured in a Heathlands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no

share. On the contrary, one of her odd, silent moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was to-morrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night Alicia's hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

"Alone in a great wainscoted bedroom, where the fire and the candles were scarcely able to light up the dark green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken scantling of the walls. Sir Thomas's man came and went, bringing, with his master's compliments, razors, brushes, linen, and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted any thing more, bowed, and departed. I sat for an hour or more gazing at the fiery caverns between the burning coals and moodily thinking of Alicia's strange manner. Did it imply girlish fickleness, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought I, as a man of honor, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the stinging doubt, had she *ever* loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps of the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends. Long I brooded thus, and coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold drops standing thick on my forehead; woke, not by degrees, but on a sudden, with the start from sleep, the hasty rallying of the faculties, which an abrupt alarm can alone inspire. It was as if the soul, awake while the body slumbered, had roused her slothful companion at the call of danger. Thursby, we have been in action together. I don't think you ever saw me flinch when death and life were trembling in the balance; but I assure you that on that occasion I was completely unnerved. Instinctively I felt that peril was near—a shapeless, unknown peril that weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, relit my candle, and hurriedly dressed. My limbs shook, my breath came thick and short, and I was flurried and unsteady; but I crushed down the tremors that beset me, threw on my clothes, and opened the door of my room. Then I knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timber in a blaze, gave form and substance to my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire; there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property. The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the mischief; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood, I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Muniment Chamber, the so-called Oratory—which still retained its antique furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two disused rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as 'Lady Jane's parlors,' in virtue of some obscure tradition. These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke, but I hardly heeded them; for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see a great glow and glare of heat and light that proceeded from some of the chambers opening on the principal landing-place above the broad oak staircase, and where, as I knew, the Murrays and Alicia slept. I sprang forward with a cry of alarm. Yes, the fire was fiercest in that part. I saw the long tongues of ruddy flame go gliding along the dry wainscoting, licking the walls, climbing in spirals to the ceiling, hissing as it gave out volleys of suffocating smoke. Nor was I the only one aroused by the peril; for I heard the sound of distant and alarmed voices, and the clapping of a door, and a shrill cry.

"Two, three of the rooms on the left-hand side were pouring forth floods of smoke and flashes of light, mixed with clouds of sparks and scraps of half-consumed muslin or gauze. This was especially the case with the chamber nearest to the great window, from whose door a red glare, like that from a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth. But by what strange accident—ah! there it is at last!

"'Fire! fire!'

"The single dreadful word that scares the boldest, and that none can hear without emotion at the dead of the night. A dozen voices seemed at once to spread the alarm, and I, too, echoed it, although a glance at the broad staircase convinced me that the way of escape was open, and that the fire was confined to the upper part of the house. The chief seat of the conflagration was evidently the passage to the left, where the very beams and joists were burning, and where the fire raged in the three rooms I have mentioned—empty rooms, no doubt.

"By this time the sleepers had been aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clever consort, who was the most courageous of the family, and supported the halting steps of her crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Murray, the serving men and women, were soon crowded on the oak staircase and the wide landing-place, hastily dressed in clothes tossed on under the spur of the sudden alarm, and vociferating questions, exclamations, suggestions. The fire was above, below, every where. It was the work of chance, of carelessness, of incendiaries; but no one ventured on a practical hint until the alarm-bell was heard clanging forth from its turret, sturdily tolled by

old Job, the soldier-butler, though the storm almost outroared the clang of the bell. My eyes ranged hastily over the assemblage. There was one form missing; the dearest, the fairest.

"'Alicia! where is she?'

"And I called her name aloud. Lady Murray, very much moved, started, and wrung her hands with a gesture of dismay and grief, doubly terrible in that trained, impassive woman of the world.

"'Alicia!' she cried. 'Yes, this is *her* work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Errington, that is her room—there, the blue room, at the end, where the fire—'

"I did not hear the rest. Breaking fiercely from those who in kindness sought to stop me, I rushed through fire and smoke—through burning splinters and eddying vapor—on to the door of the room at the end, which stood open. And there, in the very glow and reek of the hell that yawned within—in the midst of the fiery gulf which the room had become, I saw—I saw—"

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the bearer sprang to support his head and put the cordial to his lips, there came a roar and a moan, and then a plashing sound of heavy rain—rain of which we in Europe have no idea—and the jungle trees bowed groaning, and the tents flapped, and the roaring deluge beat like shot upon the canvas; and the water bubbled through the purdah. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might evoke, harmonizing as it would with his own dark memories, might shake the hour-glass from which his last sands were falling, all too fast. His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he resumed, in a weaker voice:

"I saw Alicia—my own dear and loved Alicia—my betrothed, my bride—standing before the great mirror, in that fatal room. She was dressed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding-veil, its dainty lace unfolded to the fullest length, and on her small queenly head was the orange-blossom wreath, lightly placed on the raven hair that set off so well the spotless purity of the flowers. She wore jewels, too, that glistened and flashed in the baleful light of the fire. She was like some virgin victim decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face was averted, but she saw me in the mirror, and turned, and fronted me with a smile.

"But what a smile! I recoiled, horror-struck, while the poor girl waved and wreathed her white arms, bowing her flower-crowned head in greeting, then suddenly stretched out both her hands, crying with an eldritch laugh that froze my very marrow:

"'Say, have I not done it bravely! bravely! For the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding! a fine—'

"The last word I did not hear, for I had darted forward, resolved to save her—to save her in spite of herself. Poor thing! her incoherent ravings, her wild gestures, the terrible deed she, with all the cunning of a mad-woman, had done, left no doubt behind. Still I loved her, and I sprang to save her. There was fire between us. She had piled up a barricade of light objects, and they, and the curtains of the bed, and the wood-work of the room, all blazed furiously. The floor had caught. There was a gulf of flame and smoke between Alicia and me; but the further end of the chamber was as yet free from fire, and I hoped to reach her and bear her out in my arms to life and safety.

"The flames beat me back. I struggled hard, but pain and suffocation conquered, and I was driven back, mocked by Alicia's horrible vacant laugh, and I stumbled and fell, and should have died there, but for stout-hearted old Job and one of the farming men, who dragged me clear of the passage at no little risk to themselves. I did what I could. Indeed I tried to save her—see, Thursby, the deep scars on my arms, my neck, my breast, the dusky crimson stains of the burning. My clothes were on fire, my hair was on fire, when old Job tore me by main force from the spot.

"I recollect lying on the stone floor of the great entrance-hall, in the midst of noise and confusion. Men were flinging water on the flames, tearing down wood-work with axe and pole, shouting, handing up buckets, fighting the fire stoutly and well. I lay helpless, while one of the Murray girls, ashen pale, in her white wrapper and loose hair, helped Job to hold up my wounded head—I had been badly bruised, how I know not—and Lady Murray knelt beside me and prayed that God might forgive her, and that I would forgive her, for having plotted and striven to bring about my marriage with a maniac. For it was all confessed now. Poor Alicia, with all her beauty, with her pure, good heart, had the lurking taint of hereditary insanity in her veins. Her aunt and guardian had wished her married—married and out of their own daughters' way, whom her superior loveliness threw into shadow—that was the whole sad truth. No doubt the experiment, on the success of which Lady Murray had plumed herself, had failed, and Alicia, who had never loved me, but who was weak and used to obey, had succumbed to a paroxysm of the dread mental malady, and the fire—

"'A ladder! a ladder to the window of the west room. A hundred pounds to the man that helps me!'

"I was strong then. I was on my feet, active, imperious, directing those about me. And very soon there was a ladder planted before the window of the fatal chamber, and I mounted, mounted steadily. The casement, broken by the heat, hung in shivers, and at it stood Alicia, waving her arms and singing, as it seemed, but showing no sign of fear. Her veil, her robe were on fire; the flames were closing around her, and suddenly she screamed and writhed like a lily scathed by fire; the cruel pain and anguish

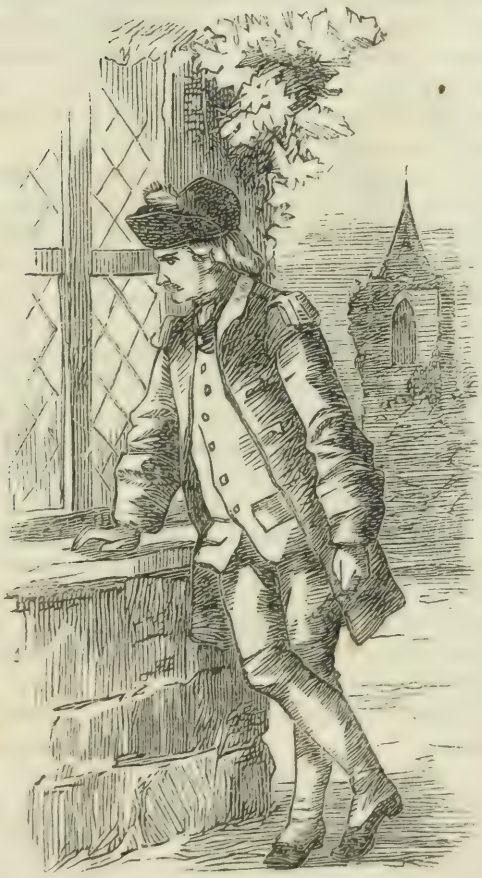
seemed to clear her clouded reason for a moment, and she called me by my name, and shrieked to me for help. Just then there was a crash —a dull, heavy crash; ceiling and wall came thundering down together, and as the side of the house opened outward the crouching figure with outstretched arms vanished in a yawning gulf of flame. As for me, the ladder was hurled down amidst falling masonry and timber; a heavy beam crushed me down, and I lay senseless and with a broken collar-bone beneath the ruin.

"Thursby, I have told all. The fire was got under at last, and the poor remains of her who was to have been my wife—of her who had been beautiful almost beyond woman's beauty—were recovered. But—they did not dare, in mercy, to let me see the coffined form of what had once been Alicia Morgan. I was slow in recovering health; I left the place as soon as I could travel. To Lady Murray I wrote my forgiveness—we are all great sinners! Heaven knows I pardoned her; but I could never again bear to look on any of them. I left my holiday regiment. Weary of life, and hoping for some stirring occupation that should lull memory, I sought an appointment in this branch of the service. My interest was powerful, and I obtained it. Thursby, as I live, I saw *her* last night; hist! man, come nearer—I see her *now*."

His wasted hand grasped my arm with a grip that was absolutely painful, and his starting eyes seemed bent on some object, real or fancied, on the opposite side of the tent. Then the grip relaxed, and with a little moan and a long-drawn shiver the poor fellow's head sunk back, and he stirred no more. I laid my hand on the heart. It was still. George Errington was dead, almost before his sad story was told.

DENIS DUVAL.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THAT last night which he was to pass upon earth M. de Saverne spent in a little tavern in Winchelsea, frequented by fishing people, and known to Bidois, who, even during the war, was in the constant habit of coming to England upon errands in which Mons. Grandpapa was very much interested—precentor, elder, perruquier, as he was.

The Count de Saverne had had some talk with the fisherman during the voyage from Boulogne, and more conversation took place on this last night, when the count took Bidois partly into his confidence; and without mentioning the precise cause of his quarrel with M. de la Motte, said that it was inevitable; that the man was a villain who ought not to be allowed to pollute the earth; and that no criminal was ever more righteously executed than this chevalier would be on the morrow, when it was agreed that the two were to meet.

The meeting would have taken place on that very night, but M. de la Motte demanded, as indeed he had a right to do, some hours for the settlement of his own affairs; and preferred to fight on French ground rather than English, as the survivor of the quarrel would be likely to meet with very rough treatment in this country.

La Motte betook himself then to arranging his papers. As for the Count de Saverne, he said all his dispositions were made. A dowry —that which his wife brought—would go to her child. His own property was devised to his own relations, and he could give the child nothing. He had only a few pieces in his purse, and, "Tenez," says he, "this watch. Should any thing befall me, I desire it may be given to the little boy who saved my—that is, her child." And the voice of M. le Comte broke as he said these words, and the tears ran over his fingers. And the seaman wept too, as he told the story to me years after, nor were some of mine wanting, I think, for that poor heart-broken, wretched man, writhing in helpless agony, as the hungry sand drank his blood. Assuredly the guilt of that blood was on thy head, Francis de la Motte.

The watch is ticking on the table before me as I write. It has been my companion of half a century. I remember my childish delight when

Bidois brought it to me, and told my mother the tale of the meeting of the two gentlemen.

"You see her condition," M. de la Motte said to my mother at this time. "We are separated forever, as hopelessly as though one or other were dead. My hand slew her husband. Perhaps my fault destroyed her reason. I transmit misfortunes to those I love and would serve. Shall I marry her? I will if you think I can serve her. As long as a guinea remains to me I will halve it with her. I have but very few left now. My fortune has crumbled under my hands, as have my friendships, my once bright prospects, my ambitions. I am a doomed man: somehow, I drag down those who love me into my doom."

And so indeed there was a *Cain mark*, as it were, on this unhappy man. He *did* bring wreck and ruin on those who loved him. He was as a lost soul, I somehow think, whose tortures had begun already. Predestined to evil, to crime, to gloom; but now and again some one took pity upon this poor wretch, and among those who pitied him was my stern mother.

And here I may relate how it happened that I "saved" the child, for which act poor M. de Saverne rewarded me. Bidois no doubt told that story to M. le Comte in the course of their gloomy voyage. Mrs. Martha, the countess's attendant, had received or taken leave of absence one night, after putting the child and the poor lady, who was no better than a child, to bed. I went to my bed, and to sleep as boys sleep; and I forget what business called away my mother likewise, but when she came back to look for her poor Biche and the infant in its cradle—both were gone.

I have seen the incomparable Siddons, in the play, as, white and terrified, she passed through the darkened hall after King Duncan's murder. My mother's face wore a look of terror to the full as tragical when, starting up from my boyish sleep, I sat up in my bed and saw her. She was almost beside herself with terror. The poor insane lady and her child were gone—who could say where? Into the marshes—into the sea—into the darkness—it was impossible to say whither the countess had fled.

"We must get up, my boy, and find them," says mother, in a hoarse voice; and I was sent over to Mr. Bliss's, the grocer's in East Street, where the chevalier lived, and where I found him sitting (with two priests, by-the-way, guests, no doubt, of Mr. Weston at the Priory), and all these, and mother, on her side, with me following her, went out to look for the fugitives.

We went by pairs, taking different roads. Mother's was the right one as it appeared, for we had not walked many minutes when we saw a white figure coming toward us, glimmering out of the dark, and heard a voice singing.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" says mother, and "Gott sey dank," and I know not what exclamations of gratitude and relief. It was the voice of the countess.

As we came up she knew us with our light, and began to imitate, in her crazy way, the cry of the watchman, whom the poor sleepless soul had often heard under her windows. "Past twelve o'clock, a starlight night!" she sang, and gave one of her sad laughs.

When we came up to her we found her in a white wrapper, her hair flowing down her back and over her poor pale face, and again she sang, "Past twelve o'clock."

The child was not with her. Mother trembled in every limb. The lantern shook so in her hand I thought she would drop it.

She put it down on the ground. She took her shawl off her back, and covered the poor lady with it, who smiled in her childish way, and said, "*C'est bon; c'est chaud ça; ah! que c'est bien!*"

As I chanced to look down at the lady's feet I saw one of them was naked. Mother, herself in a dreadful agitation, embraced and soothed Madame de Saverne. "Tell me, my angel, tell me, my love, where is the child?" says mother, almost fainting.

"The child—what child? That little brat who always cries? I know nothing about children," says the poor thing. "Take me to my bed this moment, madam! How dare you bring me into the streets with naked feet!"

"Where have you been walking, my dear?" says poor mother, trying to soothe her.

"I have been to Great Saverne. I wore a domino. I knew the coachman quite well, though he was muffled up all but his nose. I was presented to Monseigneur the Cardinal. I made him such a courtesy—like this. Oh, my foot hurts me!"

She often rambled about this ball and play, and hummed snatches of tunes and little phrases of dialogue which she may have heard there. Indeed, I believe it was the only play and ball the poor thing ever saw in her life; her brief life, her wretched life. 'Tis pitiful to think how unhappy it was. When I recall it, it tears my heart-strings somehow, as it doth to see a child in pain.

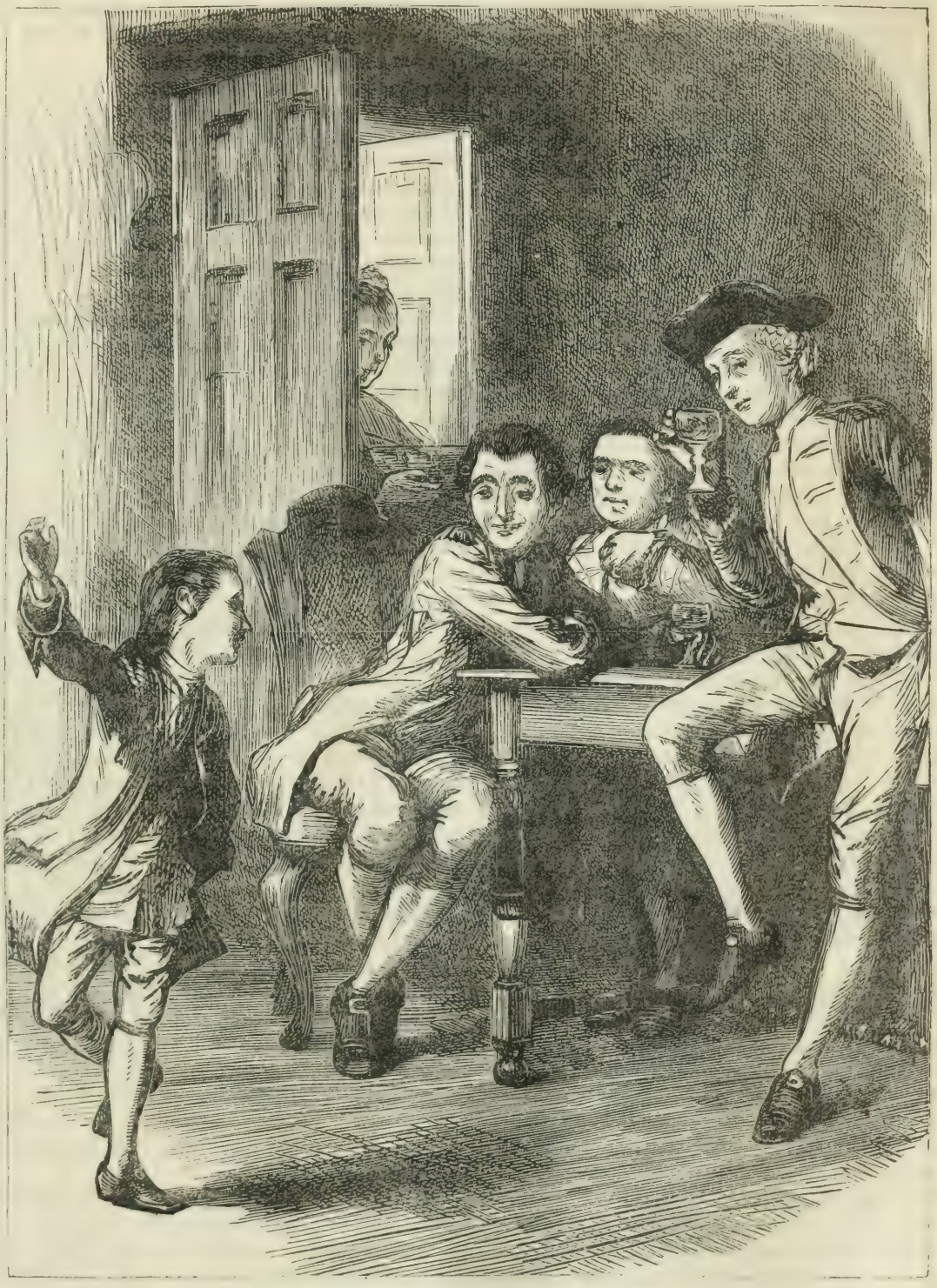
As she held up the poor bleeding foot, I saw that the edge of her dress was all wet, and covered *with sand.*

"Mother, mother!" said I, "she has been to the sea!"

"Have you been to the sea, Clarisse?" asks mother.

"J'ai été au bal; j'ai dansé; j'ai chanté. J'ai bien reconnu mon cocher. J'ai été au bal chez le Cardinal. But you must not tell M. de Saverne. Oh no, you mustn't tell him!"

A sudden thought came to me. And, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied with Martha her maid, who held the infant, and myself, who liked to draw it in its little carriage. We used to walk down to the shore, and there was a



LITTLE DENIS DANCES AND SINGS BEFORE THE NAVY GENTLEMEN.—[SEE CHAPTER I.]

rock there, on which the poor lady would sit for hours.

"You take her home, mother," says I, all in a tremble. "You give me the lantern, and I'll go—I'll go—" I was off before I said where. Down I went, through Westgate; down I ran along the road toward the place I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards I saw in the road something white. It was *the countess's slipper* that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way.

I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silver sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sat. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He who loves little children had watched over it.....I scarce can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled, and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill M. de la Motte and one of the French clergymen met me. By ones and twos the other searchers after my little wanderer

came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued.

My adventures became known in our town, and I made some acquaintances who were very kind to me, and were the means of advancing me in after-life. I was too young to understand much what was happening round about me; but now, if the truth must be told, I must confess that old grandfather, besides his business of perruquier, which you will say is no very magnificent trade, followed others which were far less reputable. What do you say, for instance, of a church elder who lends money *à la petite semaine*, and at great interest? The fisherman, the market-people, nay, one or two farmers and gentlemen round about, were beholden to grandfather for supplies, and they came to him to be *shaved* in more ways than one. No good came out of his gains, as I shall presently tell: but meanwhile his hands were forever stretched out to claw other folks' money toward himself; and it must be owned that *madame sa bru* loved a purse too, and was by no means scrupulous as to the way of filling it. Monsieur la Chevalier de la Motte was free-handed and grand in his manner. He paid a pension, I know not how much, for the maintenance of poor Madame de Saverne. He had brought her to the strait in which she was, poor thing! Had he not worked on her she never would have left her religion: she never would have fled from her husband: that fatal duel would never have occurred: right or wrong, he was the cause of her calamity, and he would make it as light as it might be. I know how, for years, extravagant and embarrassed as he was, he yet supplied means for handsomely maintaining the little Agnes when she was presently left an orphan in the world, when mother and father both were dead, and her relatives at home disowned her.

The ladies of Barr, Agnes's aunts, totally denied that the infant was their brother's child, and refused any contribution toward her maintenance. Her mother's family equally disavowed her. They had been taught the same story, and I suppose we believe willingly enough what we wish to believe. The poor lady was guilty. Her child had been born in her husband's absence. When his return was announced, she fled from her home, not daring to face him; and the unhappy Count de Saverne died by the pistol of the man who had already robbed him of his honor. La Motte had to bear this obloquy, or only protest against it by letters from England. He could not go home to Lorraine, where he was plunged in debt. "At least, Duval," said he to me, when I shook hands with him, and with all my heart forgave him, "mad and reckless as I have been, and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort, when I was myself almost without a meal." A bad man no doubt this was; and yet not utterly wicked: a great criminal who paid an awful penalty. Let us be humble, who have erred too; and thankful if we have a hope that we have found mercy.

I believe it was some braggart letter, which La Motte wrote to a comrade in M. de Vaux's camp, and in which he boasted of making the conversion of a petite Protestante at Strasbourg, which came to the knowledge of poor M. de Saverne, hastened his return home, and brought about this dreadful end. La Motte owned as much, indeed, in the last interview I ever had with him.

Who told Madame Saverne of her husband's death? It was not for years after that I myself (unlucky chatter-box, whose tongue was always blabbing) knew what had happened. My mother thought that she must have overheard Bidois, the boatman, who told the whole story over his glass of Geneva in our parlor. The countess's chamber was overhead, and the door left open. The poor thing used to be very angry at the notion of a locked door, and since that awful escapade to the sea-shore my mother slept in her room, or a servant whom she liked pretty well supplied mother's place.

In her condition the dreadful event affected her but little; and we never knew that she was aware of it until one evening when it happened that a neighbor, one of us French people of Rye, was talking over the tea-table, and telling us of a dreadful thing he had seen on Penenden Heath as he was coming home. He there saw *a woman burned at the stake* for the murder of her husband. The story is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1769, and that will settle pretty well the date of the evening when our neighbor related the horrible tale to us.

Poor Madame de Saverne (who had a very grand air, and was perfectly like a lady) said quite simply, "In this case, my good Ursule, I shall be burned too. For you know I was the cause of my husband being killed. M. le Chevalier went and killed him in Corsica." And she looked round with a little smile, and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim hot hands.

When the poor thing spoke, the chevalier sank back as if he had been shot himself.

"Good-night, neighbor Marion," groans mother; "she is very bad to-night. Come to bed, my dear, come to bed." And the poor thing followed mother, courtesying very finely to the company, and saying, quite softly, "Oui, oui, oui, they will burn me; they will burn me."

This idea seized upon her mind and never left it. Madame la Comtesse passed a night of great agitation, talking incessantly. Mother and her maid were up with her all night. All night long we could hear her songs, her screams, her terrible laughter.....Oh, pitiful was thy lot in this world, poor guiltless, harmless lady! In thy brief years, how little happiness! For thy marriage portion only gloom, and terror, and submission, and captivity. The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor fright-

ened spirit! it has woke under serener skies now, and passed out of reach of our terrors, and temptations, and troubles.

At my early age I could only be expected to obey my elders and parents, and to consider all things were right which were done round about me. Mother's cuffs on the head I received without malice, and if the truth must be owned, had not seldom to submit to the *major* operation which my grandfather used to perform with a certain rod which he kept in a locked cupboard, and accompany with long wearisome sermons between each cut or two of his favorite instrument. These good people, as I gradually began to learn, bore but an indifferent reputation in the town which they inhabited, and were neither liked by the French of their own colony, nor by the English among whom we dwelt. Of course, being a simple little fellow, I honored my father and mother as became me—my grandfather and mother, that is—father being dead some years.

Grandfather, I knew, had a share in a fishing-boat, as numbers of people had, both at Rye and Winchelsea. Stokes, our fisherman, took me out once or twice, and I liked the sport very much: but it appeared that I ought to have said nothing about the boat and the fishing—for one night when we pulled out only a short way beyond a rock which we used to call the Bull Rock, from a pair of horns which stuck out of the water, and there we were hailed by my old friend Bidois, who had come from Boulogne in his lugger—and then.....well then, I was going to explain the whole matter artlessly to one of our neighbors who happened to step into supper, when grandpapa (who had made a grace of five minutes long before taking the dish-cover off) fetched me a slap across the face which sent me reeling off my perch. And the chevalier who was supping with us only laughed at my misfortune.

This being laughed at somehow affected me more than the blows. I was used to those, from grandfather and mother too; but when people once had been kind to me I could not bear a different behavior from them. And this gentleman certainly was. He improved my French very much, and used to laugh at my blunders and bad pronunciation. He took a good deal of pains with me when I was at home, and made me speak French like a little gentleman.

In a very brief time he learned English himself, with a droll accent, to be sure, but so as to express himself quite intelligibly. His headquarters were at Winchelsea, though he would frequently be away at Deal, Dover, Canterbury, even London. He paid mother a pension for little Agnes, who grew apace, and was the most winning child I ever set eyes on. I remember, as well as yesterday, the black dress which was made for her after her poor mother's death, her pale cheeks, and the great solemn eyes gazing out from under the black curling ringlets which fell over her forehead and face.

Why do I make zigzag journeys? 'Tis the privilege of old age to be garrulous, and its happiness to remember early days. As I sink back in my arm-chair, safe and sheltered *post tot discrimina*, and happier than it has been the lot of most fellow-sinners to be, the past comes back to me—the stormy past, the strange unhappy yet happy past—and I look at it scared and astonished sometimes; as huntsmen look at the gaps and ditches over which they have leaped, and wonder how they are alive.

My good fortune in rescuing that little darling child caused the chevalier to be very kind to me; and when he was with us, I used to hang on to the skirts of his coat, and prattle for hours together, quite losing all fear of him. Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first *gentleman* I ever met in intimacy—a gentleman with many a stain, nay crime, to reproach him; but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling toward that fatal man. I see myself a child prattling at his coat-skirts, and trotting along our roads and marshes with him. I see him with his sad pale face, and a kind of *blighting* look he had, looking at that unconscious lady, at that little baby. My friends the Neapolitans would have called his an evil eye, and exorcised it accordingly. A favorite walk we had was to a house about a mile out of Winchelsea, where a grazing farmer lived. My delight then was to see, not his cattle, but his pigeons, of which he had a good stock, of croppers, pouters, runts, and turbits; and among these, I was told there were a sort of pigeons called carriers, which would fly for prodigious distances, returning from the place to which they were taken, though it were ever so distant, to that where they lived and were bred.

While I was at Mr. Perreau's, one of these pigeons actually came in flying from the sea, as it appeared to me: and Perreau looked at it, and fondled it, and said to the chevalier, "There is nothing. It is to be at the old place." On which M. le Chevalier only said, "C'est bien," and as we walked away told me all he knew about pigeons, which, I dare say, was no great knowledge.

Why did he say there was nothing? I asked in the innocence of my prattle. The chevalier told me that these birds sometimes brought messages, written on a little paper, and tied under their wings, and that Perreau said there was nothing because there was nothing.

Oh, then! he sometimes *does* have messages with his birds? The chevalier shrugged his shoulder, and took a great pinch out of his fine snuff-box. "What did papa Duval do to you the other day when you began to talk too fast?" says he. "Learn to hold thy little tongue, Denis, mon garçon! If thou livest a little longer, and tellest all thou seest, the Lord help thee!" And I suppose our conversation ended here, and he strode home, and I trotted after him.

I narrate these things occurring in childhood by the help of one or two marks which have been

left behind—as ingenious Tommy Thumb found his way home by the pebbles which he dropped along his line of march. Thus I happen to know the year when poor Madame de Saverne must have been ill, by referring to the date of the execution of the woman whom our neighbor saw burned on Penenden Heath. Was it days, was it weeks after this that Madame de Saverne's illness ended as all our illnesses will end one day?

During the whole course of her illness, whatever its length may have been, those priests from Slindon (or from Mr. Weston's, the Popish gentleman's at the Priory) were constantly in our house, and I suppose created a great scandal among the Protestants of the town. M. de la Motte showed an extraordinary zeal in this business; and, sinner as he was, certainly was a most devout sinner, according to his persuasion. I do not remember, or was not cognizant, when the end came; but I remember my astonishment, as, passing by her open chamber door, I saw candles lighted before her bed, and some of those clergy watching there, and the Chevalier de la Motte kneeling in the passage in an attitude of deep contrition and grief.

On that last day there was, as it appeared, a great noise and disturbance round our house. The people took offense at the perpetual coming in and out of the priests, and on the very night when the coffin was to be taken from our house, and the clergymen were performing the last services there, the windows of the room where the poor lady lay were broken in by a great volley of stones, and a roaring mob shouting, "No Popery! down with priests!"

Grandfather lost all courage at these threatening demonstrations, and screamed out at his *bru* for bringing all this persecution and danger upon her. "*Silence, misérable!*" says she. "Go sit in the back kitchen, and count your money-bags!" *She* at least did not lose her courage.

M. de la Motte, though not frightened, was much disturbed. The matter might be very serious. I did not know at the time how furiously angry our townspeople were with my parents for harboring a papist. Had they known that the lady was a converted Protestant they would doubtless have been more violent still.

We were in a manner besieged in our house—the garrison being: the two priests, in much terror; my grandfather, under the bed for what I know, or somewhere where he would be equally serviceable; my mother and the chevalier, with their wits about them; and little Denis Duval, no doubt very much in the way. When the poor lady died it was thought advisable to send her little girl out of the way; and Mrs. Weston at the Priory took her in, who belonged, as has before been said, to the ancient faith.

We looked out with no little alarm for the time when the hearse should come to take the poor lady's body away; for the people would not leave the street, and barricaded either end of it, having perpetrated no actual violence beyond the smashing of the windows as yet, but ready no doubt for more mischief.

Calling me to him, M. de la Motte said, "Denis, thou rememberest about the carrier-pigeon the other day with nothing under his wing?" I remembered, of course.

"Thou shalt be my carrier-pigeon. Thou shalt carry no letter, but a message. I can trust thee now with a secret." And I kept it, and will tell it now that the people are quite out of danger from *that* piece of intelligence, as I can promise you.

"You know Mr. Weston's house?" Know the house where Agnes was—the best house in the town? Of course I did. He named eight or ten houses besides Weston's, at which I was to go and say, "The mackerel are coming in. Come as many of you as can." And I went to the houses, and said the words; and when the people said, "Where?" I said, "Opposite our house," and so went on.

The last and handsomest house (I had never been in it before) was Mr. Weston's, at the Priory: and there I went and called to see him. And I remember Mrs. Weston was walking up and down a gallery over the hall with a little crying child who would not go to sleep.

"Agnes, Agnes!" says I, and that baby was quiet in a minute, smiling, and crowing, and flinging out her arms. Indeed, mine was the first name she could speak.

The gentlemen came out of their parlor, where they were over their pipes, and asked me, surly enough, "What I wanted?" I said, "The mackerel were out, and the crews were wanted before Peter Duval's, the barber's." And one of them, with a scowl on his face, and an oath, said they would be there, and shut the door in my face.

As I went away from the Priory, and crossed the church-yard by the Rectory gate, who should come up but Doctor Barnard in his gig, with lamps lighted; and I always saluted him after he had been so kind to me, and had given me the books and the cake. "What!" says he; "my little shrimper. Have you fetched any fish off the rocks to-night?"

"Oh no, Sir," says I. "I have been taking messages all round."

"And what message, my boy?"

I told him the message about the mackerel, etc.; but added that I must not tell the names, for the chevalier had desired me not to mention them. And then I went on to tell how there was a great crowd in the street, and they were breaking windows at our house.

"Breaking windows? What for?" I told him what had happened. "Take Dolly to the stables. Don't say any thing to your mistress, Samuel; and come along with me, my little shrimper," says the doctor. He was a very tall man in a great white wig. I see him now skipping over the tombstones, by the great ivy tower of the church, and so through the church-yard gate toward our house.

The hearse had arrived by this time. The crowd had increased, and there was much disturbance and agitation. As soon as the hearse

came a yell rose up from the people. "Silence! Shame! Hold your tongue! Let the poor woman go in quiet!" a few people said. These were the men *of the mackerel fishery*, whom the Weston gentlemen presently joined. But the fishermen were a small crowd; the townspeople were many and very angry. As we passed by the end of Port Street (where our house was) we could see the people crowding at either end of the street, and in the midst the great hearse with its black plumes before our door.

It was impossible that the hearse could pass through the crowd at either end of the street, if the people were determined to bar the way. I went in, as I had come, by the back gate of the garden, where the lane was still quite solitary, Doctor Barnard following me. We were awfully scared as we passed through the back kitchen (where the oven and boiler are) by the sight of an individual who suddenly leaped out of the copper, and who cried out, "O mercy! mercy! save me from the wicked men!" This was my grandpapa, and, with all respect for grandpapas (being of their age and standing myself now), I can not but own that mine on this occasion cut rather a pitiful figure.

"Save my house! Save my property!" shouts my ancestor, and the doctor turns away from him scornfully, and passes on.

In the passage out of this back kitchen we met Monsieur de la Motte, who says, "Ah, c'est toi, mon garçon. Thou hast been on thy errands. Our people are well there!" and he makes a bow to the doctor, who came in with me, and who replied by a salutation equally stiff. M. de la Motte, reconnoitring from the upper room, had no doubt seen his people arrive. As I looked toward him I remarked that he was armed. He had a belt with pistols in it, and a sword by his side.

In the back room were the two Roman Catholic clergymen, and four men who had come with the hearse. They had been fiercely assailed as they entered the house with curses, shouts, hustling, and I believe even sticks and stones. My mother was serving them with brandy when we came in. She was astonished when she saw the rector make his appearance in our house. There was no love between his reverence and our family.

He made a very grand obeisance to the Roman Catholic clergymen. "Gentlemen," said he, "as rector of this parish, and magistrate of the county, I have come to keep the peace; and if there is any danger, to share it with you. The lady will be buried in the old churchyard, I hear. Mr. Trestles, are you ready to move?"

The men said they would be prepared immediately, and went to bring down their melancholy burden. "Open the door, you!" says the doctor. The people within shrank back. "*I* will do it," says mother.

"Et moi, parbleu!" says the chevalier, advancing, his hand on his hilt.

"I think, Sir, I shall be more serviceable than you," says the doctor, very coldly. "If these gentlemen my confrères are ready, we will go out; I will go first, as rector of this parish." And mother drew the bolts, and he walked out and took off his hat.

A Babel roar of yells, shouts, curses, came pouring into the hall as the door opened, and the doctor remained on the steps, bareheaded and undaunted.

"How many of my parishioners are here? Stand aside all who come to my church!" he called out very bold.

At this arose immense roars of "No Popery! down with the priests! down with them! drown them!" and I know not what more words of hatred and menace.

"You men of the French church," shouted out the doctor, "are you here?"

"We are here; down with Popery!" roar the Frenchmen.

"Because you were persecuted a hundred years ago, you want to persecute in your turn. Is that what your Bible teaches you? Mine doesn't. When your church wanted repair I gave you my nave, where you had your service, and were welcome. Is this the way you repay kindness which has been shown to you, you who ought to know better? For shame on you! I say, for shame! Don't try and frighten *me*. Roger Hooker, I know you, you poaching vagabond! Who kept your wife and children when you were at Lewes Jail? How dare *you* be persecuting any body, Thomas Flint? As sure as my name is Barnard, if you stop this procession I will commit you to-morrow!"

Here was a cry of "Huzzay for the doctor! huzzay for the rector!" which I am afraid came from the *mackerels*, who were assembled by this time, and were *not* mum, as fish generally are.

"Now, gentlemen, advance, if you please!" This he said to the two foreign clergymen, who came forward courageously enough, the Chevalier de la Motte walking behind them. "Listen, you friends and parishioners, Churchmen and Dissenters! These two foreign dissenting clergymen are going to bury, in a neighboring church-yard, a departed sister, as you foreign dissenters have buried your own dead without harm or hindrance; and I will accompany these gentlemen to the grave prepared for the deceased lady, and I will see her laid in peace there, as surely as I hope myself to lie in peace."

Here the people shouted; but it was with admiration for the rector. There was no outcry any more. The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant church to the old burying-ground behind the house of the Priory. The rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now—the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old grave-yard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug, on which the stone still tells that Clarissa, born de Viomesnil, and widow of Francis Stanislas, Count

of Saverne and Barr in Lorraine, lies buried beneath.

When the service was ended the Chevalier de la Motte (by whose side I stood, holding by his cloak) came up to the doctor. "Monsieur le Docteur," says he, "you have acted like a gallant man; you have prevented bloodshed—"

"I am fortunate, Sir," says the doctor.

"You have saved the lives of these two worthy ecclesiastics, and rescued from insult the remains of one—"

"Of whom I know the sad history," says the doctor, very gravely.

"I am not rich, but will you permit me to give this purse for your poor?"

"Sir, it is my duty to accept it," replied the doctor. The purse contained a hundred louis, as he afterward told me.

"And may I ask to take your hand, Sir?" cries the poor chevalier, clasping his own together.

"No, Sir!" said the doctor, putting his own hands behind his back. "Your hands have that on them which the gift of a few guineas can not wash away." The doctor spoke a very good French. "My child, good-night; and the best thing I can wish thee is to wish thee out of the hands of that man."

"Monsieur!" says the chevalier, laying his hand on his sword mechanically.

"I think, Sir, the last time it was with the pistol you showed your skill!" says Doctor Barnard, and went in at his own wicket as he spoke, leaving poor La Motte like a man who has just been struck with a blow; and then he fell to weeping and crying that the curse—the curse of Cain was upon him.

"My good boy," the old rector said to me in after-days, while talking over these adventures, "thy friend the chevalier was the most infernal scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and I never looked at his foot without expecting to see it was cloven."

"And could he tell me any thing about the poor countess?" I asked. He knew nothing. He saw her but once, he thought. "And faith," says he, with an arch look, "it so happened that I was not too intimate with your *own* worthy family."

CHAPTER V.

I HEAR THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

Whatever may have been the rector's dislike to my parents, in respect of us juniors and my dear little Agnes de Saverne he had no such prejudices, and both of us were great favorites with him. He considered himself to be a man entirely without prejudices; and toward Roman Catholics he certainly was most liberal. He sent his wife to see Mrs. Weston, and an acquaintance was made between the families, who had scarcely known each other before. Little Agnes was constantly with these Westons, with whom the Chevalier de la Motte also became intimate. Indeed, we have seen that he must have known them already, when he sent me on the famous "mackerel" message which brought together a score at least of townspeople. I remember Mrs. Weston as a frightened-looking woman, who seemed as if she had a ghost constantly before her. Frightened, however, or not, she was always kind to my little Agnes.

The younger of the Weston brothers (he who swore at me the night of the burial) was a red-eyed, pimple-faced, cock-fighting gentleman, forever on the trot, and known, I dare say not very favorably, all the country round. They were said to be gentlemen of good private means. They lived in a pretty genteel way, with a post-chaise for the lady, and excellent nags to ride. They saw very little company; but this may have been because they were Roman Catholics, of whom there were not many in the county, except at Arundel and Slindon, where the lords and ladies were of too great quality to associate with a pair of mere fox-hunting, horse-dealing squires. M. de la Motte, who was quite the fine gentleman, as I have said, associated with these people freely enough: but then he had interests in common with them, which I began to understand when I was some ten or a dozen years old, and used to go to see my little Agnes at the Priory. She was growing apace to be a fine lady. She had dancing-masters, music-masters, language-masters (those foreign *tonsured* gentry who were always about the Priory), and was so tall that mother talked of putting powder in her hair. Ah, belle dame! another hand hath since whitened it, though I love it ebony or silver!

I continued at Rye School, boarding with Mr. Rudge and his dram-drinking daughter, and got a pretty fair smattering of such learning as was to be had at the school. I had a fancy to go to sea, but Dr. Barnard was strong against that wish of mine: unless, indeed, I should go out of Rye and Winchelsea altogether—get into a King's ship, and perhaps on the quarter-deck, under the patronage of my friend, Sir Peter Denis, who ever continued to be kind to me.

Every Saturday night I trudged home from Rye, as gay as school-boy could be. After Madame de Saverne's death the Chevalier de la Motte took our lodgings on the first-floor. He was of an active disposition, and found business in plenty to occupy him. He would be absent from his lodgings for weeks and months. He made journeys on horseback into the interior of the country; went to London often; and sometimes abroad with our fishermen's boats. As I have said, he learned our language well, and taught me his. Mother's German was better than her French, and my book for reading the German was Doctor Luther's Bible; indeed that very volume in which poor M. de Saverne wrote down his prayer for the child whom he was to see only twice in this world.

Though Agnes's little chamber was always ready at our house, where she was treated like a little lady, having a servant specially attached to

her, and all the world to spoil her, she passed a great deal of time with Mrs. Weston, of the Priory, who took a great affection for the child even before she lost her own daughter. I have said that good masters were here found for her. She learned to speak English as a native, of course, and French and music from the fathers who always were about the house. Whatever the child's expenses or wants were, M. de la Motte generously defrayed them. After his journeys he would bring her back toys, sweet-meats, nick-nacks fit for a little duchess. She lorded it over great and small in the Priory, in the *Perruquery*, as we may call my mother's house—ay, and in the Rectory too, where Dr. and Mrs. Barnard were her very humble servants, like all the rest of us.

And here I may as well tell you that I was made to become a member of the Church of England, because mother took huff at our French Protestants, who would continue persecuting her for harboring the papists, and insisted that between the late poor Countess and the Chevalier there had been an unlawful intimacy. M. Borel, our pastor, preached at poor mother several times, she said. I did not understand his innuendoes, being a simple child, I fear not caring much for sermons in those days. For grandpapa's I know I did not; he used to give us half an hour at morning, and half an hour at evening. I could not help thinking of grandfather skipping out of the copper, and calling on us to spare his life on that day of the funeral; and his preaching went in at one ear and out at t'other. One day—*àpropos* of some pomatum which a customer wanted to buy, and which I know mother made with lard and bergamot herself—I heard him tell such a fib to a customer that somehow I never could respect the old man afterward. He actually said the pomatum had just come to him from France direct—from the Dauphin's own hair-dresser: and our neighbor I dare say would have bought it, but I said, "Oh, grandpapa, you must mean some other pomatum! I saw mother make this with her own hands." Grandfather actually began to cry when I said this. He said I was being his death. He asked that somebody should fetch him out and hang him that moment. Why is there no bear, says he, to eat that little monster's head off, and destroy that prodigy of crime? Nay, I used to think I *was* a monster sometimes: he would go on so fiercely about my wickedness and perverseness.

Doctor Barnard was passing by our pole one day, and our open door, when grandfather was preaching upon this sin of mine, with a strap in one hand, laying over my shoulders in the intervals of the discourse. Down goes the strap in a minute as the doctor's lean figure makes its appearance at the door; and grandfather begins to smirk and bow, and hope his reverence was well. My heart was full. I had had sermon in the morning, and sermon at night, and strapping every day that week; and Heaven help me, I loathed that old man, and loathe him still.

"How can I, Sir," says I, bursting out into a passion of tears; "how can I honor my grandfather and mother if grandfather tells such d—lies as he does?" And I stamped with my feet, trembling with wrath and indignation at the disgrace put upon me. I then burst out with my story, which there was no controverting; and I will say grandfather looked at me as if he would kill me; and I ended my tale, sobbing, at the doctor's knees.

"Listen, Mr. Duval," says Dr. Barnard, very sternly; "I know a great deal more than you think about you and your doings. My advice to you is to treat this child well, and to leave off some practices which will get you into trouble, as sure as your name is what it is. I know where your pigeons go to, and where they come from. And some day, when I have you in my justice-room, we shall see whether I will show you any more mercy than you have shown to this child. I know you to be—" and the doctor whispered something into grandfather's ear, and stalked away.

Can you guess by what name the doctor called my grandfather. If he called him hypocrite, *ma foi*, he was not far wrong. But the truth is, he called him smuggler, and that was a name which fitted hundreds of people along our coast, I promise you. At Hythe, at Folkestone, at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, there were scores and scores of these gentry. All the way to London they had dépôts, friends, and correspondents. Inland and along the Thames there were battles endless between them and the revenue people. Our friends "the mackerel," who came out at Monsieur de la Motte's summons, of course were of this calling. One day when he came home from one of his expeditions, I remember jumping forward to welcome him, for he was at one time very kind to me, and as I ran into his arms he started back, and shrieked out an oath and a *sacred-blue* or two. He was wounded in the arm. There had been a regular battle at Deal between the dragoons and revenue officers on the one side, and the smugglers and their friends. Cavalry had charged cavalry, and Monsieur de la Motte (his smuggling name, he told me afterward, was Mr. Paul or Pole) had fought on the *mackerel* side.

So were my gentlemen at the Priory of the Mackerel party. Why, I could name you great names of merchants and bankers at Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, who were engaged in this traffic. My grandfather, you see, howled with the wolves; but then he used to wear a smug *lamb's-skin* over his wolf's hide. Ah, shall I thank Heaven like the Pharisee, that I am not as those men are? I hope there is no harm in being thankful that I have been brought out of temptation; that I was not made a rogue at a child's age; and that I did not come to the gallows as a man. Such a fate has befallen more than one of the precious friends of my youth, as I shall have to relate in due season.

That habit I had of speaking out every thing that was on my mind brought me, as a child,

into innumerable scrapes, but I do thankfully believe has preserved me from still greater. What could you do with a little chatter-box, who, when his grandfather offered to sell a pot of pomatum as your true Pommade de Cythère, must cry out, "No, grandpapa, mother made it with marrow and bergamot?" If any thing happened which I was not to mention, I was sure to blunder out some account of it. Good Doctor Barnard, and my patron Captain Denis (who was a great friend of our rector), I suppose, used to joke about this propensity of mine, and would laugh for ten minutes together as I told my stories; and I think the doctor had a serious conversation with my mother on the matter; for she said, "He has reason. The boy shall not go any more. We will try and have *one* honest man in the family."

Go any more *where?* Now I will tell you (and I am much more ashamed of this than of the barber's pole, Monsieur mon fils, that I can promise you). When I was boarding at the grocer's at Rye, I and other boys were constantly down at the water, and we learned to manage a boat pretty early. Rudge did not go out himself, being rheumatic and lazy, but his apprentice would be absent frequently all night; and on more than one occasion I went out as odd boy in the boat to put my hand to any thing.

Those pigeons I spoke of anon came from Boulogne. When one arrived he brought a signal that our Boulogne correspondent was on his way, and we might be on the look-out. The French boat would make for a point agreed upon, and we lie off until she came. We took cargo from her: barrels without number, I remember. Once we saw her chased away by a revenue cutter. Once the same ship fired at us. I did not know what the balls were which splashed close alongside of us; but I remember the apprentice of Rudge's (he used to make love to Miss R., and married her afterward) singing out, "Lord, have mercy!" in an awful consternation; and the chevalier crying out, "Hold your tongue, misérable! You were never born to be drowned or shot." He had some hesitation about taking me out on this expedition. He was engaged in running smuggled goods, that is the fact; and "smuggler" was the word which Doctor Barnard whispered in my grandfather's ear. If we were hard pressed at certain points which we knew, and could ascertain by cross-bearings which we took, we would sink our kegs till a more convenient time, and then return and drag for them, and bring them up with line and grapnel.

I certainly behaved much better when we were fired at than that oaf of a Bevil, who lay howling his "Lord have mercy upon us!" at the bottom of the boat; but somehow the chevalier discouraged my juvenile efforts in the smuggling line, from his fear of that unlucky tongue of mine, which would blab every thing I knew. I may have been out *a-fishing* half a dozen times in all; but especially after we had been fired at La Motte was for leaving me at home. My mother was averse, too, to my becoming a seaman (a smuggler) by profession. Her aim was to make a gentleman of me, she said, and I am most unfeignedly thankful to her for keeping me out of mischief's way. Had I been permitted to herd along with the black sheep Doctor Barnard would never have been so kind to me as he was; and indeed that good man showed me the greatest favor. When I came home from school he would often have me to the Rectory and hear me my lessons, and he was pleased to say I was a lively boy of good parts.

The doctor received rents for his college at Oxford, which has considerable property in these parts, and twice a year would go to London and pay the moneys over. In my boyish times these journeys to London were by no means without danger; and if you will take a *Gentleman's Magazine* from the shelf you will find a highway robbery or two in every month's chronicle. We boys at school were never tired of talking of highwaymen and their feats. As I often had to walk over to Rye from home of a night (so as to be in time for early morning school) I must needs buy a little brass-barreled pistol, with which I practiced in secret, and which I had to hide, lest mother, or Rudge, or the schoolmaster, should take it away from me. Once, as I was talking with a school-fellow, and vaporing about what we would do, were we attacked, I fired my pistol and shot away a piece of his coat. I might have hit his stomach, not his coat—Heaven be good to us!—and this accident made me more careful in the use of my artillery. And now I used to practice with small shot instead of bullets, and pop at sparrows whenever I could get a chance.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend, Doctor Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the doctor there was a great friendship: and it is to those dear friends that I owe the great good fortune which has befallen me in life. Indeed, when I think of what I might have been, and of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Doctor Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave, I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents, my neighbor Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mrs. Salmons's wax-work before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there; but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, St. Paul's, and Mrs. Salmons, here was a height of bliss I never had hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking

of my pleasure. I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn, packing my little valise. I got my little brass-barreled pocket-pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast-pocket; and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face. The doctor's post-chaise was at his stables not very far from us. The stable lanterns were alight, and Brown, the doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! There come the horses at last; the horses from the King's Head, and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postillion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell every thing that happened on that day; what we had for dinner—viz., veal cutlets and French beans at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the color of the horses. "Here, Brown! Here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage, and we drive up to the Rectory; and I think the doctor will never come out. There he is at last, with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I must jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I; and I dare say they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that any body may laugh who likes. The doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlor window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards farther on at the Priory.

There at the parlor window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue ribbon and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my dear. But thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleugh afterward. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him his master, Mr. Joseph Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight when I saw him bring out two holster pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my lordship, accompanied with my noble friends, passed by.

First stage, Ham Street. The Bear. A gray horse and a bay to change, *I* remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage.....I think I am asleep about the third stage: and no wonder, a poor little wretch who had been awake half the night before, and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of this wonderful journey. Fourth stage, Maidstone, the Bell. "And here we will stop to dinner, Master Shrimpcatcher," says the doctor, and I jump down out of the carriage nothing loth. The doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I, for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the hostler who was rubbing his nags down. I dare say I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn-yard, and at all things which were to be seen at the Bell, while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old-fashioned inn, with a gallery round the court-yard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the post-chaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old Bell. And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I dare say I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being forever on the look-out for Saint Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Doctor Barnard and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two churches. Toward the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Dr. Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke up with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the post-chaise.

"Give us out that there box! and your money!" I heard him say in a very gruff voice. Oh, Heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick. "Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and he fired point-blank at the rogue's head. Confusion! The pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your—"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took out my little pistol,

which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postillion, frightened no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Sha'n't we stop and take that rascal, Sir?" said I to the doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, had shot a live highwayman, that I dare say I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was St. Paul's. We went up Holborn, and so to Ormand Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Denis, received me with a great deal of kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

Sir Peter and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently had in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was below in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me up stairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of Macbeth, in a gold-laced blue coat, with scarlet plush waistcoat and breeches. Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camelleopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there were the Tower, and the Wax-work, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was! At the week's end the kind doctor went home again, and all those dear kind people gave me presents, and cakes, and money, and spoiled the little boy who shot the highwayman.

The affair was actually put into the newspapers, and who should come to hear of it but my gracious sovereign himself. One day Sir Peter Denis took me to see Kew Gardens and the new Chinese pagoda her Majesty had put up. While walking here, and surveying this pretty place, I had the good fortune to see his M–j–sty, walking with our most gracious Qu—n, the Pr–nce of W—s, *the Bishop of Osnaburg*, my namesake, and, I think, two, or it may be three, of the Princesses. Her M–j–sty knew Sir Peter from having sailed with him, saluted him very graciously, and engaged him in conversation. And the Best of Monarchs, looking toward his humblest subject and servant, said, "What, what? Little boy shot the highwayman. Shot him in the face. Shot him in the face!" On which the youthful Pr–nces graciously looked toward me, and the King asking Sir Peter what my profession was to be, the admiral said I hoped to be a sailor and serve his Majesty.

I promise you I was a mighty grand personage when I went home; and both at Rye and Winchelsea scores of people asked me what the King said. On our return, we heard of an accident which had happened to Mr. Sam Weston, which ended most unhappily for that gentleman. On the very day when we set out for London he went out shooting—a sport of which he was very fond; but in climbing a hedge, and dragging his gun incautiously after him, the lock caught in a twig, and the piece discharged itself into the poor gentleman's face, lodging a number of shot into his left cheek, and into his eye, of which he lost the sight, after suffering much pain and torture.

"Bless my soul! A charge of small shot in his face! What an extraordinary thing!" cries Dr. Barnard, who came down to see mother and grandfather the day after our return home. Mrs. Barnard had told him of the accident at supper on the night previous. Had he been shot or shot some one himself, the doctor could scarce have looked more scared. He put me in mind of Mr. Garrick, whom I had just seen at the playhouse, London, when he comes out after murdering the king.

"You look, docteur, as if you done it yourself," says M. de la Motte, laughing, and in his English jargon. "Two time, three time, I say, Weston, you shoot yourself, you carry you gun that way, and he say he not born to be shot, and he swear!"

"But my good chevalier, Doctor Blades picked some bits of crape out of his eye, and thirteen or fourteen shot. What is the size of your shot, Denny, with which you fired at the highwayman?"

"*Quid autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui*, doctor?" says the chevalier; "that is good doctrine—Protestant or Popish, eh?" On which the doctor held down his head, and said, "Chevalier, I am corrected; I was wrong—very wrong."

"And as for crape," Lamotte resumed, "Weston is in mourning. He go to funeral at Canterbury four days ago. Yes, he tell me so. He and my friend Lutterloh go." This Mr. Lutterloh was a German living near Canterbury, with whom M. de la Motte had dealings. He had dealings with all sorts of people; and very queer dealings, too, as I began to understand now that I was a stout boy approaching fourteen years of age, and standing pretty tall in my shoes.

De la Motte laughed then at the doctor's suspicions. "Parsons and women all the same, save your respect, ma bonne Madame Duval, all tell tales; all believe evil of their neighbors. I

tell you I see Weston shoot twenty, thirty time. Always drag his gun through hedge."

"But the crape—?"

"Bah! Always in mourning, Weston is! For shame of your *cancans*, little Denis! Never think such thing again. Don't make Weston your enemy. If a man say that of me, I would shoot him myself, parbleu!"

"But if he has done it?"

"Parbleu! I would shoot him so much ze mor!" says the chevalier, with a stamp of his foot. And the first time he saw me alone he reverted to the subject. "Listen, Denisol!" says he; "thou becomest a great boy. Take my counsel, and hold thy tongue. This suspicion against Mr. Joseph is a monstrous crime, as well as a folly. A man say that of me—right or wrong—I burn him the brain. Once, I come home, and you run against me, and I cry out, and swear and pest. I was wounded myself, I deny it not."

"And I said nothing, Sir," I interposed.

"No, I do thee justice; thou didst say nothing. You know the mêtier we make sometimes? That night in the boat" ("*zat* night in *ze* boat," he used to say), "when the revenue cutter fire, and your poor grandpapa howl—ah, how he howl! You don't suppose we were there to look for lobstare-pot, eh? Tu n'as pas bronché, toi. You did not crane; you show yourself a man of heart. And now, petit, apprends à te taire!" And he gave me a shake of the hand, and a couple of guineas in it too, and went off to his stables on his business. He had two or three horses now, and was always on the trot; he was very liberal with his money, and used to have handsome entertainments in his upstairs room, and never quarreled about the bills which mother sent in. "Hold thy tongue, Denisol," said he. "Never tell who comes in or who goes out. And mind thee, child, if thy tongue wags, little birds come whisper me, and say, 'He tell.'"

I tried to obey his advice, and to rein in that truant tongue of mine. When Dr. and Mrs. Barnard themselves asked me questions I was mum, and perhaps rather disappointed the good lady and the rector too by my reticence. For instance, Mrs. Barnard would say, "That was a nice goose I saw going from market to your house, Denny."

"Goose is very nice, ma'am," says I.

"The chevalier often has dinners?"

"Dines every day regular, ma'am."

"Sees the Westons a great deal?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say, with an indescribable heart-pang. And the cause of that pang I may as well tell. You see, though I was only thirteen years old, and Agnes but eight, I loved that little maid with all my soul and strength. Boy or man I never loved any other woman. I write these very words by my study fire in Fareport with madam opposite dozing over her novel till the neighbors shall come in to tea and their rubber. When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayer shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive.

Now in the last year or two, since she had been adopted at the Priory, Agnes came less and less often to see us. She did not go to church with us, being a Catholic. She learned from the good fathers her tutors. She learned music and French and dancing to perfection. All the county could not show a finer little lady. When she came to our shop it was indeed a little countess honoring us with a visit. Mother was gentle before her—grandfather obsequious—I, of course, her most humble little servant. Wednesday (a half-holiday), and half Saturday, and all Sunday I might come home from school; and how I used to trudge, and how I longed to see that little maiden, any gentleman may imagine who has lost his heart to an Agnes of his own.

The first day of my arrival at home, after the memorable London journey, I presented myself at the Priory, with my pocket full of presents for Agnes. The footman let me into the hall civilly enough; but the young lady was out with Mrs. Weston in a post-chaise. I might leave my message.

I wanted to *give* my message. Somehow, in that fortnight's absence from home, I had so got to long after Agnes that I never had my little sweet-heart quite out of my mind. It may have been a silly thing, but I got a little pocket-book, and wrote in French a journal of all I saw in London. I dare say there were some pretty faults in grammar. I remember a fine paragraph about my meeting the royal personages at Kew, and all their names written down in order; and this little pocket-book I must needs send to Mademoiselle de Saverne.

The next day I called again. Still Mademoiselle de Saverne was not to be seen; but in the evening a servant brought a little note from her, in which she thanked her dear brother for his beautiful book. That was some consolation. She liked the pocket-book any how. I wonder, can you young people guess what I did to it before I sent it away? Yes, I did. "One, tree, feefty time," as the chevalier would say. The next morning, quite early, I had to go back to school, having promised the doctor to work hard after my holiday; and work I did with a will, at my French and my English and my Navigation. I thought Saturday would never come: but it did at last, and I trotted as quick as legs would carry me from school to Winchelsea. My legs were growing apace now; and especially as they took me homeward few could outrun them.

All good women are match-makers at heart. My dear Mrs. Barnard saw quite soon what my condition of mind was, and was touched by my boyish fervor. I called once, twice, thrice, at the Priory, and never could get a sight of Miss Agnes. The servant used to shrug his shoulder and laugh at me in an insolent way, and the last time—"You need not call any more. We

don't want our hair cut here, nor no pomatum, nor no soap, do you understand that?" and he slammed the door in my face. I was stunned by this insolence, and beside myself with rage and mortification. I went to Mrs. Barnard and told her what had happened to me. I burst into tears of passion and grief as I flung myself on a sofa by the good lady. I told her how I had rescued little Agnes, how I loved the little thing better than all the world. I spoke my heart out, and eased it somewhat, for the good lady wiped her eyes more than once, and finished by giving me a kiss. She did more; she invited me to tea with her on the next Wednesday when I came home from school, and who should be there but little Agnes. She blushed very much. Then she came toward me. Then she held up her little cheek to be kissed, and then she cried —oh, how she did cry! There were three people whimpering in that room. (How well I recollect it opening into the garden, and the little old blue dragon tea-cups and silver pot!) There were three persons, I say, crying: a lady of fifty, a boy of thirteen, and a little girl of seven years of age. Can you guess what happened next? Of course the lady of fifty remembered that she had forgotten her spectacles, and went up stairs to fetch them; and then the little maiden began to open her heart to me, and told her dear Denny how she had been longing to see him, and how they were very angry with him at the Priory; so angry that his name was never to be spoken. "The chevalier said that, and so did the gentlemen—especially Mr. Joseph, who had been dreadful since his accident, and one day (says my dear) when you called, he was behind the door with a great horsewhip, and said he would let you in, and flog your soul out of your body, only Mrs. Weston cried, and Mr. James said, 'Don't be a fool, Joe.' But something you have done to Mr. Joseph, dear Denny, and when your name is mentioned, he rages and swears so that it is dreadful to hear him. What can make the gentlemen so angry with you?"

"So he actually was waiting with a horsewhip, was he? In that case I know what I would do. I would never go about without my pistol. I have hit one fellow," said I, "and if any other man threatens me I will defend myself."

My dear Agnes said that they were very kind to her at the Priory, although she could not bear Mr. Joseph—that they gave her good masters, that she was to go to a good school kept by a Catholic lady at Arundel. And oh, how she wished her Denny would turn Catholic, and she prayed for him always, always! And for that matter I know some one who never night or morning on his knees has forgotten that little maiden. The father used to come and give her lessons three or four times in the week, and she used to learn her lessons by heart, walking up and down in the great green walk in the kitchen garden every morning at eleven o'clock. I knew the kitchen garden! the wall was in North Lane, one of the old walls of the convent: at the end of the green walk there was a pear-tree. And that was where she always went to learn her lessons.

And here, I suppose, Mrs. Barnard returned to the room, having found her spectacles. And as I take mine off my nose and shut my eyes, that well-remembered scene of boyhood passes before them—that garden basking in the autumn evening—that little maiden with peachy cheeks and glistening curls, that dear and kind old lady, who says, "'Tis time now, children, you should go home."

I had to go to school that night; but before I went I ran up North Lane and saw the old wall and the pear-tree behind it. And do you know I thought I would try and get up the wall, and easy enough it was to find a footing between those crumbling old stones; and when on the top I could look down from the branches of the tree into the garden below and see the house at the farther end. So that was the broad walk where Agnes learned her lessons? Master Denis Duval pretty soon had that lesson by heart.

Yes; but one day in the Christmas holidays, when there was a bitter frost, and the stones and the wall were so slippery that Mr. D. D. tore his fingers and his small-clothes in climbing to his point of observation, it happened that little Agnes was *not* sitting under the tree learning her lessons, and none but an idiot would have supposed that she would have come out on such a day.

But who should be in the garden, pacing up and down the walk all white with hoar-frost, but Joseph Weston with his patch over his eye. Unluckily he had one eye left with which he saw me; and the next moment I heard the *report* of a tremendous oath, and then a brickbat came whizzing at my head, so close that, had it struck me, it would have knocked out my eye and my brains too.

I was down the wall in a moment: it was slippery enough: and two or three more brickbats came *à mon adresse*, but luckily failed to hit their mark.

THE SECOND DIVISION AT SHILOH.

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

THE highest romance in military life centres in a succoring army. The sturdy heart of England throbbed responsive to the tread of Bulow's legions—the fortunes of consular France rested on Dessaix's eagles—the hopes and fears of the loyal North marched with Buell's columns, surging to the red field of Shiloh.

Sunday morning, April 5, 1862, came beautiful and bright. The soft spring sunshine bathed valley and hill in mellow splendor. Our Division was early on the march. As its head was debouching out of the valley of Indian Creek heavy indistinct mutterings, as of distant thunder, came from a southwesterly direction. The

air was calm, the sky cloudless—it could be no April storm—it must mean battle. When this became evident to the men, a shout, stern, defiant, and eager, broke along the lines, filling the distant woods, and rolling grandly from front to rear. A halt was ordered; three days' rations and sixty additional rounds of ammunition a man were issued, and all baggage was taken off to be left behind. Terrill's battery galloped to the front, to be dragged by hand, if need be, over impassable places. Soon the troops were again in motion. Over fields where the road was impracticable or blocked by other troops, across swamps and morasses, through streams breast-high, the Division pushed for twenty-two miles, till just at nightfall it arrived at Savannah.*

I had been ordered forward to the river, to prepare for the embarkation of the troops. Every thing was in confusion. I could find no General to whom to report. Generals Grant and Buell had gone by steamboat to Pittsburg Landing; General C. F. Smith, the commander of the army, was lying upon his death-bed; General Nelson, with his Division, had already gone, without orders, by land to the battle-field, ten miles distant. Guides reported this route impracticable in the darkness. Steamboats were landing and pushing out without any apparent object; officers were hurrying hither and thither, confused and excited; skulkers from the battle-field were relating deeds of personal prowess, mingled with tales of disaster to our arms; artillery was rumbling, bands playing, drums beating, trains, empty and loaded, choked and jammed in the streets. Above and through all this din swelled the awful cadence of the distant battle. Through the discordant crowd, like a crimson thread, flowing in rapidly augmenting numbers from the steamboats to the hospitals, came the wounded, calm, quiet, and uncomplaining. It was the carnival of rumor, rumor direful, rumor hopeful; but toward night we settled sadly into the clear conviction that our army had sustained a reverse.

As the afternoon waned the sky became overcast. Lightning, red and lurid, flashed in the west, while the thunder, surly and threatening, added its deep bass to the battle's roar. The bivouac fires were gleaming brightly as I returned in the settling gloom to the Division, encamped upon the outskirts of the village, with embarking orders. Crittenden's Division must go first. We waited impatiently for our time. As it grew darker the roar of the battle ceased; only now and then a throb of sound breaking the silence. The two armies rested to renew the battle on the morrow. Ours sad and defeated; theirs hopeful and exultant.

Some time after dark the gun-boats opened fire, slow and measured. This told us that our cause was not altogether desperate—that fresh troops might restore the battle. The command to "fall in" was hailed with cheers loud and defiant. Standing in column of company, sweeping the broad road from side to side, that splendid division, 9000 bayonets strong, high in hope, health, and discipline, with the moon scudding the clouds, lighting up the bronzed faces of the men, and glimmering on their muskets, presented a spectacle I shall never forget. Before we reached the river the storm burst, the April rain coming down in torrents. In the gloom, blinded by lightning flashes, the troops stumbled and groped their way down the slippery banks to the spectral steamboats. Although standing in the streets like drenched cattle nearly all night long, the men took their India-rubber blankets from their manly shoulders to wrap up and preserve their trusty rifles and priceless ammunition from the storm.

That night was an agony of rumor—rumors of defeat, of panic, of men rushing into the river, of the annihilation of our army, of terms of surrender proposed and discussed. But two facts gave us comfort. Nelson, though panting and breathless, after surmounting obstacles of every kind, had arrived in time to take part in the last struggle of the evening; and the enemy had just, at dark, been repulsed within twenty feet of Sherman's semicircle of blazing batteries. We hugged the hopes these facts suggested to our dripping bosoms with delicious pleasure. All that long and miserable night, at short intervals, we heard the solemn thunder of that gun-boat cannon swelling high above the howling storm—a nation's minute-gun.

Before morning one brigade and two regiments of another were embarked. With the latter, on the steamer *Tigress*, the General and Staff went. Weary and heart-sick, I clambered into an upper berth, and, although the rain dripped through the leaky roof in rivulets, I soon slept. I awoke with a start, fearing I had slumbered too long. Day was just breaking. The boat was still under way. There was no tumult of battle. Even the gun-boat had ceased firing with the approach of light. Hope—that main-stay of the soldier in his darkest moods—began to whisper, "No battle to-day; the enemy have fallen back." The rain was falling in mist; the fog clung to the dank forests, veiling their recesses in obscurity; the steel-gray sky was cold, cheerless, and depressing. Upon the right bank, as we went up, here and there a soldier in our uniform, without arms, could be seen wandering listlessly along the shore. Soon we saw squads of our cavalry on picket, an assurance that the disorganization of our army was not complete.

As we were eating our breakfast upon the boiler deck a fierce rattle of musketry came from

* "The army of the Ohio" was organized by General D. C. Buell into six divisions of infantry, of three brigades each. The First Division was commanded by General Geo. H. Thomas; the Second, by A. McD. McCook; Third, by O. M. Mitchell; Fourth, by Wm. Nelson; Fifth, by T. L. Crittenden; Sixth, by T. J. Wood. Subsequently, when General Rosecrans took command, its name was changed to that of Army of the Cumberland, and it was reorganized into three *corps d'armée*. The Fourteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first, commanded respectively by Generals Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden.

a point of woods above the landing, which was now in plain sight. Soon it grew into the full volume of a well-sustained infantry fight. As we neared the shore, mingled with these crashes of musketry came the strains of the Sixteenth Infantry band, performing a gem from "Il Trovatore" — death and rejoicing borne to us upon the same wave of sound. At the landing-place confusion was worse than confounded. Rations, forage, and ammunition were trampled into the mire by an excited and surging crowd. Officers were rushing about, endeavoring to collect the stragglers of their commands and lead them into the rapidly-increasing battle. Trains were huddled together in sheltered places; ambulances, with their bleeding loads, were coming to the steamboats; sutlers, camp-followers, and even women were adding their voices to the Babel of sound. Thousands of soldiers, panic-stricken, were hiding under the bank, and, not satisfied with their own infamy, were discouraging our troops newly arrived. How we loathed them! Yet the glory of Raymond, Jackson, Blackwater, and Vicksburg gleams upon the bayonets of these same men; and I am convinced now we thought too harshly of them then. Providence, in His inscrutable ways, permitted these men, thirty months later, to pay the debt of Shiloh with compound interest, when, gathering from the plains and savannas of the Southwest, they marched with eager feet to our relief in beleaguered Chattanooga, and with their brawny shoulders helped bear our banners up the blazing heights of Mission Mountain. But at Pittsburg Landing, that memorable day, only the long ranks of dead ranged for recognition or burial at the hospital on the hill-side were calm and free from distracting panic.

The First Brigade, after pushing its way through the throng at the river with the point of the bayonet, was already forming on the crest of the hill. Now and then we heard the pattering sound of bullets, stragglers from the leaden storm above, falling upon the roofs of the boats. Our horses were quickly disembarked, and with the First Brigade in columns closed in mass, leaving orders for the rest of the Division to follow as soon as landed, we moved toward the point indicated by the firing. Directly we saw evidences of close and terrible fighting. Artillery horses dead, cannon dismounted, caissons abandoned, muskets broken, accoutrements torn and bloody, appeared every where. The first dead soldier we saw had fallen in the road; our artillery had crushed and mangled his limbs, and ground him into the mire. He lay a bloody, loathsome mass, the scraps of his blue uniform furnishing the only distinguishable evidence that a hero there had died. At this sight I saw many a manly fellow gulp down his heart, which swelled too closely into his throat. Near him lay a slender rebel boy — his face in the mud, his brown hair floating in a bloody pool. Soon a dead Major, then a Colonel, then the lamented Wallace, yet alive, were passed in quick and sickening succession. The gray gloaming of the misty morning gave a ghostly pallor to the faces of the dead. The disordered hair, dripping from the night's rain, the distorted and passion-marked faces, the stony, glaring eyes, the blue lips, the glistening teeth, the shriveled and contracted hands, the wild agony of pain and passion in the attitudes of the dead—all the horrid circumstances with which death surrounds the brave when torn from life in the whirlwind of battle, were seen as we marched over the field, the beseeching cries of the wounded from their bloody and miry beds meanwhile saluting our ears and cutting to our hearts. Never, perhaps, did raw men go into battle under such discouraging auspices as did this Division. There was every thing to depress, nothing to inspirit; and yet determination was written upon their pale faces. They knew too well that defeat was death, with that foaming river at their backs. Their hope was in God, the justice of their cause, and in their own stout hearts.

In a deserted camp, where two long lines of muskets stood stacked—evidences of disaster and surrender the day before—the battalions were deployed. The quiet obedience and intelligent execution of all orders gave an earnest of what those regiments were yet to do that day. Nelson, upon the far left, was heavily engaged. Mendenhal, of Crittenden's Division, was thundering nearer. Sharp skirmishing in the dense wood beyond an open field in our immediate front showed the rebels to be there also. In this field was a peach-orchard in full bloom—spring's scarlet offering to the heroic dead. Further to the left was a group of farm-buildings. In a few moments our skirmishers were driven out of the woods to the edge of the field, then over it, under cover of our lines. Then the enemy began to show themselves in serried front. The command "Ready!" ran along our line. The ominous click of three thousand musket-locks was the response. All stood awaiting the shock. Soon that dingy gray line had become well defined; three flags floated not three hundred yards distant, sinister with star and bar. For what was our commander waiting? Perhaps to decoy the rebels into the open field. They, also wary, halted, and prepared to fire. Then came a deafening crash, the flame from our avenging muskets leaping almost half-way across the field. The sound had scarcely reached its full volume when it was answered by another. Then the roar of battle swelled over all, seemingly filling the firmament. Still, under all this noise, we could hear the *spitz, spitz, sping* of the hurtling bullets, and their crackling sound among the undergrowth, until the air darkened with missiles. The line swept back and forth like an undulating thread; there it shrank for a moment; here it bowed toward the enemy. At one time a company of regular recruits gave way in a body; but all the officers of the battalion joined, and with their sabres drove it back into line.

The brigade had been engaged an hour—it seemed to me but a few minutes—when the reb-

el line began to waver. How the cheer that then went up lingers in my memory still! It was the first pæan of victory raised by the "Army of the Cumberland." But the exultation was premature. The rebels were only relieving their regiments. The battle waxed hotter as their fresh men opened fire. They planted a battery under cover of the houses, and began enfilading our line with canister. Where was Terrill to answer this new and annoying enemy? He had been taken by mistake to General Nelson. His bell-toned Napoleons were already ringing loud and clear far to the left. Upon the bayonet, that right arm of infantry, we must therefore rely.

"Cease firing—fix bayonets!" rang from wing to wing. As the bristling shafts of steel were fixed on to the smoking barrels with a deadly clang, the blood rushed to the heart, a sickly pallor overspread the faces of the men—a pallor not from fear, but intense determination. The men needed no further command. With an impulse higher than all discipline they rushed forward, a tumultuous tide. Over the field, through the orchard, into the woods around the houses, like an avalanche they dashed, overthrowing the battery, and grinding the rebel line to powder. Through a belt of woods, over another field, they pressed on, driving the broken rebels, until, beaten and panting, they took refuge under cover of their reserves upon the further side of "Sherman's Drill-Ground."

This was the first decided success of the day; our advance threatened the rebel line of retreat. Nelson was bravely holding his own, with Terrill's help; while Crittenden, though stoutly fighting, was calling for reinforcements.

As we passed through the orchard, lying with his shoulders propped against a peach-tree, I saw the mangled form of one of my best-loved classmates dressed in rebel uniform. The mist gathered in his silken beard showed he had died the day before. The pitiless rain had fallen on his upturned face all night. A smile beautified his features, while his eyes seemed gazing far to the southward, as if there an anxious mother were waiting for words of hope from that war-swept field. A cannon-ball had partly severed a branch of the tree. Flower-laden, it fell in scarlet festoons about his head—a fitting pall for his gallant, pure-hearted, yet erring nature. In the lull that followed this contest, while our troops were re-forming their broken ranks, I found leisure to wrap his body in a blanket, and to place it where the artillery and cavalry would not trample his already shattered form—determined that if God spared me and gave us the victory I would pay the last sad offices of respect to his memory.

We had changed direction to the left, following the refluent rebel force. This exposed our right flank. The wily Beauregard was not slow in taking advantage of this fact. Massing three batteries and a full division of infantry, he launched them against our right. Athwart our line at nearly right angles they came with fierce determination, yelling and exultant. Their eighteen guns, hurling death into our ranks, elicited no response, for we had no artillery to reply. All eyes turned to that long line of advancing, flashing steel. The Second Brigade, which had just landed from the boats, was placed upon our right flank, the men lying on their faces in the edge of the field, concealed by the dense undergrowth. A regiment was thrown forward to seize a point of water-oaks, which shouldered out into the open field. In "column in mass" it attempted the perilous mission, dashing on at the double-quick. But reaching the range of rebel fire, a tornado of canister, round-shot, shrapnel, and bullets staggered it. It attempted to deploy, to answer fire with fire. Human flesh and blood could no more endure. It came recoiling back, leaving a mosaic of blue bodies to mark its rugged path. This encouraged the rebels, who swept steadily onward, furious for their prey, contemptuously returning with straggling shots the fire the First Brigade had opened upon them. Little did they think of the reception prepared for them. The Second Brigade, four regiments, 2700 strong, which had not fired a shot, were lying in the thicket at the field's edge. Nearer and still nearer came the advancing column, until within half-musket range. Still all was silent on our right. Fearing some guile, they threw a few shells into the wood. But this developed nothing. Obviously reassured, they began wheeling upon their right regiment as a pivot, in order to more completely envelop the flank of the First Brigade. This manœuvre insured their destruction, for it turned their own flank to the ambushed thicket. The men of the Second Brigade quietly fixed bayonets while lying down.

"Up—one volley—and at them!" Struck as by a thunder-bolt, that blow followed by a storm of bayonet-thrusts, the proud column went rolling backward, followed by our men. When the smoke lifted the field was clear of "gray backs." We had won the field and the Corinth road by one volley.

But still our men kept pressing the enemy back, back into the deep wood beyond, until their blue coats were lost in its bosky recesses as they streamed onward. We heard a cry of disappointment and surprise from part of our line; the musketry began to swell from the woods in deeper chorus. We could hear the voices of our officers checking their men. Midway our line became entangled in a swamp. The Thirty-fourth Illinois dashed in with their muskets held high over their heads, but the water, running up to their belts, drove them back; they could not afford to lose their ammunition. The regiments to the right and left dared not advance until it passed this obstacle, for our disjointed line would have been at the mercy of the enemy's "offensive return." This check gave them a moment to rally. Their consummate commander, knowing that any further advance on this road would cut his army off from retreat, concentrated all his available force for

an overwhelming attack upon our line at this point. At others the battle virtually ceased. Far in the "dim aisles" the gray mass of the enemy could be seen marshaling for the final struggle. In three lines of triple steel they came at last—no stratagem this time—dogged, determined fighting, with stern and desperate purpose. The soldiers of both armies seemed to comprehend the importance of the crisis. Our men felt assured that if they could quickly reach Shiloh church, whose dusky gable, with its yellow flag, they saw through the vistas of the forest, a surrender of the enemy would make a fitting close to the glory of the day. The rebels believed that if they could regain the Corinth road, and rout the right, victory again would crown their standard. Each man clutched his musket more firmly, awaiting the shock. It came in awful grandeur. Full twenty thousand muskets bellowed in competing echoes. The wood seemed swept by fire. Our men bravely breasted the storm, but the odds were fearful. The ammunition of the First Brigade was rapidly giving out; soon the last cartridge was expended. The Third Brigade, the only Union reserve on the field, must go in. But it was only 12 o'clock, and the power of the rebels yet unbroken. By right of companies, under a galling fire, the First Brigade retired, and the Third took its place. This movement was supposed by the rebels to mean retreat. A yell, wild and hopeful, rose from their lines—their muskets cracked more deadly still. Their artillery enfilading our front was making fearful havoc. A battery, more impudent than the rest, pushed up to the further edge of the swamp, dashing canister into the faces of the Thirty-fourth Illinois, fighting up to its knees in water. That battery well knew it was protected from the avenging bayonets of our men by that impassable sheet of water. Their lines, constantly relieved by fresh regiments, were firing more rapidly than ours. There was difficulty in procuring ammunition. The First Brigade, so sorely needed, must lie idle. Kirk and Gibson, brigade commanders, were both wounded; Bass had gone back to die; Levanway had dyed the waters of the swamp with his life's-blood. But no man wavered. In the breach of that awful field stood the throbbing hearts of those two brigades, the only bulwark between our army and destruction.

Suddenly—far to our extreme left, above the horrid tumult—we heard something rushing as a great wind. Bursting from the woods over the field to our support Mendenhal dashed in—his horses full of foam and smoke, the clay flying in tangents from his swiftly whirring wheels. He galloped into battery on the rebel flank. Soon his roaring Rodmans added their sonorous music to the medley. Like a whirlwind Terrill followed. His Virginian blood was up. "Nearer, nearer; give them double canister into their very faces!" he shouted to his drivers. The rebels did not take this tamely, but turned with fierce rage upon the batteries. A Missouri regiment came down on Terrill. Pitilessly he hurled a storm of fire and iron into their faces. But steadily and with even tread they still advanced. All the cannoneers were killed at one piece. Terrill and a corporal worked the gun alone, until an unknown but gallant infantry sergeant volunteered to help. Terrill, grimly standing at the vent, shouted, "Canister! canister!" Quick as light the sergeant flew to the caisson. Loaded with three charges he came back to the gun, when, struck full in the forehead, he fell dead, his body rolling to the feet of the corporal. He, brave fellow, faltered not, but drove the three charges home. Terrill's quick eye for a moment swept along the smoke-grimed piece. Then came a blinding flash, a stunning crack. Prone in their breasts the iron tempest struck the advancing regiment, blowing some from the very muzzle of the gun. They staggered, reeled; then Missouri's pride and chivalry broke, and like a shattered wave ebbed back, sweeping the supporting regiments with them. Our battery, our Division was saved. Surely, in the annals of this conflict, that sergeant's deed must ever stand ablaze with glory!

The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, the only venture the Keystone State had on the field that day, dashed in after the recoiling rebel regiments. The First Brigade, with replenished boxes, came up at the run. The whole Division charged, sweeping over lines and guns. Through Hurlburt's, Prentice's, and Sherman's camps, we drove the enemy past the old church, over the stream beyond. Our first battle was won. The intellect of Beauregard was no match for the genius of Grant. Three divisions of infantry, with 12 pieces of artillery, routed the entire rebel army, restored our fortunes in the West, and turned defeat into victory; capturing of their artillery, and recapturing of ours twenty pieces. That night, in the pelting rain, upon the bloody ground, without tents or blankets, the Division slept, hungry, exhausted, and sad; for 900 manly forms, one-tenth of our entire number, lay dead or dying, and maimed.

To me a mournful task remained unperformed. Far over the field—for we had driven the rebels five miles—I must ride to bury my friend. Darkness almost impenetrable had settled in the woods, only relieved here and there by the flickering glimmer of the ambulance lanterns, as the surgeons were gathering up the wounded. In the midst of conflict the soul is racked by all the horrible impressions that mutilated and mangled humanity can excite. But these emotions are nothing compared with the deep revulsion which the silence and gloom a night after battle suggested. Our jaded horses sank above the fetlocks in the miry roads. Progress was slow, often impeded by the dead blocking the way. It was the saddest ride—the saddest night of my life.

The houses near the peach orchard were already filled with wounded. There we found a spade, and with it hollowed out a grave No matter now. He sleeps under a spreading oak

and in a soldier's grave, with a miniature—a fair, girlish face—resting on his breast.

Since that sanguinary day the blood of our Division has been sprinkled like water upon four other fields; but soldiers and officers refer to Shiloh as the most terrible of them all. Even the memories of that awful struggle by the Southern "River of Death" grow dim at the recollection of Shiloh—our first and bloodiest battle.

PEGGOTY PLIMPTON'S CHOIR.

THERE is a great deal written about New England village churches and church-yards that belongs more truly to the realms of romance than reality. Those velvet-turfed and shadow-dimpled spots of beauty, those ivy-mantled and moss-grown towers the poet story-tellers sing of, are few and far between, judging from my experience in the parts of New England I have visited. Old England has them every where on her broad face, as Irving beautifully describes them, and perhaps in some few vales of Massachusetts there may be some such sequestered spots, but they are not numerous.

The village church that I now wish to tell you of (the village church of Q——) was built years ago, and its founders and framers seem to have selected for it a sort of citadel site, where it could look out on the country far and wide, alternately to dry up and crack in the broiling summer sun, and shiver and shake in the bleak winter winds. Hardly a live thing save a few low lichens would grow on the hilly mound where it was placed, though the church-yard, protected a little from the wind by the church (for the rail fence around it gave but little protection), sported a most superb display of briers and thistles.

The church itself seemed to have been modeled from Squire Foster's barn, and its steeple always, from a boy, made me laugh when I looked at it. It was a most unreasonably shaped steeple. Fat and squat and dumpy, with an immense brass dragon on top, to show the farmers the drift of the wind. It was as though it had been built up straight and comely and towering, and then some tremendous hand had come down flat upon it, knocking timbers together against the solid foundation, leaving it half its height with all its rotundity. The windows were large, with hanging, rattling blinds inside, and a steep flight of steps led up to the hungry-looking doorway. That the church had once been painted there can be not a ghost of a doubt, as Dame Heath, who, though old, is considered, as Goody Collins calls her, "a perfect parody of truth," remembers seeing the painters at work; and in fact, if you will but examine the woodwork carefully, you can yourself still see traces.

Inside, one can easily understand with what fervor the congregation must have always sung, "O give us, Father, warmth within!" Perfectly plain, wooden, stiff-backed pews, with no cushions save in a favored few; a gallery running across one end of the church and facing the low white pulpit-desk, which was adorned with a red velvet top, bordered with blue fringe, and sporting two melancholy-looking tassels. A black hair-cloth sofa and two chairs, with a little stand for a pitcher and tumbler, made up the furniture of the pulpit. A large iron stove flanked either side, and by wires from the ceiling the black stove-pipes ran along the whole length of the church, and disappeared in the wall above the gallery.

I have been thus precise about this remarkable edifice as it is herein the scene of our story lies. Years on years within this plain old place of worship had the worthy people of Q——, old and young, farmers with their good wives, young men, young women, and children, met from Sabbath to Sabbath and worshiped the Father of all, who sent them the showers and sunlight. Here had they heard the Scriptures preached, and here made the crazy, creaking windows rattle and ring again as they sung together their grand old Congregational hymns. Plain and forbidding as was the place, like all such places on earth (thank Heaven!), it had its pleasant associations, and I doubt not that on many a Sabbath morn more true worship had gone up and shaken the clear air on that bleak hill-top than had risen through the lofty arches of much more pretentious places.

But a new feature had just now set all Q—— by the ears. Peggoty Plimpton had started the project of a church choir, and in fact the congregation had now for some five Sabbaths listened in wondering amazement to the singing of the hymns from the throats of some dozen or more stationed in the gallery. How Peggoty Plimpton ever got the head men to say she might try such an unheard of thing I to this day have never been able to clearly comprehend; but it seems she did, and the various comments and opinions that the new music called forth were diverse in the extreme. For my readers must know that a village like Q—— has exactly as many opinions about such momentous matters as there are inhabitants, men, women, and children; and were they to choose of three things given—say an earthquake, a plague, or an *innovation*—it is, to say the least, quite doubtful which of the three they would agree to take the responsibility of trying.

Squire Foster thought "no harm could come out of *trying* it," and his opinion went a great way; but Ann Head said "that was all very well; no harm might come out of the trying of it, but didn't all know Squire Foster's 'hired man' sang chief bass?" Goody Collins said "'twas a sin and a shame to see the airs that Thompson gal put on when she came to the Hallelujah;" and Dame Heath thought "it was *peacocks*."

Truly a genuine Yankee village—a village miles away from any railroad, and approached only by a tedious stage-coach—has some rather peculiar features about it. Each person knows every body else, and all about them. In the society of Q—— were three distinct grades,

plainly marked and plainly led. There was, in the first place, the family of Squire Foster—for you must know each village has its squire. Mr. Foster was a retired country judge, and Mrs. Foster was the acknowledged leader of fashion in the place; while the two Misses Foster and young Harry Foster had been away and had seen city ways, causing them, of course, to be looked up to and respected as all traveled folk have had the right to expect from time immemorial.

Moving with them were one or two families well to do in the world—comfortable farmers, knowing which side was gold, which glitter, and who, acting on the principle, had got to themselves and their families good broad acres and spacious barns. With these moved also the minister's family.

The second grade included that heterogeneous company of the village, each of whom thought himself or herself as good, if not better, than his or her next door neighbor. The *third* gradation was the confessedly poor, and knew its place; but those of the "second stratum" never exactly knew where they were. One of their number, Janie Thompson, or "the Thompson girl," in country parlance, had once been invited to a "dancing social" at Judge Foster's, and, like the effects of the scarlet fever sometimes, to this day had never gotten over it! Report says that on the Sabbath thereafter she appeared in church with a brown bombazine bonnet, with large red flannel dahlias all over it, in such profusion and height as to seriously interfere with the proper impression the sermon should have made on the minds of the congregation; and to the time of this writing has never been the plain, modest girl she was in the "Pre-Foster party" times. It was a sinful thing, too; for Janie Thompson had a face like a ripe rosy apple, and the lads for miles around thought it a shame for *her* "to be taking to putting on airs."

Now when Peggoty Plimpton took it into her head to get up the choir, her first thoughts were, of course, where to look for proper material. Peggoty was a driving, active, go-ahead girl of twenty-five, not blessed with any too much good looks, but with an honest cheery face, blue-eyed, and surrounded with sunny curling hair. She had come home to her bleak Q—— from a visit in Boston, and had broached the subject of the choir to some of the girls, who at once had taken it up with gusto.

"Now I can sing *second*, and so can Emma Sharp, and perhaps Jennie Keyes can sing *first*, but if only Miss Foster or Miss Faunce would help us," she had ended off her explanations with. But Peggoty Plimpton belonged to that same "second stratum," and that Miss Foster's or Miss Faunce's serene majesties could never be approached by her with any hope of success Peggoty well knew. Besides, Judge Foster and Deacon Faunce, by report at least, were opposed to any thing but the good old round congregational music, and would never consent to their daughters joining this unrighteous scheme. So the choir had been made up of the best material available, and on the morning of the first Sabbath in March had astonished minister and people with the momentous change.

And to say the truth, the choir had sung remarkably well. To be sure Jim Jackson, like the big bumpkin that he was, mistook the time for him to come in, and roared out, like a perfect hurricane,

"Now still and soft at eventide,"

when little Jennie Keyes should have softly sung it in her clear low voice; and in the winding up of the full swell chorus of the last hymn, Farmer Squires seemed to forget his company altogether, and went on and on, up and down, up and down, quavering away, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, until the next man seized him by the coat tail and pulled him into his seat. But these were only little matters incidental to all great occasions, and only gave delight to such people as were always picking flaws and finding dust on other folks' door-steps. Peggoty Plimpton and her choir were congratulated on the church threshold that morning, and told to go on.

And so matters flowed along for several weeks, some quite enraptured with the new music, others longing for the days when Deacon Faunce had risen and in loud tones read, "We are vile and sinful all"—"*sing*" all down the lines of the long hymn—when suddenly one Sabbath morning, just before service, who should walk into the choir gallery, to the amaze of the assembled choir and Peggoty Plimpton, but Miss Mildred Faunce!

Mildie Faunce was (for they have them still) the "belle of the village." Slight and graceful in figure, and with a face of wonderful girlishness of beauty, for there was but little of the womanly in it, it was so childlike and young, she ruled in the village like a very queen. Her father's position had spoiled her a little, and I fear her will at times was even at home hard to govern; but, unlike the Misses Foster, Mildie often joined in the pleasant gatherings of the "second stratum," and laughed right merrily at the village romps, though woe to the country lout who forgot himself before her at any of them! It was reported that young Henry Foster was "keeping company with her;" but probably it was mere village gossip, for the girls said she never seemed to care for any one.

But, not to diverge too much, as Miss Mildie entered the choir there was of course quite a stir. Putting out her hand pleasantly to Peggoty Plimpton, she simply said, "Peggoty, I hear you are going to try a new anthem this morning, and are a little perplexed about a solo in it?"

"Yes, a little bothered, Miss Mildie," answered Peggoty.

"If I can sing it I will willingly," continued Mildie. The two girls looked over the music together, and Miss Faunce at once volunteered to try it, and quietly sat down. I wish you could have seen the faces of that congregation

when the solo was reached. At the first note of Mildred Faunce's fine clear soprano Deacon Faunce turned bodily around, and knocked from off his pew cushion two ponderous hymn-books, that fell bang! bang! on the hard board floor. Harry Foster put his eye-glasses upon his romanesque nose, and drew a long gasp of wonderment; and even the worthy minister looked a little queerly, while his mouth twitched slightly at the corners. Mildie Faunce singing in Peggoty Plimpton's choir with Tim Jackson and Farmer Squires and Janie Thompson and Emma Sharp! But the anthem went on and was finished, and the sermon preached nevertheless; and though there was some talk after service about the circumstance, all found the sky had not fallen nor the trees gone up into mid air, but were the same as on other Sabbaths. Peggoty Plimpton thanked Mildie Faunce with honest heartiness; and Mildie, as she got into her father's large open wagon and pulled up the buffalo robes around her, felt she had done a really good act this morning.

"Where's father, Thomas?" she asked, as she got in.

"He walked 'cross the fields, Miss," replied the driver. Before they drove off Harry Foster came up to the side of the wagon, and, touching his hat, congratulated her on the "successful commencement of her new career."

"No compliments, Mr. Harry Foster, if you please," was her reply. "I did it to please myself and Peggoty. But I like it so much I think I may join the choir; and if I do, you, Sir, have got to join the forces."

"Indeed," said Mr. Foster, laughingly adding "Good-by!" as the horses moved off.

As they rolled along they passed group after group of the returning church folk, who pleasantly bowed as they passed, but Mildie seemed to be looking out for some one she missed. Suddenly, on turning a corner, her face brightened. Within sight were two figures—an aged woman and a young man on whose arm she leaned, he himself limping with a heavy cane.

"Drive slower, Thomas," she said to the driver; and as the wagon passed she nodded pleasantly to the two, who returned her salutation with low bows. The old woman seemed quite infirm, but her companion was a fine manly fellow, with burned brown face, dark hair, and eyes shining brightly beneath heavy eyebrows. There was a peculiar expression on his face, too, as he bowed—a light that flashed but for a moment across his features, which, if I mistake not, Mildie saw, for the young girl colored the slightest bit in the world, and told Thomas it was cold for such slow driving!

"You might have offered old Dame Graham a seat, Miss Mildie," he replied. "Your father would."

"She seems well supported," quietly said Mildie, and they soon reached home.

That same Sabbath afternoon John Graham sat, in the warmth of the sunlight, in front of his mother's neat little house, near the waterfall of Q——, enjoying his afternoon reverie. Left on his own resources at about fourteen years of age, with his mother to support, and his total possessions a few acres of sturdy orchard growth and field land, he had now reached nearly twenty-five without ever having asked favor from rich or poor. His father had been a Scotchman of good degree, and when he died had bequeathed to his son all his own pride of nature, his unconquerable will, and the gnawing feeling innate in such natures allied to humble circumstances—the feeling that the world had gone unjustly and hard with them, and they owed nothing to it, having wrung what little they had had out of it by their own hard blows and toil. John Graham had been one of the first to go out from his native town when the guns at Sumter rung through Vermont, and had come back only when his left knee, shattered and shot through by a treacherous bullet, had refused to carry him through more fighting.

As he now sat there, in the sun's slant light, before his mother's door, with his fine dark face glowing in the brightness, his cane lying across his lap, seemingly reminding you where he had been, and what scenes had been through, to make it needful for such strong frame to carry the poor support, you could not but feel he was no common man who sat before you. We meet such doubtless, all of us, as we go along through life, without noticing them, they move before us so unobtrusively and silently; but when we note them carefully, or are brought in contact with them, we feel conscious we have received impressions that last longer than the memories of the casual meetings of everyday experience.

The click of the gate latch aroused our dreamer from his reverie, and Mildie Faunce, with a little white basket on her arm, entered the garden patch. Graham started, but held out his hand, warmly bidding her good-afternoon.

"How lovely all looks about here, Colonel," commenced Mildie, laughingly. "And your chair outside. Been fighting your battles over again this afternoon, I suppose."

"I wish you would not call me *Colonel*, even in your gay mood, Miss Mildie," replied Graham, reddening. "You know I was but a poor private with our Mountain boys, and you should not jest about us."

"Truly, and I did not know your dreamings were so sober, Mr. Graham," returned Mildie, with mock gravity. "And is your mother in? I have brought her down some goodies for her good old self."

"I know she will be glad to see you. She is reading there by the window. Walk in."

He resumed his chair on the green sward as she entered the house, and for some time seemed lost in thought; his head leaning on his hands, clasped firmly over the head of his heavy cane. A little later, as Mildie came out, accompanied by his mother, he got up, and reaching down his hat from the door-post where it hung, said, quite soberly:

"Miss Mildie, I will keep up along the road with you a ways, if you have no objection."

"Indeed I have none. Good-by, Mrs. Graham, and as the warmth comes on, try and get up and see us—do."

The two moved through the gate, John courteously holding it wide open till his companion passed out, and turned slowly up the roadway toward Deacon Faunce's house.

"Miss Mildred," John began as they reached the slight shade of the huge elms that in summer threw deep shadows over both river and road, "I am a blunt fellow, but I want to ask even a blunter question than usual this afternoon."

Mildie felt a strange tingling about her temples, for here he paused.

"I may as well out with it now," he continued. "It's the best way. Miss Mildred, are you engaged to Henry Foster?"

Mildie stopped short in the road, bringing her two feet together with a smart rap that sent two or three pebbles spinning into the river.

"John Graham, you have no right to ask me such a question, and you know it," she said, between her teeth, and looking him in the face, while the color mounted in an instant to her forehead.

"I know it well, Miss Mildred; but I had to ask it. If you only knew how glad I would feel if you would just pardon the asking of it, and reply No to it."

"And pray, Mr. John Graham, why and wherefore should I answer it? What is it to you whether or no I am engaged to Mr. Foster?"

"I will tell you why, Mildred Faunce, and tell it from my heart. If I offend you, I can only say it will but add another sorrow. Since, eight years ago to-day (I was thinking of it this afternoon), when I seized your cockle-shell of a boat on the brink of yon fall and carried your poor little white wet face up to your father's house—since that sad day I have thought one thought and dreamed one dream, and that thought and that dream have both been *you*. I have thought I might yet work out of my poor miserable place into something better, and larger, and nobler, and ask you to share it with me as my right. And when I left poor old mother to go and fight for the flag, mingled with the feeling of right in so doing, was also that other thought of coming home here with the poor private's dress changed to something worthy to greet you. The bullet stopped all that, but my strong self is left to yet work out the other. Can I not hope that you will give me leave to try?"

He stopped and looked searchingly, beseechingly, into her face. Poor Mildie looked down and around and into the clear river, and down again, and scraped up a small mountain of gravel in the road with her nervous little feet. At length she said:

"Mr. Graham, this is all very wrong in you. What good can come of it? You know I can say nothing without consulting my father, and he, you know, would be very angry did he know of this."

"Your father is like others. He would like me better had I five hundred acres instead of five. But I have that within me that tells me I will not always be as now. Simply say I may go on and try to make myself worthy of you."

"No, I can not. I am a little afraid of you. As Harry says, you are sometimes a 'very gravestone.'"

John Graham's face darkened.

"Are you engaged to Henry Foster, Mildred?" he asked again.

"No, I'm not—there!" and she darted up the road, leaving him standing gazing after her. He stood so for a long time, and then slowly retraced his steps to the cottage. His mother noticed his troubled look, and quickly divined the reason.

"John, ah John!" she said, "ye dinna ken the hoyden ye run after. She's a bonnie good lass, but she's na for the likes of ye. Don't fret yeself, but be a man!"

"Ah, mother, perhaps you say true, but who is she for do you guess?"

"Why, man, and have ye twa een! Young Squire Foster is the man."

"And, mother dear, I think Henry Foster is not, nor will he be, the man. And now I'll take my afternoon stroll."

The Sabbath following Mildie Faunce was again found seated in Peggoty Plimpton's Choir, and this time the male part of the orchestra found no less an addition to it than Mr. Harry Foster. Peggoty Plimpton this day had a new trial. Hardly one of the lesser lights of her luminous world, Janie Thompson, or Jennie Keyes, or Nelly Page, could find any voice at all, or, if it came, it came quavering and weak and uncertain, on account of Mr. Foster's presence. But Mildie's voice rang out clear as a bell, and Tim Jackson, and Ned Brice, and Farmer Squires roared like their own two-year olds, to try and drown the new tenor; without any effect whatever, for Harry held on like a good one, and seemed to enjoy the whole thing mightily. Down in a corner pew, during the service, sat John Graham, still and silent. Once or twice he tried to catch Mildie Faunce's eye, and once or twice changed his position nervously. On coming out of the church he and his mother came down the aisle with Deacon Faunce, who invited them to ride with him.

"Mildie walks to-day, 'tis so warm, and I can drop you at your door just as well as not."

They thanked him, and John helped his mother in as the large wagon drove up, and then got up alongside the driver.

"And how did you like the music to-day, Graham?" asked the Deacon, as they rattled down the road.

"Some of it I liked," replied John, "some I did not. The last hymn, 'Let the last trumpet blow,' reminded me of some of our glorious old camp-fire choruses, and stirred me grandly. You ought to hear some of the soldiers' songs, Deacon, resounding up through the still woods to the sky looking down on us, and echoing along

the swamp shores. Some of them come in like artillery!"

"I wish to my heart I could," answered the worthy Deacon. "Mildie's airs are often mere twaddle, and so are Peggoty Plimpton's. As for young Foster to-day, he sang more like a girl than a man; and yet Mildie thinks every thing of his voice. In fact, I think she is such a fool that she thinks more of his voice than of him."

John didn't answer but sat silent, as though revolving in his mind that last sentence of the Deacon's.

"Do you never sing?" abruptly asked Mr. Faunce.

"No—that is, very seldom."

"Indeed but ye should hist to him in the garden afttimes," broke in Dame Graham.

"Only one or two old army airs, Deacon," said John, quietly. "I love to hum them, and think of those who taught them to me, and where the poor fellows may be now."

"And I should think you would. You ought to practice them in these times. Come up and see us, and let Mildie hear them, she's so fond of music. By-the-by, did you know the choir are going to give a grand concert to raise money for the buying of an organ?"

"No."

"Yes; think of our old church with an organ in it! But so we go. We old fellows have to give in to the youngsters, and most seem to favor it."

By this time they had arrived at the Grahams' gate, and thanking the Deacon for the ride the wagon rolled up the hill, and John assisted his mother indoors.

The concert that was so casually mentioned in the above talk was really one of the most momentous things that had ever loomed up to disturb the quiet of Q——. Once in a great while some lumbering train of circus wagons, with great placards of elephants and rearing horses and monkeys, had set all the good town agog, and troubled the sleep of all the urchins for a week or so. Occasionally some handsome literary wonder from the city would lecture in the church, always upsetting the household duties of the village maidens for some ten days and nights; and once in a long time a traveling music company would give a concert, the effects of which would be visible for months in the community; but here was a grand concert to be given by Q—— *herself*, for an avowed object! Well might Mrs. Thompson grow anxious for her daughter's health, and watch every symptom previous to the eventful evening; for Janie was to sing! Well might Mrs. Sharp tell her daughter Emma to take boiled hoarhound and balsam every night before going to bed; for she too was to sing! Well might Mrs. Keyes be excused for nearly putting her baby into the boiling fish-kettle instead of its cradle; for wasn't her Jennie a going to sing! And you should have seen Tim Jackson and Ik Bryson and Ned Brice when they were told they too were to stand up before the whole of Q—— and sing for the organ. Tim said "he didn't care a darn; do you, Ik!" but for all that turned purple and blue by turns; and Ik said "he didn't know but what he'd go and have a good plow in the black swamp and think of it." Ned Brice simply whistled.

But Peggoty Plimpton! Of all the busy, bustling bodies she was the busiest. The weight and responsibility certainly would have crushed any one else into the dust. There was the Programme to be arranged, and printed way off in Woodstock, and the music adapted for the voices, and the rehearsals, and the platform to be built, and the lights to be borrowed. And Janie Thompson and Emma Sharp both wanted to sing "Down in the Hazel Dell," and every body knew it by heart already. And, wonder of wonders! both Mr. Henry Foster and Miss Mildie Faunce had volunteered to sing a song apiece, to give *éclat* (whatever that was) to the occasion. Oh! and oh! again, but the sedate old town of Q—— was in a pretty state of excitement!

But as time, which cures all things, rolled along the choir got down to their work. The rehearsals progressed finely, and there was only the usual amount of sparring, and the usual jealousy displayed about the assignment of songs; and the Programme had been printed and distributed far and wide. The evening chosen was that of the 1st of June, and all now that was requisite for full enjoyment was a fine evening; for all H—— were coming, and even some few from W——. Had I the space I would write down in full the Programme. It was headed "Programme of Music performed by the Choir of the First —— Church, in aid of an Instrument," and showed a goodly list of names. The first piece was entitled "*An Ode to Juno*—a grand chorus performed by the whole Choir, illustrating the thankfulness of the heart for full harvests." It was to be a mighty effort. Then there was to be the usual variety of solos by the various members. Tim Jackson was to sing "The Battle of Trafalgar" in sailor's dress, borrowed from his brother, who was first mate of the whaler *Sally Maria;* and Ann Sturtevelt had consented to sing an exquisite fragment from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and was to appear as a genuine fay with a fairy wand and wings. Mr. Foster volunteered his favorite, "We met by chance!" Miss Faunce's song was left blank, as she hadn't yet decided (so she told Peggoty) what to sing. And all was to end with a grand choral burst from "The May Queen."

Well, the 1st of June arrived, balmy and soft and beautiful, making the green on Q—— meadow even more brilliant than usual, and almost causing the brier bushes in the church-yard to blossom out and make the place less dreary. The sun went down in a red sky, and the white moon showed above the eastern tree tops clear of cloud. Of course the church was full long before the concert commenced, some even standing up. Squire Foster was there with the Misses Foster; Deacon Faunce, his wife, the minis-

ter's family and all; and off one side of the platform, which had been raised in front of the pulpit, sat old Dame Graham and John.

John Graham seemed wrapped up in thought, hardly heeding any thing that was passing before the wondering eyes of all, sitting still with gaze cast on the floor, saying nothing, and seemingly revolving something in his mind that troubled him. He did ask a single question of his mother, "What songs do young Foster and Miss Mildie sing?" and then relapsed into silence again. Could we have looked into John Graham's thoughts then, we would have found him turning over and over and over again that one sentence Deacon Faunce spoke in the wagon riding home—"I really think she thinks more of his voice than she does of him!"

Meantime the performers of the evening had taken their seats upon the platform. Janie Thompson was dressed in a white dress dotted with black, and an immense wide collar tied up in her neck with a large green ribbon. But she looked as bright and sparkling as ever, and Tim Jackson tried to get the next seat to her, and succeeded only to be ushered by Peggoty Plimpton out again into the men's own row. Little Jennie Keyes looked sweetly in pink, and all the rest of the girls bore out the ancient reputation of Q—— for good taste in adornment. The "get up" of Ik Bryson and his friends could only be equaled, never excelled. Ik's only trouble seemed to be that there was a natural animosity existing between his vest and trowsers, both manifesting a mutual desire to part company. Mildie Faunce's piano was on the platform, but both she and Harry Foster sat among the audience in front.

At eight the "Ode to Juno" opened, and was carried through to the great delight of all, as the dust which filled the church from the stamping and applause plainly kept in mind. Jennie Keyes sung "Gentle Hallie" beautifully, and had to sing it over again, and all went swimmingly, to the intense satisfaction of Peggoty Plimpton. To be sure Mrs. Sharp thought she never saw Ella Page look so shabbily, and Mrs. Page thought Emma Sharp's hair looked as though it had been in a dust hole; and there were a few comments on Ann Sturtevelt's fairy dress being of a very scant length, and looking amazingly like her small sister's white dotted muslin; but these were only little extraneous matters foreign to the music.

And now came Mr. Henry Foster, with "We met by chance." John Graham threw his eyes up a moment and then riveted them on the floor, where he had kept them during the whole evening. Foster sang his song flourishingly and easily, and was much applauded. He had a good voice and free manner.

But as soon as the applause was over came a deep hush, for Miss Faunce was now to sing. All leaned forward and watched her slight form as she lightly mounted the platform and took her seat at the piano. Casting her eyes about her for a moment, and tripping her fingers over a note or two, she broke out into a simple wild old melody, that made the audience start and hold their breaths. It was of war and waving banners, and grim battle, and bloody victory, and every word thrilled the very air. John Graham started to his feet, and leaning forward, one hand on his cane, one on the back of his mother's chair, watched her, with every fibre vibrating through his frame. When she ceased and quietly took her seat there was at first a perfect silence, then the applause broke forth tumultuously.

And there stood John Graham, with head thrown up and hair thrown back, his face all aglow with passionate excitement. Suddenly he stalked forward without his cane, and steadily mounted the platform. The applause ceased—all eyes fixed on him in astonishment. Seating himself at the piano he threw a thunder of deep notes on the air, and looking up as though through the riven ceiling, he sung, in superb volume of voice, grand and round, and yet heart-searching, these words:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
We have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
God's day is marching on."

As he closed the verse the whole house sat rapt in wonder. And well they might. His every look and tone showed that place, people, time, were not in his thoughts, and that on John Graham had fallen a seeming inspiration.

But he went on now low and tremblingly, each word quivering along the roof and walls out to the dark starry sky, and through the rough farmers' hearts:

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free:
God's word is marching on."

And then pausing, his great deep voice rolled out again, in a passion of feeling:

"I have read a fiery Gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace will deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God's truth is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
For God is marching on."

The effect was wondrous. You could have heard a feather drop. You did hear many a long-drawn breath, many a deep sigh. No applause, no loud sound. Every one, spell-bound, looking at the singer.

And then John Graham got up from the piano, and went down and sat beside his mother in silence. And as he passed Mildred Faunce he touched her hand and whispered, "Forgive me, Mildie," and not another word. What he meant I do not know, unless, perhaps, daring to follow her own glowing song.

After a long pause the concert went on, though all felt it was dull after this. As they left the front of the church, after all was over, Mildie came close up to John Graham, and putting her hand in his, asked him simply and in a low tone,

"John, where did you learn that song?"

"Before the camp-fires, Mildie. 'Tis a simple air in itself; but I was laboring under the excitement from your song, and felt what I sung. It was an old favorite with the regiment. The last time I heard it, it was sung by two little drummer-boys as they lay in the damp grass dying—singing and dying—and I thought of the poor boys too. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

And now, my readers, let me tell you that while Peggoty Plimpton got the church an organ by her concert, that same concert gave John Graham and Mildie Faunce to each other as man and wife. Ever after that evening Mildie seemed a changed person—thoughtful and more womanly; looking up to John Graham seemingly as to her well-recognized future husband. And to her astonishment after that evening, worthy old Deacon Faunce did not object, but earnestly insisted on Peggoty Plimpton's presence at the wedding. And Peggoty Plimpton of the "second stratum" *went*.

A SUPPRESSED PRINCESS.

CAMDEN-TOWN, the suburb of London in which Fate has for a time fixed my residence, is, though prosaic, not without certain points of attractiveness. We are near enough to the Zoological Gardens of that finest of all parks—Regent's—to hear the roar of the lions; and we have just before us Primrose Hill, whence, alas! the flowers which gave its name have long ago been frightened, but which commands the finest view of the great city. For the rest, it is all so new that I could easily fancy myself in Cincinnati, or St. Louis, or any other big baby-town of America; which, in a country that is nothing if not antique and romantic, is disagreeable enough. One day I was about to complain to my friend H—— that I had to go so far to see even an Elizabethan house, when he forestalled my words by asking if I knew that I was living close by a Princess, whose story and that of her family constituted the most singular and interesting romance in the England of to-day? I looked up, startled. He who spoke to me is distinguished as one of the most skeptical men in this nation; but on this point he was convinced, and he soon gave me enough concerning the statement which he had made to inspire me with a strong desire to investigate this strange matter myself. On my saying this he put me in correspondence with a distinguished Member of Parliament, who has been for some time preparing to bring before that body the case of the Suppressed Princess. The result of this correspondence was that one day the postman laid before me a letter with the royal seal of England upon it—that seal which it is a high offense for any but those of the royal blood to use. It proved to be an invitation from Mrs. Lavinia Ryves to call upon her and inspect the evidences of her claim to the rank and title of Princess of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster. As I read this note, which was without flourish of any kind, I began to think over the many cases of wronged Lords, concealed Princes, and the like, of which I had read; the old question: "Have we a Bourbon among us?" floated up out of the American magazinedom of ten years ago; and, withal, my republican gorge arose and vented itself in the exclamation: "Suppressed Princess, forsooth! the sooner the rest of them are in the same fix the better for the world!"

Nevertheless one has only to stroll about Windsor Castle and Marlborough House to own a suspicion that whoso desireth the office of Princess desireth "a good thing." Few of us, I apprehend, would remain stoically quiet with a pocketful of claims to royal advantages enjoyed illegally by others. Even poor Princesses should have justice. But suppose this lady is mad? I was just enough under the sway of Mr. Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" to make that an interesting possibility. And so, at the appointed hour, I stood in the plain little parlor of a common lodging-house awaiting the appearance of the Princess, Pretender, or Monomaniac.

No sooner had she appeared than I was convinced that she certainly was not a Pretender. If ever a woman felt herself to be that which she claimed to be, it was the woman before me. She was about sixty years of age, and the lines of sorrow and poverty were deeply traced upon her; but her manner was queenly, her eye clear and calm, and her voice deep and earnest. She was the third of the line which held itself denied justice; and it was plain that she had received the papers, which attested her family's claim, as the trust of a sacred Cause, from which she never expected to reap personal advantage, but would bequeath to her children as she had received it from her mother, with a stern demand that it should never be compromised or surrendered. My silent question whether she might not be the victim of some hereditary hallucination was arrested by an incidental mention made by her of a family of which I had known something in early life. This lady, knowing scarcely my name, certainly ignorant of my birth-place, mentioned as connected with the history a family of

Downmans, who resided on the Rappahannock River, in the State of Virginia. Now it so happened that I had resided near the Downmans, and knew much of the family; and that, on my asking many questions concerning them, she should have given so immediately replies which I knew to be true, impressed my mind with a belief that, at least, some truth was connected with the claims which I was about to examine. These claims I did examine patiently, and with an interest increasing with each document examined; and as I saw them I propose to lay them before the reader, anticipating thus (by permission) an agitation which will soon be laid before the English Parliament, and through it awaken the attention of the world.

Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of George III., was born in 1745, and married in 1772 to Lady Anne Horton. It has been a serious and historically unexplained riddle why this lady, though bearing the title of Duchess of Cumberland, was never received at Court, nor recognized by George III. Indeed the King was so indignant at this marriage that he recommended to Parliament the passage of that Royal Marriage Act, which is now in force. It was so contrary to the well-known disposition of George III. to have refused admission to his Court to this lady, that historians have conceded that there must have been some powerful motive acting upon him, unknown to the world. That motive may appear as we proceed.

During the later years of the reign of George II., and in the earlier part of that of his successor, there was in the confidence of the royal family, and much about Court, a gentleman of great culture and ability, the Rev. James Wilmot. He was descended from the ancient family of De Villemot, and the connection of the Wilmots with former reigns and with the Peerage was acknowledged. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and became Senior D. D. of the University, which presented him with the valuable living of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire, which, together with that of Aulcester, he held during life. This Dr. Wilmot contracted a private but legal marriage with the Princess of Poland, daughter of Stanislaus, last king of that country. Of that marriage one child, a daughter, was the issue. This young lady was, as she grew up, remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments; and the position of her father at Court made her known to the royal family and the nobility. At length a formal offer of marriage was made by Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland to this Olive Wilmot, daughter of Dr. Wilmot. The marriage took place on the 4th of March, 1767, at the house of Lord Archer, in Grosvenor Square, the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, the bride's father, officiating clergyman, and King George III., the Earl of Chatham (William Pitt), the Earl of Warwick, and Lord Archer the attesting witnesses.

This marriage is authenticated by several certificates. The first is:

"March 4th, 1767.

"I hereby certify that Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland was this day married to Olive Wilmot, such marriage having been duly and legally solemnized by banns according to the Church of England rites, by myself.

(Signed) "James Wilmot.

"George R.

"Present at the marriage of the above parties

"Brooke.

"J. Addaz."

The second is as follows:

"I hereby certify that I married Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, to Olive Wilmot, March 4, 1767, such marriage having been duly solemnized according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England.

(Signed) "J. Wilmot.

(Signed) "George R.

"Chatham.

"I witnessed such marriage,

(Signed) "Warwick."

It would seem that Dr. Wilmot had breathed the atmosphere of courts long enough to know that one could never be too sure of the royal word, and as in the above certificates the name of one witness to the marriage, he obtained for his daughter the following:

"Lords Chatham and Archer solemnly protest that the marriage of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, and Olive my daughter, the said Duke's present Duchess, was solemnized legally at the latter nobleman's residence, Grosvenor Square, London, by myself, March 4, 1767. (Signed) J. Wilmot.

(Signed) "Chatham.

"Archer.

"3rd. Nov. 1767."

Dr. Wilmot's caution with regard to royalty in general, and the Brunswick family in particular, was justified by the event. On the 2d October, 1771, the Duke of Cumberland—his first wife being then alive—contracted the marriage with Lady Anne Horton, daughter of the first Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Derbyshire. George III. well knew that this marriage was illegal, and that his brother had, in contracting it, subjected himself to the penalties of bigamy, and refused to receive or recognize Lady Anne Horton at court on this account.* From this time, however, the King set himself to protect his brother by keeping his first and only legal marriage secret. In this it seems that Chatham bore a not very honorable part. A memorandum in his handwriting is as follows:

"J. W.

"*To be committed to the flames—after my dece* [torn]

"*Lord Warwic* [torn]

"Warwick. "Warwick, May 4th. 17 [torn]

"Mem^m^ that the Duke of Cumberland having subjected himself to the effect of the laws against b——y, we have

* The tradition concerning this marriage is that the Derbyshire widow was quite gay, and that there were some reports concerning her relations with the Duke of Cumberland not very pleasant to the feelings of the lady's brother, Lord Carhampton; that this brother visited the Duke, and, laying a pistol on the table before him, demanded that he (the Duke) should immediately marry his (Carhampton's) sister; and that his lordship, by such gentle persuasion, left the room only after having obtained a written promise from the Duke that he would marry Lady Horton, which probably was consummated only because of the exposures which the remorseless Carhampton might have made of that which Junius called "the indefeasible infamy of the house of Brunswick."

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"agreed to let his daughter Olive be the sacrifice, in order "that her Royal parent may never meet public reprehen- "sion. We hereby promise *our joint protection* to the "said Olive, and that we will never, during the life of "her royal father or the King, betray the secret of the "Duke of Cumberland's double union.

"Chatham."

As is indicated by this memorandum, another person had entered to act a part in this strange drama. About the time of the royal Mormon's marriage to Lady Anne Horton, his other wife was, to wit, on the 3d of April, 1772, at Warwick, delivered of a female child. This child was baptized in the name of Olive, in the presence of witnesses, and legally registered—all the papers being carefully preserved.

It seems that there was now a compromise effected between Dr. Wilmot, on behalf of his wronged daughter, and the King, on behalf of his brother: the King taking care that with the secrecy there should be framed and signed every paper which Dr. Wilmot deemed necessary to secure the rank and title of Olive. Dr. Wilmot had a brother, Robert Wilmot, whose wife had just been delivered of a still-born child. It was decided that the infant Princess Olive should be rebaptized and placed under their protection, and pass as their child. This proceeding is established by the following certificates, which, with all that we quote in this statement, exist in their original forms, and will be forthcoming at the trial when it comes.

(1)

"April 4, 1772.

"G. R.

"Whereas it is our Royal will that Olive our niece be "re-baptized Olive Wilmot, to operate during our royal "pleasure.

"To Lord Chatham."

(2)

"We hereby certify that Olive, the Duke of Cumber- "land's infant, was re-baptized in order that she might "pass as the child of my brother, Robert Wilmot, and that "such child was entered in the register of St. Nicholas's "at Warwick as Olive Wilmot only.

(Signed) "J. Wilmot.
"Robt. Wilmot.

(3)

"We hereby acknowledge having received to our joint "protection Olive, the infant child of the Duke of Cum- "berland, April 4, 1772.

(Signed) "Robt. Wilmot.
"Anna Maria Wilmot.

"Witness,
(Signed) "J. Wilmot.
"Warwick."

(4)

"May 1, 1773.

"I declare the Duke of Cumberland's marriage with "Olive Wilmot to be legal, by command of the King.

(Signed) "J. Dunning.

"Witness,
(Signed) "J. Wilmot."

[This Mr. Dunning, afterward created Lord Ashburton, was a lawyer of high repute, and had recently filled the office of Solicitor-General.]

(5)

"Olive, the only child of Henry Frederick Duke of Cum- "berland and Olive his wife, born April 3rd. 1772.

(Signed) "James Wilmot.
"Chatham.
(Signed) "George R. "Warwick."

(6)

"This is to declare that Lord Chatham binds himself to "pay to the Duke of Cumberland's infant daughter the "yearly sum of £500 during the said Olive's life, until a "more suitable provision is made for her—acting by the "command of his Majesty.

"In witness and confirmation of the same, his Lordship "places his signature this first day of May, 1773.

(Signed) "J. Wilmot.
"Chatham.

"Witness,
(Signed) "Robert Wilmot.
"George R."

To this arrangement for the temporary suppression of the infant Olive the deserted wife of the Duke of Cumberland was in no condition to offer any opposition; already her heart was broken, and immediately after the birth of her daughter the inroads of consumption were visible. She was ordered to the South of France, and died at Tours in 1774, at the age of twenty-four.

It is perhaps best, at this point, to consider certain improbabilities which would suggest themselves to a reader of the above documents. And, first, it will be asked why was the original marriage of the Duke with Dr. Wilmot's daughter not at once made public? Why did not the Doctor, as soon as he had solemnized that marriage, at once send an advertisement of it to the *Times*, so that any future marriage would have been impossible? To this it can only be replied that it was a way the Brunswicks and their parsons had of doing things. The Duke, when he was married to Miss Wilmot, was about twenty-two years of age, very gay and frivolous, and inclined to licentiousness. It is probable that he had no idea of being set down at the Court as a grave married man. Nevertheless, whatever were his motives for having the marriage private, there is ample evidence that it occurred and was legal. It is a much more difficult question to solve why Dr. Wilmot should have consented to this secrecy of his daughter's marriage; and we are compelled to the conclusion that he was not so free from human ambition as to offer obstructions to an alliance between his own and the royal family, especially as such certificates and attestations were freely given as would render the marriage indisputable, should an emergency arise calling for its substantiation.

But these questions are overshadowed by that which arises from the conduct of Dr. Wilmot and of George III. with reference to the second marriage of the Duke of Cumberland. Here indeed is a mystery. A monarch defending his brother to the extent of wronging an innocent woman and rebaptizing her infant in a false name, while he is so angry with that brother as to refuse a reception at Court to the false wife; a father seeing his daughter dying of a broken heart, and yet never uttering the secret of the wrong done to his family, which he must have known would have called down the wrath of the nation upon the royal offender. These are anomalies of human conduct which require explanation; and this explanation, resting upon irrefragable evidence, is at hand, and constitutes the

most remarkable chapter in the ugly history of the Georges.

Let us say at once that the mysterious conduct of Dr. Wilmot and of the King is due to the fact that the King, George III. himself, had been guilty of the same offense with his brother, and that Dr. Wilmot was involved in it; and that the Duke, being cognizant of all the facts, threatened, if exposed, to drag down all of them with him. Surmises have been various concerning the relation between George III. and Hannah Lightfoot, some supposing it to have been a *liaison* of his early life, others that it was a genuine though secret marriage, and that Hannah died before his recognized marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The real story is as follows: Hannah Lightfoot was a very beautiful Quakeress, who frequently visited the shop of some relatives of hers, glovers and linen-drapers, situated at what is now known as Waterloo Place, in London. Here, and as she was going to and returning from this place, the then Prince George saw her, and was seized with a passion for her. It is probable that if the virtue of the pretty Quakeress had proved to be of stuff less stern she would not have become the lawful, though uncrowned, Queen, which she certainly was. The impetuous Prince determined upon a secret marriage, and Dr. Wilmot, who lived in the Court as one who hung "on Princes' favors," was his chief confidant, and solemnized the marriage. The following certificate is a part of the evidence in this case, with sworn proofs of the authenticity of the signatures attached:

"May 27th, 1759.

"This is to certify that the marriage of these parties, "George Prince of Wales to Hannah Lightfoot, was duly "solemnized this day according to the rites and ceremo- "nies of the Church of England, at their residence at "Peckham by myself.

"Witness to the marriage of these parties,

"William Pitt. "J. Wilmot.
"Anne Taylor. "George Guelph.
"Hannah Lightfoot."

This occurred about two years before the marriage of George to the Princess Charlotte. It will be observed that the above is dated in 1759. Hannah died about 1768. She had three children. Just when or where she died, or how or where buried, or what became of her offspring, is unknown; but she left a will, signed as a queen, as follows:

"Hampstead, July 7th, 1768.

"Provided I depart this life, I recommend my two sons "and my daughter to the kind protection of their royal "father, *my husband*, his Majesty George III., bequesting "whatever property I may die possessed of to such dear "offspring of my ill-fated marriage. In case of the death "of such my children, I give and bequeath to Olive Wil- "mot, the daughter of my best friend Dr. Wilmot, what- "ever property I am entitled to, or possessed of at the "time of my death. Amen.

(Signed) "Hannah" Regina.

"Witness,
"J. Dunning.
"William Pitt."

It may be mentioned here that a state-paper dated June, 1815, bearing George III.'s signmanual, speaks of "confidential services rendered ourselves by Doctor Wilmot in the year 1759," which probably refers to this secret marriage. It will be seen at once that the Duke of Cumberland, when he contracted the marriage with Anne Horton, so strongly opposed by the King and Dr. Wilmot, was master of the situation; with a word he could have crumbled the whole dynasty, which then had quite as much unpopularity as it could bear, without the addition of such scandals. Dr. Wilmot would not, indeed, have been so much involved as the royal bigamists; but he could have gained nothing, and must have lost every thing, by their downfall—the fortunes of himself and his daughter being identified with theirs. His lips were further sealed by the willingness of the royal reprobates to secure to his royal grandchild her rank and title after their death. When that child was only a little over one year of age the following creation occurred:

"George R.

"We are hereby pleased to create Olive of Cumberland "Duchess of Lancaster, and to grant our Royal author- "ity for Olive our said niece to bear and use the title and "arms of Lancaster, should she be in existence at the pe- "riod of our Royal demise.

"Given at our Palace of St. James's, May 21, 1772.

(Signed) "Chatham.
"J. Dunning."

Upon this creation the following important certificates bear directly. They were written by the celebrated Earl of Warwick:

(1)

"Green-Street, April 2, 1816.

"I consider it just I should declare that the late Lord "Chatham informed me that the Lancaster creation was "a considerate and conscientious act of his Majesty's to "convince his successor that Princess Olive was entitled "to the highest consideration, should she, by her outliv- "ing the King, present it to his successor.

(Signed) "Warwick."

(2)

"Green-Street, April 2, 1816.

"I solemnly certify that I received the creation of Lan- "caster from the late Lord Chatham, for Olive, Princess "of Cumberland, called at this time Olive Serres.

(Signed) "Warwick."

(3)

"It is proper that we should certify that the creation "of Duchess of Lancaster has been delivered to the Princess "of Cumberland, with the certificates of her Royal birth.

(Signed) "Warwick.
"Edward.

"London, June 27th, 1815."

The title of Lancaster was one exclusively conferred on members of the royal family. Henry III., who held it as a royal fief, created his second son, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster in 1267, adding to the existing territory the confiscated estates of the Earls of Leicester and Derby and the Barony of Monmouth; and to it many other lands were added by marriages, "so that," to quote an old writer, "it was the greatest patrimony (as I verily think) of any subject prince in Christendom." The Earldom was raised to a County Palatine by Edward III., and afterward to a Dukedom by the same sovereign, in the person of Henry Plantagenet, in 1345. When the latter ascended the throne as Henry IV. the Duchy of course merged in the

[illegible], and has so remained ever since, though governed by its own separate jurisdiction. In conferring the title, therefore, on the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, George III. bestowed the highest gift in his power. And in furtherance of his determination that the wrong which he had caused during life should be redressed after his death, he, about seven years after the grant of the peerage, wrote the following document:

"George R.

"We are hereby pleased to recommend Olive, our niece, "to our faithful Lords and Commons for protection and "support, should she be in existence at the period of our "Royal demise—such being Olive Wilmot, the supposed "daughter of Robert Wilmot, of Warwick.

(Signed) "J. Dunning.
"Robert Wilmot.

"7th January, 1780."

The last State document but one which we have cited is, it will be observed, dated so late as 1815, and is signed by a name which links the case with the ascertainable facts of modern history; we mean, of course, that of Edward Duke of Kent, the father of the present Queen of England.

We are thus naturally led to trace the personal history of the infant princess, Olive Wilmot. Immediately after her birth, in 1772, she was, as we have seen, committed to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilmot, then residing in the town of Warwick. With them she resided until the year 1783, when she went to reside with her grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, at his parsonage at Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire, by whom also her education was carefully supervised. Her taste for drawing was such as to afford great promise; and in order to afford her greater opportunities for cultivating it she was brought by Dr. Wilmot to London in 1791. In the course of her studies she became acquainted with her future husband, Mr. John Thomas Serres, a celebrated painter of marine subjects, to whom she was married on the 1st of September, 1792. Of this marriage four children were the result, the eldest two of whom died young; the third, Lavinia, is the present representative of her mother, and was born in 1797; the fourth, a daughter, born in 1802, also survives.

Domestic differences, however, between Mrs. Serres and her husband unhappily led to a formal separation in 1803, under the provisions of a legal deed. Thus left to her own resources, Mrs. Serres supported herself comfortably by the assistance of her talents and of Dr. Wilmot. She applied herself to literary pursuits, and attained such excellence in painting that the Prince of Wales (afterward King George IV.) appointed her landscape painter to his Royal Highness, in which character she was a frequent exhibitor in the gallery of the Royal Institute.

Early in the year 1815 the late Earl of Warwick had a slight but sudden attack of illness, which he thought apoplective; and knowing that a sudden, and perhaps fatal, return of it might be expected, he determined on disclosing the secret of which he was almost the sole surviving depositary. Lord Warwick waited on the late Duke of Kent, and communicated all the particulars of Mrs. Serres's birth and connections. On the following day the two visited Mrs. Serres, and, under a solemn pledge of secrecy until the death of George III., informed her of her father's private marriage, and of her claims to a rank of which she had never hitherto dreamed. Lord Warwick then procured from Warwick Castle the papers, nearly a hundred in number, which had been intrusted to him. On his return he submitted them to the Duke of Kent, who affixed his signature to the most important of them, in token of his recognition of their authenticity. They were then delivered to Mrs. Serres, with two certificates of such delivery, jointly signed by the Duke and Lord Warwick.

On the 2d of May, 1816, Lord Warwick died suddenly at his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, and the Duke of Kent, the King, and Mrs. Serres remained as the only persons who knew of the facts we have related.

The Rev. Dr. Wilmot had died in 1807, and the Earl of Warwick had accepted the guardianship of the interests of Mrs. Serres. And now in 1816, on the death of Warwick, the Duke of Kent stepped forward to fill his place. Knowing her to be without funds, and embarrassed in his own affairs, he obtained assistance of a gentleman, *now living*, who furnished £1200 for the benefit of Mrs. Serres—a debt unliquidated to the present day. The Duke also informed Lords Liverpool, Eldon, and other members of the Cabinet that the Duke of Cumberland had left a legitimate daughter, who would claim her birth-rights on the demise of George III. He also settled upon her the sum of £400 during her life, the evidence of which, and of its having been regularly paid up to the Duke's death, is preserved.

On the 29th of May, 1818, the Duke of Kent was married at Cobourg. When his Duchess was about to become a mother the Duke was very anxious that the child should be born in England, but had not funds available. Mrs. Serres, with untiring exertions, obtained the assistance of Lord Darnley, and raised the necessary amount; and it really seems to have been chiefly due to her that the present Queen Victoria was born in England.

The Duke of Kent died on the 23d of January, 1820, within a week of the death of George III. He left some ten important documents relating to the claims of Mrs. Serres. One of these, as we have seen, settled, from his own meagre funds, £400 upon her; another bequeaths her £10,000 from his estate of Castlebar Hill; and another is so important that we must quote it:

"I solemnly testify my satisfaction at the proofs of Prin-"cess Olive of Cumberland's birth, and declare that my "Royal parent's sign-manual to the certificates of my dear-"est cousin's birth are, to the best of my own comprehen-"sion and belief, the genuine handwriting of the King my

"father. Thus I constitute Olive, Princess of Cumber-
"land, the guardian and the director of my daughter Al-
"exandrina's education from the age of four years and up-
"wards, in case of my death, and from the Duchess of
"Kent's being so unacquainted with the mode of English
"education; and in case my wife departs this life, in my
"daughter's minority, I constitute and appoint my cousin
"Olive the sole guardian of my daughter till she is of age.
(Signed) "Edward.

"London, Nov. 1, 1819."

The daughter here alluded to was, of course, she who has now become Queen Victoria. The Duke also during his last illness left letters recommending his cousin Olive most earnestly to his wife and daughter, and a very touching farewell to the as yet unrecognized Princess, which is perhaps his last autograph.

George III. being now dead the obligation of secrecy was removed; and, though death had also deprived her of the powerful ally on whom she had relied, in the Duke of Kent, Mrs. Serres adopted the title of "Princess Olive of Cumberland," and assumed the royal arms and the crimson and green liveries of the junior members of the royal family. Her claim to these outward evidences of rank were never challenged. The story of the unrecognized Princess was published in various London papers about this time; but official persons were silent. The people understood this silence to be an inability to challenge the published evidence, and Mrs. Serres was treated with deference on several important occasions. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1820, the new Lord Mayor invited her as Princess Olive of Cumberland to the banquet at Guildhall, and she was there received with the honors of royalty. She was received at Drury Lane Theatre, to which she was attended by Sir Gerard Noel, Bart., M.P., at the door appropriated to royal personages, and greeted with loud cheers by the audience.

There were already, however, indications that her claims were to be, not denied or investigated, but ignored. On one occasion Mrs. Serres having entered St. James's Park in her carriage was refused egress through the gate at the top of Constitution Hill, reserved, it would seem, for royal carriages alone. She refused to turn back, but remained there some two or three hours, in the company of Lord Darnley and other distinguished personages, awaiting an answer from the Home Secretary, Lord Sidmouth, to whom she had sent her card. His lordship's answer authorized her to pass through the gate, and she did so.

Soon after the simultaneous funerals of George III. and the Duke of Kent, Mrs. Serres addressed, through Lord Sidmouth, a communication to the King, George IV., requesting an audience that she might submit to him the evidences of her royal birth. She received no answer. She then applied successively to Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon, who referred her to the Vice-Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor declared that he could only deal with the case when it was referred to him officially from the Government.

But some of the circumstances coming to the Duke of Clarence, he desired to inspect the documents. Accompanied by her solicitor, the Royal Duke called on Mrs. Serres, and after examination, declared it his conviction that the signatures were genuinely those of his father, George III., and his brother, the Duke of Kent. He afterward repeated this visit, attended by Mr. Charles Broughton, and declared his conviction unchanged. The Duke of Sussex also examined the papers at the residence of Mr. Dickenson in Devonshire Place, and voluntarily declared himself satisfied of the genuineness of the signatures. Many affidavits from persons perfectly acquainted with the various signatures were also easily obtained, and a petition embodying them was sent to George IV. through Lord Sidmouth. But no answer ever came; and it is not known whether the momentous documents were ever allowed to reach the King's hands.

The Princess then placed her case in the hands of the distinguished lawyer, Henry Nugent Bell. His first step was to authenticate the signatures of the witnesses to the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland; and affidavits covering the whole ground were obtained from Sir Gerard Noel, Bart., M.P., John Dickenson, Esq., General Weatherell (Equerry to the late Duke of Kent), John Vancouver, Esq., Thomas Baylis, Esq., and Mrs. Baylis, John Barnet, Esq., Mrs. Kennet, the Rev. William Groves (Chaplain to the late Duke of Kent), Sir Watkins Lewes, Knight, and J. Griffin, Esq. Armed with these Mr. Bell undertook to prosecute the case before the King in Privy Council; and there are evidences that he carried it far toward success, when suddenly the whole affair was rejected by the King with marks of anger and threats of royal displeasure should she continue her claim. There are also some reasons to suspect that certain powerful influences were brought to bear upon Mr. Henry Nugent Bell which led him to misrepresent the case. It was subsequently ascertained that no formal proceedings in the Privy Council, on the case, ever occurred.

Among the papers there was a testamentary devise by George III. of £15,000 to Olive as his niece. This seemed to offer a chance of gaining a legal decision on the whole question. The case was then carried by Dr. Lushington into the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and full reports of it may be found in "Addams' Ecclesiastical Reports," Vol. I., p. 255. But unfortunately the case took a course in this court which precluded an investigation, and turned upon the question whether a court could decide on a Royal Will; and it was decided that it could not because it had no power to enforce its decision, the King being, by law, "Supreme Head of the Realm in matters both ecclesiastical and civil." Sir John Nicholl in giving the decision took care to state that the inability of that court to consider the matter could in no way be construed as bearing at all on the intrinsic merits of the case.

At length Mrs. Serres, determined to have an

States, with one member in the House and two Senators.—A bill was passed organizing the Territory of Montano, comprising the southeastern portion of Idaho.

The propositions to amend the Constitution so as to *prohibit slavery* have been brought forward in both Houses in various forms, but have not as yet received any formal action.—Much general debate, involving the whole question of the policy of the Government, has taken place upon the proposed bills to *promote Enlistments;* to *prevent interference in Elections* by naval and military officers; to *regulate Appointments to the Military Academy at West Point;* the *Confiscation Bill*, etc. These debates presented no new points of special importance, beyond a statement by Mr. Wilson, in a reply to an assertion of Mr. Davis charging the President with being governed by political considerations in making military appointments; Mr. Wilson said that in the Military Committee, consisting of four Republicans and three Democrats, before whom nearly 9000 cases had come, there was never a divided vote.

The *Gold Bill*, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to dispose of the surplus gold in the Treasury, after several modifications, has passed both Houses. It provides that "The Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt by a period not exceeding the term of one year, from time to time, either with or without rebate of interest on the coupons, as to him may seem expedient; and he is hereby authorized to dispose of any gold in the Treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest on the public debt, provided that the obligation to create the Sinking Fund, according to the Act of February 25, 1862, shall not be impaired thereby." It was nearly a fortnight before the bill was practically put into operation, by the Secretary issuing "gold certificates" at a price slightly below the current rates, to be received in payment of duties. The result of about three days' trial was to lower the price of gold about five per cent—from 169 to 164.——The bill amending the *National Banking Law* is before the House: amendments have been agreed to providing that banks with a capital of not less than $50,000 may, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, be organized in any place with a population of not more than 6000; authorizing the issue of notes for one, two, and three dollars, but not more than one-sixth of the whole to be of denominations less than five dollars; and providing that after the resumption of specie payments no notes of less than five dollars shall be furnished to any such association. The bill is still under consideration, and various amendments have been adopted and rescinded.

Military operations during the month have not been active; but there are signs, as we close our report, of early and important movements. On the 15th of March the President issued a call for 200,000 men for the military service—army, navy, and marine—to be raised by volunteering, or, in default, by draft. On the 14th the President issued an order retiring Major-General Halleck from the position of Commander-in-chief, and assigning Lieutenant-General Grant to the command of the Armies of the United States, with head-quarters at Washington and with the Lieutenant-General in the field. General Halleck, by this order, was made Chief of Staff under the Secretary of War and the Lieutenant-General; Major-General W. T. Sherman was assigned to command the Military Division of the Mississippi, composed of the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and Arkansas; and Major-General M'Pherson was placed in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee. On the 17th Lieutenant-General Grant formally assumed command of the Armies of the United States, and immediately thereafter proceeded to Washington, whence, after conference with the military authorities, he went to the Army of the Potomac. On the 23d the President issued an order for the entire reorganization of that army, reducing the number of army corps to three, namely, the Second, Fifth, and Sixth, General Warren to command the Fifth, General Hancock the Second, and General Sedgwick the Sixth. The same order detached from the Army of the Potomac Major-Generals Sykes, French, and Newton, and Brigadier-Generals Kenly, Spinola, and Meredith. In this reorganization of this army General Meade retains his position; but it is expected that Grant will personally direct the spring movement, and that all our armies will move in concert according to his plan.

On the 26th of March President Lincoln issued a proclamation specifying the persons to whom the benefits of the Amnesty Proclamation of December last are intended to apply. The cases of persons who, at the time of seeking to obtain the benefits of the proclamation, are in military, naval, or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds, or on parole of the civil, military, or naval authorities, or agents of the United States, as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offenses of any kind, either before or after conviction, are not included in the proffered amnesty. It applies only to those persons who, being yet at large, and free from any arrest, confinement, or duress, shall voluntarily come forward and take the said oath, with the purpose of restoring peace and establishing the national authority. The President authorizes every commissioned officer in the United States service, either naval or military, to administer the oath of allegiance, and imposes rules for their government in the premises.

On the 10th of March an expedition left Vicksburg, under General A. J. Smith, for the Red River country. On the 12th it landed some distance below Fort De Russey, Louisiana, some seventy miles from the mouth of the river, and by a swift march advanced upon that strong-hold. The Confederate commander, General Dick Taylor, attempted to cut in upon the rear of our force, but General Smith moved rapidly forward, and succeeded in reaching the fort in advance of the enemy, taking the place by storm on the morning of the 13th. This victory embraced the capture of 325 prisoners, 11 heavy guns, a lot of small-arms, 2000 barrels of fine powder, an immense quantity of assorted ammunition, and a large amount of commissary stores. Our loss was seven killed and forty-six wounded. The capture of Fort De Russey, which is a very strong work, opened the Red River as far as Alexandria, Louisiana, to which Admiral Porter, with a fleet of gun-boats, immediately advanced. On the 15th he appeared before the town, which immediately surrendered. The enemy crossed the river and retreated toward Shreveport by land. Some 5000 bales of cotton were secured by our gunboats. On the 21st a reconnoissance was made by a Federal force to Teachoes, 75 miles above Alexandria, where the enemy was met in some force. A fight ensued, in which the Federal force turned the enemy's flank, and captured four pieces of ar-

tillery with their caissons and 200 prisoners. The capture of Shreveport, in N.W. Louisiana, is also aimed at, it is said, by this expedition. Since the rebellion Shreveport has been an extensive dépôt for commissary and other stores for the Trans-Mississippi Confederate troops. There is a military prison there which has at times contained a large number of Federal captives of war. The capture of this place will place Louisiana practically under our control. Our army is already moving in the Western part of the State, evidently in co-operation with the naval expedition. New Iberia has been occupied by our cavalry. General Banks has taken the field in person. Meanwhile a Federal force, over 30,000 strong, is advancing southward from Arkansas, evidently aiming at some point in Northern Texas, where a junction will probably be formed with General Banks's command.

In the Southwest the Confederates are exhibiting considerable activity. On the 24th of March the rebel General Forrest, with 2000 men, attacked Union City, Tennessee, and captured the Federal garrison, 300 strong, after having been three times repulsed. The enemy destroyed the fortifications. On the 25th a force of 5000 Confederates attacked and destroyed Paducah, Kentucky, the citizens flying across the Ohio River for refuge. The Federal commander of the post, Colonel Hicks, occupied a fort below the city. The enemy made four assaults on this fort, but were repulsed each time, our men fighting with great bravery. Our loss was about 50 in killed and wounded, and that of the enemy over 300, most of whom were killed. The Confederates withdrew in a seriously crippled condition, leaving their dead on the field.

On the 11th of March General Butler sent a force of cavalry into King and Queen County, Virginia, to chastise the citizens who participated in the ambuscade of Dahlgren's command. The expedition defeated and dispersed, with severe loss, a large body of Confederate cavalry, and burned a number of mills and storehouses filled with supplies and arms.

Suffolk, Virginia, has been reoccupied by our forces.

The situation in East Tennessee is not essentially changed. Our forces occupy a position some forty miles beyond Knoxville, and in several skirmishes have gained slight advantages. Longstreet's force appears to have withdrawn, and will, it is believed, return to Virginia.

The army in Florida has made no general movement. A small force, however, has occupied the town of Pilatka, on the left bank of the St. John's River, about fifty miles from Jacksonville, which will be held for strategic purposes. General J. P. Hatch has succeeded General Seymour in the command of that Department.

The siege of Charleston presents no new features. The Confederates are reported to have mounted six rifled guns in the casemates of Fort Sumter, bearing on the channel. The fire of our batteries on Morris Island is continued, but with what effect is not known.

General Sherman's expedition into the interior of Mississippi, referred to last month, inflicted immense damage upon the enemy, penetrating as far as Meridian, but failing to reach Selma, Alabama, as was designed, owing to the failure of General Smith's cavalry force to unite with the main expedition. The expedition was out twenty-four days, during which it marched 400 miles. At Meridian it destroyed the Confederate arsenal, stocked with valuable machinery and stores, burned a large number of Government warehouses filled with military stores and ammunition, and rendered useless a large number of mills and nearly every building occupied in any way for war purposes. The towns of Enterprise, Marion, Quitman, Hillsboro, Lake Station, Decatur, Breton, and others were devastated; dépôts, cotton, bridges, etc., were burned; and the Mobile and Ohio Railroad was completely destroyed for a distance of fifty-six miles. All other roads within reach of our forces were similarly treated. A large number of locomotives and cars were also destroyed. This interruption of railroad communications has greatly embarrassed the enemy, who are cut off from the fertile region whence they had for a long time drawn immense subsistence and supplies. Nearly ten thousand slaves were liberated by the expedition, six thousand of whom accompanied it on its return to Vicksburg. The entire loss of the expedition did not exceed 150 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

The success of Kilpatrick's raid toward Richmond, reported in our last number, was shadowed somewhat by the capture of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren and a part of his command, who were led into an ambuscade at night and captured while endeavoring to cut their way out. Colonel Dahlgren was killed at the head of his men, and his body was subsequently buried in an obscure place, the Confederates treating the remains with indignity. They pretended to have found upon the body copies of certain instructions alleged to have been given by Colonel Dahlgren to his men, directing them, among other things, to "kill Jeff Davis and his Cabinet," and to waste and destroy the entire city; but Federal officers, who saw the instructions before the expedition set out, deny that they enjoined any such blood-thirsty command.

During the last week in March a serious riot took place at Charleston, in Coles County, Illinois. A large body of armed citizens, opposed to the Administration, entered the town, and without provocation assailed a small number of soldiers whom they found there. The Union citizens rallied to the help of the soldiers, and a fight ensued, in which several persons were killed. Subsequently the rioters took a fortified position, whence they menaced adjoining towns; but a large body of soldiers having been dispatched to the scene of the disturbance, they were dispersed, and at last accounts quiet was restored.

MEXICO.

Letters from Matamoras, dated March 4, confirm the report of the treason of Vidaurri to the Juarez Government. He has been deposed by Juarez, and a large body of National troops had marched against him in order to crush him before he could get help from the French. Should he be defeated the Liberal cause in Northern Mexico will be stronger than ever.

From another part of the Mexican Republic a great Mexican victory is announced. The forces under Generals Uraga and Bereozabel are reported to have stormed Guadalajara, and to have captured more than 700 prisoners, 24 cannon, and an immense amount of war materials. This news, however, lacks confirmation. It is said also that General Diaz was threatening Puebla, and that this city was expected soon to fall, because no reinforcements could be sent. This also lacks confirmation. General Bazaine had expelled the ex-Dictator Santa

Anna, who, in accordance with an invitation from the Regency, had returned to his native country and declared in favor of the monarchy.

EUROPE.

The war in Schleswig deepens. At the close of our last report the Danes had established themselves at Düppel. On the 22d of February the Prussians made an attempt to capture that place, but after a temporary success were dislodged. Subsequently a bombardment of the strong-hold was commenced. Previous to this time the Allies had invaded Jutland, or the Continental portion of Denmark, advancing as far as Kolding, at the head of and commanding the channel (called *Little Belt*) in which the island of Alsen is situated. Immediately upon the announcement of this advance of the Germans, England invited the German Federation, and the Powers who signed the Treaty of 1852, to a conference in London, with a view of arresting hostilities. This invitation was accepted by Prussia and Austria, but after due deliberation was formally declined by Denmark, the King declaring his purpose to maintain a vigorous war policy until Schleswig is restored to its former relations. The Germans then pushed on from Kolding, which they claimed to have occupied for strategic purposes only, and on the 8th of March a battle was fought between the Austrians and the Danes at Viele, a town in Jutland, at the head of Viele Fiord, in which the Danes were defeated and compelled to retire, the losses on both sides being heavy. Meanwhile the Prussians were operating against the fortress of Frederica, which, however, still held out at last accounts; and a body of the Austrians, marching northward, occupied Horsens, a town lying some twenty miles north of Viele. On March 12, the town of Aarhus was also occupied, and about the same time the Prussians took possession of Nübel and Rackebüll, two places near Düppel. While these operations are in progress, Austria has continued to avow her readiness to take part in a Conference and consent to an armistice with Denmark, and even to withdraw the invading force from Jutland if the Danes will evacuate Düppel and Alsen, and will restore the German ships they have captured. In response to this Denmark has given an official notification that from the 15th of March the Prussian ports of Wollin, Swinemunde, Griefswold, Stralsund, with others on the Baltic, will be blockaded by Danish fleets. Elections to the Folksthing (Diet) were held in Denmark on the 5th of March, and all the candidates demanded the energetic prosecution of the war. The King of Sweden had indicated his intention to assist Denmark in certain emergencies, and had asked for an extraordinary loan.—The consideration of this Danish question has occupied a large part of the sessions of the British Parliament, and in a debate on the 8th of March, in the House of Lords, Earl Russell spoke in strong terms in reference to the course of Austria and Prussia, characterizing it as "most unjustifiable." The whole debate was regarded as a hostile parliamentary demonstration toward Germany. Considerable excitement was occasioned in England by a rumor of an alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, ostensibly on the ground of opposing revolution, but really against constitutional liberty, and opinions were expressed that England could not avoid drifting into war, neutrality being impossible while all Europe is grappling in a desperate struggle with despotism. In the House of Lords, on the 14th of March, Earl Granville formally denied that England had any thing to do with the alleged combination.

The feeling in Europe in favor of the North seems to increase. The Confederate ram question came up for discussion in the British Parliament on the 23d of February. The Attorney-General defended the position of the Government, and obtained a majority of 25 in the House in favor of sustaining the action of the Ministry. In the House of Commons, on the 4th of March, Mr. Shaw Lefevre denounced in strong language the fitting out of rebel rams in England, maintaining that the privateers now afloat were British vessels, and that the *Alabama* ought to be seized by the British authorities. He contended further that all such vessels should be prohibited entering British ports, and that if they did, British cruisers should seize them. The Attorney-General admitted that the privateers might be prohibited entering British ports, and said the Government was considering the subject of excluding them. In the Commons, on the 14th of March, Mr. Roebuck made another violent attack on the Government of the United States, declaring that he would be glad "if American shipping were swept from the seas." Mr. Bright characterized this speech as unworthy of any member of the House, and Mr. Kinglake condemned Mr. Roebuck's attack, ridiculing his pretensions. These and other official declarations are regarded as indicating a disposition on the part of the British Government to deal more justly with the United States. The builders of the *Pampero* (supposed Confederate) steamer have offered to give the Government a guarantee, similar to that taken of the Danish Minister respecting an iron-clad building for Denmark, but the Government declines to release the *Pampero* on such conditions, not considering the offered guarantee sufficient. The *Alexandra* case was resumed in the House of Lords on the 14th of March, the part of the defendants being argued by Sir Hugh Cairns, who contended that the Court of Error was right in refusing to hear the appeal from the Court of Exchequer. The Attorney-General replied in behalf of the Crown, and it was expected that on the 17th the Lord Chancellor would announce when judgment would be delivered.

The Confederate steamer *Florida* put in at Funchal, Madeira, on the 28th of February. She coaled and provisioned, and, being ordered off, put to sea the following day. The United States sloop of war *St. Louis* was at Funchal at the same time.

The King of Bavaria died on the 11th of March. He is succeeded by his son, under the title of Ludwig II.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree proclaiming the emancipation of the serfs in Poland who have not participated in the insurrection.

The Archduke Maximilian had completed his arrangements to leave for Mexico on the 15th of March. The treaty regulating the questions of the French occupation and the Mexican debts to France, has been prepared by Maximilian and Napoleon. It is said that the treaty provides that the French claims will be paid by fourteen annual installments, each probably amounting to $25,000,000. The French troops will be withdrawn as rapidly as circumstances will admit.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MAY is the season of buds, and birds, and poets; the festival of flowers and song. Under the dark cloud of war the violets blow; the bitter smoke of the battle-field is lifted by the soft south wind. Through all the armies and the camps the procession of the year passes, and the soldiers feel the benediction, even if their eyes are careless of its presence. It is in these budding days, when the Song of Solomon is sung again, and the profound beauty of that earliest and most exquisite poem is every where suggested, that some delicate verses come floating around the Chair, reminding it of the fragrant words: "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

We receive a great many verses, of course many musical and tender verses, some of which we print, and some regretfully lay aside. Regretfully, because even an Easy Chair knows the kind of pang which every author experiences when his first offerings are refused, or "declined with thanks, and no opinion expressed of the merits," as the hard-hearted phrase of the editor expresses it. As if the declining were no expression of opinion! As if the hollow editorial subterfuge ever deceived any body! "Declined with thanks, indeed!" mutters the indignant bard, crumpling his manuscript, which he somehow likes less now that it is returned to him, and is therefore the more indignant; "declined with thanks! Very well, Mr. mole-eyed Editor, bat and owl in one, I hope you may get better poetry!"

Well, sometimes it happens that he does. Here, for instance, are some verses truly delicate and melodious. They murmur like sea-shells, and are as softly colored:

SONG.

Over the ivory keys
To and fro her white hands go,
As over bloom-laden trees
The wand'ring touch of the breeze
Wakes music soft and low.

Flash! radiant fingers of light,
Silver the gloom of the shadowed room,
Sweep with your gleaming tips
Over the white frozen lips
Till they break from their tomb.

Smite! smite the white lips of song;
Break on the keys like stormy seas;
Be the flashing spray-notes flung,
Like cries from anguish wrung—
Anguish that knows no peace.

O, soul of grief! fold hands and cease:
No stormy song can drown thy wrong,
No murm'ring music whisper peace.
Grief such as thine must find release
In silence, not in song.

LOVE'S SCHEDULE.

Fingers slender, fingers fine,
Clasp my meaner hand in thine;
Dainty fingers, soft and strong,
Clasp me sweetly, clasp me long.

Shell-like nails of purest pink,
Tipped with streaks of rosy dawn;
Such fine suffusion, I do think,
Saw never shell nor early morn.

Palms of pearl, and moist as buds,
Love rides their violet lines, and lends
Such tinglings to their tiny floods
I feel the heart at finger ends.

Arms of ivory—nay, not so;
Was ivory e'er so rounded?
Can stuff or art such glory show,
To be with life confounded?

Her arms are flesh and blood, yet quite
Such rolling lines, such radiant skin,
So roundly firm, so fairly white,
Few mortals e'er have seen.

A gleaming neck, in glorious state,
Springs, shaft-like, to a dome,
That's fitted for her mind elate,
Its temple and its home.

Her eyes, like pools in shadow, gleam,
Thick fringed with lashes long,
Wherein her inmost soul is seen,
Such true reflections throng.

O'erarched with brows whose glossy lines
Sweep true as heavenly bow;
A front where awful beauty shines,
To warn from wreck below.

Royal creature, perfect woman!
Heaven, that made thee most divine,
Left thee still enough of human
To enslave this heart of mine.

Higher she, I dare not love her,
But must worship and adore;
Now my life delights to prove her
Each day worthier than before.

Nor tongue nor pen can ever tell
What varied virtues shine,
Nor half the charms that sweetly dwell
Within that soul divine.

Ah! who the mistress, who the youth?
Discover if you can.
The maid was won in simple truth,
And I'm the happy man.

These lines, that seem to us so melodious and flowing, and to indicate a true poetic facility, will be read by many of the disappointed bards of whom we spoke, and they will point to them as another evidence of the extraordinary delusions which afflict Easy Chairs and other editorial personages. But they shall not complain of the hard-heartedness of this Easy Chair. While the trees and fields are budding and blowing he will not be surly; no, he will not even justify the experience of his correspondent of two months ago. For here is more of his plea for the unappreciated, and it is put so pleasantly that we should certainly pain that large diocese if we prevented their hearing him:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—When I wrote you a letter some weeks ago I little thought that you would print it *verbatim;* but since you did I can not say that I regret it; for you made it the subject of such a sensible criticism that I have no doubt but that I unwittingly, and you intentionally, have been made, as the deacons say, instruments of good. I am sorry, however, that you closed with the remark you did: 'He writes fairly and kindly, and we shall not be sorry to hear from him again.' That is an ominous phrase to me, oh, Easiest of Chairs! It is precisely what the editors say when you have carried them a little article which is acceptable; but when you go back again with another MS. they look over your basket—allow me the word—and toss the peaches about, saying, hesitatingly, 'Ye-e-s [aspirate painfully], re-ally, these are very nice peaches, no doubt; but here is a speck which may be a worm-hole when bitten into; and do you think the kernel is quite sound? When we said come back again we meant conditionally—if you had any thing bet-

ter than the last; and although these peaches may be even better in flavor than the others, we are afraid they won't suit. Please call at some other shop.'

"So I think that you should not have told me to call again; for I am afraid that when I do you won't let me in. I am morally certain, if I had written an article based upon the topic broached in my letter, and handed it in to the editor of a certain magazine, he would, in his suave manner, have handed it back to me in due time, with the remark that it was not suitable for his purpose. In doing this he would have acted properly, if he was conscientious. But—I come back to my old argument—do you really think that one man is competent to judge of what is best for the million? Is not a magazine so conducted inevitably the reflection of certain views, facts, and principles? It is, inevitably. Once in a while the placid current of their unvarying stream is broken by the plunge of some literary Behemoth, who, having made a reputation in the pulpit, or as an orator, varies the routine by a vein of thought, or of style, which is as refreshing as air to the gasping; but he soon subsides, and we have serene monotony again.

"Dear Mr. Easy Chair—listen a little in patience and do not think me envious—is not the fiction of to-day a little tame? that is, the magazine literature. See what circles it moves in. The Philadelphia magazines are ostensibly for ladies' perusal, and therefore we read, *ad nauseam*, how some young woman married, and, not knowing how to cook, spoiled the biscuit and made muddy coffee, whereat 'Charles' grew wroth, and Augustus (the bachelor friend) vowed he would never marry.

"Or, by way of variety, we have the visit of a country relative to the city, and the unchristian and—must I say it?—beastly disregard of the first principles of hospitality which characterized their reception when they met their city friends. If these are not the topics we have the sighs and singults of some dilapidated rhymster, who prates about the cold world and the inappreciative people in it, etc. The New York magazines are much the same; they recount the experiences of poor young men who rescue maidens from mad cows, and from icy pools into which they have kindly precipitated themselves when the impecunious admirer happened to be near.

"Now I am *not* a reformer, but does it not strike you that what I said in my first letter was apropos? If John Doe gets pay for his rubbish why do not I? I take my little story, or what not, to the kind and patient Easy Chair, and it says—'Thank you, but this does not come quite up to the standard,' when, lo! shortly afterward I see in print fifty dollars' worth of matter of the very same character, train of thought, and style as mine. Yes, and even to the title the resemblance is complete: it is only last week that I had this very experience. This is, perhaps, inevitable. I am not querulous in my complaint; nay, I would not have you feel that I complain at all; but it seems to me that in this little matter of judging about fiction there is something wrong, and, like Rosa Dartle, I ask only for information to be set right.

"Let me whisper in your ear—I *am* an editor myself—I have tried it; as the boys say—'I have been there,' and since I have had this experience the conviction grows upon me that one man can not justly decide upon every article submitted to a large publishing house; it is not for my own interest that I write you upon this subject any more than the many who write and have not where to lay their heads. When their articles are not used they may go hang or write more if they can. When you ask Scriblerus to come and see you, it is reasonable to infer that you are acquainted with him and like his ways. So when I come with my little article you say—'I didn't mean for you to bring such matter, but something else.'

"If I come beneath your window with my heart and lute and twang a gentle story of love and war, you throw up the sash, lean out, and with the royal Dane say, 'List! oh list!' but let me venture near your classic shade with my little treatise, short and pithy though it be—let me show you my essay on some question of ethics, and you are prudently silent, and never wave me on with a greenback to glory and to profit. 'Ah, my friend,' say you, 'this is not your forte, the Reverend Creamcheese does these matters for us with the drowsiest of pens (made from a poppy stalk) and the most sluggish ink! Come back again with your lute! come touch the vibrant chord and tell us how the heroes perished nobly on the battle-field, but subsequently revived at the proper period, and were happily married. But ethics! and social questions! the manners and morals of the time! pardon us. Good-morning.'

"Dear Easy Chair, I have often taken my little MS.—I call it little frequently, as I would a child, because it is dear and precious to me—and smiling in my pain bid the reverend, I should say respected, editor 'good-day,' and gone about my business, resolved never to go to him again; yet always I returned when the inspiration was strong upon me, and nine times out of ten with the same result. Do you think there are no Spartan boys and foxes nowadays? Have you never, oh! kindly adviser and generous critic, suspected the throb, the dull pain, the choking sensation of the smiling-rejected who goes leisurely out of the door of your sanctum? What need to ask! Of course you have, or else you could not write so happily about the woes and sorrows of disappointed literary men.

"I go to my closet where I hide these rejected MSS., and looking in see in the twilight a troop of ghosts; these are my characters, my *dramatis personæ*, who bide here uneasily and long to escape to the world of men, where is their proper place. We share our sorrow together—I and these silent guests—and they mock me not but are only mournful. Sometimes I take one of them out hopefully and try it, but it often comes back; and were it not for the sake of my boy who is growing up, and will at some time be glad to read his father's thoughts, I would have a grand suttee, a funeral pile; and my scenes, my jokes even, and my bits of description should burn with a living fire, which, if it were not a divine flame, would at least reach toward heaven, the source of divinity, as if invoking aid for the unlucky author of their being and their end.

"You knew Henri Murger as a writer—the shifts and subterfuges he resorted to, and the improvidence which characterized him. He is a type of our own literary men in all except his reckless extravagance, for that I do not think they (or we) possess. But as he was hungry so we are hungry, and as he was penniless so also are we; but we have not that intense vitality which distinguishes the French *feuilletonist*, and where he drags out an unhappy, miserable life, terminating generally in suicide, we find 'it don't pay,' and turn our thoughts into other channels; but there is also the hankering after the first love, forever the drag upon the chain—the flowery chain of poesy and belles-lettres—which makes life sometimes delightful, at others only a coil to be shuffled off as soon as possible. I do not say that there is any help for it; but this I know, if I ever get rich—which Heaven grant—I will found a mutual admiration magazine, and print in it all the *good* rejected MSS. I can find; then we shall read what we shall read.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

There! It is a new setting of the old song of hope deferred, and disappointment and despair. The writer, we will venture to say, has not written moral essays so good as this simple burst of experience and feeling. If he has, we do not believe an editor would persistently decline it. And if he thinks that all the fraternity are leagued against him, is not here one, not editor, but still of the editorial family, a younger prince of the royal house, who does not shut the door in his face? And there will be many such. But the "disappointed man" must never suppose that all he writes is of similar value; and the difference explains the different reception of his offerings. No one can be an infallible judge; but why not an editor in his profession as much as any other man in his? Collective wisdom is good; but it is hardly worth while to summon a consultation of doctors for a slight headache, while in a case of acute mortal disease it would be very advisable. So a single editor may be held wise enough to cope with an ordinary love-story or brief poem, while a council of the craft might be wisely summoned to consider the manuscript of a history or an epic

poem. And it generally is. Few publishers trust in such matters to the word of one adviser only.

And for the sympathy with the retreating disappointed author, our friend need not suppose that it is confined to the author himself. The urbane editor who lifts him upon the polished prongs of his refusal and puts him out at the door, often enough watches his retreat with that inner eye of which the bland or sharp outer one is no index. He knows exactly the emotion of the refused author, for what editor has not been such? But surgeons and editors must not give way to emotion in the very act of the operation. If a man is cutting off my leg I do not wish him to snivel and shake. Take it off clean, man, and your strength shall help make me strong.

The point which all we literary aspirants ought to bear in mind is that the "business" of literature is managed with no more and no less justice than all other human affairs. Inventors of every kind are necessarily of opinion that their peculiar invention is better than that of any body else, and that nothing but ignorance, jealousy, or stupidity, prevents the universal acknowledgment of the fact. In "Bleak House" Mr. Joyce is one of the most touching of Dickens's characters, and its pathos is in the patience of the inventor baffled of his opportunity. He had too much good sense to become cynical, and so evidently has our correspondent. For if we should enlarge the area of this matter—if we should say, "Why on earth should my neighbor Noodle be so rich, and drive in so fine a carriage, and drink such excellent wines, while I can hardly make the ends of the year meet?"—we should be unhappy to the end of our lives. It is surely just as mysterious that our good friends the Boobies should be rich men as that our equally good friends the Wittals should be pecuniarily successful authors. 'Tis a mad world, my masters, if you come to that. But there is method in it after all. The greatest may not be the most popular authors, but they are the great reservoirs whence the lesser rills trickle. At Lyons you will find a broad river bearing shipping and steamers, the thronged highway of commerce. But if you ascend the stream you will come at last to the edge of the great Rhone glacier, where all summer long the ice melts, and the melting makes the river. Not many men read Plato or Bacon or any of the greatest masters, but the popular authors flow from them, and the primeval thought, which is hard and cold and dry, is diluted in a thousand forms so that we find it sweet, practicable, and palatable. It is the middle-men who make the money and the reputation; but their success is the proof of the original value of the commodity.

In this country, as literature becomes more and more a profession, it will be so regarded; and an unsuccessful author, however conscious of power and accomplishment, will no more especially complain than the unsuccessful lawyer, or manufacturer, or carpenter. Yet we ought not to end this chat without expressing our firm conviction, as before, that the gems of purest ray serene do not languish in the depths of ocean, and that the loveliest flowers do not waste their sweetness upon the desert air. Are there probably at this moment greater authors unknown than those whose names are familiar and cherished in English literature, for instance? No; and we of the irritable genus ought to remember it. Even our "disappointed man" must allow that he gets as much justice from editors and magazines as he does from other men and other institutions; and why should he expect to get more?

THACKERAY'S story of "Denis Duval," begun in the last number of this magazine and continued in this, is so delightful a story that we hope every reader has been sure to try it. It seems as if he had heard that there was not incident enough in his novels, and that the movement was too slow, for there is a concentrated interest and rapidity of action in this one which are unusual with him. The hapless victim of the stern French Huguenot nobleman, the dazzling figure of the Prince Cardinal, the too dangerous chevalier involved in the tragedy against his will, the coarse foster-sister transplanted to England, and the terrible Huguenot sisters, move through the melancholy atmosphere of the story as clearly cut as the forms we see in the street; and with exquisite art the tragical impression is kept from being overpowering by the naïveté of the narrator, and the allusions to his present happy life, which relieve the general gloom, like a streak of bright sky along the horizon under black clouds.

It is a subtle and characteristic touch of Thackeray's to represent the chevalier as really innocent of the offense which is most natural to him, yet forced to pay the penalty of guilt. The inevitable consequence is, that the fascinating gentleman carries off both sympathy and respect, and the unhappy husband is not only killed but left somehow in the wrong; as indeed he was, to have imprisoned that bright young bride and driven her mad.

"Denis Duval" has the same sober air of historical reality which marks all Thackeray's novels. They seem not so much to be invented stories as actual old family documents. The gravity with which he explores descents and relationships is as prodigious and the process is as dull as in actual biographies. But it is wonderfully effective.

It does not yet appear who is to write the authentic Life of Thackeray. Mr. Theodore Taylor has published a collection of anecdotes and details which are useful to any serious biography, but which, in view of the certainty of such, can be regarded only as a piece of the sheerest book-making. There has been indeed a Thackeray literature in England, of the most fungus-like growth and character. All the magazines, weeklies, and dailies, except the *Times*, which never forgave the satirist for his amusing sneer upon "Thunder and small beer," have had their word of love and regret. But Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," etc., turned tender eulogy into ridicule by the following nonsense, since which the papers have been wisely dumb. It is from *Macmillan's Magazine*, and tells how the news of the author's death reaches the head architect of that immortal edifice of which the corner-stone is to be a crime against human nature. We are tolerably familiar with the current literature of America, at which the English critics sniff so serenely; and we can assure them that such a burst of bathos is not to be found in any magazine ever published in this country. How the living Thackeray would have spitted and roasted the man who drivels over his dead body such stuff as this:

"And so the news will travel southward. Some lean, lithe, deer-eyed quadroon lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate, war-wasted space between the Federal lines and the smouldering watch-fires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will

come up to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers (oh! that such men should be wasted in such a quarrel, for the sin was not theirs, after all); and one of these men will run his eye over the telegrams, and will say to the others, 'Poor Thackeray is dead!' And the news will go from picket to picket, along the limestone ridges which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south, until Jefferson Davis—the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe—the man of the penetrating eyes and of the thin, close-set lips—the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders—will look up from his papers and say, with heart-felt sorrow, 'The author of "The Virginians" is dead!'"

Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose novels are familiar to so many American readers, and who kindly came over and looked at us for a few months two years ago, has been delivering a lecture upon our war at the Bury Athenæum in England. The Marquis of Bristol and "several members of his lordship's family" graciously deigned to attend, and the "Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey" took the chair, remarking that there was "considerable diversity both of feeling and opinion" upon the subject which Mr. Trollope was about to speak; that while upon the one hand some people thought one way, yet upon the other, other people thought another; and whatever conclusions either might have reached, all would be glad to hear what a man of knowledge had to say, even although his conclusions might be contrary to their own views. This masterly speech was received with "cheers," and we should hope, for the honor of a British audience, with "laughter" also. Mr. Trollope then proceeded with his lecture.

It was mainly devoted to a view of the condition of the Northern States, and of course the lecturer said a great many shrewd and racy things. Some of them are so neat and truthful that we are sure to please our readers by quoting them. Toward the end of his discourse he said:

"I suppose I may take it for granted that Englishmen do not like Americans, were never very fond of them, and are less fond of them now than ever. And I am obliged to confess that the compliment is returned—they do not like us. To any individual among us going there with proper introductions they are hospitable enough, as we should also be to an American; but with Americans the feeling is stronger. Americans desire nothing so much as the admiration of Englishmen, and although abuse of the English is the prominent topic in the North, such conversation was never pursued in my hearing after it was known that I was an Englishman. But it must be allowed that there is this reciprocal dislike. We do not love them because they are a loud, arrogant, upstart, encroaching, boastful, conceited people; and they, although they can't call us upstart, dislike us exactly for the same reasons. [Laughter.] There are, alas! too many points alike in our character. I believe every hearty Englishman looks upon it as England's mission to Anglicize the whole world; and the Americans are such true children of their parents, such veritable chips of the old block, that while we are Anglicizing the world they are Americanizing the world. But it will come to the same thing in the end—not to be Anglicized or Americanized, but to be educated and civilized. We fret and fume against each other, but in truth we are embarked in the same ship and sailing on the same journey. Remember how good living has spread through the ranks of the people. I mean by good living not simply beef and pudding, though that is an important point, but education, religion without priestcraft, political freedom, the power of thinking, the capacity of enjoying life like a man instead of enduring life like a brute—these things constitute good living. We have done much in this way, and will do more; but the Americans, from the nature of the circumstances in which they were placed, have done more than we could. Though their progress has been interrupted, we are wrong if we think that among a people like them their liberty can long be jeopardized. They are now going through a period of trial, and do you think it was never said of us at such a time that our power was declining, that we should be overwhelmed with debt, that we were falling from our high position? But we have ever triumphed over all our difficulties, and have labored on again undaunted in our course of progress. So may it be with them. Who could look with satisfaction in coming ages on the downfall of such a people?"

There is a bluff, hearty, British good sense in this which is an utter rebuke of those timid souls in this country who have so little faith in the people that they think we can not yield the exercise of a right to necessity without running the greatest risk of losing it altogether. If we are not equal to obedience to the conditions of war, we are not equal to being a great nation. In the desperate appeals to party-spirit we forget the very foundation of our whole system, which is the intelligence and good sense of the people.

Last August the Easy Chair preached a short sermon upon indecent advertisements in the daily papers—and he has received such a very vigorous Amen, in the form of letters, some containing curious information in regard to the practical consequences of such advertisements, that he is inclined to add a few supplementary words. He is the more induced to do this from observing the great increase of such literature. Let any man take a Saturday's New York paper, with a supplement, and look at the list of indecent advertisements. Then let him reflect that the large number shows the profitableness of the business implied by them, and then let him ask what is that business? The long columns of medical works, which are to be had by sending a dollar to box 20,109—are they works for imparting medical knowledge? The books of exquisite reading, which are to be sent sealed from impertinent curiosity, are they books which you wish your boys to order? The drugs, openly advertised for purposes which the words used do not even mask, are they intended to promote the public health?

The whole system is infamous. They are the advertisements of the worst of persons for the worst of purposes, and there is practically no difference between such notices and plain directions for finding gambling and other houses. And the responsibility must lie with the publishers of the papers. The silly subterfuge, which insists that they can not discriminate in things advertised in their columns, is exploded. They do discriminate every day. Not one of them would publish a plain advertisement of a —— in —— Street. And when they refuse it they do what they ought to do with all similar advertisements.

A newspaper proprietor is as responsible for the character of his advertisements as a publisher for that of the books he publishes. In both cases the poison may be so concealed that neither publisher nor proprietor are accountable. But the cases we are considering are not of that kind.

One of our correspondents states that a neighbor, who has a boarding-school for boys, discovered that certain books and pictures had been introduced among them, and traced them to an advertisement, which was answered, and with this result. Is it not a matter in which all parents and decent people are interested? Of course it is very profitable. Such advertisements pay well. But if that be an excuse for printing them, why not make more money by selling the books and the wares them-

selves? It is disgraceful that the best papers in the city of New York permit themselves to become partners in such a filthy business.

In a late report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park there is a very striking and interesting communication from the Standing Committee upon Statuary, Fountains, and Architectural Structures, treating of the nomenclature of the gates of the Park. It is prepared with learning and good sense, and is evidently the result of much thought.

The Park will be inclosed, and if there are entrances at proper distances there will be at least twenty, of more or less importance. These will be the "Gates" of the Park, and the names of gates are among the most interesting in history, from hundred-gated Thebes, and the Gate called Beautiful, down to Billingsgate. Now, if no care is taken, popular habit will inevitably give names to important points, which will refuse to be removed. From such use came the London local names of Aldersgate, Cripplegate, etc. But in Paris, where there has been especial care, the Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin have a traditional and religious charm and association. The report alludes to these, and also to the practice of christening public works from famous victories, as in the case of Waterloo Bridge, the Pont d'Arcole, the Rue de Sebastopol, Trafalgar Square, etc.

In the case of the Central Park the commemoration of the different States, or of illustrious men, or of great cities has been suggested; but the objections are obvious and conclusive. For who shall decide upon the relative greatness of our great men? What kind of greatness shall be commemorated? Any conclusion, as the report justly says, would seem partial and invidious. It becomes necessary, therefore, if possible, to find some general principle in the intention and character of the Park from which we may derive a system of names which shall be entirely free from personal or local partialities. This pervading sentiment the report declares to be "Pleasure with Business," or, more broadly, "Beauty with Duty." This is not too fanciful a suggestion for the purpose, and instantly leads us to a consideration of the grouping of the various industrial pursuits of a great city.

The first broad generalization will be something like this:—Artisan: Artist: Merchant: Scholar. Descending to subdivisions of these heads we shall have Cultivator or Agriculturist: Hunter: Fisherman: Woodman: Miner: Mariner: Warrior: Engineer: Inventor: Explorer. Considering, then, the cosmopolitan character of a metropolis, Stranger and Foreigner will be names chosen for their many associations with the city and its history. But prosperity rests upon virtue, and the name of all saints will acknowledge the influence of good men and morals. The Park too will be a rural play-ground, a retreat for mothers and children; hence The Boys', The Girls', the Women's, The Children's Gates. All these could be appropriately illustrated in characteristic sculptures which are hinted in the report.

The whole subject is pleasantly opened and candidly treated in the Appendix to the general Report of 1862; and our sketch of its conclusions is, of course, a mere skeleton. The Easy Chair will be happy to hear any suggestions upon a subject of common interest; and although it will not promise to print in its limited space the text of any communications, it will carefully consider and report any hints it may receive.

There is one obvious system of nomenclature for an American Park which is not mentioned in the Report, and that is based upon the different native trees, a system often followed in the naming of rural paths and avenues. The Oak Gate; the Elm Gate; the Magnolia Gate; the Chestnut Gate; the Tulip Gate; the Hickory Gate, etc., make a system which is simpler than the one proposed, and certainly not less universal and picturesque. It is more hackneyed in certain applications, but it has a freshness and propriety in naming the entrances to a Park.

The reports of the Central Park Commission are full of interest in their detailed information, answering every question that a visitor naturally asks.

Editor's Drawer.

THE *Twenty-Eighth Volume* of the Magazine is completed with the present number. For one hundred and sixty-eight months "Harper" has made its regular visits to every city and village, to almost every hamlet, and to a goodly proportion of the firesides of the country. It has become personally known, more or less intimately, to almost every reading person in the land. Thirteen years ago, lacking two months, the "Drawer" was established. "Doubtless," then wrote the editorial *We*, "there are few men who at all enjoy their own thoughts, or books, but have preserved in some form what impressed them favorably and deeply. Some elaborate at night, after their hours of business are over, a daily record, or diary, in which are set down many of the 'choice things' to which the day may have given birth. Others—and they are not only wise but benevolent—do not selfishly shut up these things between the covers of a private manuscript volume, but copy them off in a fair hand and send them to the editor of some clever journal or magazine, where they are soon 'known and read of all men' and women. Now we have a collection of this kind. They have been thrown into a drawer of the table on which we write."—It soon came to be a part of the unwritten law of the land that every good anecdote was the property of the Drawer. First and last, quite three thousand persons have contributed to its stores, which have been distributed with no niggard hand. Each Drawer costs the subscriber within a fraction of a penny. The whole hundred and fifty-four numbers would fill ten fairly printed volumes. Every man and woman who has had a dozen good laughs, or good cries, at the moderate charge of a penny for the lot, owes the brotherhood and sisterhood of the Drawer the first dozen good anecdotes that come in his way. There is room in the Drawer for all good things. But there is no room for profanity, vulgarity, or malice. If any one has a "good story" which will make "somebody squirm," the man who "keeps the key of the Drawer" begs that it may *not* be sent to him. It will never get beyond the waste-basket.

Our minister, says a Western correspondent, is rather slow, and John Hart is quite a wag, nor would he take special pains to spare a clergyman's feelings. One day John had hitched his buggy and mule, and was enjoying a social chat at the "corner," when the preacher stepped up and asked the use of his team to give his wife a ride. Said John:

"I shouldn't think your wife would ride behind a jackass; still, if she can ride beside one, she may have it."

"You misunderstand me," quoth his reverence. "I do not wish *you* to go; I intend to drive myself."

THE following has some historic as well as local interest:

The Drawer has been of so much benefit to me that I must at least offer a contribution. The region of Gettysburg has become historic ground. Eight miles south of that place are the famous Carroll tracts, held by the Carroll family under Lord Baltimore's title, before the southern boundary line of the State was settled by Mason and Dixon. This was my residence in youth, and I have many amusing recollections of a race of people who lived in the passes and along the base of the South Mountain, having been attracted thither by "Maria Furnace," formerly owned and operated by Thaddeus Stevens, and by his circuitous and expensive "tape-worm" railroad.

A minister residing in Fairfield was called upon to marry a couple who lived in the mountain near this deserted furnace. Arriving at the designated place he found a domicile of a very primitive character. It was rudely constructed of logs, and contained but one apartment, with a loft above, which was entered by means of a ladder and a trap-door. The table was spread in one part of the room, and some chickens on the fire in the huge fire-place foretold a feast. As there was not room for all the guests, the "old lady," with some others, retired to the second story. The ceremony proceeded; and while the minister was in the most solemn part of it the aforesaid old lady, in her anxiety for the fowls, thrust her head down the trap-door, and in a loud, shrill voice yelled, "Sally, turn 'em chickens, and jag 'em with a fork." The command was obeyed with alacrity. But the ludicrousness of the whole affair was too much for the minister, who could scarcely preserve gravity enough to bring the ceremony to an abrupt conclusion.

A NEW contributor, wishing to repay in kind a portion of his obligations for the numerous good stories which he has read in the Drawer, sends the following:

When Mr. —— (who, as Lieutenant ——, has since done gallant service in the *Mississippi*, and who carries in his leg a testimonial of rebel regard in the shape of a bullet, with which he was wounded in the passage of the forts Jackson and St. Philip) came down from his Western home to join the Naval School at Annapolis, he saw, standing in the Academy grounds, a stout, elderly gentleman in citizen's clothes, and stepping up to him, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and addressed him thus: "I say, Squire, can you tell me where I shall find the boss of this establishment?" To those who know the characteristics of Admiral (then Captain) —— it is unnecessary to say that he soon convinced Mr. —— that it was not safe to address the "boss of that establishment" as "Squire."

DURING the time that the United States ship —— lay in —— Inlet it was the custom of her medical officer to beguile the tedium of blockade life by frequent walks among the troops then stationed upon —— Island; and in the course of these rambles he often made a friendly conversation with the pickets in regard to their personal history and conditions before entering the army. One day his journey took him so far from the ship that when, with two of his messmates, he started to return, the night came down so rapidly that the post-commander was obliged to give him a guide to pilot them by the pickets who thickly beset the route. The party walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then the Doctor, according to his custom, addressed the volunteer:

"My man, what is your name, and what regiment do you belong to?"

"My name is Morse, and I am a member of the 107th Ohio."

Just then the sharp hail of a picket interrupted the conversation, and the guide hastened to the front to give the countersign. After all was arranged it appeared to the officers as if the guide had taken the place of the picket, and the latter was to pass them to the next station, and so on. Therefore, when they were well under way again, Dr. —— repeated his question to the new man, and was answered, "I belong to the 107th Ohio, and my name is Morse." "Quite a coincidence," said the Doctor, "that we should have two guides of the same name." But when, at the next challenge, the same change was repeated, and the same answer was made to the question, the Doctor could only say, "Gracious!" and silence fell upon the party. When they came down to the wharf it was at last broken by this expression of opinion: "I believe that the only regiment of troops on this island is the 107th Ohio, and that all the men in it are named Morse."

Dr. M—— relates an anecdote of Davie Bishop, a young man barely *compos mentis*. Davie, with a party of friends, while coming down the mountain one evening, was indulging in some singing, and soon began to feel a very unpleasant sensation in his throat. One of the party, who had heard of such a thing somewhere, but was utterly ignorant of its symptoms and consequences, suggested that perhaps his palate was falling. Davie was instantly alarmed. He began to feel sick, and to grow very weak, and soon was unable to walk without assistance. A fleet messenger was sent forward to prepare the doctor. While he was running almost breathless down the street he was met by Judge W——, who asked the cause. Without slackening his speed he cried out,

"Davie Bishop's palate is about to fall, and I 'spect has fell by this time."

The Judge, seeing the joke, replied,

"For mercy's sake, then, hurry on to the doctor."

This gave wings to his feet, and in a short time he was pounding vigorously at the door, from which he did not cease until the doctor himself made his appearance, with,

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Davie Bishop's palate's about to fall, and I 'spect has fell by this time."

The doctor convinced him of the great danger of Davie, and the service he had rendered by announcing it. In the mean time Davie came, with a man under each arm, his head rolling from side to side, his eyelids falling, and his lips firmly closed.

"How do you feel, Davie?" with becoming gravity.

A scarcely audible groan and a despairing shake of the head were the only reply. Davie did not dare to open his lips lest his palate should fall, and Davie be among the things that were.

The Doctor prepared a goodly quantity of Cayenne pepper, and having induced Davie to throw back his head and open his mouth he gave the falling organ a rich seasoning. The energy with which Davie

jumped to his feet and ran to the door, together with his lusty cries for water, convinced himself, his friends, and the physician that he was relieved.

HERE are two or three from Madison, Wisconsin:

Soon after the appointment of Rev. Mr. B—— to the chaplaincy of the Eleventh Wisconsin, and while it was yet in camp, he preached a sermon to the regiment from the text, "One of you shall chase a thousand." Many of his former congregation went to camp to listen to their respected pastor, who was soon to leave them, and among them was a lady friend, who noted the text with a pencil upon the margin of her Bible. A few Sabbaths since a soldier, who was seated in the church from whence Mr. B—— had gone, happened to take up this Bible, and, for a wonder, opened it at the place where this text was marked. He smiled at the idea that any *one* should chase a thousand, and very coolly made the following *addenda* to it; "and get shot for your pains."

HAPPENING in a clothing store one evening we saw a number of gentlemen clustered together cracking jokes and making fun generally. Of course we participated. Among the number was the good-natured Tim Jackman, who will measure probably about six feet around the waist. The cutter of the establishment, who was quite a spare personage, offered to bet that he measured more around the waist than any other man in the room. This was preposterous, and all eyes were immediately fixed upon Tim, who, appreciating their thoughts, took the bet. The cutter took Tim's measure, and then the laugh was on the tailor. As if in a quandary, he hesitated a moment, and the verdict went up, "You had better bring in those cigars." Not to be taken down so easily, he referred to his measure-book that lay on the counter, which was more than two-thirds full of orders that had been left for clothing, and the measures for which he had taken himself. The joke was seen through; the laugh was on the other side; and Tim brought in the cigars.

AN army officer in Vicksburg writes:

Soldiers we all know are averse to drill, and dislike work still more. During the siege of Corinth it became necessary to go some ten miles over the worst of roads to Pittsburg Landing, to draw forage and provisions, and many were the expedients resorted to by the boys to escape the hard task. One morning at roll-call our lieutenant said, "Any of the boys who would like a drill, step to the front." Not many came forward. "Now, you rear rank men, each take a horse, go to the landing, and bring back a sack of oats." The boys were sold; but ever afterward volunteers for drill were more numerous."

EVERY one who has ever lived in Middletown, Connecticut, will recollect young H——, for a long time connected with the "Union Company," and well known among his intimate friends as the "Doctor." Early one fall they employed a tall son of Erin to clear up an alley in the rear of the store. Now "Bart," as he was called, had an unpleasant habit of coming softly into the store, and, when he thought there was no one looking, eating and drinking most any thing he could lay hands on. The "Doctor" determined to break him of this, and a favorable opportunity soon presented. A glass of wine was one day left standing on a shelf, and Bart, coming in as usual, saw it, drank it, and with his pipe comfortably seated himself on a barrel near by. The "Doctor" saw him, and, moving leisurely toward the shelf, called out to the clerk,

"John, where is that glass of fly-poison I just left here?"

"I don't know."

Bart now looked anxiously up, and the "Doctor" asked him—

"Bart, have you seen a glass of fly-poison standing here?"

"Was it in that tumbler, Sir?" asked Bart, turning white.

"Yes."

Bart's worst fears were realized, and springing from the barrel in terror he cried out,

"Oh! I drank it! I drank it! Oh! it will kill me!" and was about to rush out, when the "Doctor" called him back, and said,

"Bart, there is no danger; I can save you. How do you feel?"

"Sure, Sir, I've an awful pain in my stomach and my arm. Oh, Holy Mother! can't you do any thing for me, Sir?"

"Come with me," said the "Doctor."

Bart followed, and the "Doctor" got a glass half full of salt, filled it up with vinegar, and gave it to him. Bart drank it off at a swallow; after which there can be no doubt that he did feel a pain in his stomach. The "Doctor" then mixed him up some powders, composed of nearly every thing from a grocer's drawers, and giving them to him said,

"Now, Bart, go home, and to bed; take one of the powders in a glass of water every hour until all are gone."

Bart had become very weak, but with the aid of a friend he started for home, where, after frightening his wife with an account of what had occurred, he went to bed. The "Doctor" went up to see him, and after keeping him under treatment two days declared him to be a well man. Bart has never troubled any thing at the "Union Company" since, and to this day looks upon the "Doctor" as the preserver of his life.

FARMER F—— resided about two miles out of Middletown, and was very fond of his "hot sling." One cold, stormy night in December, after he had got snug in bed, his wife was taken violently sick, and nothing would do but he must get up and go into Middletown for a physician. It was snowing hard, and by the time he reached the city he was chilled through. So he went into the "Farmers and Mechanics;" and going up to the bar-keeper said,

"A very cold night, Mr. S——; wife very sick; had to drive in for physician; guess I will take a hot gin sling, and then go and find one."

He took his sling and sat down by the fire, and after drinking it says,

"A very cold night, Mr. S——; wife very sick; had to come in for doctor; guess I'll take a hot gin sling, and then go find one."

He again sat down by the fire, and drank his sling, and another after that, by which time he was pretty well "shot." But he managed to stagger up to the bar once more and say:

"Mr. S——, I think it is a great deal warmer than it was. I guess I'll take one more hot gin sling and go home. I don't believe the old woman's very sick after all."

FROM St. Paul, Minnesota, we have the following:

Lieutenant H——, of Eighth regiment Minnesota Volunteers, is stationed at one of the military posts between St. Paul and Fort Abercrombie. The Lieutenant, by-the-way, is a blunt, honest German, of the "Zwei glass beer for five cent" order, and all official duty performed by him is done with a strict eye to the full requirements of "Regulations."

The hospital steward of the Eighth died recently at the post of Lieutenant H——, who, acting in the capacity of Commissary of Subsistence for the garrison at the time, was called upon by Captain R——, commanding the post, to furnish three candles to be placed on a table in the room where the corpse lay overnight previous to interment. The demand for the candles being imperative, the Lieutenant (without first consulting the Regulations as to the exact number allowed for such occasions, as was his usual custom) immediately "forked them over." During the night, however, he was somewhat troubled in mind, for fear that injustice had been done to the departing spirit of a much beloved brother soldier, in so dimly lighting it from a world of wars and strife to one of never-ending sunshine and glory. Accordingly, on the following morning his first business was to consult the Regulations for light on the subject, and after spending some two hours and a half in convincing himself fully that his fears of the previous night were but too well founded, he rushed almost breathlessly into head-quarters, where were congregated several officers and soldiers, and exclaimed,

"Captain ——!"

"Why, what's the matter, Lieutenant?" returned the Captain.

"Te matter is tis: you vos enditled to 29½ bounts gantles more as you cot lasht night for te corps."

The Captain was somewhat amused at the earnestness of the Lieutenant, as well as at the absurdity of what he said, and remarked,

"You must be laboring under a mistake, Lieutenant."

"No, Sir-ee, by gracky! I mistake nit. If not you pelieve me, ten I show you in te Regulations what I show you. Yes, Sir-ee! I know vot I know. I show you."

And away he rushed for the book, returning in a few moments with it wide open, and his finger upon the two first lines on page 247, which reads as follows, with reference to the issue of candles:

"To the head-quarters of a division.... 20 pounds.
To the head-quarters of a corps..... 30 pounds."

The captain explained to him the difference between "corps" and "corpse," to which the Lieutenant answered,

"Oh! den dat is te vay vot you take him. Eh! I didn't untershtant him so."

The laugh was on the poor fellow for the hundredth time, and it is needless to add that he immediately "zwei glassed."

Our army correspondence is very rich: we make a few extracts:

When our regiment (the Second Colorado) was at Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, what I am going to relate happened. You must know that Captain G——, of our regiment, is possessed of a very red nose (the effects of exposure on the plains); and Doctor T——, of the Tenth Kansas, has a very red face, consequent, I suppose, upon his constant attention to the Red Skins of the Nation—officially, of course. The two met, one day, with other congenial spirits, at head-quarters, and after drinking each other's health fifteen or sixteen times the Captain approaches the Doctor, having a table-knife in his hand, and says,

"Doc, I want to color my shirt red; let me scrape your face."

Doc drew himself up to his full height, and, with a look of ineffable disgust, said,

"Scrape your nose, Captain."

While I was on picket the other day an intelligent (female) contraband, passing toward Portsmouth, was asked by one of our guards if she had a "pass." "No, Sah," she replied; "but Ise got de small-pox." It is hardly necessary to add she was allowed to pass.

In Stonington, Connecticut, the Drawer has a correspondent who says:

The milkman in our town was a funny old genius, and drove a steed whose architectural proportions rivaled those of the famous Rosinante. One day, in front of the post-office, he was trying, by a vigorous application of raw hide, to coax the beast into something faster than a slow walk, when Tom Parsons, a pert young fellow, who thought that he knew almost every thing, came out and hailed him:

"I say, Allen, do you know what happened to Balaam?"

Quick as thought came the answer:

"The same as has happened to me—an ass spake to him."

Recently I heard, while on a visit to the Second Alabama infantry (colored troops), something which I think should adorn a niche in your sanctum. The darkeys were being instructed by their chaplain in Biblical history, of which they showed a strong desire to have a knowledge, and in the course of the lesson were asked, "Who was the oldest man?"

Venturesome Darkey. "Adam, I s'pose."

"Well, no, Adam was not quite the *oldest* man. He was the *first* man."

"Please, Sah, will you tell us who de oldest man was?"

"The oldest man was Methuselah, who lived to the age of 969 years."

The audience had hardly finished their expressions of wonder when a great, lubberly, overgrown field-hand, in the outermost circle, in a loud whisper, ejaculated,

"Mister, Sah, did old Misses Mumthuselum lib to be dat old too?"

A Jerseyman tells this of his daughter:

While crossing Hoboken ferry this morning with my little daughter of nine years, I noticed a small "tug" with (floating far behind) a raft of logs attached. The waves on the river partially concealed the raft, upon which was a solitary biped, who at the moment was walking toward us. I said to Emma, pointing at the man, "That reminds me of Christ walking on the water." Her instant reply was, "Well, Papa, if he comes a few steps further he'll remind you of Peter!"

Four French artisans roving through the city of Paris, and feeling very hungry, resolved to appease the keen and gnawing appetite at the lowest price. Accordingly they entered one of the numerous eating-houses, and called for a good dinner and a couple of bottles of Champagne, with which to wash the former down. After having eaten and drunk to

their full they rose to pay their score, when each one insisted upon paying for all, to which the others would not submit, and a quarrel arose as to which of them should have the honor of paying. The argument waxed warm, and threatened to become serious, when one of them proposed to settle the hostilities by blindfolding their host, and the one he caught first was to pay the score. To this plan they all consented, including mine host, whose eyes were accordingly bandaged; when our four friends, seeing the way clear, quietly stole out, leaving mine host to settle the matter as best he could.

Little Jenny is a wise little white-headed darling, about three years old, and her observations are often quite amusing. She is blessed with a mother who is usually quite amiable; but the other day a severe headache upset her equanimity, and Jenny's repeated misdeeds at the dinner-table called down on her devoted head a good scolding.

The unwonted tirade surprised, though it did not alarm little Jen, and with wide-open eyes and uplifted hands she appealed to the other members of the family with, "Just hear Ma talk!" The effect was indescribable. Scolding seldom does any more good than it did in this case.

The following is a good specimen of hard lying:

There lives in New Hampshire a man called Joe; a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell. Joe called in at Holton's lately, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, Squire, or you'd cure 'em." "Ah!" said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?" "Seen it?" said old Joe; "I think I have. I had the worst one in Seaboard County once, and I cured it a little too much." "How was that?" asked Holton. "Why, you see," said Joe, "I built a little house out yonder, at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him I thought he'd have something wrong; but he stuck to it, and finished the house. Well, we moved in and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out at the windows; not a bit went out up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the ground as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. I pretty soon saw what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downward. It gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by bucketfuls." "Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton; "but what in the world did you do with the house? Surely you never cured that chimney?" "Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe; "yes, I did." "How?" asked Holton. "Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much." "Drew too much?" asked Holton. "Well, Squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see'd another of 'em shooting toward the fire-place. Next the table went, and I see the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other, and started; but just as I got to the door I sees the cat going across the floor backward, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just see her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her." "Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton; "of course you could not live in such a house?" "Couldn't I, though?" said Joe; "but I did. I put a poultice on the jamb of the fire-place, and that drawed t'other way, so we had no more trouble."

The anecdote in your February number about the ship-captain being unable to find the port of Jeopardy on the map recalls to my mind an occurrence of a similar nature, which happened in the presence of the writer a few years ago, and which can be vouched for as a fact. Employed in the same office with myself, in the village of F——, about 60 miles from New York, was a young compositor of Teutonic extraction, whose bump of grammatical acquisition was scarcely surpassed by his geographical acquirements. About the time of which we write N. P. Willis was reaping the well-earned laurels accruing from the production of his popular work entitled "Paul Fane, or Parts of a Life else Untold," in the Introduction to which he remarks that "the work was written in convalescence." Our young friend chanced to take up the work, and on reaching this sentence stopped abruptly with the remark, "Convalescence—where is that?" Pointing to a map which hung against the wall, we remarked, "Is it possible you don't know where that place is?" He put on an unusually sober face, and going to the map gazed intently thereon for a few moments, when he suddenly broke forth with, "Well, it can't be much of a place, for I can't find it on the map."

We print the following for two reasons: the story is a good one, though the point of it has been often used before; and, secondly, for the sake of introducing a correspondent in Las Cruces, New Mexico. He writes:

I believe that this Spanish-American town has never yet figured in the Drawer of your excellent Magazine, and the following anecdote is sent to partially remedy the defect.

A military post has been established here since the arrival of the column from California upon the Rio Grande, and as a necessary consequence a hospital has been established, which is presided over by a steward, in the absence of the regular physician. The first-named official is the hero of our present story. Whatever weaknesses our steward may possess, diffidence of his own powers is not one of them. This peculiarity of his character was touched upon in the following manner: A sergeant of Company A, Fifth Infantry, California Volunteers, recently came into the hospital to be treated for a gun-shot wound through the shoulder. In order to effect a cure it was necessary to remove some of the broken bones, which was done by the surgeon. The patient was placed under the influence of anæsthetic agents, and became very communicative, and even happy. He continued in a mirthful mood for some time after the operation had been performed, being still under the influence of drugs, when suddenly he electrified physician and attendants with the remark, "Doctor, I would like to buy that little steward of yours for what he is really worth, and sell

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him for what he thinks he is worth! I would have money enough to pay the national debt and be a rich man besides." The good doctor suddenly recollected that he had an errand up town.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE contributor writes:

I am not aware that the following good thing has been told in type. During a residence of three years in the vicinity I heard its truthfulness vouched for many times:

Old Squire —— was justice in F——, in Southern Ohio. His office was in the back part of an old disused iron-furnace store, about half a mile from the Ohio River. The business was not great, for the ore-"banks" in that vicinity had ceased to yield, and neighborhoods of farmers, stretching up and down the river-road, had succeeded to the old puff and stir of iron smelting back at the base of the bluffs. But the Squire was a fixture in the old back room. He was about seventy; and his intellectual accumulations, never large, had ceased many years before. It should be admitted, however, that they had answered for his purpose generally; and the reader will certainly admit that the following disposal of a case in court would be hard to beat. Among the dozen or two men who used to loiter away a half day at the Squire's fire was a rough fellow named S——. He was big and saucy, and held the Squire in no high esteem. He fell into bad ways, and at last was arrested for a high misdemeanor—the highest in the justice's jurisdiction. The day for trial came. The Squire felt that it was the greatest day in his career. The prisoner knew it was the meanest scrape of his life, and in all probability would have got his deserts, had it not happened that just as the examination was to commence an indispensable paper was missing, and the sheriff left the prisoner in the hands of the Squire and the audience, to go for it. He was gone a long time. Gradually the dignity of the court wore off; the case on hand seemed forgotten; and all had entered into an uncommonly warm discussion on a favorite subject. The prisoner fired up with the rest, and in answer to some statement from the Squire told his Honor that he lied. That was too much. The old man caught the fire of his younger days at that insult, and making at the prisoner with clenched fists he exclaimed, "You scoundrel! call *me* a liar? *Get out of my office*, you reprobate!" The back door was near, and the astonished company making no resistance he did leave. He made tracks for the river, and, finding a "dug-out" handy, was safe on the Kentucky shore in fifteen minutes time. He was not seen in that region again, and the citizens thought it was not a bad job, at the Squire's expense.

A MERRY officer, while at Huntsville, Alabama, sent the Drawer a letter, which we give with introduction and conclusions:

I write to you as to an old and valued friend. For years I have listened to the cheery voice of the Drawer, as pleased as if told its "good ones" only for me; and away down in Dixie we look for *Harper's Magazine* and cut the leaves of the Drawer as eagerly as we open letters from home. Our regiment is in the brigade of Brigadier-General M——, which fought so stubbornly, but after expending all its ammunition was driven from the north end of Mission Ridge, near Chattanooga, on the glorious 25th of November. The boys have many stories of General M——, who is an old Prussian soldier, and one of the few men who like fighting for itself. The General was wounded in the head at Chattanooga, and was carried a short distance to the rear, but by no means out of range. A captain in our regiment saw him sitting beside a tree which the rebels' bullets were chipping, and told him he was on the wrong side of it, he would be hit if he staid on the side toward the enemy. The bold old soldier, with the blood trickling down his face, coolly and a little sneeringly said, "Oh, Captain, you can go on the other side of de tree; *I bees not afraid.*"

On the morning before the battle the troops were drawn up in battle order, and stood till near noon. As the weather was quite cold the General, in riding along the lines, saw them shivering, especially those thinly clad. "Poor fellows!" said he; "poor fellows! got no overcoats; too lazy to carry them."

In the fall of 1861, when the General (who, by-the-way, is known in his brigade as "old Dutch") was Lieutenant-Colonel of the —— Iowa, the —— Illinois was put, soon after their organization, into the brigade. The —— Illinois was just from home, and were well provided with those almost indispensable comforts, rubber blankets, but which, by various and curious methods, were soon more plenty in the camp of the —— Iowa than among their legitimate owners. One evening the officers of the brigade had a social meeting, and various little speeches were made setting forth the good feelings existing in the brigade. The Colonel of the —— Illinois ended his remarks by saying that "Every man in the —— Illinois had a warm corner in his heart for the —— Iowa." "Yes," said Lieutenant-Colonel M——, "and every man in the —— Iowa has a warm corner in his knapsack for a rubber blanket."

CAPTAIN JOE ——, in our regiment, is always ready. One of our generals, not notorious for getting under fire, was reported to be wounded at Chattanooga. Said Captain Joe, "I presume it is true; the rebels have some awful long-range guns."

A CORRESPONDENT in the Pension Office at Washington sends us the two following incidents:

Colonel Edwards, formerly the head of this bureau, was in the habit of sending orders to the clerks to do certain items of business "the first thing." Not unfrequently he piled these little orders on altogether faster than they could be attended to. One of the clerks, who had one day received a number of different orders to finish the business sent with them "the first thing," got riled at last, and started for the Colonel's office. Bursting into the room, where Edwards happened just then to be receiving a complimentary call from several M.C.'s and Senators, and walking straight to his superior he said, "Colonel, I can do forty-four different things at the same time, and do them all first, but I can't do forty-five."

No quack doctor could buy more certificates than the Drawer gets from the voluntary offerings of its grateful readers. For instance:

MR. DRAWER,—Your productions have been one of the loop-holes of light to my existence, and have contributed more to the alleviation of a chronic dyspepsia than any other thing I know of. If the following is of any use put it in for others to take:

The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts is noted for its advance in all moral reforms, and is equally noted (at home, at least) for its manner of evading all its reformatory laws, liquor law and all, at the same time giving conscience the quietus. Not long

since a certain city Government, in Essex County, were to have a social picnic at Nahant—a promontory well known far and near—and had selected a location on the westerly side kept by one Nathan M——, who designates his premises the Relay House. Now Nathan had an eye to *all* the wants of the inner man, and this our excursionists knew; but as many of them were of that peculiar sect called Friends it was thought perhaps Nathan might have some timidity about contributing to the full extent of his ability. Here was a dilemma. How was it to be made right? One of the elderly Friends, equal to the emergency, after the arrival of the company on the ground, called on mine host in a little room set apart for special purposes, and speaking confidently says, "Nathan, thee has many little things to sell here—cigars, etc.—now if any of our folks want any of thy little things, thee let them have them, and I will see thee paid." It is needless to say that Nathan had many calls for "little things" after the fact became known.

This is the way Captain Ike made it even:

Captain Ike ——, a rough old salt, was at one time ferryman on the Connecticut River, at a place not more than fifty miles from Middletown. One cold evening, when there was plenty of running ice in the river, young P——, wanting to cross over, went down to the river and hailed the boat, which was on the opposite side. After a long time it came over, and stopped about two rods from the shore, when Captain Ike wanted to know if P—— expected to return that night. "Yes, to be sure," said P——. "Well, then, I'll be whipped if I take you over," said the Captain, and away he went back again. P—— went away a good deal nettled, and determined to pay off the boatman. So after about two hours he again went down, and hailed the boat to take him over. The boat came, and stopped as before. P—— then asked the Captain if he would bring him back if he went over. The Captain swore he wouldn't. "Well, then," said P—— (who had accomplished all he wanted by getting the Captain over again), "*I won't go over.*" The Captain saw he was caught, and swore like a pirate. And so it was made even.

Old John Dade, one of the F.F.V.'s, after running through fabulous amounts in niggers and tobacco, like many other retired men without fortune, became an attaché of this Department. Clerks were then appointed without an examination, but some time afterward an order came directing an examination of applicants for clerkships, and also of those then in office. Dade was called up in his turn, and the opening question was,

"Mr. Dade, what was your business before coming into this office?"

"Before coming into this office, Sir? Why, Sir, I was a gentleman."

From Western New York we have this, which is first rate:

At a Circuit Court recently held in L——, N—— County, New York, Judge D—— presided. He is a good lawyer, an excellent judge, loves a little fun occasionally, and sometimes sets a gem of wit in rhyme. The evidence had just been closed in a case in which the defendant had introduced two witnesses by the names of Ditto and True, who corroborated each other, and whose testimony made a strong case for the defendant. The defendant moved for a nonsuit. Counsel were arguing this motion. The Judge quietly took up his pencil, wrote upon a slip of paper, and handed to the plaintiff's attorney the following:

"Since True swears ditto to Ditto,
And Ditto swears ditto to True;
If True be true and Ditto be ditto,
I'm afraid they're too much for you."

At the close of the argument he granted the motion for a nonsuit.

There is a character in this city (says a St. Louis writer) called Bob Jones, a jovial, good-natured fellow, and very witty withal. Now one of the weaknesses of the aforesaid Jones is that he has a considerable fondness for the "ardent," a weakness which often brings him into a plight in which his friends would sometimes rather not see him. But here are some of Jones's sayings:

A friend observing him the other day unable to preserve a strict equilibrium, said,

"Why don't you join the Temperance Society, Jones?"

"Can't do it, Jim," replied Jones; "I'm a Spirit-(hic)-ualist."

Jones was one day supporting his dignity against a tin spout on the corner of a house. I must premise that Jones is a great admirer of "thorough-bred purps," and has always on hand a well-selected and plentiful stock. Well, beside Jones sat one of his thorough-breds. A friend passing by and seeing the dog (which, by-the-by, was a curious specimen) asked,

"What kind of a dog is that, Jones?"

Jones squinted one eye and then the other, and his mouth twitched a little. Somebody knew that something was coming—

"That purp (hic)—that purp is a (hic)—is a *setter*."

A correspondent in Indiana, writing to the Drawer, remarks:

I have often been reminded, when reading the anecdotes in the Drawer wherein lawyers figure, of an incident which I witnessed, and at which I was much amused.

Quite a number of persons were chatting before the court-house door in the town of Anderson, while waiting for court to be called, and among other subjects discussed the character of a lawyer named *Scarce*, deceased a short time before. There was a general agreement that he had been an honest man. A young and talented lawyer, named B——, was striding importantly up and down; and in a pause in the conversation stopped, and said, grandiloquently, "An honest man's a noble work of God; but an honest *lawyer's* the *noblest* work of God!" I wish I could convey to you the manner of an old backwoodsman, a suitor in the crowd, as he said, instantly and eagerly, "It's the *skeercest* work of God!" You can perhaps imagine the laughter, long and loud, that followed at Lawyer B——'s expense, and in which none joined more heartily than he.

In the battle of Chicamauga one of our boys had just drawn up his gun to fire, when a ball from the enemy shattered his left arm above the elbow. Without a change of countenance he handed his gun to a comrade at his side with this remark, "I guess I'll go back now."



MISS AUBURN GOES TO MARKET.

GALLANT POULTERER.—"Some likes one kind, and some another; but if I wanted a Duck I'd choose a Red-Head!"



PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—"Had only a Biscuit and a Glass of Water for Lunch?—Then just tell me how that bit of Lobster Salad got into your beard!"



AT A RAILWAY STATION.

RATHER STOUT LADY.—"Call this a 'Ladies' Sitting-Room,' with only such Chairs as that!"



WANTED, AN OCULIST.

DICK.—"I say, Belle, here's a Doctor advertises to cure cross-eyes."
BELLE.—"Then I wish he'd come and cure Aunt Jane. She's got two *Cross Eyes* all the time."

Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Dress.



FIGURE 2.—TOWN TOILET.

IN the PROMENADE DRESS we introduce a novelty. It is made of heavy silk, trimmed with lace, buttons, and ribbons, or other rich *passamenterie*. It has a sacque front, and at the back adjusts to the figure.

The TOWN TOILET is marked by its quiet elegance. It can be made of almost any rich material to suit the fancy of the wearer. Two shades of the same color are employed, alternating with each other, as represented in the Illustration.

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